

Song. 3.

Stay my thoughts doe not aspire,
To vaine hopes of high desire;
See you not all meanes bereft,
To inioy no ioy is left,
Yet still me thinkes my thoughts doe say,
Some hopes doe liue amid dismay.

Hope then once more, Hope for ioy,
Bury feare which ioyes destroy,
Thought hath yet some comfort giuen,
Which despaire hath from vs driuen:
Therefore deerely my thoughts cherish,
Neuer let such thinking perish.

'Tis an idle thing to plaine,
Odder farre to dye for paine;
Thinke and see how thoughts doe rise,
Winning where there no hope lies;
Which alone is louers treasure,
For by thoughts we loue doe measure.

Then kinde thought my fant'sie guide,
Let me neuer haplesse slide;
Still maintaine thy force in me,
Let me thinking still be free;
Nor leaue thy might vntill my death,
But let me thinking yeeld vp breath.

Come darkest Night, becomming sorrow best,
Light leaue thy light, fit for a lightsome soule:
Darknesse doth truely sute with me opprest,
Whom absence power doth from mirth controule.

The very trees with hanging heads condole
Sweet Summers parting, and of leaues distrest,
In dying colours make a grief-full role;
So much (alas) to sorrow are they prest.

Thus of dead leaues, her farewell carpets made,
Their fall, their branches, all their mournings proue,
With leauelesse naked bodies, whose hues vade
From hopefull greene to wither in their loue.

If trees, and leaues for absence mourners be,
No maruell that I grieue, who like want see.

The Sunne which glads the earth at his bright sight,
When in the morne he showes his golden face,
And takes the place from tedious drowsie Night.
Making the world still happy in his grace.

Shewes happinesse remaines not in one place,
Nor may the Heauens alone to vs giue light,
But hide that cheerefull face, though no long space,
Yet long enough for tryall of their might.

But neuer Sun-set could be so obscure,
No Desart euer had a shade so sad:
Nor could black darknesse euer proue so bad,
As paines which absence makes me now indure.

The missing of the Sunne a while makes Night,
But absence of my ioy sees neuer light.

WHen last I saw thee, I did not thee see,
It was thine Image which in my thoughts lay
So liuely figur'd, as no times delay
Could suffer me in heart to parted be.

And sleepe so fauourable is to me,
As not to let thy lou'd remembrance stray:
Lest that I waking might haue cause to say,
There was one mnute found to forget thee.

Then, since my faith is such, so kinde my sleepe,
That gladly thee presents into my thought,
And still true Louer-like thy face doth keepe,
So as some pleasure shadow-like is wrought.

Pitty my louing, nay of conscience giue
Reward to me in whom thy selfe doth liue.

Llke to the Indians scorched with the Sunne,
The Sunne which they doe as their God adore:
So am I vs'd by Loue, for euermore
I worship him, lesse fauours haue I wonne.

Better are they who thus to blacknesse run,
And so can onely whitenesse want deplore:
Theu I who pale and white am with griefes store,
Nor can haue hope, but to see hopes vndone.

Besides their sacrifice receiu'd in sight,
Of their chose Saint, mine hid as worthlesse rite,
Grant me to see where I my offerings giue.

Then let me weare the marke of *Cupids* might,
In heart, as they in skin of *Phæbus* light,
Not ceasing offerings to Loue while I liue.

WHen euery one to pleasing pastime hies,
Some hunt, fome hauke, some play while some delight
In sweet discourse, and musicke shewes ioyes might:
Yet I my thoughts doe farre aboue these prize.

The ioy which I take is, that free from eyes
I sit and wonder at this day-like night,
So to dispose themselues as void of right,
And leauue true pleasure for poore vanities.

When others hunt, my thoughts I haue in chase;
If hauke, my minde at wished end doth flye:
Discourse, I with my spirit talke and cry;
While others musicke choose as greatest grace.

O God say I, can these fond pleasures moue,
Or musicke bee but in sweet thoughts of Loue?

ONce did I heare an aged father say
Vnto his sonne, who with attention heares
What Age and wise experience euer cleares
From doubts of feare, or reason to betray.

My sonne (said hee) behold thy father gray,
I once had as thou hast, fresh tender yeares,
And like thee sported destitute of feares;
But my young faults made me too soone decay.

Loue once I did, and like thee, fear'd my Loue,
Led by the hatefull threed of Ialousie,
Striuing to keepe, I lost my liberty,
And gain'd my grieve, which still my sorrowes moue.

In time shun this, to loue is no offence,
But doubt in Youth, in Age, breeds penitence.

Song. 4.

Sweetest Loue returne againe,
Make not too long stay;
Killing mirth and forcing paine;
Sorrow leading way:
Let vs not thus parted be,
Loue, and absence nere agree.

But since you must needs depart,
And me haplesse leaue;
In your iourney take my heart,
Which will not deceiue:
Yours it is, to you it flies,
Ioying in those loued eyes.

So in part we shall not part,
Though we absent be,
Tyme, nor place, nor greatest smart,
Shall my bands make free:
Tyed I am, yet thinke it gaine,
In such knots I feele no paine.

But can I liue, hauing lost
Chiefest part of me?
Heart is fled, and sight is crost,
These my fortunes be:
Yet deare heart goe, soone returne,
As good there as heere to burne.

Poore eyes bee blinde, the light behold no more,
Since that is gone which is your deare delight:
Rauish'd from you by greater power and might,
Making your losse a gaine to others store.

Oreflow and drowne, till sight to you restore
That blessed Starre, and as in hatefull spight,
Send forth your teares in flouds to kill all sight,
And lookes, that lost wherein you ioy'd before.

Bury these beames which in some kindled fires,
And conquer'd haue their loue-burnt hearts desires,
Losing, and yet no gaine by you esteem'd;

Till that bright Starre doe once againe appeare,
Brighter then *Mars* when hee doth shine most cleare;
See not then by his might be you redeem'd.

DEare cherish this, and with it my soules will,
Nor for it ran away doe it abuse:
Alas it left (poore me) your brest to choose,
As the best shrine, where it would harbour still.

Then fauour shew, and not vnkindly kill
The heart which fled to you, but doe excuse
That which for better did the worse refuse;
And pleas'd Ile be, though heartlesse my life spill.

But if you will bee kinde and iust indeed,
Send me your heart, which in mine's place shall feede
On faithfull loue to your deuotion bound,

There shall it see the sacrifices made
Of pure and spotlesse Loue, which shall not vade,
While soule and body are together found.

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