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5.

ANd burne, yet burning you will loue the smart,
When you shall feele the waight of true desire,
So pleasing, as you would not wish your part
Of burthen should be missing from that fire.

But faithfull and vnfaigned heate aspire
Which sinne abollisheth, and doth impart
Salues to all feare, with vertues which inspire
Soules with diuine loue; which shewes his chast Art.

And guide he is to ioyings, open eyes
He hath to happinesse, and best can learne
Vs, meanes how to deserue this he descries,
Who blinde, yet doth our hidn'st thoughts diserne.

Thus we may gaine since liuing in blest Loue,
He may our Prophet, and our Tutor prooue.

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6.

HE may our Prophet, and our Tutor prooue,
In whom alone we doe this power finde,
To ioyne two hearts as in one frame to mooue
Two bodies, but one soule to rule the minde

Eyes which must care to one deare Obiect binde,
Eares to each others speach as if aboute
All else, they sweete, and learned were; this kind
Content of Louers witnesseth true loue.

It doth enrich the wits, and make you see
That in your selfe which you knew not before,
Forcesing you to admire such gifts should be
Hid from your knowledge, yet in you the store.

Millions of these adorne the throane of Loue,
How blest are they then, who his faouours proue?

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7.

HOw bless'd be they then, who his fauors proue,
A life whereof the birth is iust desire?
Breeding sweete flame, which harts inuite to moue,
In these lou'd eyes, which kindle *Cupids* fire,

And nurse his longings with his thoughts intire,
Fix't on the heat of wishes form'd by Loue,
Yet whereas fire destroyes, this doth aspire,
Increase, and foster all delights aboue.

Loue will a Painter make you, such, as you
Shall able be to draw, your onely deare,
More liuely, perfect, lasting, and more true
Then rarest Workeman, and to you more neere.

These be the least, then all must needs confesse,
He that shuns Loue, doth loue himselfe the lesse.

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8.

HE that shuns Loue, doth loue himselfe the lesse,
And cursed he whose spirit, not admires
The worth of Loue, where endlesse blessednes
Raignes, & commands, maintain'd by heau'nly fires.

Made of Vertue, ioyn'd by Truth, blowne by Desires,
Strengthened by Worth, renew'd by carefulnesse,
Flaming in neuer-changing thoughts: bryers
Of Iealousie shall here misse welcomnesse.

Nor coldly passe in the pursutes of Loue
Like one long frozen in a Sea of yce:
And yet but chastly let your passions moone,
No thought from vertuous Loue your minds intice.

Neuer to other ends your Phant'sies place,
But where they may returne with honor's grace.

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9.

BVt where they may returne with Honor's grace,
Where *Venus* follies can no harbour winne,
But chased are, as worthlesse of the face,
Or stile of Loue, who hath lasciuious beene.

Our hearts are subiect to her Sonne, where sinne
Neuer did dwell, or rest one minutes space;
What faults he hath in her did still beginne,
And from her breast he suck'd his fleeting pace.

If Lust be counted Loue, 'tis falsely nam'd,
By wickednesse, a fairer glosse to set
Vpon that Vice, which else makes men asham'd,
In the owne Phrase to warrant, but beget

This Childe for Loue, who ought like Monster borne,
Be from the Court of Loue, and Reason torne.

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10.

BEe from the Court of Loue, and reason torne,
For Loue in Reason now doth put his trust,
Desert and liking are together borne
Children of Loue, and Reason, Parents iust.

Reason aduiser is, Loue ruler must
Be of the State, which Crowne he long hath worne;
Yet so, as neither will in least mistrust
The gouernment where no feare is of scorn.

The reuerence both their mights thus made of one,
But wantonnesse, and all those errors shun,
Which wrongers be, Impostures, and alone
Maintainers of all follies ill begunne.

Fruit of a sower, and vnwholesome grownd
Vnprofitably pleasing, and vnsound.

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11.

VNprofitably pleasing, and vnsound.

When Heauen gaue liberty to fraile dull earth,
To bring foorth plenty that in ills abound,
Which ripest, yet doe bring a certaine dearth.

A timelesse, and vnseasonable birth,

Planted in ill, in worse time springing found,
Which Hemlocke like might feed a sicke-wits mirth
Where vnru'd vapours swimme in endlesse round.

Then ioy we not in what we ought to shunne,

Where shady pleasures shew, but true borne fires
Are quite quench'd out, or by poore ashes won,
Awhile to keepe those coole, and wann desires.

O no, let Loue his glory haue, and might

Be giu'n to him, who triumphs in his right.

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12.

BE giu'n to him, who triumphs in his right;
Nor fading be, but like those blossomes faire,
Which fall for good, and lose their colours bright,
Yet dye not, but with fruit their losse repaire:

So may Loue make you pale with louing care,
When sweet enioying shall restore that light,
More cleere in beauty, then we can compare,
If not to *Venus* in her chosen might.

And who so giue themselues in this deare kinde,
These happinesses shall attend them still,
To be supplide with ioyes enrich'd in minde,
With treasures of content, and pleasures fill.

Thus loue to be diuine, doth here appeare,
Free from all foggs, but shining faire and cleare.

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13.

FRee from all foggs, but shining faire, and cleare,
Wise in all good, and innocent in ill,
Where holy friendship is esteemed deare,
With Truth in loue, and Iustice in our Will.

In Loue these titles onely haue their fill
Of happy life-maintainer, and the meere
Defence of right, the punisher of skill,
And fraude, from whence directions doth appeare.

To thee then, Lord commander of all hearts,
Ruler of our affections, kinde, and iust,
Great King of Loue, my soule from fained smarts,
Or thought of change, I offer to your trust,

This Crowne, my selfe, and all that I haue more,
Except my heart, which you bestow'd before.

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14.

EXcept my heart, which you bestowd before,
And for a signe of Conquest gaue away
As worthlesse to be kept in your choice store;
Yet one more spotlesse with you doth not stay.

The tribute which my heart doth truely pay,
Is faith vntouch'd, pure thoughts discharge the score
Of debts for me, where Constancy beares sway,
And rules as Lord, vnharmd by Enuies sore.

Yet other mischeifes faile not to attend,
As enemies to you, my foes must be,
Curst Iealousie doth all her forces bend
To my vndoing, thus my harmes I see.

So though in Loue I feruently doe burne,
In this strange Labyrinth how shall I turne?

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