

Song  
[F62, P61]

Deerest if I by my deseruing  
may maintaine in your thoughts my loue,  
Lett mee itt still inioy  
nor faith destroy  
Butt, pittty loue wher itt doth moue,

Lett noe other new loue inuite you  
to leaue mee who soe long haue seru'd,  
Nor lett yo<sup>r</sup> powre decline  
butt purely shine  
On, mee, who haue all truth preseru'd;

Or had you once found my hart straying  
then would nott I accuse your chang,  
Butt beeing constant still  
itt needs must kill  
One, whose soule knowes nott how to rang;

Yett may you loues sweet smiles recouer  
since all loue is nott yett quite lost  
Butt tempt nott loue too long  
least soe great wrong  
Make him think hee is too much crost

Song  
F64, P62

Fairest, and still truest eyes  
can you the lights bee, and the spies  
of my desires?  
Can you shine cleere for loues delight,  
and yett the breeders bee of spite,  
and iealous fires?

Mark what lookes doe you beehold,  
such as by iealousie are told  
they want your loue:  
See how they sparcle in distrust  
w<sup>ch</sup> by a heat of thoughts vniust  
in them doe moue;

Learne to guide your course by art  
chang your eyes into your hart,  
and patient bee  
Till fruitles iealousie giues leaue  
by safest absence to receaue  
what you would see;

Then lett loue his triumph haue,  
and suspition such a graue  
as nott to moue,  
While wished freedome brings that bliss  
that you inioy what all ioy is  
happy to loue;

Sonett I.  
[F66, P63]

In night yett may wee see some kind of light  
when as the Moone doth please to show her face,  
and in the Sunns roome yeelds her sight, and grace  
w<sup>ch</sup> otherwise must suffer dullest night;

Soe ar my fortunes, bard from true delight  
colde, and vnertaine, like to this strang place,  
decreasing, changing in an instant space,  
and euen att full of ioy turn'd to despite;

Iustly on Fortune was beestow'd the wheele  
Whose fauors ficle, and vnconstant reele;  
drunk w<sup>th</sup> delight of chang, and sodaine paine;

Wher pleasure hath noe settled place of stay  
butt turning still for our best hopes decay,  
And this (alas) wee louers often gaine;

.15.

[F17, P64]

Loue like a jugler, comes to play his prise,  
and all minds draw his wonders to admire,  
to see how cunningly hee, wanting eyes,  
can yett deseae the best sight of desire:

The wanton child, how hee can faine his fire  
so pretely, as none sees his disguise;  
how finely doe his tricks, while wee fooles hire  
the maske, and seruice of his tirannies,

For in the end, such iugling doth hee make  
as hee our harts, in stead of eyes doth take  
for men can only by theyr slieghts abuse

The sight w<sup>th</sup> nimble, and delightfull skill;  
butt if hee play, his gaine is our lost will:  
yett childlike, wee can nott his sports refuse;

26.

[F30, P65]

Most blessed Night, the happy time for loue,  
the shade for Louers and theyr loues delight,  
the Raigne of Venus' seruants, free from spite,  
the hopefull season, for ioy's sports to moue;

Now hast thou made thy glory higher proue  
then did the God, whose pleasant reede did smite  
all Argus eyes into a deathlike night  
till they were safe, that loue could non reprove,

Butt thou hast clos'd those eyes from priing sight  
that nourish iealousie more then ioyes right  
while Vaine suspition fosters theyr mistrust,

Making sweet sleepe to master all suspect  
w<sup>ch</sup> els theyr priuatt feares would nott neglect  
butt would imbrace both blinded, and vniust

4.

[F69, P66]

Cruell suspition, O! bee now att rest  
lett dayly torments bring to thee some stay  
alas make nott my ill thy ease=full pray,  
nor giue loose raines to rage when loue's oprest

I ame by care sufficiently distrest  
noe rack can strech my hart more, nor a way  
can I find out for least content to lay,  
one happy foote of ioye, one step thats blest;

Butt to my end thou fly'st w<sup>t</sup> greedy eye,  
seeking to bring grieffe by bace iealousie,  
O in how strang a cage ame I kept in?

Noe little signe of fauor can I proue  
butt must bee way'de, and turnd to wronging loue,  
and w<sup>th</sup> each humor must my state begin;

5.

[F70, P67]

How many nights haue I w<sup>t</sup> paine indur'd  
w<sup>ch</sup> as soe many ages I esteem'd  
since my misfortune? yett noe whitt redeem'd  
butt rather faster tide, to grieffe assur'd?

How many howrs haue my sad thoughts indur'd  
of killing paines? yett is itt nott esteem'd  
by cruell loue, who might haue thes redeem'd,  
and all thes yeers of howres to ioy assur'd:

Butt fond child, had hee had a care to saue  
as first to conquer, this my pleasures graue  
had nott bin now to testify my woe;

I might haue bin an Image of delight,  
as now a Tombe for sad misfortunes spite,  
W<sup>ch</sup> Loue vnkindly for reward doth showe

.16.

[F18, P68]

My paine, still smother'd in my griued brest,  
seekes for some ease, yett cannott passage finde  
to bee discharg'd of this vnwellcome ghest;  
when most I striue, more fast his burdens bind,

Like to a ship, on Goodwines cast by wind  
the more she striues, more deepe in sand is prest  
till she bee lost; so am I, in this kind  
sunk, and deuour'd, and swallow'd by vnrest,

Lost, shipwrack't, spoyl'd, debar'd of smallest hope  
nothing of pleasure left; saue thought's haue scope,  
w<sup>ch</sup> wander may: Goe then, my thoughts, and cry

Hope's perish'd; Loue tempest=beaten; Ioy lost  
killing dispaire hath all thes blessing crost  
yett faith still cries, Loue will nott falsefy.

7.

[F72, P69]

An end fond iealousie alas I know  
thy hidenest, and thy most secrett art  
thou canst noe new inuention frame butt part  
I haue allreddy seene, and felt w<sup>t</sup> woe;

All thy dissemblings w<sup>ch</sup> by fained show  
wunn my beeleeefe, while truth did rule my hart  
I, w<sup>th</sup> glad mind imbrace'd, and deemd my smart  
the spring of ioy, whose streames w<sup>th</sup> bliss should flow;

I thought excuses had bin reasons true,  
and that noe faulcehood could of thee ensue;  
soe soone beeleeefe in honest minds is wrought;

Butt now I find thy flattery, and skill,  
w<sup>ch</sup> idly made mee to obserue thy will;  
thus is my learning by my bondage bought

.17.

[F19, P70]

Poore Loue in chaines, and fetters, like a thiefe  
I mett led forthe, as chast Diana's gaine,  
vowing the vntaught Lad should noe reliefe  
from her receaue, who glory'd in fond paine.

She call'd him theife; w<sup>t</sup> vowes hee did maintaine  
hee neuer stole; butt some slight touch of griefe  
had giuen to those who did his powre disdain,  
in w<sup>ch</sup> reueng, his honor, was the chiefe:

She say'd hee murder'd, and therfor must dy;  
hee, that hee caus'd butt loue: did harmes deny  
butt, while she thus discoursing w<sup>t</sup> him stood

The Nimphs vnty'd him, and his chaines tooke of  
thinking him safe; butt hee, loose, made a scofe  
smiling, and scorning them, flew to the wood.

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