

[P41]

36.

HOw well (poore heart) thou witsse canst, I loue,
How oft my grief hath made thee shed forth teares,
Drops of thy dearest blood; and how oft feares
Borne testimony of the paines I proue?

What torments hast thou suffer'd, while aboue
Ioy thou tortur'd wert with racks, which longing bears:
Pinch'd with desires, which yet but wishing reares
Firme in my faith, in constancie, to moue.

Yet is it said, that sure loue cannot be,
Where so small shew of passion is descri'd;
When thy chiefe paine is, that I must it hide
From all, saue onely one, who should it see.

For know, more passion in my heart doth moue,
Then in a million that make shew of loue.

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Song. 6.

*Y*ou happy blessed eyes,
Which in that ruling place,
Haue force both to delight, and to disgrace;
Whose light allures and tyes
All hearts to your command:
O looke on me who doe at mercy stand.

'Tis you that rule my life,
'Tis you my comforts giue,
Then let not scorne to me my ending driue:
Nor let the frownes of strife
Haue might to hurt those lights;
Which while they shine they are true loues delights.

See but when Night appeares
And Sunne hath lost his force,
How his losse doth all ioy from vs diuorce:
And when he shines, and cleares
The Heauens from clowdes of Night,
How happy then is made our gazing sight?

But more then Sun's faire light
Your beames doe seeme to me,
Whose sweetest lookes doe tye, and yet make free:
Why should you then so spight
Poore me? as to destroy
The only pleasure that I taste of ioy.

Shine then, O dearest lights

*With fauour and with loue
And let no cause, your cause of frownings moue:
But as the soules delights,
So blesse my then blest eyes,
Which vnto you their true affection tyes.*

*Then shall the Sunne giue place,
As to your greater might,
Yeelding that you doe show more perfect light.
O then but grant this grace,
Vnto your Loue-tide slaue,
To shine on me, who to you all faith gaue.*

*And when you please to frowne,
Vse your most killing eyes
On them, who in vntruth and falshood lies,
But (Deare) on me cast downe
Sweet lookes, for true desire;
That banish doe all thoughts of faigned fire.*

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37.

Night, welcome art thou to my minde distrest,
Darke, heauy, sad, yet not more sad then I:
Neuer could'st thou finde fitter company
For thine owne humour, then I thus opprest.

If thou beest darke, my wrongs still vnredrest
Saw neuer light, nor smallest blisse can spye:
If heauy ioy from mee to fast doth hie,
And care out-goes my hope of quiet rest.

Then now in friendship ioyne with haplesse me,
Who am as sad and darke as thou canst be,
Hating all pleasure or delight of life,
Silence and grieffe, with thee I best doe loue.

And from you three I know I cannot moue,
Then let vs liue companions without strife.

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38.

What pleasure can a banish'd creature haue
In all the pastimes that inuented are
By wit or learning? Absence making warre
Against all peace that may a bidding craue.

Can wee delight but in a welcome graue,
Where we may bury paines? and so be farre
From loathed company, who alwaies iarre
Vpon the string of mirth that pastime gaue.

The knowing part of ioy is deem'd the heart,
If that be gone what ioy can ioy impart
When senslesse is the feeler of our mirth?

No, I am banish'd and no good shall finde,
But all my fortunes must with mischief binde;
Who but for misery did gaine a birth.

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39.

IF I were giuen to mirth, ,twould be more crosse,
Thus to be robbed of my chiefest ioy:
But silently I beare my greatest losse;
Who's vs'd to sorrow, grieffe will not destroy.

Nor can I as those pleasant wits inioy
My owne fram'd wordes which I account the drosse
Of purer thoughts, or reckon them as mosse;
While they (wit-sick) themselues to breath imploy.

Alas, thinke I, your plenty shewes your want;
For where most feeling is wordes are more scant;
Yet pardon me, liue and your pleasure take.

Grudge not if I (neglected) enuy show,
'Tis not to you that I dislike doe owe;
But (crost my selfe) wish some like me to make.

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40.

IT is not Loue which you poore fooles doe deeme,
That doth appeare by fond and outward showes
Of kissing, toying, or by swearings gloze:
O no, these are farre off from loues esteeme.

Alas, they are not such that can redeeme
Loue lost, or winning keepe those chosen blowes:
Though oft with face and lookes loue ouerthrowes;
Yet so slight conquest doth not him beseeme.

'Tis not a shew of sighes or teares can proue
Who loues indeed, which blasts of fained loue,
Increase or dye, as fauours from them slide.

But in the soule true loue in safety lies
Guarded by faith, which to desert still hies:
And yet kinde lookes do many blessings hide.

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41.

You blessed Starres, which doe Heauen's glory show,
And at your brightnesse make our eyes admire:
Yet enuy not, though I on earth below,
Inioy a sight which moues in me more fire.

I doe confesse such beauty breeds desire
You shine, and clearest light on vs bestow:
Yet doth a sight on Earth more warmth inspire
Into my louing soule his grace to know.

Cleare, bright, and shining, as you are, is this
Light of my ioy: fix't stedfast, nor will moue
His light from me, nor I change from his loue;
But still increase as th'earth of all my blisse.

His sight giue life vnto my loue-rould eye,
My loue content, because in his loue lies.

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42.

If euer loue had force in humane brest,
If euer he could moue in pensiue heart:
Or if that he such powre could but impart
To breed those flames, whose heat brings ioyes vnrest.

Then looke on me; I am to these adrest,
I am the soule that feeles the greatest smart:
I am that heartlesse Trunck of hearts depart;
And I that One, by loue, and grieffe opprest.

None euer felt the truth of loues great misse
Of eyes till I deprivued was of blisse;
For had he seene, he must haue pittie show'd.

I should not haue beene made this Stage of woe,
Where sad Disasters haue their open show:
O no, more pittie he had sure bestow'd.

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Song. 7.

*S*orrow, I yeeld, and grieue that I did misse;

Will not thy rage be satisfied with this?

As sad a Diuell as thee,

Made me vnhappy be:

Wilt thou not yet consent to leaue, but still

Striue how to show thy cursed diuelish skill?

I mourne, and dying am, what would you more?

My soule attends, to leaue this cursed shoare

Where harmes doe onely flow,

Which teach me but to know

The saddest houres of my lifes vnrest,

And tyred minutes with griefes hand opprest.

Yet all this will not pacifie thy spight,

No, nothing can bring ease but my last night,

Then quickly let it be,

While I vnhappy see

That time so sparing, to grant Louers blisse,

Will see for time lost, there shall no grieue misse.

Nor let me euer cease from lasting grieue,

But endlesse let it be without reliefe;

To winn againe of Loue,

The sauour I did proone,

And with my end please him, since dying, I

Haue him offended, yet vnwillingly.

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43.

O Dearest eyes, the lights, and guides of Loue,
The ioyes of *Cupid*, who himselfe borne blinde,
To your bright shining, doth his tryumphs binde;
For, in your seeing doth his glory moue.

How happy are those places where you prooue
Your heauenly beames, which makes the Sun to find
Enuy and grudging, he so long hath shin'd
For your cleare lights, to match his beames aboue.

But now alas, your sight is heere forbid,
And darkenes must these poore lost roomes possesse,
So be all blessed lights from henceforth hid,
That this blacke deede of darkenesse haue excesse.

For why should Heauen affoord least light to those,
Who for my misery such darkenesse chose.

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