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44.

**H**Ow fast thou hast O Spring with sweetest speed)  
To catch thy water which before are runne,  
And of the greater Riuers welcome woone,  
Ere these thy new-borne streames these places feede.

Yet you doe well, lest staying here might breede  
Dangerous flouds, your sweetest bankes t'orerunn,  
And yet much better my distresse to shunn,  
Which maks my tears your swiftest course succeed.

But best you doe when with so hasty flight  
You fly my ills, which now my selfe outgoe,  
Whose broken heart can testifie such woe,  
That so orecharg'd, my life-bloud, wasteth quite.

Sweet Spring then keepe your way be neuer spent,  
And my ill dayes, or griefes, assunder rent.

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45.

GOod now be still, and doe not me torment,  
With multitude of questions, be at rest,  
And onely let me quarrell with my breast,  
Which stil lets in new stormes my soule to rent.

Fye, will you still my mischiefes more augment?  
You say, I answere crosse, I that confest  
Long since, yet must I euer be opprest,  
With your tongue torture which wil ne're be spent?

Well then I see no way but this will fright,  
That Deuill speech; alas, I am possest,  
And madd folkes senseles are of wisdomes right,

The hellish spirit, Absence, doth arrest.  
All my poore senses to his cruell might,  
Spare me then till I am my selfe, and blest

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46.

**L**Oue thou hast all, for now thou hast me made  
So thine, as if for thee I were ordain'd,  
Then take thy conquest, nor let me be pain'd  
More in thy Sunne, when I doe seeke thy shade.

No place for helpe haue I left to inuade,  
That shew'd a face where least ease might be gain'd;  
Yet found I paine increase, and but obtain'd,  
That this no way was to haue loue allay'd

When hott, and thirsty, to a Well I came,  
Trusting by that to quench part of my paine,  
But there I was by Loue afresh imbrac'd

Drinke I could not, but in it I did see  
My selfe a liuing glasse as well as shee;  
For loue to see himselfe in, truely plac'd.

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47.

O Stay mine eyes, shed not these fruitlesse teares,  
Since hope is past to win you back againe,  
That treasure which being lost breeds all your paine;  
Cease from this poore betraying of your feares.

Thinke this too childish is, for where grieffe reares  
So high a powre for such a wretched gaine:  
Sighes nor laments should thus be spent in vaine;  
True sorrow neuer outward wailing beares.

Be rul'd by me, keepe all the rest in store,  
Till no roome is that may containe one more;  
Then in that Sea of teares drowne haplesse me,

And Ile prouide such store of sighes, as part  
Shall be enough to breake the strongest heart:  
This done, we shall from torments freed be.

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48.

**H**Ow like a fire doth Loue increase in me?

The longer that it lasts the stronger still;

The greater, purer, brighter; and doth fill

No eye with wonder more then hopes still bee.

Bred in my breast, when fires of Loue are free

To vse that part to their best pleasing will,

And now vnpossible it is to kill

The heate so great where Loue his strength doth see.

Mine eyes can scarce sustaine the flames, my heart

Doth trust in them my passions to impart,

And languishingly striue to shew my loue.

My breath not able is to breath least part

Of that increasing fuell of my smart;

Yet loue I will, till I but ashes proue.

*Pamphilia.*

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*Sonnet.*

*LEt grieffe as farre be from your dearest breast  
As I doe wish, or in my hands to ease;  
Then should it banish'd be, and sweetest rest  
Be plac'd to giue content by Loue to please.*

*Let those disdaines which on your heart doe ceaze,  
Doubly returne to bring her soules vnrest:  
Since true loue will not that belou'd displease;  
Or let least smart to their minds be adrest.*

*But oftentimes mistakings be in loue.  
Be they as farre from false accusing right,  
And still truth gouerne with a constant might  
So shall you only wished pleasures proue.*

*And as for me, she that shewes you least scorne,  
With all despite and hate, be her heart torne.*

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Song.

O Me, the time is come to part,  
And with it my life-killing smart:  
Fond Hope leaue me, my deare must goe,  
To meete more ioy, and I more woe.

Where still of mirth inioy thy fill,  
One is enough to suffer ill:  
My heart so well to sorrow vs 'd,  
can better be by new griefes bruis 'd.

Thou whom the Heauens themselues like made,  
should neuer sit in mourning shade:  
No, I alone must mourne and end,  
Who haue a life in griefe to spend.

My swiftest pace to wailings bent,  
Shewes ioy had but a short time lent,  
To bide in me where woes must dwell,  
And charme me with their cruell spell.

And yet when they their witchcrafts trye,  
They only make me wish to dye:  
But ere my faith in loue they change  
In horrid darknesse will I range.

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*Song.*

*S*Ay Venus how long haue I lou'd, and seru'd you heere?  
Yet all my passions scorn'd or doubted, although cleere;  
Alas thinke loue deserueth loue, and you haue lou'd,  
Looke on my paines and see if you the like haue prou'd:  
Remember then you are the Goddessse of Desire,  
and that your sacred powre hath touch'd and felt this fire.

*Perswade these flames in me to cease, or them redresse  
in me (poore me) who stormes of loue haue in excesse,  
My restlesse nights may show for me, how much I loue,  
My sighes vnfaignd, can witnes what my heart doth proue:  
My saddest lookes doe show the grieffe my soule indures,  
Yet all these torments from your hands no helpe procures.*

*Command that wayward Childe your Son to grant your right,  
and that his Bow and shafts he yeeld to your faire sight,  
To you who haue the eyes of ioy, the heart of loue,  
And then new hopes may spring, that I may pittie moue:  
Let him not triumph that he can both hurt and saue,  
And more, bragge that to your selfe a wound he gaue.*

*Rule him, or what shall I expect of good to see?  
Since he that hurt you, he (alas) may murther mee.*



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*Song.*

*I* That am of all most crost,  
Hauing, and that had haue lost,  
May with reason thus complaine,  
Since loue breeds loue, and Loues paine.

*That which I did most desire,  
To allay my louing fire,  
I may haue, yet now must misse,  
Since another Ruler is.*

*Would that I no Ruler had,  
Or the seruice not so bad,  
Then might I with blisse enioy  
That which now my hopes destroy.*

*And that wicked pleasure got,  
Brings with it the sweetest lot:  
I that must not taste the best,  
Fed, must starue, and restlesse rest.*

[P59]

*Song.*

*L*Oue as well can make abiding  
In a faithfull Shepheards brest  
As in Princes: whose thoughts sliding  
Like swift Riuers neuer rest.

*Change to their minds is best feeding,  
To a Shepheard all his care,  
Who when his Loue is exceeding,  
Thinks his faith his richest fare.*

*Beauty but a slight inuiting,  
Cannot stirre his heart to change;  
Constancye his chiefe delighting,  
Striues to flee from fant'sies strange,*

*Fairnesse to him is no pleasure,  
If in other then his loue;  
Nor can esteeme that a treasure,  
Which in her smiles doth not moue.*

*This a Shepheard once confessed,  
Who lou'd well, but was not lou'd:  
Though with scorne & griefe oppressed  
could not yet to change be mou'd.*

*But himselfe he thus contented,  
While in loue he was accurst:  
This hard hap he not repented,  
Since best Louers speed the worst.*