

PAMPHILIA, TO AMPHILANTHVS

I.



When night's black Mantle could most darkness prove,
And sleep (death's Image) did my senses hire,
From Knowledge of myself, then thoughts did move
Swifter than those, most [swiftness] need require.
In sleep, a Chariot drawn by wing'd Desire,
I saw; where sate bright *Venus* Queen of Love {5},
And at her feet her Son, still adding Fire
To burning hearts, which she did hold above,
But one heart flaming more than all the rest,
The Goddess held, and put it to my breast,
Dear Son now [shoot] {6}, said she: thus must we win;
He her obey'd, and martyr'd my poor heart.
I waking hop'd as dreams it would depart,
Yet since, O me, a Lover I have been.

2.

Dear eyes how well indeed, you do adorn
That blessed Sphere, which gazing souls hold dear?
The loved place of sought for triumphs, near
The Court of Glory {7}, where Love's force was born.
How may they term you *April's* sweetest morn?
When pleasing looks, from those bright lights appear
A Sun-shine day, from clouds, and mists still clear:
Kind nursing fires for wishes yet unborn.
Two Stars {8} of Heaven sent down to grace the Earth,
Plac'd in that Throne which gives all joys their birth,
Shining, and burning; pleasing yet their Charms:
Which wounding, even in hurts are deem'd delights;
So pleasant is their force, so great their mights,
As happy they can triumph in their harms.

3.

Yet is there hope, then Love but play thy part,
Remember well thyself, and think on me;
Shine in those eyes which conquer'd have my heart,
And see if mine, be slack to answer thee.

Lodge in that breast, and pity moving see,
For flames which in mine burn in truest smart,
Exiling thoughts, that touch Inconstancy,
Or those which waste not in the constant Art,
Watch but my sleep, if I take any rest,
For thought of you, my spirit so distressed,
As, pale and famish'd, I for mercy cry.
Will you your servant leave: think but on this,
Who wears Love's Crowne, must not do so amiss
But seek their good, who on thy force do lie.

4.

Forbear dark night, my joys now bud again,
Lately grown dead, while cold aspects, did chill
The root at heart, and my chiefe hope quite kill,
And thunders struck me in my pleasure's wane {9}.
Then I alas with bitter sobs, and pain,
Privately groan'd, my Fortunes present ill;
All light of comfort dimm'd, woes in pride's fill,
With strange increase of grief, I griev'd in vain.
And most, when as a memory to good
Molested me, which still as witness stood,
Of those best days, in former time I knew:
Late gone as wonders past, like the great [Snow],
Melted and wasted, with what, change must know:
Now back the life comes whereas once it grew.

5.

Can pleasing sight, misfortune ever bring?
Can firm desire a painful torment try?
Can winning eyes prove to the heart a sting?
Or can sweet lips in Treason hidden lie?
The Sun most pleasing, blinds the strongest eye,
If two much look'd on, breaking the sight's string {10};
Desires still crossed must unto mischief hie,
And as Despair, a luckless chance may fling.
Eyes having [won], rejecting proves a sting
Killing the bud before the tree doth spring;
Sweet lips, not loving, doe as poison prove:
Desire, sight, Eyes, lips; seek, see, prove, and find,
You love may win, but curses if unkind,
Then show you harms dislike, and joy in love.

6.

O Strive not still to heap disdain on me,
Nor pleasure take, your cruelty to show
On hapless me, on whom all sorrows flow,
And bidding make: as given, and lost by thee.

Alas; ev'n grief is grown to pity me,
Scorn cries out 'gainst itself such ill to show,
And would give place for joys delights to flow;
Yet wretched I, all [tortures] bear from thee.
Long have I suffer'd, and esteem'd it dear,
Since such thy will, yet grew my pain more near:
Wish you [my] end, say so, you shall it have;
For all the depth of my heart-held despair,
Is that for you, I feel not Death for care,
But now I'll seek it, since you will not save.

Song. I.

*The spring now come at last
To Trees, Fields, to Flowers,
And meadows makes to taste
His pride, while sad showers
Which from mine eyes doe flow
Makes known with cruel pains,
Cold Winter yet remains,
No sign of Spring we know.*

*The Sun which to the Earth
Gives heat, light, and pleasure,
Joys in Spring, hateth Dearth,
Plenty makes his Treasure.
His heat to me is cold,
His light all darkness is,
Since I am barred of bliss,
I heat, nor light behold*

*A Shepherdess thus said,
Who was with grief oppressed,
For truest Love betrayed,
Barred her from quiet rest:
And weeping thus, said she,
My end approacheth near,
Now Willow {11} must I wear,
My fortune so will bee.*

*With Branches of this tree
I'll dress my hapless head,
Which shall my witness be,
My hopes in Love are dead:
My clothes embroider'd all,
Shall be with Garlands round,*

*Some scatter'd, others bound;
Some tide, some like to fall.*

*The Bark my Book shall be,
Where daily I will write,
This tale of hapless me,
True slave to Fortunes spite.
The root shall be my bed,
Where nightly I will lie
Wailing [inconstancy],
Since all true love is dead.*

*And these Lines I will leave,
If some such Lover come,
Who may them right conceive,
and place them on my Tomb:
She who still constant lov'd
Now dead with cruel care,
Kill'd with unkind Despair,
And change, her end here prov'd.*

7.

Love {12} leave to urge, thou knowest thou hast the hand
'Tis Cowardice to strive where none resist,
Pray thee leave off, I yield unto thy band,
Do not thus, still in thine own power persist.
Behold, I yield; let forces be dismissed,
I am thy Subject conquered bound to stand
Never thy foe, but did thy claim assist,
Seeking thy due of those who did withstand.
But now it seems thou would'st I should thee love,
I do confess, t'was thy will made me choose,
And thy faire shows made me a Lover prove,
When I my freedom did for pain refuse.
Yet this Sir god, your Boy-ship I despise,
Your charms I obey, but love not want of eyes.

8.

Led by the power of grief to wailings brought,
By false conceit of change fallen on my part;
I seek for some small ease by lines which bought,
Increase the pain; grief is not cured by Art.
Ah! How unkindness moues within the heart,
Which still is true and free from changing thought:
What unknown woe it breeds, what endless smart,
With ceaseless tears which causelessly are wrought.

It makes me now to shun all shining light,
And seek for blackest clouds me light to give:
Which to all others only darkness drive;
They on me shine, for Sun disdains my sight.
Yet though I dark do live, I triumph may,
Unkindness, nor this wrong shall love allay.

9.

Be you all pleas'd, your pleasures grieve not me;
Doe you delight? I envy not your joy:
Have you content? Contentment with you be;
Hope you for bliss? Hope still, and still enjoy.
Let sad misfortune, hapless me destroy,
Leave crosses to rule me, and still rule free:
While all delights their contraries employ,
To keep good back, and I but torments see.
Joys are bereav'd me, harms do only tarry,
Despair takes place, disdain hath got the hand:
Yet firm love holds my senses in such band,
As (since despised) I with sorrow marry.
Then if with grief I now must coupled be,
Sorrow Ile wed; Despair thus governs me.

10.

The weary Traveler, who tired, sought
In places distant far, yet found no end
Of pain or labor, nor his state to mend:
At last with joy is to his home back brought.
Finds not more ease though he with joy be fraught,
When past is fear content like souls ascend:
Then I, on whom new pleasures doe descend,
Which now as high as first-borne bliss is wrought.
He tired with his pains, I with my mind;
He all content receives by ease of limbs:
I, greatest happiness that I do find,
Belief for faith, while hope in pleasure swims.
Truth saith 'twas wrong conceit bred my despite,
Which once acknowledg'd, brings my heart's delight.

11.

You endless torments that my rest oppress,
How long will you delight in my sad pain?
Will never Loue your favor more express?
Shall I still live, and ever feel disdain?
Alas now stay, and let my grief [obtain] {13}
Some end; feed not my heart with sharp distress:
Let me once see my cruel fortunes gain,

At least release, and long-felt woes redress.
Let not the blame of cruelty disgrace
The honor'd title of your god-head Love;
Give not just cause for me [to] say, a place
Is found for rage alone on me to moue.
O quickly end, and do not long debate
My needful aid, lest help doe come too late.

12.

Cloyed with the torments of a tedious night,
I wish for day; which come, I hope for joy:
When cross I find, new tortures to destroy,
My woe-kil'd heart, first hurt by mischiefs might.
Then cry for night, and once more day takes flight.
And brightness gone; what rest should here enjoy
Usurped is: Hate will her force employ;
Night cannot Grief entomb though black as spite.
My thoughts are sad, her face as sad doth seem;
My pains are long, Her hours tedious are;
My grief is great, and endless is my care;
Her face, her force, and all of woes esteem.
Then welcome Night, and farewell flattering Day,
Which all hopes breed, and yet our joys delay.

Song. 2.

*All Night I weep, all Day I cry, Ay me,
I still do wish, though yet deny, ay me;
I sigh, I mourn, I say that still,
I only am the store for ill, ay me.*

*In coldest hopes I freeze, yet burn, ay me,
From flames I strive to fly, yet turn, ay me:
From grief I hast, but sorrows hie,
And on my heart all woes do lie, ay me.*

*From contraries I seek to run, ay me,
But contraries I cannot shun, ay me:
For they delight their force to try,
And to Despair my thoughts do tie, ay me.*

*Whither alas then shall I go, ay me,
When as Despair all hopes outgo, ay me:
If to the Forrest Cupid hies,
And my poor soul to his law ties, ay me.*

*To the Court: O no. He cries fie, ay me,
There no true love you shall espy, ay me:
Leave that place to falsest Lovers,*

*Your true love all truth discovers, ay me,
Then quiet rest, and no more prove, ay me,
All places are alike to Love, ay me:
And constant be in this begun,
Yet say, till Life with Love be done, Ay me.*

13.

Dear famish not what you yourself gave food,
Destroy not what your glory is to save:
Kill not that soul to which you spirit gave,
In pity, not disdain, your triumph stood.
An easy thing it is to shed the blood
Of one who at your will yields to the grave:
But more you may true worth by mercy crave,
When you preserve, not spoil, but nourish good.
Your sight is all the food I do desire,
Then sacrifice me not in hidden fire,
Or stop the breath which did your praises moue.
Think but how easy 'tis a sight to give,
Nay even desert, since by it I do live,
I but Chameleon-like {14}, would live, and love.

14.

AM I thus conquer'd? have I lost the powers,
That to withstand, which joys to ruin me?
Must I bee still, while it my strength devours,
And captive leads me prisoner bound, unfree?
Love first shall [leave] men's phant'sies to them free,
Desire shall quench loves flames, Spring, hate sweet showers;
Love shall lose all his Darts, have sight, and see
His shame and wishings, hinder happy hours.
Why should we not loves purblind charms resist?
Must we be servile, doing what he list?
No, seek some host to harbor thee: I fly
Thy babish tricks, and freedom do profess;
But O my hurt makes my lost heart confess:
I love, and must; so farewell liberty.

15.

Truly (poor night) thou welcome art to me,
I love thee better in this sad attire
Then that which raiseth some men's fant'sies higher,
Like painted outsides, which foul inward be.
I love thy grave and saddest looks to see,
Which seems my soul and dying heart entire,
Like to the ashes of some happy fire,
That flam'd in joy, but quench'd in misery.
I love thy count'nance, and thy sober pace,

Which evenly goes, and as of loving grace
To us, and me among the rest oppressed,
Gives quiet peace to my poor self alone,
And freely grants day leave; when thou art gone,
To give clear light, to see all ill redressed.

16.

Sleep {15} fie possess me not, nor do not fright
Me with thy heavy, and thy deathlike might:
For counterfeiting's viler than death's sight;
And such deluding more my thoughts do spight.
Thou suffer'st falsest shapes my soul t'affright,
Sometimes in likeness [of] a hopeful sprite;
And oft times like my Loue, as in despite;
Joying, thou canst with malice kill delight.
When I (a poor fool made by thee) think joy
Doth flow, when thy fond shadows doe destroy
My that while senseless self, left free to thee.
But now do well, let me forever sleep,
And so forever that dear Image keep
Or still wake that my senses may be free.

17.

Sweet shades, why do you seek to give delight
To me, who deem delight in this vile place:
But torment, sorrow, and mine own disgrace,
To taste of joy, or your vain pleasing sight?
Show them your pleasures who saw never night
Of grief, where joying's fawning smiling face
Appears as day, where grief found never space:
Yet for a sigh, a groan, or envy's spite.
But O: on me a world of woes do lie,
Or else on me all harms strive to rely,
And to attend like servants bound to me.
Heat {16} in desire, while frosts of care I prove,
Wanting my love, yet surfeit doe with love,
Burn, and yet freeze, better in Hell to be.

18.

Which should I better like of, day or night?
Since all the day, I live in bitter woe:
Enjoying light more clear my wrongs to know,
And yet most sad, feeling in it all spite;
In night when darkness doth forbid all light;
Yet see I grief apparent to the show,
Follow'd by jealousy, whose fond tricks flow,
And on inconstant waves of doubt alight.
I can behold rage cowardly to feed

Upon foul error, which these humors {17} breed,
Shame doubt and fear, yet boldly will think ill.
All those in both I feele, then which is best
Dark to joy by day, light in night oppressed?
Leave both and end, these but each other spill.

Song. 3.

*Stay my thoughts do not aspire,
To vain hopes of high desire;
See you not all means bereft,
To enjoy no joy is left,
Yet still me thinks my thoughts doe say,
Some hopes do live amid dismay.*

*Hope then once more, hope for joy,
Bury fear which joys destroy,
Thought hath yet some comfort given,
Which despair hath from us driven:
Therefore dearly my thoughts cherish,
Never let such thinking perish.*

*'Tis an idle thing to plain,
Odder far to die for pain;
Think and see how thoughts do rise,
Winning where there no hope lies;
Which alone is lovers treasure,
For by thoughts we love do measure.*

*Then kind thought my fant'sy guide,
Let me never hapless slide;
Still maintain thy force in me,
Let me thinking still be free;
Nor leave thy might until my death,
But let me thinking yield up breath.*

19.

Come darkest Night, becoming sorrow best,
Light leave thy light, fit for a lightsome soul:
Darkness doth truly suit with me oppressed,
Whom absence power doth from mirth control.
The very trees with hanging heads condole
Sweet Summer's parting, and of leaves distressed,
In dying colors make a grief-full role;
So much (alas) to sorrow are they pressed.
Thus of dead leaves, her farewell carpets made,
Their fall, their branches, all their morning's prove,

With leafless naked bodies, whose hues fade {18}
From hopeful green to wither in their love.
If trees, and leaves for absence mourners be,
No marvel that I grieve, who like want see.

20.

The Sun which glads the Earth at his bright sight,
When in the morn he shows his golden face,
And takes the place from tedious drowsy Night.
Making the world still happy in his grace.
Shows happiness remains not in one place,
Nor may the Heavens alone to us give light,
But hide that cheerful face, though no long space,
Yet long enough for trial of their might.
But never Sunset could be so obscure,
No Desert ever had a shade so sad:
Nor could black darkness ever prove so bad,
As pains which absence makes me now endure.
The missing of the Sun [awhile] makes Night,
But absence of my joy sees never light.

21.

When last I saw thee, I did not thee see,
It was thine Image which in my thoughts lay
So lively figur'd, as no times delay
Could suffer me in heart to parted be.
And sleep so favorable is to me,
As not to let thy lov'd remembrance stray:
Lest that I waking might have cause to say,
there was one minute found to forget thee.
Then, since my faith is such, so kind my sleep,
That gladly thee presents into my thought,
And still true Lover-like thy face doth keep,
So as some pleasure shadow-like is wrought.
Pity my loving, nay of conscience give
Reward to me in whom thy self doth live.

22. {19}

Like to the Indians scorched with the Sun,
The Sun which they do as their God adore:
So am I used by Love, for evermore
I worship him, less favors have I won.
Better are they who thus to blackness run,
And so can only whiteness want deplore:
[Then] I who pale and white am with griefs store,
Nor can have hope, but to see hopes undone.
Besides their sacrifice received in sight,
Of their chose Saint, mine hid as worthless rite,

Grant me to see where I my offerings give.
Then let me wear the mark of *Cupid's* might,
In heart, as they in skin of *Phoebus* {20} light,
Not ceasing offerings to Loue while I Live.

23.

When everyone to pleasing pastime hies
Some hunt, some hawk, some play, while some delight
In sweet discourse, and music shows joys might:
Yet I my thoughts doe far above these prize.
The joy which I take is, that free from eyes
I sit and wonder at this day-like night,
So to dispose themselves as void of right,
And leave true pleasure for poor vanities.
When others hunt, my thoughts I have in chase;
If hawk, my mind at wished end doth fly:
Discourse, I with my spirit talk and cry;
While others music choose as greatest grace.
O God say I, can this fond pleasures move,
Or music be but in sweet thoughts of Loue?

24.

Once did I hear an aged father say
Unto his son, who with attention hears
What Age and wise experience ever clears
From doubts of fear, or reason to betray.
My Son (said he) behold thy father gray,
I once had as thou hast, fresh tender years,
And like thee sported destitute of fears;
But my young faults made me too soon decay.
Loue once I did, and like thee, fear'd my Loue,
Led by the hateful [thread] of Jealousy,
Striving to keep, I lost my liberty,
And gain'd my grief, which still my sorrows move.
In time shun this, to love is no offence,
But doubt in Youth, in Age, breeds penitence.

Song. 4.

*Sweetest Love return again,
Make not too long stay;
Killing mirth and forcing pain;
Sorrow leading way:
Let vs not thus parted be,
Loue, and absence ne'er agree.*

*But since you must needs depart,
And me hapless leave;
In your journey take my heart,*

*Which will not deceive:
Yours it is, to you it flies,
Joying in those loved eyes.*

*So in part we shall not part,
Though we absent be,
Time, nor place, nor greatest smart,
Shall my bands make free:
Tied I am, yet think it gain,
In such knots I feel no pain.*

*But can I live, having lost
Chiefest part of me?
Heart is fled, and sight is crossed,
These my fortunes be:
Yet dear heart go, soon return,
As good there as here to burn.*

25.

Poor eyes be blind, the light behold no more,
Since that is gone which is your dear delight:
Ravished from you by greater power, and might,
Making your loss a gain to others store.
Overflow and drown, till sight to you restore
That blessed Star, and as in hateful spite,
Send forth your tears in floods to kill all sight,
And looks, that lost wherein you joy'd before.
Bury these beams which in some kindled fires,
And conquer'd have their love-burnt hearts desires,
Losing, and yet no gain by you esteem'd;
Till that bright Star do once again appear,
Brighter then *Mars* when he doth shine most clear;
See not then by his might be you redeem'd.

26.

Dear, cherish this {21}, and with it my soul's will,
Nor for it ran away doe it abuse:
Alas it left (poor me) your breast to choose,
As the [blest] shrine, where it would harbor still.
Then favor shew, and not unkindly kill
The heart which fled to you, but doe excuse
That which for better did the worse refuse;
And pleas'd I'll be, though heartless my life spill.
But if you will be kind, and just indeed,
Send me your heart, which in mine's place shall feed
On faithful love to your devotion bound,
There shall it see the sacrifices made

Of pure and spotless Love, which shall not fade,
While soul, and body are together found.

27.

Fie tedious Hope, why do you still rebel?
Is it not yet enough you flatter'd me,
But cunningly you seek to use a Spell
How to betray; must these your Trophies bee?
I look'd from you far sweeter fruit to see,
But blasted were your blossoms when they fell:
And those delights expected from hands free,
Wither'd and dead, and what seemed bliss proves hell.
No Towne was won by a more plotted slight
Then I by you, who may my fortune write,
In embers of that fire which ruin'd me:
Thus Hope your falsehood calls you to be tried,
You're loth, I see, the trial to abide;
Prove true at last, and gain your liberty.

28.

Grief, killing grief, have not my torments been
Already great and strong enough? But still
Thou dost increase, nay glory in mine ill,
And woes new past, afresh new woes begin?
Am I the only purchase thou canst win?
Was I ordained to give despair her fill,
Or fittest I should mount misfortunes hill,
Who in the plain of joy cannot live in?
If it be so, Grief come as welcome guest,
Since I must suffer for another's rest;
Yet this (good Grief) let me entreat of thee,
Use still thy force, but not from those I love
Let me all pains and lasting torments prove;
So I miss these, lay all thy weights on me.

29.

Fly hence O! Joy, no longer here abide,
Too great thy pleasures are for my despair
To look on, losses now must prove my fare;
Who not long since on better food relied.
But fool, how oft had I Heavens changing spied
Before of mine own fate I could have care:
Yet now past time, I can too late beware,
When nothing' left but sorrows faster tide.
While I enjoyed that Sun, whose sight did lend
Me joy, I thought that day could have no end:
But soon a night came clothed in absence dark;
Absence more sad, more bitter then is gall,

Or death, when on true Lovers it doth fall;
Whose fires of love, disdain rests poorer spark.

30.

You blessed shades, which give me silent rest,
Witness but this when death hath clos'd mine eyes,
And separated me from earthly ties;
Being from hence to higher places addressed.
How oft in you I have lain here oppressed?
And have my miseries in woeful cries
Delivered forth, mounting up to the Skies?
Yet helpless, back return'd to wound my breast,
Which wounds did but strive how to breed more harm
To me, who can be cur'd by no one charm
But that of Loue, which yet may me relieve;
If not, let Death my former pains redeem,
My trusty friends, my faith untouched, esteem,
And witness I could love, who so could grieve.

Song. 5.

*Time only cause of my unrest,
By whom I hoped once to be blest,
How cruel art thou turned?
That first gav'st life unto my love,
And still a pleasure not to moue,
Or change, though ever burned.*

*Have I thee slack'd, or left undone
One loving rite, and so have won,
Thy rage, or bitter changing?
That now no minutes I shall see,
Wherein I may least happy be,
Thy favors so estranging.*

*Blame thy selfe, and not my folly,
Time gaue time but to be holy,
True Loue, such ends best loveth:
Unworthy Loue doth seek for ends,
A worthy Loue but worth pretends;
Nor other thoughts it proveth.*

*Then stay thy swiftness cruel Time,
And let me once more blessed clime
To joy, that I may praise thee:
Let me pleasure sweetly tasting,*

*Joy in Love, and faith not wasting,
and on Fames wings I'll raise thee.*

*Never shall thy glory dying,
Be until thine own untying,
That Time noe longer liveth,
'Tis a gain such time to lend,
Since so thy fame shall never end,
But joy for what she giveth.*

31.

After long trouble in a tedious way,
Of Love's unrest, laid down to ease my pain,
Hoping for rest, new torments I did gain
Possessing me, as if I ought t'obey.
When Fortune came, though blinded, yet did stay,
And in her blessed arms did me enchain:
I, cold with grief, thought no warmth to obtain,
Or to dissolve that ice of joys decay.
Till rise (said she) Reward to thee doth send
By me the servant of true Lover's, joy:
Banish all clouds of doubt, all fears destroy;
And now on Fortune, and on Loue depend.
I her obey'd, and rising felt that Loue
Indeed was best, when I did least it moue.

32.

How fast thou fliest, O time, on love's swift wings,
To hopes of ioy, that flatters our desire:
Which to a Lover still contentment brings;
Yet when we should enjoy, thou dost retire.
Thou stay'st thy pace (false Time) from our desire
When to our ill thou hast'st with Eagles wings:
Slow only to make vs see thy retire
Was for Despair, and harm, which sorrow brings.
O! slake thy pace, and milder pass to Loue,
Be like the Bee, whose wings she doth but use
To bring home profit; masters good to prove,
Laden, and weary, yet again pursues.
So lade thyself with honey of sweet joy,
And do not me the Hive of Love destroy.

33.

How many eyes (poor Love) hast thou to guard
Thee from thy most desired wish, and end?
Is it because some say thou'rt blinder, that barred
From sight, thou should'st no happiness attend?
Who blame thee so, small justice can pretend,

Since twixt thee and the Sun no question hard
Can be, his sight but outward, thou canst bend
The heart, and guide it freely thus unbar'd.
Art thou, while we both blind and bold, oft dare
Accuse thee of the harms, ourselves should find:
Who led with folly, and by rashness blind
Thy sacred power doe with a child's compare.
Yet Love, this boldness pardon; for admire
Thee sure we must, or be borne without fire.

34.

Take heed mine eyes, how you your looks doe cast,
Lest they betray my hearts most secret thought:
Be true unto yourselves; for nothing's bought
More dear then Doubt, which brings a Lover's fast.
Catch you al watching eyes 'ere they be past,
Or take yours fix't, where your best Loue hath sought
The pride of your desires; let them be taught
Their faults for shame they could no truer last.
Then look, and look with joy, for conquest won,
Of those that searched your hurt in double kind:
So you kept safe, let them themselves look blind,
Watch, gaze, and mark till they to madness run.
While you mine eyes enjoy full sight of Loue,
Contented that such happinesses moue.

35.

False hope which feeds but to destroy, and spill
What it first breeds, unnatural to the [birth]
Of thine own womb, conceiving but to kill
And plenty gives to make the greater dearth.
So Tyrants doe, who falsely ruling Earth,
Outwardly grace them, and with profits fill,
Advance those who appointed are to death;
To make their greater fall to please their will.
Thus shadow they their wicked vile intent,
Colouring evil with a show of good:
While in faire shows their malice so is spent;
Hope kills the heart, and Tyrants shed the blood.
For [Hope] {22} deluding brings vs to the pride
Of our desires the farther down to slide.

36.

How well (poor heart) thou witness canst, I love,
How oft my grief hath made thee shed forth tears,
Drops of thy dearest blood; and how oft feares
Borne testimony of the pains I prove?
What torments hast thou suffer'd, while above

Joy thou tortur'd wert with racks, which longing bears:
Pinched with desires, which yet but wishing rears
Firm in my faith, in constancy, to moue.
Yet is it said, that sure love cannot be,
Where so small shew of passion is descried:
When thy chief pain is, that I must it hide
From all, save only one, who should it see.
For know, more passion in my heart doth move,
Then in a million that make shew of love.

Song. 6.

*You happy blessed eyes,
Which in that ruling place,
Have force both to delight, and to disgrace;
Whose light allures and ties
All hearts to your command:
O look on me, who doe at mercy stand.*

*'Tis you that rule my life,
'Tis you my comforts give,
Then let not scorn to me my ending drive:
Nor let the frowns of strife
Have might to hurt those lights;
Which while they shine they are true love's delights.*

*See but when Night appears,
And Sun hath lost his force,
How his loss doth all joy from us divorce:
And when he shines, and clears
The Heavens from clouds of Night,
How happy then is made our gazing sight?*

*But more than Sun's faire light
Your beams do seem to me,
Whose sweetest looks do tie, and yet make free:
Why should you then so spite
Poor me? As to destroy
The only pleasure that I taste of joy?*

*Shine then, O dearest lights
With favor and with love
And let no cause, your cause of frownings move:
But as the souls delights,
So blesse my then blest eyes,
Which unto you their true affection ties.*

*Then shall the Sun give place,
As to your greater might,*

*Yielding that you do show more perfect light.
O then but grant this grace,
Unto your Loue-tide slave,
To shine on me, who to you all faith gave.*

*And when you please to frown,
use your most killing eyes
On them, who in untruth and falsehood lies,
But (Dear) on me cast down
Sweet looks, for true desire;
That banish doe all thoughts of feigned fire.*

37.

Night, welcome art thou to my mined distressed,
Dark, heavy, sad, yet not more sad then I:
Never could'st thou find fitter company
For thine own humor, then I thus oppressed.
If thou be'est dark, my wrongs still unredressed
Saw never light, nor smallest bliss can spy:
If heavy joy from me too fast doth hie,
And care out-goes my hope of quiet rest.
Then now in friendship join with hapless me,
Who am as sad and dark as thou canst be,
Hating all pleasure or delight of life,
Silence, and grief, with thee I best doe love.
And from you three I know I cannot moue,
Then let us live companions without strife.

38.

What pleasure can a banished creature have
In all the pastimes that invented are
By wit or learning? Absence making war
Against all peace that may a biding crave.
Can we delight but in a welcome grave,
Where we may bury pains? And so be far {23}
From loathed company, who always jar {24}
Upon the string of mirth that pastime gave.
The knowing part of joy is deemed the heart {25},
If that be gone what joy can joy impart
When senseless is the feeler of our mirth?
Noe, I am banished, and no good shall find,
But all my fortunes must with mischief bind;
Who but for misery did gain a birth.

39.

IF I were given to mirth, 'twould be more cross,
Thus to be robbed of my chiefest joy:
But silently I bear my greatest loss

Who's used to sorrow, grief will not destroy.
Nor can I as those pleasant wits enjoy
Mine own framed words, which I account the dross{26}
Of purer thoughts, or reckon them as moss,
While they (wit-sick) themselves to breath employ.
Alas, think I, your plenty shows your want;
For where most feeling is, words are more scant,
Yet pardon me, live, and your pleasure take.
Grudge not if I (neglected) envy show,
'Tis not to you that I dislike doe owe;
But (crossed myself) wish some like me to make.

40.

IT is not Loue which you poor fools do deem,
That doth appear by fond and outward shows
Of kissing, toying, or by swearings gloze{27}:
O no, these are far off from love's esteem.
Alas, they are not such that can redeem
Loue lost, or wining keep those chosen blows:
Though oft with face, and looks love overthrows;
Yet so slight conquest doth not him beseem.
'Tis not a show of sighs or tears can prove
Who loves indeed, which blasts of feigned love,
Increase or di0e, as favors from them slide.
But in the soul true love in safety lies
Guarded by faith, which to desert still hies:
And yet kind looks do many blessings hide.

41.

You blessed Stars, which doe Heaven's glory show,
And at your brightness make our eyes admire:
Yet envy not, though I on earth below,
Enjoy a sight which moves in me more fire.
I do confess such beauty breeds desire
You shine, and clearest light on vs bestow:
Yet doth a sight on Earth more warmth inspire
Into my loving soul, his grace to know.
Clear, bright, and shining, as you are, is this
Light of my joy: fixed steadfast, nor will move
His light from me, nor I change from his love;
But still increase as [th'eith] of all my bliss.
His sight gives life unto my love-rould [eyes],
My love content, because in his love lies.

42.

IF ever love had force in humane breast,
If ever he could move in pensive heart:
Or if that he such pow'r could but impart

To breed those flames, whose heat brings joys unrest.
Then look on me; I am to these addressed,
I am the soul that feels the greatest smart:
I am that heartless trunk of hearts depart;
And I that One, by louse, and grief oppressed
None ever felt the truth of love's great miss
Of eyes till I deprived was of bliss;
For had he seen, he must have pity showed.
I should not have been made this Stage of woe {28},
Where sad Disasters have their open show:
O no, more pity he had sure bestowed.

Song. 7.

*Sorrow, I yield, and grieve that I did miss;
Will not thy rage be satisfied with this?
As sad a Devil as thee,
Made me unhappy be:
Wilt thou not yet consent to leave, but still
Strive how to show thy cursed devilish skill?*

*I mourn, and dying am, what would you more?
My soul attends, to leave this cursed shore
Where harms doe only flow,
Which teach me but to know
The saddest hours of my life's unrest,
And tired minutes with griefs hand oppressed.*

*Yet all this will not pacify thy spite,
No, nothing can bring ease but my last night,
Then quickly let it be,
While I unhappy see
That time so sparing, to grant Lover's bliss,
Will see for time lost, there shall no grief miss.*

*Nor let me ever cease from lasting grief,
But endless let it be without relief;
To win again of Loue,
The favor I did prove,
And with my end please him, since dying, I
Have him offended, yet unwillingly.*

43.

O dearest eyes, the lights, and guides of Loue,
The joys of *Cupid*, who himself borne blind,
To your bright shining, doth his triumphs bind;
For, in your seeing doth his glory moue.

How happy are those places where you prove
Your heavenly beams, which make the Sun to find
Envy and grudging, he so long hath shined
For your clear lights, to match his beams above.
But now alas, your sight is here forbid,
And darkness must these poor lost rooms possess,
So be all blessed lights from henceforth hid,
That this black deed of darkness have excess.
For why should Heaven afford least light to those,
Who for my misery such darkness chose.

44.

How fast thou hast'st O Spring with sweetest speed
To catch thy [waters] which before are run,
And of the greater Rivers welcome won,
Ere these thy new-borne streams these places feed.
Yet you do well, lest staying here might breed
Dangerous floods, your sweetest banks t' o'erun,
And yet much better my distress to shun,
Which makes my tears your swiftest course succeed.
But best you do when with so hasty flight
You fly my ills, which now myself outgo,
Whose broken heart can testify such woe,
That so o'ercharg'd, my life-blood, wasteth quite.
Sweet Spring then keep your way be never spent,
And my ill days, or griefs, asunder rent.

45.

Good now be still, and do not me torment,
With [multitudes] of questions, be at rest,
And only let me quarrel with my breast,
Which still lets in new storms my soul to rent.
Fie, will you still my mischiefs more augment?
You say, I answer cross, I that confessed
Long since, yet must I ever be oppressed,
With your tongue torture which will ne'er be spent?
Well then I see no way but this will fright,
That Devil speech; alas, I am possessed,
And mad folks senseless are of wisdoms right,
The hellish spirit, Absence, doth arrest.
All my poor senses to his cruel might,
Spare me then till I am myself, and blest.

46.

Love thou hast all, for now thou hast me made
So thine, as if for thee I were ordained,
Then take thy conquest, nor let me be pained
More in thy Sun, when I do seek thy shade.

No place for help have I left to invade,
That showed a face where least ease might be gain'd;
Yet found I pain increase, and but obtain'd,
That this no way was to have love allay'd
When hot, and thirsty, to a Well I came,
Trusting by that to quench part of my [flame],
But there I was by Loue afresh embraced
Drink I could not, but in it I did see
Myself a living glass as well as she;
For love to see himself in, truly placed.

47.

O stay mine eyes shed not these fruitless tears,
Since hope is past to win you back again,
That treasure which being lost breeds all your pain;
Cease from this poor betraying of your fears.
Think this too childish is, for where grief rears
So high a power for such a wretched gain:
Sighs nor laments should thus be spent in vain,
True sorrow never outward wailing bears.
Be ruled by me, keep all the rest in store,
Till no room is that may contain one more;
Then in that Sea of tears, drown hapless me,
And Ile provide such store of sighs, as part
Shall be enough to break the strongest heart,
This done, we shall from torments freed be.

48.

How like a fire doth love 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 use that part to their best pleasing will,
And now impossible it is to kill
The heat so great where Loue his strength doth see.
Mine eyes can scarce sustain the flames, my heart
Doth trust in them my passions to impart,
And languishingly strive to shew my love.
My breath not able is to [breathe] least part
Of that increasing fuel of my smart;
Yet love I will, till I but ashes prove.

Pamphilia.

Sonnet.

Let grief as far be from your dearest breast
As I do wish, or in my hands to ease;

Then should it banished be, and sweetest rest
Be placed to give content by Loue to please.
Let those disdains which on your heart do [seize],
Doubly return to bring her souls unrest:
Since true love will not that belov'd displease;
Or let least smart to their minds be addressed.
But oftentimes mistakings be in love.
Be they as far from false accusing right,
And still truth govern with a constant might
So shall you only wished pleasures prove.
And as for me she that shows you least scorn,
With all despite and hate, be her heart torn.

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 enjoy thy fill,
One is enough to suffer ill:
My heart so well to sorrow us'd,
can better be by new griefs bruis'd.*

*Thou whom the Heavens themselves like made,
should never sit in mourning shade:
No, I alone must mourn and end,
Who have a life in grief to spend.*

*My swiftest pace to wailings bent,
Shows joy had but a short time lent,
To bide in me where woes must dwell,
And charm me with their cruel spell.*

*And yet when they their witchcrafts try,
They only make me wish to dye:
But ere my faith in love they change,
In horrid darkness will I range.*

Song {29}

*Say Venus how long have I lov'd, and serv'd you here?
Yet all my passions scorn'd or doubted, although clear;
Alas think love deserveth love, and you have lov'd,
Look on my pains, and see if you the like have prov'd:
Remember then you are the Goddess of Desire,
and that your sacred power hath touch'd and felt this fire.*

*Persuade these flames in me to cease, or them redress
In me (poor me) who storms of love have in excess,
My restless nights may show for me, how much I love,
My sighs unfeign'd can witness what my heart doth prove:
My saddest looks doe show the grief my soul endures,
Yet all these torments from your hands no help procures.*

*Command that wayward Child your Son to grant your right,
and that his Bow and shafts he yield to your faire sight,
To you who have the eyes of joy, the heart of love,
And then new hopes may spring, that I may pity move:
Let him not triumph that he can both hurt and save,
And more, brag that to you yourself a wound he gave.*

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

Song.

*I that am of all most crossed,
Having, and that had have lost,
May with reason thus complain,
Since love breeds love, and love's pain.*

*That which I did most desire,
To allay my loving fire,
I may have, yet now must miss,
Since another Ruler is.*

*Would that I no Ruler had,
Or the service{30} not so bad,
Then might I with bliss enjoy
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 starve, and restless rest.*

Song.

*LOVe 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 shepherd all his care,*

*Who when his love is exceeding,
Thinks his faith his richest fare.*

*Beauty but a slight inviting,
Cannot stir his heart to change;
Constancy his chief delighting,
Strives to flee from fant'sies strange,*

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

*This a shepherd once confessed,
Who lov'd well, but was not lov'd:
Though with scorn & grief oppressed
could not yet to change be mov'd.*

*But himself he thus contented,
While in love he was accurst:
This hard hap{31} he not repented,
Since best Lover's speed the worst.*

Song.

*Dearest if I by my deserving,
May maintain in your thoughts my love,
Let me it still enjoy;
Nor faith destroy:
But pity Loue where it doth move.*

*Let no other new Loue inuite you,
To leaue me who so long haue serud:
Nor let your power decline
But purely shine
On me, who have all truth preserv'd.*

*Or had you once found my heart straying,
Then would not I accuse your change,
But being constant still
It needs must kill
One whose soul knows not how to range.*

*Yet may you Love's sweet smiles recover,
Since all love is not yet quite lost,
But tempt not Loue too long
Lest so great wrong
Make him think he is too much crossed.*

Song.

*Fairest and still truest eyes,
Can you the lights be, and the spies
Of my desires?
Can you shine clear for love's delight,
And yet the breeders be of spite,
And jealous fires?*

*Mark what looks do you behold,
Such as by Jealousy are told
They want your Love.
See how they sparkle in distrust,
Which by a heat of thoughts unjust
In them doe move.*

*Learn to guide your course by Art,
Change your eyes into your heart,
And patient be:
Till fruitless jealousy give leave,
By safest absence to receive
What you would see.*

*Then let Loue his triumph have,
And Suspicion such a grave,
As not to move.
While wished freedom brings that bliss
That you enjoy what all joy is
Happy to Love.*

Sonnet. I.

*IN night yet may we see some kind of light,
When as the Moon doth please to shew her face,
And in the Sun's room yields her light, and grace,
Which otherwise must suffer dullest night:
So are my fortunes barred from true delight,
Cold, and uncertain, like to this strange place,
Decreasing, changing in an instant space,
And even at full of joy turned to despite.
Justly on Fortune was bestowed the Wheel^{32},
Whose favors fickle, and unconstant reel,
Drunk with delight of change and sudden pain;
Where pleasure hath no settled place of stay,
But turning still, for our best hopes decay,
And this (alas) we lovers often gain.*

LOve like a Juggler, comes to play his prize,
And all minds draw his wonders to admire,
To see how cunningly he (wanting eyes)
Can yet deceive the best sight of desire.
The wanton Childe, how he can fain his fire
So prettily, as none sees his disguise,
How finely doe his tricks; while we fools hire
The badge, and office of his tyrannies.
For in the end such Juggling he doth make,
As he our hearts instead of eyes doth take;
For men can only by their slights abuse,
The sight with nimble, and delightful skill,
But if he play, his gain is our lost will,
Yet Child-like we cannot his sports refuse.

3.

Most blessed night, the happy time for Loue,
The shade for Louers, and their Love's delight,
The raigne of Loue for servants free from spite,
The hopeful seasons, for ioyes sports to move.
Now hast thou made thy glory higher prove,
Then did the God{33}, whose pleasant Reed did smite
All *Argus* eyes into a death-like night,
Till they were safe, that none could Love reprove.
Now thou hast clos'd those eyes from prying sight
That nourish Jealousy, more than joys right,
While vain Suspicion fosters their mistrust,
Making sweet sleep to master all suspect,
Which else their private fears would not neglect,
But would embrace both blinded, and unjust.

4.

Cruel suspicion, O! Be now at rest,
Let daily torments bring to thee some stay,
Alas, make not my ill thy ease-full pray,
Nor give loose reins to Rage, when Loue's oppressed.
I am by care sufficiently distressed,
No Rack can stretch my heart more, nor a way
Can I find out, for least content to lay
One happy foot of joy, one step that's blest.
But to my end thou fly'st with greedy eye,
Seeking to bring grief by base Jealousy;
O, in how strange a Cage am I kept in?
No little sign of favor can I prove,
But must be weighed, and turn'd to wronging love,
And with each humor must my state begin.

5.

How many nights have I with pain endured?
Which as so many Ages I esteemed,
Since my misfortune, yet no whit redeemed
But rather faster tied to grief assured.
How many hours have my sad thoughts endured
Of killing pains? Yet is it not esteemed
By cruel Loue, who might have these redeemed,
And all these years of hours to ioy assured.
But fond Child {34}, had he had a care to save,
As first to conquer, this my pleasures graue,
Had not been now to testify my woe.
I might have been an Image of delight,
As now a Tomb for sad misfortunes spite,
Which Love unkindly, for reward doth show.

6.

MY pain still smother'd in my grieved breast,
Seeks for some ease, yet cannot passage find,
To be discharg'd of this unwelcome guest,
When most I strive, more fast his burdens bind.
Like to a Ship on *Goodwins*{35} cast by wind,
The more she strives, more deepe in Sand is pressed,
Till she be lost: so am I in this kind
Sunk, and devoured, and swallow'ed by unrest.
Lost, shipwrackt, spoyl'd, debarred of smallest hope,
Nothing of pleasure left, save thoughts have scope,
Which wander may; go then my thoughts and cry:
Hope's perish'd, Loue tempest-beaten, Joy lost,
Killing Despair hath all these blessings crossed;
Yet Faith still cries, Loue will not falsify.

7.

AN end fond Jealousy, alas I know
Thy hiddenest, and thy most secret Art,
Thou canst no new invention frame but part,
I have already seen, and felt with woe.
All thy dissemblings, which by feigned show,
Won my belief, while truth did rule my heart,
I with glad mind embrac'd, and deemed my smart
The spring of joy, whose streams with blesse should flow.
I thought excuses had been reasons true,
And that no falsehood could of thee ensue,
So soon belief in honest minds is wrought;
But now I find thy flattery, and skill,

Which idly made me to observe thy will,
Thus is my learning by my bondage bought.

8.

Poor Love in chains, and fetters like a thief
I met ledd forth, as chaste *Diana's* gain
Vowing the untaught Lad should no relief
From her receive, who gloried in fond pain.
She call'd him thief; with vows he did maintain
He never stole, but some sad slight of grief
Had given to those who did his power disdain,
In which revenge, his honour was the chief.
She said he murther'd and therefore must dye,
He that he caused but Loue, did harms deny,
But, while she thus discoursing with him stood;
The Nymphs untied him, and his chains took off,
Thinking him safe; but he (loose) made a scoff,
Smiling and scorning them; flew to the wood.

9.

Pray do not use these words, I must be gone;
Alas do not foretell mine ills to come:
Let not my care be to my joys a Tomb;
But rather find my loss with loss alone.
Cause me not thus a more distressed one,
Not feeling bliss, because of this sad doom
Of present cross; for thinking will o'ercome
And loose all pleasure, since grief breedeth none.
Let the misfortune come at once to me,
Nor suffer me with grief to punish'd be;
Let me be ignorant of mine own ill:
Then now with the fore-knowledge quite to lose
That which with so much care and pains Love chose
For his reward, but joy now, then mirth kill.

10.

Folly would needs make me a Lover be,
When I did little think of loving thought;
Or ever to be tied, while she told me
That none can live, but to these bands are brought.
I (ignorant) did grant, and so was bought,
And sold again to Lover's slavery:
The duty to that vanity once taught,
Such band is, as we will not seek to free.
Yet when I well did understand his might,
How he inflamed, and forced one to affect:
I loud{36} and smarted, counting it delight
So still to waste, which Reason did reject.

When Loue came blind-fold, and did challenge me.
Indeed I lov'd, but wanton Boy not he,

Song.

*The Spring time of my first loving,
Finds yet no winter of removing;
Nor frosts to make my hopes decrease:
But with the Summer still increase.*

*The trees may teach vs Loue's remaining,
Who suffer change with little paining,
Though Winter make their leaves decrease,
Yet with the Summer they increase.*

*As birds by silence show their mourning
in cold, yet sing at Springs returning:
So may Loue nipped awhile decrease,
but as the Summer soon increase.*

*Those that doe love but for a season,
Doe falsify both Love and Reason:
For Reason wills, if Love decrease,
It like the Summer should increase.*

*Though Love sometimes may be mistaken,
the truth yet ought not to be shaken:
Or though the heat awhile decrease,
It with the Summer may increase.*

*And since the Spring time of my loving
Found never Winter of removing:
Nor frosts to make my hopes decrease,
Shall as the Summer still increase.*

Song.

*Love a child is ever crying,
Please him, and he strait is flying;
Give him, he the more is craving,
Never satisfied with having.
His desires have no measure,
Endless folly is his treasure:
What he promiseth, he breaketh,
Trust not one word that he speaketh.
He vows nothing but false matter,
And to cousin you he'll flatter:
Let him gain the hand, he'll leave you,
And still glory to deceive you.*

*He will triumph in your wailing,
And yet cause be of your failing:
these his virtues are, and slighter
are his gifts, his favors lighter.*

*[Feathers] are as firm in staying,
Wolves no fiercer in their praying.
As a child then leave him crying,
Nor seek him so giv'n to flying.*

*Being past the pains of love,
Freedom gladly seeks to moue:
Says that Love's delights were pretty;
But to dwell in them t'were pity,*

*And yet truly says, that Love
Must of force in all hearts move:
But though his delights are pretty,
To dwell on them were a pity.*

*Let Loue slightly pass like Loue,
Never let it too deep moue:
For though Love's delights are pretty,
To dwell in them were great pity.*

*Loue no pity hath of Loue,
Rather griefs then pleasures moue:
So though his delights are pretty,
To dwell in them would be pity.*

*Those that like the smart of Love,
In them let it freely move:
Else though his delights are pretty,
Doe not dwell in them for pity.*

*O pardon Cupid, I confess my fault,
Then mercy grant me in so just a kind:
For treason never lodged in my mind
Against thy might, so much as in a thought.
And now my folly I have dearly bought,
Nor could my soul least rest or quiet find;
Since Rashness did my thoughts to Error bind,
Which now thy fury, and my harm hath wrought.*

I curse that thought, and hand which that first framed,
For which by thee I am most justly blamed:
But now that hand shall guided be aright,
And give a Crowne{37} unto thy endless praise,
Which shall thy glory, and thy greatness raise,
More than these poor things could thy honor spite.

*A Crowne of Sonnets dedicated
to L O V E.{38}*

IN this strange Labyrinth{39} how shall I turn,
Ways are on all sides while the way I miss:
If to the right hand, there, in love I burn,
Let me go forward, therein danger is.
If to the left, suspicion hinders bliss;
Let me turn back, shame cries I ought return:
Nor faint, though crosses [with] my fortunes kiss,
Stand still is harder, although sure to mourn.
Thus let me take the right, or left hand way,
Go forward, or stand still, or back retire:
I must these doubts endure without allay
Or help, but travel find for my best hire.
Yet that which most my troubled sense doth move,
Is to leave all, and take the thread{40} of Love.

2.

IS to leave all, and take the thread of Loue,
Which line straight leads unto the souls content,
Where choice delights with pleasures wings doe moue,
And idle fant'sie never room had lent.
When chaste thoughts guide us, then our minds are bent
To take that good which ill from us remove:
Light of true love brings fruit which none repent;
But constant Lover's seek and wish to prove.
Loue is the shining Star of blessings light,
The fervent fire of zeal, the root of peace,
The lasting lamp, fed with the oil of right,
Image of Faith, and womb for joys increase.
Loue is true Virtue, and his ends delight,
His flames are joys, his bands true Lover's might.

3.

HIS flames are joys, his bands true Lover's might,
No stain is there, but pure, as purest white,
Where no cloud can appear to dim his light,
Nor spot defile, but shame will soon requite.
Here are affections, tried by Love's just might

As Gold by fire, and black discerned by white;
Error by truth, and darkness known by light,
Where Faith is valued, for Loue to requite.
Please him, and serve him, glory in his might
And firm he'll be, as Innocence white,
Cleared as th'air, warm as Sun's beams, as day light
Just as Truth, constant as Fate, joy'd to requite.
Then love obey, strive to observe his might
And be in his brave Court a glorious light.

4.

And be in his brave Court a glorious light
Shine in the eyes of Faith, and Constancy
Maintain the fires of Love, still burning bright,
Not slightly sparkling, but light flaming be.
Never to slake till earth no Stars can see,
Till Sun, and Moon doe leave to us dark night,
And second Chaos once again doe free
Vs, and the World from all divisions spite,
Till then affections which his followers are,
Govern our hearts, and prove his powers gain,
To taste this pleasing sting, seek with all care
For happy smarting is it with small pain.
Such as although it pierce your tender heart,
And burn, yet burning you will love the smart.

5.

And burn, yet burning you will love the smart,
When you shall feel the weight of true desire,
So pleasing, as you would not wish your part
Of burthen should be missing from that fire.
But faithful and unfeigned heat aspire
Which sin abolisheth, and doth impart
Salves to all fear, with virtues which inspire
Soules with divine love; which shows his chaste art.
And guide he is to joyings, open eyes
He hath to happiness, and best can learn
Us, means how to deserve, this he descrites,
Who blind, yet doth our hidden'st thoughts discern.
Thus we may gain since living in blest Love,
He may our [profit]{41}, and our Tutor prove.

6.

HE may our Prophet, and our Tutor prove,
In whom alone we do this power find,
To join two hearts as in one frame to move
Two bodies, but one soul to rule the mind
Eyes which must care to one dear Object bind,

Ears to eachother's speech as if above
All else, they sweet, and learned were; this kind
Content of Lover's witnesseth true love.
It doth enrich the wits, and make you see
That in yourself which you knew not before,
Forcing you to admire such gifts should be
Hid from your knowledge, yet in you the store.
Millions of these adorn the throne of Loue,
How blest [bee] they then, who his favors prove?

7.

How bless'd be they, then, who his favors prove,
A life whereof the birth is iust desire?
Breeding sweet flame, which harts invite to move,
In these lov'd eyes which kindle *Cupid's* fire,
And nurse his longings with his thoughts entire,
Fix't on the heat of wishes form'd by Loue,
Yet whereas fire destroys, this doth aspire,
Increase, and foster all delights above.
Loue will a Painter make you, such, as you
Shall able be to draw, your only dear,
More lively, perfect, lasting, and more true
Then rarest Workman, and to you more neere.
These be the least, then all must needs confess,
He that shuns Loue, doth love himself the less.

8.

HE that shuns Loue, doth love himself the less,
And cursed he whose spirit, not admires
The worth of Loue, where endless blessedness
Reigns, & commands, maintained by heav'nly fires.
Made of Virtue, joyn'd by Truth, blown by Desires,
Strengthened by Worth, renew'd by carefulness,
Flaming in never changing thoughts: briers
Of Jealousy shall here miss welcomeness.
Nor coldly pass in the pursuits of Loue
Like one long frozen in a Sea of ice:
And yet but chastely let your passions [move],
No thought from virtuous Loue your minds entice.
Never to other ends your Phant'sies place,
But where they may return with honor's grace.

9.

But where they may return with Honor's grace,
Where *Venus* follies can no harbor win,
But chased are, as worthless of the face,
Or stile of Love, who hath lascivious been.
Our hearts are subject to her Son; where sin

Never did dwell, or rest one minutes space;
What faults he hath in her did still begin,
And from her breast he sucked his fleeting pace.
If Lust be counted Loue 'tis falsely named,
By wickedness, a fairer gloss to set
Upon that Vice, which else makes men asham'd
In the own Phrase to warrant, but beget
This Childe for Loue, who ought like Monster borne
Be from the Court of Love, and Reason torn.

10.

Be from the Court of Loue, and Reason torn,
For Loue in Reason now doth put his trust,
Desert, and liking are together borne
Children of Loue, and Reason, Parents just,
Reason adviser is, Loue ruler must
Be of the State, which Crowne he long hath worn;
Yet so, as neither will in least mistrust
The government where no fear is of scorn.
Then reverence both their mights thus made of one,
But wantoness, and all those errors shun,
Which wrongers be, Impostures, and alone
Maintainers of all follies ill begun.
Fruit of a [sour], and unwholsome ground
Unprofitably pleasing, and unsound.

11.

Unprofitably pleasing, and unsound.
When Heaven gave liberty to frail dull earth,
To bring forth plenty that in ills abound,
Which ripest, yet doe bring a certain dearth.
A timeless, and unseasonable birth,
Planted in ill, in worse time springing found,
Which Hemlock{42} like might feed a sick-wits mirth
Where unrul'd vapors swim in endless round.
Then joy we not in what we ought to shun,
Where shady pleasures shew, but true borne fires
Are quite quench'd out, or by poor ashes won,
Awhile to keep those cool, and wan desires.
O no, let Loue his glory have, and might
Be giv'n to him, who triumphs in his right.

12.

BE giv'n to him who triumphs in his right;
Nor fading be, but like those blossoms faire,
Which fall for good, and lose their colors bright,
Yet dye not, but with fruit their loss repair:
So may Loue make you pale with loving care,

When sweet enjoying shall restore that light,
More clear in beauty, then we can compare,
If not to *Venus* in her chosen [night].
And who so give themselves in this dear kind,
These happinesses shall attend them still,
To be supplied with joys enriched in mind,
With treasures of content, and pleasures fill.
Thus love to be divine, doth here appear,
Free from all fogs, but shining faire, and clear.

13.

Free from all fogs, but shining faire, and clear,
Wise in all good, and innocent in ill,
Where holly{43} friendship is esteemed dear,
With Truth in love, and Justice in our Will.
In Loue these titles only have their fill
Of happy life-maintainer, and the mere
Defense of right, the punisher of skill,
And fraud, from whence directions doth appear.
To thee then, Lord commander of all hearts,
Ruler of our affections, kind, and just,
Great King of Loue, my soul from feigned smarts,
Or thought of change, I offer to your trust,
This Crown, myself, and all that I have more,
Except my heart, which you bestowed before.

14.

Except my heart, which you bestowed before,
And for a sign of Conquest gave away
As worthless to be kept in your choice store;
Yet one more spotless with you doth not stay.
The tribute which my heart doth truly pay,
Is faith untouched, pure thoughts discharge the score
Of debts for me, where Constancy bears sway,
And rules as Lord, unharmed by Envies sore,
Yet other mischiefs fail not to attend,
As enemies to you, my foes must be,
Curst Jealousy doth all her forces bend
To my undoing, thus my harms I see.
So though in Loue I fervently do burn,
In this strange Labyrinth how shall I turn?{44}

Song. I.

*Sweet, let me enjoy thy sight
More clear, more bright then morning Sun,
Which in Spring-time gives delight
And by which Summers pride is won.
Present sight doth pleasures move*

*Which in sad absence we must miss:
But when met again in love,
Then twice redoubled is our bliss.*

*Yet this comfort absence gives,
And only faithful loving tries,
That though parted, Love's force lives
As just in heart, as in our eyes:
But such comfort banish quite,
Far sweeter is it, still to find
Favor in thy loved sight,
Which present smiles with joys combined.*

*Eyes of gladness, lips of Love,
And hearts from passion not to turn,
But in sweet affections move,
In flames of Faith to live, and burn.
Dearest then, this kindness give,
And grant me life, which is your sight,
Wherein I more blessed live,
Then graced with the Suns faire light.*

2.

*Sweet Silvia in a shady wood,
With her faire Nymphs laid down,
Saw not far off where Cupid stood,
The Monarch of Love's Crowne,
All naked, playing with his wings,
Within a Myrtle Tree,
Which sight a sudden laughter brings,
His Godhead so to see.*

*[And] fondly they began to jest,
With scoffing, and delight,
Not knowing he did breed unrest,
And that his will's his right:
When he perceiving of their scorn,
Grew in such desperate rage,
Who but for honor first was borne,
Could not his rage assuage.*

*Till shooting of his murth'ring dart,
Which not long lighting was
Knowing the next way to the heart,
Did through a poor Nymph pass:
This shot the others made to bow,
Besides all those to blame,*

*Who scorners be, or not allow
Of powerful Cupid's name.*

*Take heed then nor do idly smile,
Nor Love's commands despise,
For soon will he your strength beguile,
Although he want his eyes.*

3.

*Come merry Spring delight us,
For Winter long did spite us,
In pleasure still persevere,
Thy beauties ending never:
Spring, and grow
Lasting so,
With joys increasing ever.*

*Let cold from hence be banished,
Till hopes from me be vanished,
But blesse thy dainties growing
In fullness freely flowing:
Sweet Birds sing
For the Spring,
All mirth is now bestowing.*

*Philomel{45} in this Arbour
Makes now her loving Harbour,
Yet of her state complaining,
Her Notes in mildness straining,
Which thought sweet,
Yet doe meet.
Her former luckless paining.*

4.

*Lover's learn to speak but truth,
Swear not, and your oaths forego,
Give your age a constant youth,
Vow no more then what you'll do.*

*Think it sacrilege to break
What you promise, shall in love
And in tears what you do speak
Forget not, when the ends you prove.*

*Do not think it glory is
To entice, and then deceive,*

*Your chief honors lye in this,
By worth what won is, not to leave.*

*'Tis not for your fame to try,
What we weak, not oft refuse,
In our bounty our faults lie,
When you to do a fault will choose.*

*Fie leave this, a greater gain,
tis to keep when you have won,
Then what purchas'd is with pain,
Soon after in all scorn to shun.*

*For if worthless to be prized,
Why at first will you it move?
And if worthy, why despised?
You cannot swear, and lie, and love.*

*Love alas you cannot like,
Tis but for a fashion mov'd,
None can choose, and then dislike,
Unless it be by falsehood prov'd.*

*But your choice is, and your love.
How most number to deceive,
As if honors claim did moue
Like Popish Law^{46}, none safe to leave.*

*Fly this folly, and return
Unto truth in Loue, and try,
None but Martyr's happy burn,
More shameful ends they have that lye.*

I.

MY heart is lost, what can I now expect,
An evening faire after a drowsy day?
Alas, fond Phant'sie, this is not the way,
To cure a mourning heart, or salve neglect:
They who should help, doe me, and help reject,
Embracing loose desires, and wanton play,
While wanton base delights do bear the sway,
[And] impudency reigns without respect.
O *Cupid* let [thy] Mother know her shame,
'Tis time for her to leave this youthful flame^{47},
Which doth dishonor her, is ages blame,
And takes away the greatness of thy name.

Thou God of Loue, she only Queene of lust,
Yet strives by weakening thee, to be unjust.

2.

Late in the Forest I did *Cupid* see
Cold, wet, and crying, he had lost his way,
And being blind was farther like to stray;
Which sight, a kind compassion bred in me.
I kindly took, and dried him, while that he,
(Poor Child) complained, he sterued was with stay
And pined for want of his accustomed prey,
For none in that wild place his Host would be.
I glad was of his finding, thinking sure,
This service should my freedom still procure,
And in my arms I took him then unharmed,
Carrying him safe unto a Myrtle bower,
But in the way he made me, feel his power,
Burning my heart, who had him kindly warmed.

3.

Juno still jealous of her husband *Jove*{48},
Descended from above, on earth to try,
Whether she there could find his chosen Loue,
Which made him from the Heav'ns so often fly.
Close by the place where I for shade did lye,
She [chasing] came, but when she saw me move,
Have you not seen this way (said she) to hie
One, in whom virtue never ground did prove?
He, in whom Loue doth breed, to stir more hate,
Courting a wanton Nymph for his delight;
His name is *Jupiter*, my Lord, by Fate,
Who for her, leaves Me, Heaven, his Throne, and light,
I saw him not (said I) although here are
Many, in whose hearts, Loue hath made like war[.]

4.

When I beheld the Image{49} of my dear,
With greedy looks mine eyes would that way bend,
Fear, and Desire, did inwardly contend;
Fear to be marked, Desire to draw still near.
And in my soul a Spirit would appear,
Which boldness warranted, and did pretend
To be my *Genius*, yet I durst not lend,
My eyes in trust, where others seemed so clear.
Then did I search, from whence this danger rose,
If such unworthiness in me did rest,
As my steru'd eyes must not with sight be blest,

When Jealousy her poison did disclose.
Yet in my heart unseen of Jealous eye,
The truer Image shall in triumph lie.

5.

Like to huge Clouds of smoke which well may hide
The face of fairest day, though for a while:
So wrong may shadow me, till truth doe smile,
And Justice Sun-like hath those vapors tied.
O doting Time, canst thou for shame let slid,
So many minutes, while ills doe beguile
Thy age, and worth, and falsehoods thus defile
Thy ancient good, where now but crosses bide?
Look but once up, and leave thy toiling pace
And on my miseries thy dim eye place,
Go not so fast, but give my care some end,
Turn not thy glass{50} (alas) unto my ill
Since thou with sand it canst not so far fill,
But to each one my sorrows will extend.

6.

O that no day would ever more appear,
But cloudy night to govern this sad place,
Nor light from Heaven these hapless rooms to grace
Since that light's shadowed which my Loue holds dear.
Let thickest mists in envy master here,
And Sun-borne day for malice show no face,
Disdaining light, where *Cupid*, and the race
Of Lover's are despised, and shame shines clear.
Let me be dark, since barred of my chief light,
And wounding Jealousy commands by might,
But stage-play-like disguised pleasures give:
To me it seems, as ancient fictions make
The Stars, all [fashions], and all shapes partake,
While in my thoughts true form of Love shall live.

7.

NO time, no room, no thought, or writing can
Give rest, or quiet to my loving heart,
Or can my memory or Phant'sie scan,
The measure of my still renewing smart.
Yet would I not (dear Love) thou shouldst depart,
But let my passions as they first began,
Rule, wound, and please, it is thy choicest Art,
To give disquiet, which seems ease to man.
When all alone, I think upon thy pain,
How thou doest travel our best selves to gain,
Then hourly thy lessons I do learn;

Think on thy glory, which shall still ascend,
Until the world come to a final end,
And then shall we thy lasting power discern.

8.

How Glowworm-like the Sun doth now appear,
Cold beams do from his glorious face descend
Which shows his days, and force [draw] to an end,
Or that to leave taking, his time grows near.
[This] day his face did seem but pale, though clear,
The reason is, he to the North must lend
His light, and warmth must to that Climate bend,
Whose frozen parts cold not love's heat hold dear
Alas, if thou bright Sun to part from hence
Grieve so, what must I hapless who from thence,
Where thou dost go my blessing shall attend;
Thou shalt enjoy that sight for which I die,
And in my heart thy fortunes do envy,
Yet grieve, I'll love thee, for this state may mend.

9.

MY Muse now happy lay thyself to rest,
Sleep in the quiet of a faithful love,
Write you no more, but let these **Fant'sies** move
Some other hearts, wake not to new unrest.
But if you Study be those thoughts addressed
To truth, which shall eternal goodness prove;
Enjoying of true joy the most, and best
The endless gain which never will remove.
Leave the discourse of *Venus*, and her son
To young beginners, and their brains inspire
With stories of great Love, and from that fire,
Get heat to write the fortunes they have won.
And thus leave off; what's past shows you can love,
Now let your Constancy your Honor prove. {51}

FINIS.

Notes

{1}+ This quote is from the title page of the *Urania*, which omits to mention Lady Mary Wroth's deceased husband, other than by the fact of her married name. Lady Mary Wroth was primarily identified as a Sidney, and shared the intellectual and literary heritage of the famous writers who preceded her.

{2}+ This thumbnail biographical sketch owes much to a more comprehensive one by Margaret P. Hannay in *Women Writers of the Renaissance*, cited below.

{3}+ "A Sonnet to the Noble Lady, the Lady Mary Wroth," *Complete Poems* (1982), 165.

{4}+ Robert Sidney wrote to his wife after a visit with his new son-in-law that the young man had something "that doth discontent him: but the particulars I could not get out of him, onely that hee protests that hee cannot take any exception to his wife, nor her carriage towards him. It were very soon for any unkindness to begin." From a letter in the collections at Penshurst, quoted by Hannay (551).

{5}+ Josephine Roberts (85) traces the chariot image to Petrarch's *Trionfe d'amore*.

{6}+ Roberts, p. 85, has "shutt." Neither the compositor, nor Roberts, nor Hannay, p.554 (modernized), seems to regard this as "shoot," but to me this makes more sense. Wroth's spelling is very anglo-saxon.

{7}+ The Court of Love, a traditional theme, undergirds the courtly love ideology by close analogy with the lord-and-vassal relationships inherited from medieval feudalism.

{8}+ Comparison of eyes to the sun or stars is a commonplace of Petrarchism, but the star image was of particular interest to all the Sidneys. "[Astrophil](#)" is of course "lover of a star," and "Stella" is "star"; Josephine Roberts reports that Sir Robert Wroth often used star/eye images in his (unpublished) sonnets (*Poems* 86).

{9}+ Waine: wane (noun usage, archaic).

{10}+ Sights string: the Pythagoreans thought light originated from the objects seen; the Platonists thought that light originated from the sun, from objects, and most of all from the eye; Renaissance ideas on this subject favored Plato.

{11}+ Willow: emblem of weeping. Popular ballads held that spurned women pine away and die under the sign of the willow. "Bury Me Beneath the Willow" and "On Top of Old Smokey" are modern examples of the genre.

{12}+ Loue: Cupid. Lovers are bound by feudal ties of fealty to Love as their lord. See Petrarch, *Rime*, and Dante, *La Vita Nuova*.

{13}+ Optaine: "p" here is a common compositor's error, an inverted "d." These letters in the typeface used were mounted on the same size type body and when placed in the composing stick, one looks almost identical to the other. A very similar error, "n" for "u" and vice versa, which is called a "turned" letter, occurs frequently in the 1621 text.

{14}+ Camelion: chameleon. Lethargic and long-lived in captivity without being fed, chameleons were popularly thought to "eat the air", *Hamlet* III.ii.

{15}+ Sleepe: Compare [Astrophil and Stella](#), sonnets 38-40.

{16}+ Petrarchan oxymorons: heate/frosts, wanting/surfet, burne/freeze. Compare *Rime* CXXXII: *E tremo a mezza state, ardendo il verno*, and CXXXIV: *E temo, e*

spero; et ardo, e son un ghiaccio. The tradition was overused in unskillful hands and was often satirized: see [Astrophil and Stella](#), Sonnet 6, and *Romeo and Juliet*, I.1.

{17}+ Humors: "Moisture, juice, or sap; also a mans disposition or fansy. [2nd def.] Bloud, Choler, Phlegme, and Melancholie." Coles' *English Dictionary*, 1676. Ben Jonson was fascinated by the theory of humours; here "humors" seems to refer primarily to melancholia, which was closely related to love in the Renaissance mind.

{18}+ Vade: fade.

{19}+ 22.: Josephine Roberts (99) and Margaret Hannay (553) both link this poem to Ben Jonson's *Masque of Blackness* [1606], in which Lady Mary acted a part.

{20}+ Phoebus: Personification of the Sun as Apollo, the Sun God.

{21}+ This: "The hart which fled to you." A popular Petrarchism: compare Thomas Wyatt's "Helpe me to seke."

{22}+ Hode: Hope. the lowercase "p" was turned by the compositor.

{23}+ Fare: far ("farr" in Roberts, p. 109).

{24}+ Iarre: jar (Roberts, "jarr"). A violent disagreement.

{25}+ The heart is considered by Aristotle, still authoritative in the early seventeenth century, to be the sense organ that detects emotions.

{26}+ Drosse: dross. Material of little worth left over from refinement of precious metals.

{27}+ Gloze: (Roberts: "glose," p. 111) covered over, as in "glazed." Coles' *English Dictionary* [1676] defines it as "to flatter."

{28}+ This line recalls the image in the first sonnet of the exposed heart; Pamphilia feels keenly the inequity of the social ostracism which she, but not her lover, receives from society under the double standard.

{29}+ In manuscript, this song in hexameter couplets is arranged in quatrains. Here, it is in three sestets and an separate couplet; the effect is that of an expanded sonnet. Roberts (117) refers the reader to Book IV of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* for the injury done his mother by Cupid; but I suspect the reference is to Book X; in Arthur Golding's translation of 1567:

For as the armed Cvpid kist Dame *Venus*, vnbeware
An arrow sticking ovt did raze her breast vpon the bare.
The Goddesse being wovnded, thrust away her sonne. The wovnd
Appeered not to bee so deepe as afterward was found (606-9).

She then falls in love with, not Mars, but Adonis. The *Metamorphoses*, widely available both in Latin and in Arthur Golding's popular translation was of great importance to the Elizabethans, concerned as they were with "mutabilitie". Wroth shares this interest, especially in view of Amphilanthus' tendency to "change" (forsake Pamphilia for another). The tales of Ovid, as a background or horizon to the complaints of Pamphilia, add poignancy to her despair for her project of stabilizing the relationship.

{30}± Service: fealty.

{31}± Hap: occurrence; fate; happenstance.

{32}± Wheele: Fortune's Wheel, often represented in Renaissance art as bearing several men, one riding up to fame and fortune, another resplendent in short-lived glory, another riding down to his fall and destruction.

{33}± God: Mercury. He puts Argus, who has a thousand eyes, to sleep with music played on a reed pipe. Ovid, *Metamorphoses* I: "And as he went he pyped still upon an Oten Reede," lines 842ff. (Golding).

{34}± Childe: Cupid.

{35}± Goodwins: the Goodwins Sands, shoal waters on the English coast where many ships foundered. Compare Petrarch, *Rime* CLXXXIX ("Passa la nave"), and also the translations of the Petrarch by Wyatt and Surrey.

{36}± Loud: lov'd. Sometimes contemporary usage omitted to use an apostrophe to mark elisions; very common in editions of [Spenser](#), for example.

{37}± The Crowne she offers is a "crown" of sonnets. This poem serves as the introduction to the group of poems immediately following.

{38}± A "crowne" or *corona* is a series of short poems, such as sonnets, linked by the last line of each serving as the first line of the following, with the last line of the last poem reprising the first line of the first, closing the circle. Wroth's *corona* contains an impressive fourteen sonnets.

{39}± Labyrinth: a reference to the labyrinth of Minos. Theseus enters the labyrinth to defeat the Minotaur, but cannot escape without the assistance of Ariadne. See Golding, XIII.225ff.

{40}± Threed: thread. The thread of Ariadne by which Theseus navigates his way to safety.

{41}± Prophet: this is "proffitt" in the manuscript version (Roberts 130); Roberts notes that a pun is intended.

{42}± Hemlocke: poison hemlock is a low-growing, attractive herb that grows on the margins of streams and in flood plains. It is extremely poisonous, inducing rapid paralysis when ingested, and was used in the execution of Socrates.

{43}± Holly: holy. This is in keeping with the move toward spiritualization of love in this "Crowne."

{44}± The return to this line suggests that the thread Pamphilia has been following has not led her to safety. Her focus on constancy as a spiritual discipline has been strengthened, but she is still victimized by jealousy.

{45}± Philomel: the nightingale. Ovid, in the *Metamorphoses*, tells of the transformation of Philomela into a nightingale after a violent rape. In Golding, VI.578ff.

{46}± Popish Lawe: possibly a reference to the Inquisition.

{47}+ Youthfull flame: she burns with love for the youth Adonis. Ovid, *Metamorphoses* X.604ff (Golding).

{48}+ Juno, the type of the jealous wife, sought her shape-changing philandering husband throughout the world, but he generally stayed one step ahead of her. See Ovid, *Metamorphoses*:

She lookt abovt hir for hir Joue as one that was acqvainted
With svch escapes and with the deede had often him attained.
Whome when she fovnd not in the heauen: Onlesse I gve amisse,
Some wrong agaynst me (qvoth she) now my hvsbande working is.
And with that worde she left the Heauen, and down to earth shee came...
(Golding I.749-53)

{49}+ Image: probably a portrait painting or miniature (perhaps of William Herbert at Penshurst?). Pamphilia is afraid her interest in it will give her away, but takes comfort in her possession of a truer image in her heart.

{50}+ Glasse: in this case, an hourglass (see next line), but with perhaps a double entendre on the usual word for "mirror."

{51}+ In manuscript (Roberts 142), this poem, like Sonnet 48 above, is signed by the persona, Pamphilia, adding an emphatic tone of self-awareness and address, of publication to Amphilanthus, which gives the final couplet more force and direction than in the printed text which we have followed here. Thus who have read and enjoyed this etext edition are urged to continue on to Robert's *The Poems of Lady Mary Wroth*, which recovers the robust spelling and punctuation of a text that has been, perhaps, somewhat unconsciously and damagingly patronized by those, undoubtedly men, who set up and printed the *Urania* in 1621.