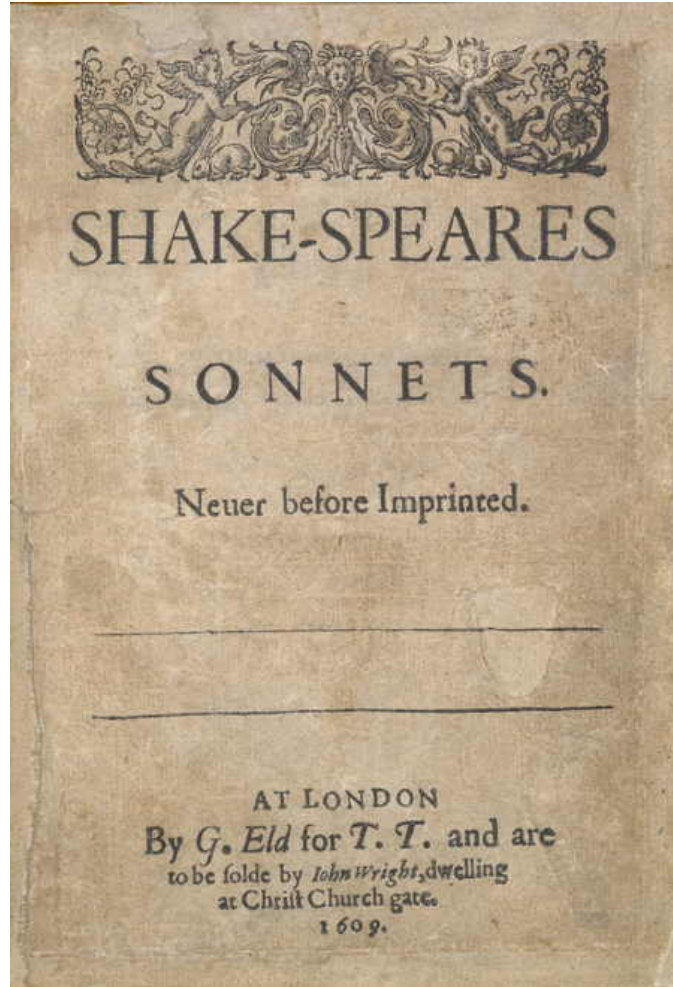


**WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,  
SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS NEUER BEFORE  
IMPRINTED) (1609)**



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# SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS NEUER BEFORE IMPRINTED (1609)

TO THE ONLIE BEGETTER OF  
THESE INSVING SONNETS.  
Mr. W. H. ALL HAPPINESSE  
AND THAT ETERNITIE  
PROMISED.

BY.

OVR EVER-LIVING POET.

WISHETH.

THE WELL-WISHING  
ADVENTVRER IN  
SETTING  
FORTH.

**T. T.**

---

## SHAKE-SPEARES, SONNETS. ↩

### 1

FRom fairest creatures we desire increase, [1]  
 That thereby beauties *Rose* might neuer die, [2]  
 But as the riper should by time decease, [3]  
 His tender heire might beare his memory: [4]  
 But thou contracted to thine owne bright eyes, [5]  
 Feed'st thy lights flame with selfe substantiall fewell, [6]  
 Making a famine where aboundance lies, [7]  
 Thy selfe thy foe, to thy sweet selfe too cruell: [8]  
 Thou that art now the worlds fresh ornament, [9]  
 And only herauld to the gaudy spring, [10]  
 Within thine owne bud buriest thy content, [11]  
 And tender chorle makst wast in niggarding: [12]  
     Pitty the world, or else this glutton be, [13]  
     To eate the worlds due, by the graue and thee. [14]

### 2

VVhen fortie Winters shall beseige thy brow, [15]  
 And digge deep trenches in thy beauties field, [16]  
 Thy youthes proud liuery so gaz'd on now, [17]  
 Wil be a totter'd weed of smal worth held: [18]  
 Then being askt, where all thy beautie lies, [19]  
 Where all the treasure of thy lusty daies; [20]  
 To say within thine owne deepe sunken eyes, [21]  
 Were an all-eating shame, and thriftlesse praise. [22]  
 How much more praise deseru'd thy beauties vse, [23]  
 If thou couldst answer this faire child of mine [24]  
 Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse [25]  
 Proouing his beautie by succession thine. [26]  
     [2] This were to be new made when thou art ould, [27]  
     And see thy blood warme when thou feel'st it could, [28]

### 3

LOoke in thy glasse and tell the face thou vewest, [29]  
 Now is the time that face should forme an other, [30]  
 Whose fresh repaire if now thou not renewest, [31]  
 Thou doo'st beguile the world, vnblesse some mother. [32]  
 For where is she so faire whose vn-eard wombe [33]  
 Disdaines the tillage of thy husbandry? [34]  
 Or who is he so fond will be the tombe, [35]  
 Of his selfe loue to stop posterity? [36]  
 Thou art thy mothers glasse and she in thee [37]  
 Calls backe the louely Aprill of her prime, [38]  
 So thou through windowes of thine age shalt see, [39]  
 Dispight of wrinkles this thy goulden time. [40]  
     But if thou liue remembered not to be, [41]  
     Die single and thine Image dies with thee. [42]

### 4

VNthrifty loueliness why dost thou spend, [43]  
 Vpon thy selfe thy beauties legacy? [44]  
 Natures bequest giues nothing but doth lend, [45]  
 And being franck she lends to those are free: [46]  
 Then beautious nigard why doost thou abuse, [47]  
 The bountious largesse giuen thee to giue? [48]  
 [49]

Profities vserer why doost thou vse [50]  
So great a summe of summes yet can'st not liue? [51]  
For hauing traffike with thy selfe alone, [52]  
Thou of thy selfe thy sweet selfe dost deceaue, [53]  
Then how when nature calls thee to be gone, [54]  
What acceptable *Audit* can'st thou leaue? [55]  
Thy vnus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee, [56]  
Which vsed liues th'executor to be.

## 5

THose howers that with gentle worke did frame, [57]  
The louely gaze where euery eye doth dwell [58]  
Will play the tirants to the very same, [59]  
[3] And that vnfaire which fairely doth excell: [60]  
For euer resting time leads Summer on, [61]  
To hidious winter and confounds him there, [62]  
Sap checkt with frost and lustie leau's quite gon. [63]  
Beauty ore-snow'd and barenes euery where, [64]  
Then were not summers distillation left [65]  
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glasse, [66]  
Beauties effect with beauty were bereft, [67]  
Nor it nor noe remembrance what it was. [68]  
But flowers distil'd though they with winter meete, [69]  
Leese but their show, their substance still liues sweet. [70]

## 6

THen let not winters wragged hand deface, [71]  
In thee thy summer ere thou be distil'd: [72]  
Make sweet some viall; treasure thou some place, [73]  
With beautits treasure ere it be selfe kill'd: [74]  
That vse is not forbidden vsery, [75]  
Which happies those that pay the willing lone; [76]  
That's for thy selfe to breed an other thee, [77]  
Or ten times happier be it ten for one, [78]  
Ten times thy selfe were happier then thou art, [79]  
If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee, [80]  
Then what could death doe if thou should'st depart, [81]  
Leauing thee liuing in posterity? [82]  
Be not selfe-wild for thou art much too faire, [83]  
To be deaths conquest and make wormes thine heire. [84]

## 7

LOe in the Orient when the gracious light, [85]  
Lifts vp his burning head, each vnder eye [86]  
Doth homage to his new appearing fight, [87]  
Seruing with lookes his sacred maiesty, [88]  
And hauing climb'd the steepe vp heauenly hill, [89]  
Resembling strong youth in his middle age, [90]  
Yet mortall lookes adore his beauty still, [91]  
Attending on his goulden pilgrimage: [92]  
But when from high-most pich with wery car, [93]  
[4] Like feeble age he reeleth from the day, [94]  
The eyes (fore dutious) now conuerted are [95]  
From his low tract and looke an other way: [96]  
So thou, thy selfe out-going in thy noon: [97]  
Vnlok'd on diest vnlesse thou get a sonne. [98]

## 8

MVsick to heare, why hear'st thou musick sadly, [99]  
Sweets with sweets warre not, ioy delights in ioy: [100]  
Why lou'st thou that which thou receaust not gladly, [101]  
Or else receau'st with pleasure thine annoy? [102]  
If the true concord of well tuned sounds, [103]

By vnions married do offend thine eare, [104]  
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds [105]  
In singlenesse the parts that thou should'st beare: [106]  
Marke how one string sweet husband to an other, [107]  
Strikes each in each by mutuall ordering; [108]  
Resembling sier, and child, and happy mother, [109]  
Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing: [110]  
    Whose speechlesse song being many, seeming one, [111]  
    Sings this to thee thou single wilt proue none. [112]

## 9.

IS it for feare to wet a widdowes eye, [113]  
That thou consum'st thy selfe in single life? [114]  
Ah; if thou issulesse shalt hap to die, [115]  
The world will waile thee like a makelesse wife, [116]  
The world wilbe thy widdow and still weepe, [117]  
That thou no forme of thee hast left behind, [118]  
When euery priuat widdow well may keepe, [119]  
By childrens eyes, her husbands shape in minde: [120]  
Looke what an vnthrift in the world doth spend [121]  
Shifts but his place, for still the world inioyes it [122]  
But beauties waste hath in the world an end, [123]  
And kept vnvsde the vser so destroyes it: [124]  
    No loue toward others in that bosome sits [125]  
    That on himselfe such murdrous shame commits. [126]

[5]

## 10

FOr shame deny that thou bear'st loue to any [127]  
Who for thy selfe art so vnprouident [128]  
Graunt if thou wilt, thou art belou'd of many, [129]  
But that thou none lou'st is most euident: [130]  
For thou art so possest with murdrous hate, [131]  
That gainst thy selfe thou stickst not to conspire, [132]  
Seeking that beautious roofe to ruinate [133]  
Which to repaire should be thy chiefe desire: [134]  
O change thy thought, that I may change my minde, [135]  
Shall hate be fairer log'd then gentle loue? [136]  
Be as thy presence is gracious and kind, [137]  
Or to thy selfe at least kind harted proue, [138]  
    Make thee an other selfe for loue of me, [139]  
    That beauty still may liue in thine or thee. [140]

## 11

AS fast as thou shalt wane so fast thou grow'st, [141]  
In one of thine, from that which thou departest, [142]  
And that fresh bloud which yongly thou bestow'st, [143]  
Thou maist call thine, when thou from youth conuertest, [144]  
Herein liues wisdom, beauty, and increase, [145]  
Without this follie, age, and could decay, [146]  
If all were minded so, the times should cease, [147]  
And threescoore yeare would make the world away: [148]  
Let those whom nature hath not made for store, [149]  
Harsh, featurelesse, and rude, barrenly perrish, [150]  
Looke whom she best indow'd, she gaue the more; [151]  
Which bountious guift thou shouldst in bounty cherrish, [152]  
    She caru'd thee for her scale, and ment therby, [153]  
    Thou shouldst print more, not let that copy die. [154]

## 12

VVhen I doe count the clock that tels the time, [155]  
[156]

And see the braue day sunck in hidious night, [157]  
 When I behold the violet past prime, [158]  
 And sable curls or siluer'd ore with white: [159]  
 When lofty trees I see barren of leaues, [160]  
 Which erst from heat did canopie the herd [161]  
 [6] And Sommers greene all girded vp in sheaues [162]  
 Borne on the beare with white and bristly beard: [163]  
 Then of thy beauty do I question make [164]  
 That thou among the wastes of time must goe, [165]  
 Since sweets and beauties do them-selues forsake, [166]  
 And die as fast as they see others grow, [167]  
 And nothing gainst Times sieth can make defence [167]  
 Sauer breed to braue him, when he takes thee hence. [168]

### 13

O That you were your selfe, but loue you are [169]  
 No longer yours, then you your selfe here liue, [170]  
 Against this cumming end you should prepare, [171]  
 And your sweet semblance to some other giue. [172]  
 So should that beauty which you hold in lease [173]  
 Find no determination, then you were [174]  
 You selfe again after your selfes-decease, [175]  
 When your sweet issue your sweet forme should beare. [176]  
 Who lets so faire a house fall to decay, [177]  
 Which husbandry in honour might vphold, [178]  
 Against the stormy gusts of winters day [179]  
 And barren rage of deaths eternall cold? [180]  
 O none but vnthrifts, deare my loue you know, [181]  
 You had a Father, let your Son say so. [182]

### 14

NOt from the stars do I my iudgement plucke, [183]  
 And yet me thinkes I haue Astronomy, [184]  
 But not to tell of good, or euil lucke, [185]  
 Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons quallity, [186]  
 Nor can I fortune to breefe mynuits tell; [187]  
 Pointing to each his thunder, raine and winde, [188]  
 Or say with Princes if it shal go wel [189]  
 By oft predict that I in heauen finde. [190]  
 But from thine eies my knowledge I deriue, [191]  
 And constant stars in them I read such art [192]  
 As truth and beautie shal together thriue [193]  
 If from thy selfe, to store thou wouldst conuert: [194]  
 [7] Or else of thee this I prognosticate, [195]  
 Thy end is Truthes and Beauties doome and date. [196]

### 15

WHEN I consider euery thing that growes [197]  
 Holds in perfection but a little moment. [198]  
 That this huge stage presenteth nought but shoves [199]  
 Whereon the Stars in secret influence comment. [200]  
 When I perceiue that men as plants increase, [201]  
 Cheared and checkt euen by the selfe-same skie: [202]  
 Vaunt in their youthfull sap, at height decrease, [203]  
 And were their braue state out of memory. [204]  
 Then the conceit of this inconstant stay, [205]  
 Sets you most rich in youth before my sight, [206]  
 Where wastfull time debateth with decay [207]  
 To change your day of youth to sullied night, [208]  
 And all in war with Time for loue of you [209]  
 As he takes from you, I ingrast you new. [210]

### 16



BVt wherefore do not you a mightier waie [211]  
 Make warre vppon this bloudie tirant time? [212]  
 And fortifie your selfe in your decay [213]  
 With meanes more blessed then my barren rime? [214]  
 Now stand you on the top of happie houres, [215]  
 And many maiden gardens yet vnset, [216]  
 With vertuous wish would beare your liuing flowers, [217]  
 Much liker then your painted counterfeit [218]  
 So should the lines of life that life repaire [219]  
 Which this (Times pensel or my pupill pen) [220]  
 Neither in inward worth nor outward faire [221]  
 Can make you liue your selfe in eies of men, [222]  
     To giue away your selfe, keeps your selfe still, [223]  
     And you must liue drawne by your owne sweet skill, [224]

## 17

VVHo will beleeeue my verse in time to come [225]  
 If it were fild with your most high deserts? [226]  
 [8] Though yet heauen knowes it is but as a tombe [227]  
 Which hides your life, and shewes not halfe your parts: [228]  
 If I could write the beauty of your eyes, [229]  
 And in fresh numbers number all your graces, [230]  
 The age to come would say this Poet lies, [231]  
 Such heauenly touches nere toucht earthly faces. [232]  
 So should my papers (yellowed with their age) [233]  
 Be scorn'd, like old men of lesse truth then tongue, [234]  
 And your true rights be termd a Poets rage, [235]  
 And stretched miter of an Antique song. [236]  
     But were some childe of yours aliue that time, [237]  
     You should liue twice in it, and in my rime. [238]

## 18.

SHall I compare thee to a Summers day? [239]  
 Thou art more louely and more temperate: [240]  
 Rough windes do shake the darling buds of Maie, [241]  
 And Sommers lease hath all too short a date: [242]  
 Sometime too hot the eye of heauen shines, [243]  
 And often is his gold complexion dimm'd, [244]  
 And euery faire from faire some-time declines, [245]  
 By chance, or natures changing course vntrim'd: [246]  
 But thy eternall Sommer shall not fade, [247]  
 Nor loose possession of that faire thou ow'st, [248]  
 Nor shall death brag thou wandr'st in his shade, [249]  
 When in eternall lines to time thou grow'st, [250]  
     So long as men can breath or eyes can see, [251]  
     So long liues this, and this giues life to thee, [252]

## 19

DEuouring time blunt thou the Lyons pawes, [253]  
 And make the earth deuoure her owne sweet brood, [254]  
 Plucke the keene teeth from the fierce Tygers yawes, [255]  
 And burne the long liu'd Phaenix in her blood, [256]  
 Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st, [257]  
 And do what ere thou wilt swift-footed time [258]  
 To the wide world and all her fading sweets: [259]  
 But I forbid thee one most hainous crime, [260]  
 [9] O carue not with thy howers my loues faire brow, [261]  
 Nor draw noe lines there with thine antique pen, [262]  
 Him in thy course vntainted doe allow, [263]  
 For beauties patterne to succeeding men. [264]  
     Yet doe thy worst ould Time dispight thy wrong, [265]  
     My loue shall in my verse euer liue young. [266]

## 20

A Womans face with natures owne hand painted, [267]  
 Haste thou the Master Mistris of my passion, [268]  
 A womans gentel hart but not acquainted [269]  
 With shifting change as is false womens fashion, [270]  
 An eye more bright then theirs, lesse false in rowling: [271]  
 Gilding the obiect where-vpon it gazeth, [272]  
 A man in hew all *Hews* in his controwling, [273]  
 Which steales mens eyes and womens soules amaseth▪ [274]  
 And for a woman wert thou first created, [275]  
 Till nature as she wrought thee fell a dotinge, [276]  
 And by addition me of thee defeated, [277]  
 By adding one thing to my purpose nothing. [278]  
     But since she prickt thee out for womens pleasure, [279]  
     Mine be thy loue and thy loues vse their treasure. [280]

## 21

SO is it not with me as with that Muse, [281]  
 Stird by a painted beauty to his verse, [282]  
 Who heauen it selfe for ornament doth vse, [283]  
 And euery faire with his faire doth rehearse, [284]  
 Making a coopelment of proud compare [285]  
 With Sunne and Moone, with earth and seas rich gems: [286]  
 With Aprills first borne flowers and all things rare, [287]  
 That heauens ayre in this huge rondure hems, [288]  
 O let me true in loue but truly write, [289]  
 And then beleeeue me, my loue is as faire, [290]  
 As any mothers childe, though not so bright [291]  
 As those Gould can dells fixt in heauens ayer: [292]  
     Let them say more that like of heare-say well, [293]  
     I will not prayse that purpose not to sell. [294]

[10]

## 22

MY glasse shall not perswade me I am ould, [295]  
 So long as youth and thou are of one date, [296]  
 But when in thee times forrwes I behould, [297]  
 Then look I death my daies should expiate. [298]  
 For all that beauty that doth couer thee, [299]  
 Is but the seemely rayment of my heart, [300]  
 Which in thy brest doth liue, as thine in me, [301]  
 How can I then be elder then thou art? [302]  
 O therefore loue be of thy selfe so wary. [303]  
 As I not for my selfe, but for thee will, [304]  
 Bearing thy heart which I will keepe so chary [305]  
 As tender nurse her babe from faring ill, [306]  
     Presume not on thy heart when mine is slaine, [307]  
     Thou gau'st me thine not to giue backe againe. [308]

## 23

AS an vnperfect actor on the stage, [309]  
 Who with his feare is put besides his part, [310]  
 Or some fierce thing repleat with too much rage, [311]  
 Whose strengths abondance weakens his owne heart; [312]  
 So I for feare of trust, forget to say, [313]  
 The perfect ceremony of loues right, [314]  
 And in mine owne loues strength seeme to decay, [315]  
 Ore-charg'd with burthen of mine owne loues might: [316]  
 O let my books be then the eloquence, [317]  
 And domb presagers of my speaking brest, [318]  
 Who pleade for loue, and look for recompence, [319]  
 More then that tonge that more hath more exprest. [320]  
     O learne to read what silent loue hath writ, [321]  
     [322]

To heare wit eies belongs to loues fine wiht.

## 24

MIne eye hath play'd the painter and hath steeld, [323]  
Thy beauties forme in table of my heart, [324]  
My body is the frame wherein ti's held, [325]  
And perspectiue it is best Painters art. [326]  
For through the Painter must you see his skill, [327]  
[11] To finde where your true Image pictur'd lies, [328]  
Which in my bosomes shop is hanging stil, [329]  
That hath his windowes glazed with thine eyes: [330]  
Now see what good-turnes eyes for eies haue done, [331]  
Mine eyes haue drawne thy shape, and thine for me [332]  
Are windowes to my brest, where-through the Sun [333]  
Delights to peepe, to gaze therein on thee [334]  
    Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art [335]  
    They draw but what they see, know not the hart- [336]

## 25

LEt those who are in fauor with their stars, [337]  
Of publike honour and proud titles bost, [338]  
Whilst I whome fortune of such tryumph bars [339]  
Vnlookt for ioy in that I honour most; [340]  
Great Princes fauorites their faire leaues spread, [341]  
But as the Marygold at the suns eye, [342]  
And in them-selues their pride lies buried, [343]  
For at a frowne they in their glory die. [344]  
The painefull warriar famosed for worth, [345]  
After a thousand victories once foild, [346]  
Is from the booke of honour rased quite, [347]  
And all the rest forgot for which he toild: [348]  
    Then happy I that loue and am beloued [349]  
    Where I may not remoue, nor be remoued. [350]

## 26

LOrd of my loue, to whome in vassalage [351]  
Thy merrit hath my dutie strongly knit; [352]  
To thee I send this written ambassage [353]  
To witnesse duty, not to shew my wit. [354]  
Duty so great, which wit so poore as mine [355]  
May make seeme bare, in wanting words to shew it; [356]  
But that I hope some good concept of thine [357]  
In thy soules thought (all naked) will bestow it: [358]  
Til whatsoeuer star that guides my mouing, [359]  
Points on me graciously with faire aspect, [360]  
And puts apparrell on my tottered louing, [361]  
[12] To show me worthy of their sweet respect, [362]  
    Then may I dare to boast how I doe loue thee, [363]  
    Til then, not show my head where thou maist proue me [364]

## 27

WEary with toyle, I hast me to my bed, [365]  
The deare repose for lims with trauaill tired, [366]  
But then begins a iourny in my head [367]  
To worke my mind, when boddies work's expired. [368]  
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide) [369]  
Intend a zelous pilgrimage to thee, [370]  
And keepe my drooping eye-lids open wide, [371]  
Looking on darknes which the blind doe see. [372]  
Saue that my soules imaginary sight [373]  
Presents their shaddoe to my sightles view, [374]  
Which like a iewell (hunge in gastly night) [375]  
Makes blacke night beautious, and her old face new. [376]

Loe thus by day my lims, by night my mind, [377]  
For thee, and for my selfe, noe quiet finde. [378]

## 28

HOw can I then returne in happy plight [379]  
That am debarde the benifit of rest? [380]  
When daies oppression is not eazd by night, [381]  
But day by night and night by day oprest. [382]  
And each (though enimes to ethers raigne) [383]  
Doe in consent shake hands to torture me, [384]  
The one by toyle, the other to complaine [385]  
How far I toyle, still farther off from thee. [386]  
I tell the Day to please him thou art bright, [387]  
And do'st him grace when clouds doe blot the heauen: [388]  
So flatter I the swart complexiond night, [389]  
When sparkling stars twire not thou guil'st th' eauen. [390]  
But day doth daily draw my sorrowes longer, [391]  
And night doth nightly make greefes length seeme stronge. [392]

## 29

VVhen in disgrace with Fortune and mens eyes, [393]  
I all alone beweepe my out-cast state, [394]  
[13] And trouble deafe heauen with my bootlesse cries. [395]  
And looke vpon my selfe and curse my fate, [396]  
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope, [397]  
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possest, [398]  
Desiring this mans art, and that mans skope, [399]  
With what I most inioy contented least, [400]  
Yet in these thoughts my selfe almost despising, [401]  
Haplye I thinke on thee, and then my state, [402]  
(Like to the Larke at breake of daye arising) [403]  
From sullen earth sings himns at Heauens gate, [404]  
For thy sweet loue remembred such welth brings, [405]  
That then I skorne to change my state with Kings. [406]

## 30

VVhen to the Sessions of sweet silent thought, [407]  
I sommon vp remembrance of things past, [408]  
I sigh the lacke of many a thing I sought, [409]  
And with old woes new waile my deare times waste: [410]  
Then can I drowne an eye (vnused to flow) [411]  
For precious friends hid in deaths dateles night, [412]  
And weepe a fresh loues long since canceld woe, [413]  
And mone th'expence of many a vannisht sight. [414]  
Then can I greeue at greeuances fore-gon, [415]  
And heauily from woe to woe tell ore [416]  
The sad account of fore-bemoned mone, [417]  
Which I new pay as if not payed before. [418]  
But if the while I thinke on thee (deare friend) [419]  
All losses are restord, and sorrowes end. [420]

## 31

Thy bosome is indeared with all hearts, [421]  
Which I by lacking haue supposed dead, [422]  
And there raignes Loue and all Loues louing parts, [423]  
And all those friends which I thought buried. [424]  
How many a holy and obsequious teare [425]  
Hath deare religious loue stolne from mine eye, [426]  
As interest of the dead, which now appeare, [427]  
But things remou'd that hidden in there lie. [428]  
[14] Thou art the graue where buried loue doth liue, [429]  
Hung with the tropheis of my louers gon, [430]  
Who all their parts of me to thee did giue, [431]

That due of many, now is thine alone. [432]  
Their images I loued, I view in thee, [433]  
And thou (all they) hast' all the all of me. [434]

### 32

IF thou suruiue my well contented daie, [435]  
When that churle death my bones with dust shall couer [436]  
And shalt by fortune once more re-suruay: [437]  
These poore rude lines of thy deceased Louer: [438]  
Compare them with the bett'ring of the time, [439]  
And though they be out-stript by euery pen, [440]  
Reserue them for my loue, not for their rime, [441]  
Exceeded by the hight of happier men. [442]  
Oh then voutsafe me but this louing thought, [443]  
Had my friends Muse growne with this growing age, [444]  
A dearer birth then this his loue had brought [445]  
To march in ranckes of better equipage: [446]  
But since he died and Poets better proue, [447]  
Theirs for their stile ile read, his for his loue. [448]

### 33

FVII many a glorious morning haue I seene, [449]  
Flatter the mountaine tops with soueraine eie, [450]  
Kissing with golden face the meddowes greene; [451]  
Guilding pale streames with heauenly alcumy: [452]  
Anon permit the basest cloudes to ride, [453]  
With ougly rack on his celestiall face, [454]  
And from the for-lorne world his visage hide [455]  
Stealing vnseene to west with this disgrace: [456]  
Euen so my Sunne one early morne did shine, [457]  
With all triumphant splendor on my brow, [458]  
But out alack, he was but one houre mine, [459]  
The region cloude hath mask'd him from me now. [460]  
Yet him for this, my loue no whit disdaineth, [461]  
Suns of the world may staine, whē heauens sun stainteh. [462]

[15]

### 34

VVHy didst thou promise such a beautious day, [463]  
And make me trauaile forth without my cloake, [464]  
To let bace cloudes ore-take me in my way, [465]  
Hiding thy brau'ry in their rotten smoke. [466]  
Tis not enough that through the cloude thou breake, [467]  
To dry the raine on my storme-beaten face, [468]  
For no man well of such a salue can speake, [469]  
That heales the wound, and cures not the disgrace: [470]  
Nor can thy shame giue phisicke to my grieffe, [471]  
Though thou repent, yet I haue still the losse, [472]  
Th'offenders sorrow lends but weake reliefe [473]  
To him that beares the strong offenses losse. [474]  
Ah but those teares are pearle which thy loue sheeds, [475]  
And they are ritche, and ransome all ill deeds. [476]

### 35

NO more bee greeu'd at that which thou hast done, [477]  
Roses haue thornes, and siluer fountaines mud, [478]  
Cloudes and eclipses staine both Moone and Sunne, [479]  
And loathsome canker liues in sweetest bud. [480]  
All men make faults, and euen I in this, [481]  
Authorizing thy trespas with compare, [482]  
My selfe corrupting saluing thy amisse, [483]  
[484]

Excusing their fins more then their sins are: [485]  
For to thy sensuall fault I bring in sence, [486]  
Thy aduerse party is thy Aduocate, [487]  
And gainst my selfe a lawfull plea commence, [488]  
Such ciuill war is in my loue and hate, [489]  
That I an accessary needs must be, [490]  
To that sweet theefe which sourely robs from me,

### 36

LEt me confesse that we two must be twaine, [491]  
Although our vndeuided loues are one: [492]  
So shall those blots that do with me remaine, [493]  
Without thy helpe, by me be borne alone. [494]  
In our two loues there is but one respect, [495]  
[16] Though in our liues a seperable spight, [496]  
Which though it alter not loues sole effect, [497]  
Yet doth it steale sweet houres from loues delight, [498]  
I may not euer-more acknowledge thee, [499]  
Least my bewailed guilt should do thee shame, [500]  
Nor thou with publike kindnesse honour me, [501]  
Vnlesse thou take that honour from thy name: [502]  
But doe not so, I loue thee in such sort, [503]  
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report. [504]

### 37

AS a decrepit father takes delight, [505]  
To see his actiue childe do deeds of youth, [506]  
So I, made lame by Fortunes dearest spight [507]  
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth. [508]  
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit, [509]  
Or any of these all, or all, or more [510]  
Intituled in their parts, do crowned sit, [511]  
I make my loue ingrafted to this store: [512]  
So then I am not lame, poore, nor dispis'd, [513]  
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance giue, [514]  
That I in thy abundance am suffic'd, [515]  
And by a part of all thy glory liue: [516]  
Looke what is best, that best I wish in thee, [517]  
This wish I haue, then ten times happy me. [518]

### 38

HOw can my Muse want subiect to inuent [519]  
While thou dost breath that poor'st into my verse, [520]  
Thine owne sweet argument, to excellent, [521]  
For euery vulgar paper to rehearse: [522]  
Oh giue thy selfe the thanks if ought in me, [523]  
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight, [524]  
For who's so dumbe that cannot write to thee, [525]  
When thou thy selfe dost giue inuention light? [526]  
Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth [527]  
Then those old nine which rimers innocate, [528]  
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth [529]  
[17] Eternal numbers to out-liue long date. [530]  
If my slight Muse doe please these curious daies, [531]  
The paine be mine, but thine shal be the praise. [532]

### 39

OH how thy worth with manners may I singe, [533]  
When thou art all the better part of me? [534]  
What can mine owne praise to mine owne selfe bring; [535]  
And what is't but mine owne when I praise thee, [536]  
Euen for this, let vs deuided liue, [537]  
And our deare loue loose name of single one, [538]

That by this seperation I may giue: [539]  
That due to thee which thou deseru'st alone: [540]  
Oh absence what a torment wouldst thou proue, [541]  
Were it not thy soure leisure gaue sweet leaue, [542]  
To entertaine the time with thoughts of loue, [543]  
VVhich time and thoughts so sweetly dost deceiue. [544]  
And that thou teachest how to make one twaine, [545]  
By praising him here who doth hence remaine. [546]

#### 40

TAke all my loutes, my loue, yea take them all, [547]  
What hast thou then more then thou hadst before? [548]  
No loue, my loue, that thou maist true loue call, [549]  
All mine was thine, before thou hadst this more: [550]  
Then if for my loue, thou my loue receiuest, [551]  
I cannot blame thee, for my loue thou vset, [552]  
But yet be blam'd, if thou this selfe deceauest [553]  
By wilfull taste of what thy selfe refusest. [554]  
I doe forgiue thy robb'rie gentle theefe [555]  
Although thou steale thee all my pouerty: [556]  
And yet loue knowes it is a greater grieffe [557]  
To beare loutes wrong, then hates knowne iniury. [558]  
Lasciuious grace, in whom all il wel showes, [559]  
Kill me with spights yet we must not be foes. [560]

#### 41

THose pretty wrongs that liberty commits, [561]  
When I am some-time absent from thy heart, [562]  
[18] Thy beautie, and thy yeares full well befits, [563]  
For still temptation followes where thou art. [564]  
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be wonne, [565]  
Beautious thou art, therefore to be assailed. [566]  
And when a woman woes, what womans sonne, [567]  
Will sourely leaue her till he haue preuailed. [568]  
Aye me, but yet thou mightst my feate forbear, [569]  
And chide thy beauty, and thy straying youth, [570]  
Who lead thee in their ryot euen there [571]  
Where thou art forst to breake a two-fold truth: [572]  
Hers by thy beauty tempting her to thee, [573]  
Thine by thy beautie beeing false to me. [574]

#### 42

THat thou hast her it is not all my grieffe, [575]  
And yet it may be said I lou'd her deerely, [576]  
That she hath thee is of my wayling cheefe, [577]  
A losse in loue that touches me more neerely. [578]  
Louing offendors thus I will excuse yee, [579]  
Thou doost loue her, because thou knowst I loue her, [580]  
And for my sake euen so doth she abuse me, [581]  
Suffring my friend for my sake to approoue her, [582]  
If I loose thee, my losse is my loutes gaine, [583]  
And loosing her, my friend hath found that losse, [584]  
Both finde each other, and I loose both twaine, [585]  
And both for my sake lay on me this crosse, [586]  
But here's the ioy, my friend and I are one, [587]  
Sweete flattery, then she loutes but me alone. [588]

#### 43

WHen most I winke then doe mine eyes best see, [589]  
For all the day they view things vnrespected, [590]  
But when I sleepe, in dreames they looke on thee, [591]  
And darkely bright, are bright in darke directed. [592]  
Then thou whose shaddow shaddowes doth make bright, [593]

How would thy shadowes forme, forme happy show, [594]  
To the cleere day with thy much cleerer light, [595]  
When to vn-seeing eyes thy shade shines so? [596]  
[19] How would (I say) mine eyes be blessed made, [597]  
By looking on thee in the liuing day? [598]  
When in dead night their faire imperfect shade, [599]  
Through heauy sleepe on sightlesse eyes doth stay? [600]  
All dayes are nights to see till I see thee, [601]  
And nights bright daies when dreams do shew thee me- [602]

#### 44

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought, [603]  
Iniurious distance should not stop my way, [604]  
For then dispight of space I would be brought, [605]  
From limits farre remote, where thou doost stay, [606]  
No matter then although my foote did stand [607]  
Vpon the farthest earth remoou'd from thee, [608]  
For nimble thought can iumpe both sea and land, [609]  
As soone as thinke the place where he would be. [610]  
But ah, thought kills me that I am not thought [611]  
To leape large lengths of miles when thou art gone, [612]  
But that so much of earth and water wrought, [613]  
I must attend, times leasure with my mone. [614]  
Receiuing naughts by elements so sloe, [615]  
But heaueie teares, badges of eithers woe. [616]

#### 45

The other two, slight ayre, and purging fire, [617]  
Are both with thee, where euer I abide, [618]  
The first my thought, the other my desire, [619]  
These present absent with swift motion slide. [620]  
For when these quicker Elements are gone [621]  
In tender Embassie of loue to thee, [622]  
My life being made of foure, with two alone, [623]  
Sinkes downe to death, opprest with melancholie. [624]  
Vntillliues composition be recured, [625]  
By those swift messengers return'd from thee, [626]  
Who euen but now come back againe assured, [627]  
Of their faire health, recounting it to me. [628]  
This told, i ioy, but then no longer glad, [629]  
I send them back againe and straight grow sad. [630]

[20]

#### 46

MIne eye and heart are at a mortall warre, [631]  
How to deuide the conquest of thy sight, [632]  
Mine eye, my heart their pictures sight would barre, [633]  
My heart, mine eye the freedome of that right, [634]  
My heart doth plead that thou in him doost lye, [635]  
(A closet neuer pearst with christall eyes) [636]  
But the defendant doth that plea deny, [637]  
And sayes in him their faire appearance lyes. [638]  
To side this title is impannelled [639]  
A quest of thoughts, all tennants to the heart, [640]  
And by their verdict is determind [641]  
The cleere eyes moyitie, and the deare hearts part. [642]  
As thus, mine eyes due is their outward part, [643]  
And my hearts right, their inward loue of heart. [644]

#### 47

BEtwixt mine eye and heart a league is tooke, [645]  
[646]



And each doth good turnes now vnto the other, [647]  
 When that mine eye is famisht for a looke, [648]  
 Or heart in loue with sighes himselfe doth smother; [649]  
 With my loues picture then my eye doth feast, [650]  
 And to the painted banquet bids my heart: [651]  
 An other time mine eye is my hearts guest, [652]  
 And in his thoughts of loue doth share a part. [653]  
 So either by thy picture or my loue, [654]  
 Thy seife away, are present still with me, [655]  
 For thou nor farther then my thoughts canst moue, [656]  
 And I am still with them▪ and they with thee. [657]  
 Or if they sleepe, thy picture in my sight [658]  
 Awakes my heart, to hearts and eyes delight.

## 48

HOw carefull was I when I tooke my way, [659]  
 Each trifle vnder truest barres to thrust, [660]  
 That to my vse it might vn-vsed stay [661]  
 From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust? [662]  
 But thou, to whom my iewels trifles are, [663]  
 [21] Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grieue, [664]  
 Thou best of deerest, and mine onely care, [665]  
 Art left the prey of euery vulgar theefe. [666]  
 Thee haue I not lockt vp in any chest, [667]  
 Saue where thou art not▪ though I feele thou art, [668]  
 Within the gentle closure of my brest, [669]  
 From whence at pleasure thou maist come and part, [670]  
 And euen thence thou wilt be stolne I feare, [671]  
 For truth proues theeuish for a prize so deare. [672]

## 49

AGainst that time (if euer that time come) [673]  
 When I shall see the frowne on my defects, [674]  
 When as thy loue hath cast his vtmost summe, [675]  
 Cauld to that audite by aduis'd respects, [676]  
 Against that time when thou shalt strangely passe, [677]  
 And scarcely greete me with that sunne thine eye, [678]  
 When loue conuerted from the thing it was [679]  
 Shall reasons finde of setled grauitie. [680]  
 Against that time do I insconce me here [681]  
 Within the knowledge of mine owne desart, [682]  
 And this my hand, against my selfe vpreare, [683]  
 To guard the lawfull reasons on thy part, [684]  
 To leaue poore me, thou hast the strength of lawes, [685]  
 Since why to loue, I can alledge no cause. [686]

## 50

HOw heauiue doe I iourney on the way, [687]  
 When what I seeke (my wearie trauels end) [688]  
 Doth teach that ease and that repose to say [689]  
 Thus farre the miles are measurde from thy friend. [690]  
 The beast that beares me, tired with my woe, [691]  
 Plods duly on, to beare that waight in me, [692]  
 As if by some instinct the wretch did know [693]  
 His rider lou'd not speed being made from thee: [694]  
 The bloody spurre cannot prouoke him on, [695]  
 That some-times anger thrusts into his hide, [696]  
 Which heauiely he answers with a grone, [697]  
 [22] More sharpe to me then spurring to his side, [698]  
 For that same grone doth put this in my mind, [699]  
 My greefe lies onward and my ioy behind. [700]

## 51

Thus can my loue excuse the slow offence, [701]  
 Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed, [702]  
 From where thou art, why should I hast me thence, [703]  
 Till I returne of posting is noe need. [704]  
 O what excuse will my poor beast then find, [705]  
 When swift extremity can seeme but slow, [706]  
 Then should I spurre though mounted on the wind, [707]  
 In winged speed no motion shall I know, [708]  
 Then can no horse with my desire keepe pace, [709]  
 Therefore desire (of perfects loue being made) [710]  
 Shall naigh noe dull flesh in his fiery race, [711]  
 But loue, for loue, thus shall excuse my iade, [712]  
     Since from thee going he went wilfull slow, [713]  
     Towards thee ile run, and giue him leaue to goe. [714]

## 52

So am I as the rich whose blessed key, [715]  
 Can bring him to his sweet vp-lockd treasure, [716]  
 The which he will not eu'ry hower suruay, [717]  
 For blunting the fine point of seldome pleasure, [718]  
 Therefore are feasts so sollemne and so rare, [719]  
 Since sildom comming in the long yeare set, [720]  
 Like stones of worth they thinly placed are, [721]  
 Or captaine Iewells in the carconet. [722]  
 So is the time that keepes you as my chest, [723]  
 Or as the ward-robe which the robe doth hide, [724]  
 To make some speciall instant speciall blest, [725]  
 By new vnfoldung his imprison'd pride. [726]  
     Blessed are you whose worthinesse giues skope, [727]  
     Being had to tryumph, being lackt to hope. [728]

## 53

VVhat is your substance, whereof are you made, [729]  
 That millions of strange shaddowes on you tend? [730]  
 [23] Since euery one, hath euery one, one shade, [731]  
 And you but one, can euery shaddow lend: [732]  
 Describe *Adonis* and the counterfet, [733]  
 Is poorely immitated after you, [734]  
 On *Hellens* cheeke all art of beautie set, [735]  
 And you in *Grecian* tires are painted new: [736]  
 Speake of the spring, and foyzon of the yeare, [737]  
 The one doth shaddow of your beautie show, [738]  
 The other as your bountie doth appeare, [739]  
 And you in euery blessed shape we know. [740]  
     In all externall grace you haue some part, [741]  
     But you like none, none you for constant heart. [742]

## 54

OH how much more doth beautie beautious seeme, [743]  
 By that sweet ornament which truth doth giue, [744]  
 The Rose lookes faire, but fairer we it deeme [745]  
 For that sweet odor, which doth in it liue: [746]  
 The Canker bloomes haue full as deepe a die, [747]  
 As the perfumed tincture of the Roses, [748]  
 Hang on such thornes, and play as wantonly, [749]  
 When sommers breath their masked buds discloses: [750]  
 But for their virtue only is their show, [751]  
 They liue vnwoo'd, and vnrespected fade, [752]  
 Die to themselues. Sweet Roses doe not so, [753]  
 Of their sweet deathes, are sweetest odors made: [754]  
     And so of you, beautious and louely youth, [755]  
     When that shall vade, by verse distils your truth. [756]

## 55

NOT marble, nor the guilded monument, [757]  
 Of Princes shall out-lieue this powrefull rime, [758]  
 But you shall shine more bright in these contents [759]  
 Then vnswept stone, besmeer'd with sluttish time. [760]  
 When wastefull warre shall *Statues* ouer-turne, [761]  
 And broiles roote out the worke of masonry, [762]  
 Nor *Mars* his sword, nor warres quick fire shall burne: [763]  
 The liuingrecord of your memory. [764]  
 [24] Gainst death, and all obliuous emnity [765]  
 Shall you pace forth, your praise shall stil finde roome, [766]  
 Euen in the eyes of all posterity [767]  
 That weare this world out to the ending doome. [768]  
 So til the iudgement that your selfe arise, [769]  
 You lieue in this, and dwell in louers eies. [770]

## 56

Sweet loue renew thy force, be it not said [771]  
 Thy edge should blunter be then apeteite, [772]  
 Which but too daie by feeding is alaied, [773]  
 To morrow sharpned in his former might. [774]  
 So loue be thou, although too daie thou fill [775]  
 Thy hungrie eies, euen till they winck with fulnesse, [776]  
 Too morrow see againe, and doe not kill [777]  
 The spirit of Loue, with a perpetual dulnesse: [778]  
 Let this sad *Intrim* like the Ocean be [779]  
 Which parts the shore, where two contracted new, [780]  
 Come daily to the banckes, that when they see: [781]  
 Returne of loue, more blest may be the view. [782]  
 As cal it Winter, which being ful of care, [783]  
 Makes Sōmers welcome, thrice more wish'd, more rare: [784]

## 57

BEing your slaue what should I doe but tend, [785]  
 Vpon the houres, and times of your desire? [786]  
 I haue no precious time at al to spend; [787]  
 Nor seruices to doe til you require. [788]  
 Nor dare I chide the world without end houre, [789]  
 Whilst I (my soueraine) watch the clock for you, [790]  
 Nor thinke the bitternesse of absence sowre, [791]  
 VVhen you haue bid your seruant once adieue. [792]  
 Nor dare I question with my iealous thought, [793]  
 VVhere you may be, or your affaires suppose, [794]  
 But like a sad slaue stay and thinke of nought [795]  
 Saue where you are, how happy you make those. [796]  
 So true a foole is loue, that in your Will, [797]  
 (Though you doe any thing) he thinkes no ill. [798]

[25]

## 58

THat God forbid, that made me first your slaue, [799]  
 I should in thought controule your times of pleasure, [800]  
 Or at your hand th' account of houres to craue, [801]  
 Being your vassail bound to staie your leisure. [802]  
 Oh let me suffer (being at your beck) [803]  
 Th' imprison'd absence of your libertie, [804]  
 And patience tame, to sufferance bide each check, [805]  
 Without accusing you of iniury. [806]  
 Be where you list, your charter is so strong, [807]  
 That you your selfe may priuiledge your time [808]  
 To what you will, to you it doth belong, [809]  
 Your selfe to pardon of selfe-doing crime. [810]  
 I am to waite, though waiting so be hell, [811]  
 [812]

Not blame your pleasure be it ill or well.

## 59

IF their bee nothing new, but that which is, [813]  
Hath beene before, how are our braines beguild, [814]  
Which laboring for inuention beare amisse [815]  
The second burthen of a former child? [816]  
Oh that record could with a back-ward looke, [817]  
Euen of fiue hundreth courses of the Sunne, [818]  
Show me your image in some antique booke, [819]  
Since minde at first in carrecter was done. [820]  
That I might see what the old world could say, [821]  
To this composed wonder of your frame, [822]  
Whether we are mended, or where better they, [823]  
Or whether reuolution be the same. [824]  
    Oh sure I am the wits of former daies, [825]  
    To subiects worse haue giuen admiring praise. [826]

## 60

LIke as the waues make towards the pibled shore, [827]  
So do our minuites haften to their end, [828]  
Each changing place with that which goes before, [829]  
In sequent toile all forwards do contend. [830]  
Natiuity once in the maine of light. [831]  
[26] Crawles to maturity, wherewith being crown'd, [832]  
Crooked eclipses gainst his glory fight, [833]  
And time that gaued, doth now his gift confound. [834]  
Time doth transfixe the florish set on youth, [835]  
And delues the paralels in beauties brow, [836]  
Feedes on the rarities of natures truth, [837]  
And nothing stands but for his sieth to mow. [838]  
    And yet to times in hope, my verse shall stand [839]  
    Praising thy worth, dispight his cruell hand. [840]

## 61

IS it thy wil, thy Image should keepe open [841]  
My heauy eielids to the weary night? [842]  
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken, [843]  
While shadowes like to thee do mocke my sight? [844]  
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee [845]  
So farre from home into my deeds to pry,  
To find out shames and idle houres in me, [847]  
The skope and tenure of thy Ielousie? [848]  
O no, thy loue though much, is notso great, [849]  
It is my loue that keepes mine eie awake, [850]  
Mine owne true loue that doth my rest defeat, [851]  
To plaie the watch-man euer for thy sake. [852]  
    For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere, [853]  
    From me farre of, with others all to neere. [854]

## 62

SInne of selfe-loue possesseth al mine eie, [855]  
And all my soule, and al my euery part; [856]  
And for this sinne there is no remedie, [857]  
It is so grounded inward in my heart. [858]  
Me thinkes no face so gracious is as mine, [859]  
No shape so true, no truth of such account, [860]  
And for my selfe mine owne worth do define, [861]  
As I all other in all worths surmount. [862]  
But when my glasse shewes me my selfe indeed [863]  
Beated and chopt with tand antiquitie, [864]  
Mine owne false loue quite contrary I read [865]  
[27] Selfe, so selfe louing were iniquity, [866]

T'is thee (my selfe) that for my selfe I praise, [867]  
Painting my age with beauty of thy daies, [868]

### 63

AGainst my loue shall be as I am now [869]  
With times iniurious hand chrusht and ore-worne, [870]  
When houres haue dreind his blood and fild his brow [871]  
With lines and wrinkles, when his youthfull morne [872]  
Hath travaild on to Ages steepie night, [873]  
And all those beauties whereof now he's King [874]  
Are vanishing, or vanisht out of sight, [875]  
Stealing away the treasure of his Spring. [876]  
For such a time do I now fortifie [877]  
Against confounding Ages cruell knife, [878]  
That he shall neuer cut from memory [879]  
My sweet loues beauty, though my louers life. [880]  
His beautie shall in these blacke lines be seene, [881]  
And they shall liue, and he in them still greene. [882]

### 64

VWhen I haue seene by times fell hand defaced [883]  
The rich proud cost of outworne buried age, [884]  
When sometime loftie towers I see downe rased, [885]  
And brasse eternall slaue to mortall rage. [886]  
When I haue seene the hungry Ocean gaine [887]  
Aduantage on the Kingdome of the shoare, [888]  
And the firme soile win of the watry maine, [889]  
Increasing store with losse, and losse with store. [890]  
When I haue seene such interchange of state, [891]  
Or state it selfe confounded, to decay, [892]  
Ruine hath taught me thus to ruminare [893]  
That Time will come and take my loue away. [894]  
This thought is as a death which cannot choose [895]  
But weepe to haue, that which it feares to loose. [896]

### 65

SInce brasse, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundlesse sea, [897]  
But sad mortallity ore-swaies their power, [898]  
[28] How with this rage shall beautie hold a plea, [899]  
Whose action is no stronger then a flower? [900]  
O how shall summers hunny breath hold out, [901]  
Against the wrackfull siedge of battring dayes, [902]  
When rocks impregnable are not so stoute, [903]  
Nor gates of steele so strong but time decayes? [904]  
O fearefull meditation, where alack, [905]  
Shall times best Iewell from times chest lie hid? [906]  
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foote back, [907]  
Or who his spoile or beautie can forbid? [908]  
O none, vnlesse this miracle haue might, [909]  
That in black inck my loue may still shine bright. [910]

### 66

Tyr'd with all these for restfull death I cry. [911]  
As to behold desert a begger borne, [912]  
And needie Nothing trimd in iollitie, [913]  
And purest faith vnshappily forsworne, [914]  
And gilded honor shamefully misplast, [915]  
And maiden vertue rudely strumpeted, [916]  
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd, [917]  
And strength by limping sway disabled, [918]  
And arte made tung-tide by authoritie, [919]  
And Folly (Doctor-like) controuling skill, [920]  
And simple-Truth miscalde Simplicitie, [921]

And captiue-good attending Captaine ill. [922]  
Tyr'd with all these, from these would I be gone; [923]  
Saue that to dye, I leaue my loue alone. [924]

## 67

AH wherefore with infection should he liue, [925]  
And with his presence grace impietie, [926]  
That sinne by him aduantage should atchiue, [927]  
And lace it selfe with his societie? [928]  
Why should false painting immitate his cheeke, [929]  
And steale dead seeing of his liuing hew? [930]  
Why should poore beautie indirectly seeke, [931]  
Roses of shaddow, since his Rose is true? [932]  
[29] Why should he liue, now nature banckrout is, [933]  
Beggerd of blood to blush through liuely vaines, [934]  
For she hath no exchecker now but his, [935]  
And proud of many, liues vpon his gaines? [936]  
O him she stores, to show what welth she had, [937]  
In daies long since, before these last so bad. [938]

## 68

THus is his cheeke the map of daies out-worne, [939]  
When beauty liu'd and dy'ed as flowers do now, [940]  
Before these bastard signes of faire were borne, [941]  
Or durst inhabit on a liuing brow: [942]  
Before the goulden tresses of the dead, [943]  
The right of sepulchers, were shorne away, [944]  
To liue a scond life on second head, [945]  
Ere beauties dead fleece made another gay: [946]  
In him those holy antique howers are seene, [947]  
Without all ornament, it selfe and true, [948]  
Making no summer of an others greene, [949]  
Robbing no ould to dresse his beauty new, [950]  
And him as for a map doth Nature store, [951]  
To shew faulse Art what beauty was of yore. [952]

## 69

THose parts of thee that the worlds eye doth view, [953]  
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend: [954]  
All tongs (the voice of soules) giue thee that end, [955]  
Vttring bare truth, euen so as foes Commend. [956]  
Their outward thus with outward praise is crownd, [957]  
But those same tongs that giue thee so thine owne, [958]  
In other accents doe this praise confound [959]  
By seeing farther then the eye hath showne. [960]  
They looke into the beauty of thy mind, [961]  
And that in guesse they measure by thy deeds, [962]  
Then churls their thoughts (although their eies were kind) [963]  
To thy faire flower ad the rancke smell of weeds, [964]  
But why thy odor matcheth not thy show, [965]  
The solye is this, that thou doest common grow. [966]

[30]

## 70

THat thou are blam'd shall not be thy defect, [967]  
For slanders marke was euer yet the faire, [968]  
The ornament of beauty is suspect, [969]  
A Crow that flies in heauens sweetest ayre. [970]  
So thou be good, slander doth but approue, [971]  
Their worth the greater beeing woo'd of time, [972]  
For Canker vice the sweetest buds doth loue, [973]  
[974]

And thou present'st a pure vnstayned prime. [975]  
 Thou hast past by the ambush of young daies, [976]  
 Either not assayld, or victor beeing charg'd, [977]  
 Yet this thy praise cannot be soe thy praise, [978]  
 To tye vp enuy, euermore inlarged, [979]  
 If some suspect of ill maskt not thy show, [980]  
 Then thou alone kingdomes of hearts shouldst owe.

## 71

NOe Longer mourne for me when I am dead, [981]  
 Then you shall heare the furly sullen bell [982]  
 Giue warning to the world that I am fled [983]  
 From this vile world with vildest wormes to dwell: [984]  
 Nay if you read this line, remember not, [985]  
 The hand that writ it, for I loue you so, [986]  
 That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot, [987]  
 If thinking on me the should make you woe. [988]  
 O if (I say) you looke vpon this verse, [989]  
 When I (perhaps) compounded am with clay, [990]  
 Do not so much as my poore name reherse; [991]  
 But let your loue euen with my life decay. [992]  
 Least the wise world should looke into your mone, [993]  
 And mocke you with me after I am gon. [994]

## 72

O Least the world should taske you to recite, [995]  
 What merit liu'd in me that you should loue [996]  
 After my death (deare loue) for get me quite, [997]  
 For you in me can nothing worthy proue. [998]  
 Vnlesse you would devise some vertuous lye, [999]  
 [31] To doe more for me then mine owne desert, [1000]  
 And hang more praise vpon deceased I, [1001]  
 Then nigard truth would willingly impart: [1002]  
 O least your true loue may seeme falce in this, [1003]  
 That you for loue speake well of me vntrue, [1004]  
 My name be buried where my body is, [1005]  
 And liue no more to shame nor me, nor you. [1006]  
 For I am shamd by that which I bring forth, [1007]  
 And so should you, to loue things nothing worth. [1008]

## 73

That time of yeeare thou maist in me behold, [1009]  
 When yellow leaues, or none, or few doe hange [1010]  
 Vpon those boughes which shake against the could, [1011]  
 Bare rn'wd quiers, where late the sweet birds sang. [1012]  
 In me thou seest the twi-light of such day, [1013]  
 As after Sun-set fadeth in the West, [1014]  
 Which by and by blacke night doth take away, [1015]  
 Deaths second selfe that seals vp all in rest. [1016]  
 In me thou seest the glowing of such fire, [1017]  
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lye, [1018]  
 As the death bed, whereon it must expire, [1019]  
 Consum'd with that which it was nurrish't by. [1020]  
 This thou perceu'st, which makes thy loue more strong, [1021]  
 To loue that well, which thou must leaue ere long. [1022]

## 74

BVt be contented when that fell arest. [1023]  
 Without all bayle shall carry me away, [1024]  
 My life hath in this line some interest, [1025]  
 Which for memoriall still with thee shall stay. [1026]  
 When thou reuwest this, thou doest reuew, [1027]  
 The very part was consecrate to thee, [1028]

The earth can haue but earth, which is his due, [1029]  
 My spirit is thine the better part of me, [1030]  
 So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life, [1031]  
 The pray of wormes, my body being dead, [1032]  
 The coward conquest of a wretches knife, [1033]  
 [32] To base of thee to be remembered, [1034]  
     The worth of that, is that which it contains, [1035]  
     And that is this, and this with thee remains. [1036]

## 75

SO are you to my thoughts as food to life, [1037]  
 Or as sweet season'd shewers are to the ground; [1038]  
 And for the peace of you I hold such strife, [1039]  
 As twixt a miser and his wealth is found. [1040]  
 Now proud as an inioyct, and anon [1041]  
 Doubting the filching age will steale his treasure, [1042]  
 Now counting best to be with you alone, [1043]  
 Then betterd that the world may see my pleasure. [1044]  
 Some-time all ful with feasting on your sight, [1045]  
 And by and by cleane starued for a looke, [1046]  
 Possessing or pursuing no delight [1047]  
 Saue what is had, or must from you be tooke. [1048]  
     Thus do I pine and surfet day by day, [1049]  
     Or gluttoning on all, or all away, [1050]

## 76

VVHy is my verse so barren of new pride- [1051]  
 So far from variation or quicke change? [1052]  
 Why with the time do I not glance aside [1053]  
 To new found methods, and to compounds strange? [1054]  
 Why write I still all one, euer the same, [1055]  
 And keepe inuention in a noted weed, [1056]  
 That euery word doth almost fel my name, [1057]  
 Shewing their birth, and where they did proceed? [1058]  
 O know sweet loue I alwaies write of you, [1059]  
 And you and loue are still my argument: [1060]  
 So all my best is dressing old words new, [1061]  
 Spending againe what is already spent: [1062]  
     For as the Sun is daily new and old, [1063]  
     So is my loue still telling what is told, [1064]

## 77

Thy glasse will shew thee how thy beauties were, [1065]  
 Thy dyall how thy pretious mynuits waste, [1066]  
 [33] The vacant leaues thy mindes imprint will beare, [1067]  
 And of this booke, this learning maist thou taste. [1068]  
 The wrinckles which thy glasse will truly show, [1069]  
 Of mouthed graues will giue the memorie, [1070]  
 Thou by thy dyals shady stealth maist know, [1071]  
 Times theeuish progresse to eternitie. [1072]  
 Looke what thy memorie cannot containe- [1073]  
 Commit to these waste blacks, and thou shalt finde [1074]  
 Those children nurst, deliuerd from thy braine, [1075]  
 To take a new acquaintance of thy minde. [1076]  
     These offices, so oft as thou wilt looke, [1077]  
     Shall profit thee and much inrich thy booke- [1078]

## 78

SO oft haue I inuok'd thee for my Muse, [1079]  
 And found such faire assistance in my verse, [1080]  
 As euery *Alien* pen hath got my vse, [1081]  
 And vnder thee their poesie disperse. [1082]  
 Thine eyes, that taught the dumbe on high to sing, [1083]



And heauie ignorance aloft to flie, [1084]  
Haue added fethers to the learneds wing, [1085]  
And giuen grace a double Maiestie. [1086]  
Yet be most proud of that which I compile, [1087]  
Whose influence is thine, and borne of thee, [1088]  
In others workes thou doost but mend the stile, [1089]  
And Arts with thy sweete graces graced be. [1090]  
    But thou art all my art, and doost aduance [1091]  
    As high as learning, my rude ignorance. [1092]

## 79

WHilst I alone did call vpon thy ayde, [1093]  
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace, [1094]  
But now my gracious numbers are decay de, [1095]  
And my sick Muse doth giue an other place. [1096]  
I grant (sweet loue) thy louely argument [1097]  
Deserues the trauaile of a worthier pen, [1098]  
Yet what of thee thy Poet doth inuent, [1099]  
He robs thee of, and payes it thee againe, [1100]  
[34] He lends thee vertue, and he stole that word, [1101]  
From thy behaiour, beautie doth he giue [1102]  
And found it in thy cheeke: he can affoord [1103]  
No praise to thee, but what in thee doth liue. [1104]  
    Then thanke him not for that which he doth say, [1105]  
    Since what he owes thee, thou thy selfe doost pay. [1106]

## 80

O How I faint when I of you do write, [1107]  
Knowing a better spirit doth vse your name, [1108]  
And in the praise thereof spends all his might, [1109]  
To make me tounge-tide speaking of your fame. [1110]  
But since your worth (wide as the Ocean is) [1111]  
The humble as the proudest saile doth beare, [1112]  
My sawsie barke (inferior farre to his) [1113]  
On your broad maine doth wilfully appeare. [1114]  
Your shallowest helpe will hold me vp a floate, [1115]  
Whilst he vpon your soundlesse deepe doth ride, [1116]  
Or (being wrackt) I am a worthlesse bote, [1117]  
He of tall building, and of goodly pride. [1118]  
    Then If he thriue and I be cast away, [1119]  
    The worst was this, my loue was my decay. [1120]

## 81

OR I shall liue your Epitaph to make, [1121]  
Or you suruiue when I in earth am rotten, [1122]  
From hence your memory death cannot take, [1123]  
Although in me each part will be forgotten. [1124]  
Your name from hence immortall life shall haue, [1125]  
Though I (once gone) to all the world must dye, [1126]  
The earth can yeeld me but a common graue, [1127]  
When you intombed in mens eyes shall lye, [1128]  
Your monument shall be my gentle verse, [1129]  
Which eyes not yet created shall ore-read, [1130]  
And tongs to be, your beeing shall rehearse, [1131]  
When all the breathers of this world are dead, [1132]  
    You still shall liue (such vertue hath my Pen) [1133]  
    Where breath most breaths, euen in the mouths of men. [1134]

[35]

## 82

I Grant thou wert not married to my Muse, [1135]  
[1136]

And therefore maiest without attaint ore-looke [1137]  
 The dedicated words which writers vse [1138]  
 Of their faire subiect, blessing euery booke. [1139]  
 Thou art as faire in knowledge as in hew, [1140]  
 Finding thy worth a limmit past my praise, [1141]  
 And therefore art inforc'd to seeke anew, [1142]  
 Some fresher stampe of the time bettering dayes. [1143]  
 And do so loue, yet when thy haue deuisde, [1144]  
 What strained touches Rhethorick can lend, [1145]  
 Thou truly faire, wert truly simpathizde, [1146]  
 In true plaine words, by thy true telling friend. [1147]  
 And their grosse painting might be better vs'd, [1147]  
 Where cheekes need blood, in thee it is abus'd. [1148]

### 83

I Neuer saw that you did painting need, [1149]  
 And therefore to your faire no painting set, [1150]  
 I found (or thought I found) you did exceed, [1151]  
 The barren tender of a Poets debt: [1152]  
 And therefore haue I slept in your report, [1153]  
 That you your selfe being extant well might show, [1154]  
 How farre a moderne quill doth come to short, [1155]  
 Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow, [1156]  
 This silence for my sinne you did impute, [1157]  
 Which shall be most my glory being dombe, [1158]  
 For I impaire not beautie being mute, [1159]  
 When others would giue life, and bring a tombe. [1160]  
 There liues more life in one of your faire eyes, [1161]  
 Then both your Poets can in praise deuse. [1162]

### 84

Who is it that sayes most, which can say more, [1163]  
 Then this rich praise, that you alone, are you, [1164]  
 In whose confine immured is the store. [1165]  
 Which should example where your equall grew, [1166]  
 Leane penurie within that Pen doth dwell, [1167]  
 [36] That to his subiect lends not some small glory, [1168]  
 But he that writes of you, if he can tell, [1169]  
 That you are you, so dignifies his story. [1170]  
 Let him but copy what in you is writ, [1171]  
 Not making worse what nature made so cleere, [1172]  
 And such a counter-part shall fame his wit, [1173]  
 Making his stile admired euery where. [1174]  
 You to your beautious blessings adde a curse, [1175]  
 Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse. [1176]

### 85

MY toung-tide Muse in manners holds her still, [1177]  
 While comments of your praise richly compil'd, [1178]  
 Reserue their Character with goulden quill, [1179]  
 And precious phrase by all the Muses fil'd. [1180]  
 I thinke good thoughts, whilst other write good wordes, [1181]  
 And like vnlettered clarke still crie Amen, [1182]  
 To euery Himne that able spirit affords, [1183]  
 In polisht forme of well refined pen. [1184]  
 Hearing you praisd, I say 'tis so, 'tis true, [1185]  
 And to the most of praise adde some-thing more, [1186]  
 But that is in my thought, whose loue to you [1187]  
 (Though words come hind-most) holds his ranke before, [1188]  
 Then others, for the breath of words respect, [1189]  
 Me for my dombe thoughts, speaking in effect. [1190]

### 86

VVAs it the proud full saile of his great verse, [1191]  
 Bound for the prize of (all to precious) you, [1192]  
 That did my ripe thoughts in my braine inhearce, [1193]  
 Making their tombe the wombe wherein they grew? [1194]  
 Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write, [1195]  
 Aboue a mortall pitch, that struck me dead? [1196]  
 No, neither he, nor his compiers by night [1197]  
 Giuing him ayde, my verse astonished. [1198]  
 He nor that affable familiar ghost [1199]  
 Which nightly gulls him with intelligence, [1200]  
 As victors of my silence cannot boast, [1201]  
 [37] I was not sick of any feare from thence. [1202]  
     But when your countenance fild vp his line, [1203]  
     Then lackt I matter, that infeeble mine. [1204]

## 87

FArewell thou art too deare for my possessing, [1205]  
 And like enough thou knowst thy estimate, [1206]  
 The Charter of thy worth giues thee releasing: [1207]  
 My bonds in thee are all determinate. [1208]  
 For how do I hold thee but by thy granting, [1209]  
 And for that ritches where is my deseruing? [1210]  
 The cause of this faire guift in me is wanting, [1211]  
 And so my pattent back againe is sweruing. [1212]  
 Thy selfe thou gau'st, thy owne worth then not knowing, [1213]  
 Or mee to whom thou gau'st it, else mistaking, [1214]  
 So thy great guift vpon misprision growing, [1215]  
 Comes home againe, on better iudgement making. [1216]  
     Thus haue I had thee as a dreame doth flatter, [1217]  
     In sleepe a King, but waking no such matter. [1218]

## 88

VVhen thou shalt be dispode to set me light, [1219]  
 And place my merrit in the eie of skorne, [1220]  
 Vpon thy side, against my selfe ile fight, [1221]  
 And proue thee virtuous, though thou art forsworne: [1222]  
 With mine owne weaknesse being best acquainted, [1223]  
 Vpon thy part I can set downe a story [1224]  
 Of faults conceald, wherein I am attained: [1225]  
 That thou in loosing me shall win much glory: [1226]  
 And I by this wil be a gainer too, [1227]  
 For bending all my louing thoughts on thee, [1228]  
 The iniuries that to my selfe I doe, [1229]  
 Doing thee vantage, duple vantage me. [1230]  
     Such is my loue, to thee I so belong, [1231]  
     That for thy right, my selfe will beare all wrong. [1232]

## 89

SAy that thou didst forsake mee for some falt, [1233]  
 And I will comment vpon that offence, [1234]  
 [38] Speake of my lamenesse, and I straight will halt: [1235]  
 Against thy reasons making no defence. [1236]  
 Thou canst not (loue) disgrace me halfe so ill, [1237]  
 To set a forme vpon desired change, [1238]  
 As ile my selfe disgrace, knowing thy wil, [1239]  
 I will acquaintance strangle and looke strange: [1240]  
 Be absent from thy walkes and in my tongue, [1241]  
 Thy sweet beloued name no more shall dwell, [1242]  
 Least I (too much prophane) should do it wronge: [1243]  
 And haplie of our old acquaintance tell. [1244]  
     For thee, against my selfe ile vow debate, [1245]  
     For I must nere loue him whom thou dost hate. [1246]

## 90

Then hate me when thou wilt, if euer, now, [1247]  
 Now while the world is bent my deeds to crosse, [1248]  
 Ioyne with the spight of fortune, make me bow, [1249]  
 And doe not drop in for an after losse: [1250]  
 Ah doe not, when my heart hath scapte this sorrow, [1251]  
 Come in the rereward of a conquerd woe, [1252]  
 Giue not a windy night a rainie morrow, [1253]  
 To linger out a purposd ouer-throw. [1254]  
 If thou wilt leaue me, do not leaue me last, [1255]  
 When other pettie griefes haue done their spight, [1256]  
 But in the onset come, so stall I taste [1257]  
 At first the very worst of fortunes might. [1258]  
 And other straines of woe, which now seeme woe, [1259]  
 Compar'd with losse of thee, will not seeme so. [1260]

## 91

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill, [1261]  
 Some in their wealth, some in their bodies force, [1262]  
 Some in their garments though new-fangled ill: [1263]  
 Some in their Hawkes and Hounds, some in their Horse. [1264]  
 And euery humor hath his adiunct pleasure, [1265]  
 Wherein it findes a ioy about the rest, [1266]  
 But these perticulers are not my measure, [1267]  
 All these I better in one generall best. [1268]  
 [39] Thy loue is bitter then high birth to me, [1269]  
 Richer then wealth, prouder then garments cost, [1270]  
 Of more delight then Hawkes or Horses bee: [1271]  
 And hauing thee, of all mens pride I boast. [1272]  
 Wretched in this alone, that thou maist take, [1273]  
 All this away, and me most wretched make. [1274]

## 92

Bvt doe thy worst to steale-thy selfe away, [1275]  
 For tearme of life thou art assured mine, [1276]  
 And life no longer then thy loue will stay, [1277]  
 For it depends vpon that loue of thine. [1278]  
 Then need I not to feare the worst of wrongs, [1279]  
 When in the least of them my life hath end, [1280]  
 I see, a better state to me belongs [1281]  
 Then that, which on thy humor doth depend. [1282]  
 Thou canst not vex me with inconstant minde, [1283]  
 Since that my life on thy reuolt doth lie, [1284]  
 Oh what a happy title do I finde, [1285]  
 Happy to haue thy loue, happy to die! [1286]  
 But whats so blessed faire that feares no blot, [1287]  
 Thou maist be falce, and yet I know it not. [1288]

## 93

SO shall I liue, supposing thou art true, [1289]  
 Like a deceiued husband so loues face, [1290]  
 May still seeme loue to me, though alter'd new: [1291]  
 Thy lookes with me, thy heart in other place. [1292]  
 For their can liue no hatred in thine eye, [1293]  
 Therefore in that I cannot know thy change, [1294]  
 In manies lookes, the falce hearts history [1295]  
 Is writ in moods and frounes and wrinkles strange. [1296]  
 But heauen in thy creation did decree, [1297]  
 That in thy face sweet loue should euer dwell, [1298]  
 What ere thy thoughts, or thy hearts workings be, [1299]  
 Thy lookes should nothing thence, but sweetnesse tell. [1300]  
 How like *Eaues* apple doth thy beauty grow, [1301]  
 If thy sweet vertue answere not thy show. [1302]

## 94

They that haue powre to hurt, and will doe none, [1303]  
 That doe not do the thing, they most do shoue, [1304]  
 Who mouing others, are themselues as stone, [1305]  
 Vnmooued, could, and to temptation slow: [1306]  
 They rightly do inherrit heauens graces, [1307]  
 And husband natures ritches from expence, [1308]  
 They are the Lords and owners of their faces, [1309]  
 Others, but stewards of their excellence: [1310]  
 The sommers flowre is to the sommer sweet, [1311]  
 Though to it selfe, it onely liue and die, [1312]  
 But if that flowre with base infection meete, [1313]  
 The basest weed out-braues his dignity: [1314]  
     For sweetest things turne sowrest by their deedes, [1315]  
     Lillies that fester, smell far worse then weeds. [1316]

## 95

HOw sweet and louely dost thou make the shame, [1317]  
 Which like a canker in the fragrant Rose, [1318]  
 Doth spot the beautie of thy budding name? [1319]  
 Oh in what sweets doest thou thy sinnes inclose! [1320]  
 That tongue that tells the story of thy daies, [1321]  
 (Making lasciuious comments on thy sport) [1322]  
 Cannot dispraise, but in a kinde of praise, [1323]  
 Naming thy name, blesses an ill report, [1324]  
 Oh what a mansion haue those vices got, [1325]  
 Which for their habitation chose out thee, [1326]  
 Where beauties vaile doth couer euery blot, [1327]  
 And all things turnes to faire, that eies can feel [1328]  
     Take heed (deare heart) of this large priuiledge, [1329]  
     The hardest knife ill vs 'd doth loose his edge. [1330]

## 96

SOme say thy fault is youth, some wantonesse, [1331]  
 Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport, [1332]  
 Both grace and faults are lou'd of more and lesse: [1333]  
 Thou makst faults graces, that to thee resort: [1334]  
 As on the finger of a throned Queene, [1335]  
 [41] The basest Iewell wil be well esteem'd: [1336]  
 So are those errors that in thee are seene, [1337]  
 To truths translated, and for true things deem'd. [1338]  
 How many Lambs might the sterne Wolfe betray- [1339]  
 If like a Lambe he could his lookes translate. [1340]  
 How many gazers mightst thou lead away, [1341]  
 If thou wouldst vse the strenght of all thy state? [1342]  
     But doe not so, I loue thee in such sort, [1343]  
     As thou being mine, mine is thy good report. [1344]

## 97

HOw like a Winter hath my absence beene [1345]  
 From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting yeare? [1346]  
 What freezings haue I felt, what darke daies seene? [1347]  
 What old Decembers barenesse euery where? [1348]  
 And yet this time remou'd was sommers time, [1349]  
 The teeming Autumne big with ritche increase, [1350]  
 Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime, [1351]  
 Like widdowed wombes after their Lords decease: [1352]  
 Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me, [1353]  
 But hope of Orphans, and vn-fathered fruite, [1354]  
 For Sommer and his pleasures waite on thee, [1355]  
 And thou away, the very birds are mute. [1356]

Or if they sing, tis with so dull a cheere, [1357]  
That leaues looke pale, dreading the Winters neere, [1358]

## 98

FRom you haue I beene absent in the spring, [1359]  
When proud pide Aprill (drest in all his trim) [1360]  
Hath put a spirit of youth in euery thing: [1361]  
That heaueie *Saturne* laught and leapt with him. [1362]  
Yet nor the laies of birds, nor the sweet smell [1363]  
Of different flowers in odor and in hew, [1364]  
Could make me any summers story tell: [1365]  
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew: [1366]  
Nor did I wonder at the Lillies white, [1367]  
Nor praise the deepe vermillion in the Rose, [1368]  
They weare but sweet, but figures of delight: [1369]  
[42] Drawne after you, you patterne of all those. [1370]  
Yet seem'd it Winter still, and you away, [1371]  
As with your shaddow I with these did play. [1372]

## 99

The forward violet thus did I chide, [1373]  
Sweet theefe whence didst thou steale thy sweet that smels [1374]  
If not from my loues breath, the purple pride, [1375]  
Which on thy soft cheeke for complexion dwells? [1376]  
In my loues veines thou hast too grosely died, [1377]  
The Lillie I condemned for thy hand, [1378]  
And buds of marierom had stolne thy haire, [1379]  
The Roses fearefully on thornes did stand, [1380]  
Our blushing shame, an other white dispaire: [1381]  
A third nor red, nor white, had stolne of both, [1382]  
And to his robbry had annext thy breath, [1383]  
But for his theft in pride of all his growth [1384]  
A vengfull canker eate him vp to death. [1385]  
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see, [1386]  
But sweet, or culler it had stolne from thee. [1387]

## 100

VVhere art thou Muse that thou forgetst so long, [1388]  
To speake of that which giues thee all thy might? [1389]  
Spendst thou thy furie on some worthlesse songe, [1390]  
Darkning thy powre to lend base subiects light• [1391]  
Returne forgetfull Muse, and straight redeeme, [1392]  
In gentle numbers time so idely spent, [1393]  
Sing to the eare that doth thy laies esteeme, [1394]  
And giues thy pen both skill and argument. [1395]  
Rise resty Muse, my loues sweet face suruay, [1396]  
If time haue any wrinkle grauen there, [1397]  
If any, be a *Satire* to decay, [1398]  
And make times spoiles dispised euery where. [1399]  
Giue my loue fame faster then time wasts life, [1400]  
So thou preuenst his sieth, and crocked knife. [1401]

## 101

OH truant Muse what shalbe thy amends, [1402]  
[43] For thy neglect of truth in beauty di'd? [1403]  
Both truth and beauty on my loue depends• [1404]  
So dost thou too, and therein dignifi'd: [1405]  
Make answeere Muse, wilt thou not haply saie, [1406]  
Truth needs no collour with his collour fixt, [1407]  
Beautie no pensell, beauties truth to lay: [1408]  
But best is best, if neuer intermixt. [1409]  
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb? [1410]  
Excuse not silence so, for't lies in thee, [1411]

To make him much out-live a gilded tombe: [1412]  
And to be praised of ages yet to be. [1413]  
Then do thy office Muse, I teach thee how, [1414]  
To make him seeme long hence, as he showes now. [1415]

### 102

MY loue is strengthened though more weake in seeming [1416]  
I loue not lesse, though lesse the show appeare, [1417]  
That loue is marchandiz'd, whose ritche esteeming, [1418]  
The owners tongue doth publish euery where. [1419]  
Our loue was new, and then but in the spring, [1420]  
When I was wont to greet it with my laies, [1421]  
As *Philomell* in summers front doth singe, [1422]  
And stops his pipe in growth of riper daies: [1423]  
Not that the summer is lesse pleasant now [1424]  
Then when her mournefull himns did hush the night, [1425]  
But that wild musick burthens euery bow, [1426]  
And sweets growne common loose their deare delight. [1427]  
Therefore like her, I some-time hold my tongue: [1428]  
Because I would not dull you with my songe. [1429]

### 103

A Lack what pouerty my Muse brings forth, [1430]  
That hauing such a skope to show her pride, [1431]  
The argument all bare is of more worth [1432]  
Then when it hath my added praise beside. [1433]  
Oh blame me not if I no more can write! [1434]  
Looke in your glasse and there appeares a face, [1435]  
That ouer-goes my blunt inuention quite, [1436]  
Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace. [1437]  
[44] Were it not sinfull then striuing to mend, [1438]  
To marre the subiect that before was well, [1439]  
For to no other passe my verses tend, [1440]  
Then of your graces and your gifts to tell. [1441]  
And more, much more then in my verse can sit, [1442]  
Your owne glasse showes you, when you looke in it. [1443]

### 104

TO me faire friend you neuer can be old, [1444]  
For as you were when first your eye I eyde, [1445]  
Such seemes your beautie still: Three Winters colde, [1446]  
Haue from the forrests shooke three summers pride, [1447]  
Three beautious springs to yellow *Autumne* turn'd, [1448]  
In processe of the seasons haue I seene, [1449]  
Three Aprill perfumes in three hot Iunes burn'd, [1450]  
Since first I saw you fresh which yet are greene. [1451]  
Ah yet doth beauty like a Dyall hand, [1452]  
Steale from his figure, and no pace perceiu'd, [1453]  
So your sweete hew, which me thinkes still doth stand, [1454]  
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceaued. [1455]  
For feare of which, heare this thou age vnbred, [1456]  
Ere you were borne was beauties summer dead, [1457]

### 105

LEt not my loue be cal'd Idolatrie, [1458]  
Nor my beloued as an Idoll show, [1459]  
Since all alike my songs and praises be [1460]  
To one, of one, still sitch, and euer so. [1461]  
Kinde is my loue to day, to morrow kinde, [1462]  
Still constant in a wondrous excellence, [1463]  
Therefore my verse to constancie confin'de, [1464]  
One thing expressing, leaues out difference. [1465]  
Faire, kinde, and true, is all my argument, [1466]

Faire, kinde and true, varying to other words, [1467]  
And in this change is my inuention spent, [1468]  
Three theams in one, which wondrous scope affords. [1469]  
    Faire, kinde, and true, haue often liu'd alone. [1470]  
    Which three till now, neuer kept seate in one. [1471]

[45]

### 106

WHen in the Chronicle of wasted time, [1472]  
I see discriptions of the fairest wights, [1473]  
And beautie making beautifull old rime, [1474]  
In praise of Ladies dead, and louely Knights, [1475]  
Then in the blazon of sweet beauties best, [1476]  
Of hand, of foote, of lip, of eye, of brow, [1477]  
I see their antique Pen would haue exprest, [1478]  
Euen such a beauty as you maister now. [1479]  
So all their praises are but prophesies [1480]  
Of this our time, all you prefiguring, [1481]  
And for they look'd but with deuining eyes, [1482]  
They had not still enough your worth to sing: [1483]  
    For we which now behold these present dayes, [1484]  
    Haue eyes to wonder, but lack touns to praise. [1485]

### 107

NOt mine owne feares, nor the prophetick soule, [1486]  
Of the wide world, dreaming on things to come, [1487]  
Can yet the lease of my true loue controule, [1488]  
Supposde as forfeit to a confin'd doome. [1489]  
The mortall Moone hath her eclipse in dur'de, [1490]  
And the sad Augurs mock their owne presage, [1491]  
Incertenties now crowne them-selues assur'de, [1492]  
And peace proclaimes Oliues of endlesse age, [1493]  
Now with the drops of this most balmie time, [1494]  
My loue lookes fresh, and death to me subscribes, [1495]  
Since spight of him Ile liue in this poore rime, [1496]  
While he insults ore dull and speachlesse tribes. [1497]  
    And thou in this shalt finde thy monument, [1498]  
    When tyrants crests and tombs of brasse are spent. [1499]

### 108

VHat's in the braine that Inck may character, [1500]  
Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit, [1501]  
What's new to speake, what now to register, [1502]  
That may expresse my loue, or thy deare merit? [1503]  
Nothing sweet boy, but yet like prayers diuine, [1504]  
[46] I must each day say ore the very same, [1505]  
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine. [1506]  
Euen as when first I hallowed thy faire name, [1507]  
So that eternall loue in loues fresh case, [1508]  
Waighes not the dust and iniury of age, [1509]  
Nor giues to necessary wrinckles place, [1510]  
But makes antiquitie for aye his page, [1511]  
    Finding the first conceit of loue there bred, [1512]  
    Where time and outward forme would shew it dead, [1513]

### 109

O Neuer say that I was false of heart, [1514]  
Though absence seem'd my flame to quallifie, [1515]  
As easie might I from my selfe depart, [1516]  
As from my soule which in thy brest doth lye: [1517]  
That is my home of loue, if I haue rang'd, [1518]  
[1519]



Like him that trauels I returne againe, [1520]  
Iust to the time, not with the time exchange'd, [1521]  
So that my selfe bring water for my staine, [1522]  
Neuer beleeeue though in my nature raign'd, [1523]  
All frailties that besiege all kindes of blood, [1524]  
That it could so preposterouslie be stain'd, [1525]  
To leaue for nothing all thy summe of good: [1526]  
    For nothing this wide Vniuerse I call, [1526]  
    Saue thou my Rose, in it thou art my all. [1527]

### 110

ALas 'tis true, I haue gone here and there, [1528]  
And made my selfe a motley to the view, [1529]  
Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most deare, [1530]  
Made old offences of affections new. [1531]  
Most true it is, that I haue lookt on truth [1532]  
Asconce and strangely: But by all aboue, [1533]  
These blenches gaue my heart an other youth, [1534]  
And worse essaies prou'd thee my best of loue, [1535]  
Now all is done, haue what shall haue no end, [1536]  
Mine appetite I neuer more will grin'de [1537]  
On newer prooffe, to trie an older friend, [1538]  
A God in loue, to whom I am confin'd. [1539]  
    [47] Then giue me welcome, next my heauen the best, [1540]  
    Euen to thy pure and most most louing brest, [1541]

### 111

O For my sake doe you wish fortune chide, [1542]  
The guiltie goddessse of my harmfull deeds, [1543]  
That did not better for my life prouide, [1544]  
Then publick meanes which publick manners breeds. [1545]  
Thence comes it that my name receiues a brand, [1546]  
And almost thence my nature is subdu'd [1547]  
To what it workes in, like the Dyers hand, [1548]  
Pitty me then, and wish I were renu'de, [1549]  
Whilst like a willing pacient I will drinke, [1550]  
Potions of Eysell gainst my strong insection, [1551]  
No bitterness that I will bitter thinke, [1552]  
Nor double pennance to correct correction. [1553]  
    Pittie me then deare friend, and I assure yee, [1554]  
    Euen that your pittie is enough to cure mee. [1555]

### 112

YOur loue and pittie doth th'impression fill, [1556]  
Which vulgar scandall stampt vpon my brow, [1557]  
For what care I who calles me well or ill, [1558]  
So you ore-greene my bad, my good allow? [1559]  
You are my All the world, and I must striue, [1560]  
To know my shames and praises from your tounge, [1561]  
None else to me, nor I to none aliuie, [1562]  
That my steeld sence or changes right or wrong, [1563]  
In so profound *Abisme* I throw all care [1564]  
Of others voyces, that my Adders sence, [1565]  
To cryttick and to flatterer stopped are: [1566]  
Marke how with my neglect I doe dispence. [1567]  
    You are so strongly in my purpose bred, [1568]  
    That all the world besides me thinkes y'are dead, [1569]

### 113

SInce I left you, mine eye is in my minde, [1570]  
And that which gouernes me to goe about, [1571]  
Doth part his function, and is partly blind, [1572]  
[48] Seemes seeing, but effectually is out: [1573]

For it no forme deliuers to the heart [1574]  
 Of bird, of flowre, or shape which it doth lack, [1575]  
 Of his quick obiects hath the minde no part, [1576]  
 Nor his owne vision houlds what it doth catch: [1577]  
 For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight, [1578]  
 The most sweet-fauor or deformedst creature, [1579]  
 The mountaine, or the sea, the day, or night: [1580]  
 The Croe, or Doue, it shapes them to your feature. [1581]  
     Incapable of more repleat, with you, [1582]  
     My most true minde thus maketh mine vntrue. [1583]

### 114

OR whether doth my minde being crown'd with you [1584]  
 Drinke vp the monarks plague this flattery? [1585]  
 Or whether shall I say mine eie saith true, [1586]  
 And that your loue taught it this *Alcumie*? [1587]  
 To make of monsters, and things indigest, [1588]  
 Such cherubines as your sweet selfe resemble, [1589]  
 Creating euery bad a perfect best [1590]  
 As fast as obiects to his beames assemble: [1591]  
 Oh tis the first, tis flatry in my seeing, [1592]  
 And my great minde most kingly drinkes it vp, [1593]  
 Mine eie well knowes what with his gust is greeing, [1594]  
 And to his pallat doth prepare the cup. [1595]  
     If it be poison'd, tis the lesser sinne, [1596]  
     That mine eye loues it and doth first beginne. [1597]

### 115

THose lines that I before haue writ doe lie, [1598]  
 Euen those that said I could not loue you deerer, [1599]  
 Yet then my iudgement knew no reason why, [1600]  
 My most full flame should afterwards burne cleerer. [1601]  
 But reckening time, whose milliond accidents [1602]  
 Creepe in twixt vowes, and change decrees of Kings, [1603]  
 Tan sacred beautie, blunt the sharp'st intents, [1604]  
 Diuert strong mindes to th' course o altring things: [1605]  
 Alas why fearing of times tiranie, [1606]  
 [49] Might I not then say now I loue you best, [1607]  
 When I was certaine ore in-certainty, [1608]  
 Crowning the present, doubting of the rest: [1609]  
     Loue is a Babe, then might I not say so [1610]  
     To giue full growth to that which still doth grow. [1611]

### 119/6

LEt me not to the marriage of true mindes [1612]  
 Admit impediments, loue is not loue [1613]  
 Which alters when it alteration findes, [1614]  
 Or bends with the remouer to remoue. [1615]  
 O no, it is an euer fixed marke [1616]  
 That lookes on tempests and is neuer shaken; [1617]  
 It is the star to euery wandring barke, [1618]  
 Whose worths vnknowne, although his high be taken. [1619]  
 Lou's not Times foole, though rosie lips and cheeks [1620]  
 Within his bending sickles compasse come, [1621]  
 Loue alters not with his breefe houres and weekes, [1622]  
 But beares it out euen to the edge of doome: [1623]  
     If this be error and vpon me proued, [1624]  
     I neuer writ, nor no man euer loued. [1625]

### 117

ACCuse me thus, that I haue scanted all, [1626]  
 Wherein I should your great deserts repay, [1627]  
 Forgot vpon your dearest loue to call, [1628]

Whereto al bonds do tie me day by day, [1629]  
 That I haue frequent binne with vnknown mindes, [1630]  
 And giuen to time your owne deare purchas'd right, [1631]  
 That I haue hoysted saile to al the windes [1632]  
 Which should transport me farthest from your sight. [1633]  
 Booke both my wilfulnesse and errors downe, [1634]  
 And on iust prooffe surmise, accumulate, [1635]  
 Bring me within the leuel of your frowne, [1636]  
 But shoote not at me in your wakened hate: [1637]  
     Since my appeale saies I did striue to prooue [1638]  
     The constancy and virtue of your loue [1639]

[50]

### 118

Like as to make our appetites more keene [1640]  
 With eager compounds we our pallat vrge, [1641]  
 As to preuent our malladies vnseene, [1642]  
 We sicken to shun sicknesse when we purge. [1643]  
 Euen so being full of your nere cloying sweetnesse, [1644]  
 To bitter sawces did I frame my feeding; [1645]  
 And sicke of wel-fare found a kind of meetnesse, [1646]  
 To be diseas'd ere that there was true needing. [1647]  
 Thus pollicie in loue t'anticipate [1648]  
 The ills that were, not grew to faults assured, [1649]  
 And brought to medicine a healthfull state [1650]  
 Which rancke of goodnesse would by ill be cured. [1651]  
     But thence I learne and find the lesson true, [1652]  
     Drugs poyson him that so fell sicke of you. [1653]

### 119

What potions haue I drunke of *Syren* teares [1654]  
 Distil'd from Lymbecks foule as hell within, [1655]  
 Applying feares to hopes, and hopes to feares, [1656]  
 Still loosing when I saw my selfe to win? [1657]  
 What wretched errors hath my heart committed, [1658]  
 Whilst it hath thought it selfe so blessed neuer? [1659]  
 How haue mine eies out of their Spheares bene fitted [1660]  
 In the distraction of this madding feuer? [1661]  
 O benefit of ill, now I find true [1662]  
 That better is, by euil still made better. [1663]  
 And ruin'd loue when it is built anew [1664]  
 Growes fairer then at first, more strong, far greater. [1665]  
     So I returne rebukt to my content, [1666]  
     And gaine by ills thrise more then I haue spent. [1667]

### 120

That you were once vnkind be-friends mee now, [1668]  
 And for that sorrow, which I then didde feele, [1669]  
 Needes must I vnder my transgression bow, [1670]  
 Vnlesse my Nerues were brasse or hammered steele. [1671]  
 For if you were by my vnkindnesse shaken [1672]  
 [51] As I by yours, y'haue past a hell of Time, [1673]  
 And I a tyrant haue no leasure taken [1674]  
 To waigh how once I suffered in your crime. [1675]  
 O that our night of wo might haue remembred [1676]  
 My deepest sence, how hard true sorrow hits, [1677]  
 And soone to you, as you to me then tendred [1678]  
 The humble salue, which wounded bosomes fits! [1679]  
     But that your trespasse now becomes a fee, [1680]  
     Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransome mee, [1681]

### 121

TIS better to be vile then vile esteemed, [1682]  
 When not to be, receiues reproach of being, [1683]  
 And the iust pleasure lost, which is so deemed, [1684]  
 Not by our feeling, but by others seeing. [1685]  
 For why should others false adulterat eyes [1686]  
 Giue salutation to my sportiue blood? [1687]  
 Or on my frailties why are frailer spies; [1688]  
 Which in their wils count bad what I think good? [1689]  
 Noe, I am that I am, and they that leuell [1690]  
 At my abuses, reckon vp their owne, [1691]  
 I may be straight though they them-selues be beuel [1692]  
 By their rancke thoughtes, my deedes must not be shown [1693]  
     Vnlesse this generall euill they maintaine, [1694]  
     All men are bad and in their badnesse raigne. [1695]

## 122.

TThy guift, thy tables, are within my braine [1696]  
 Full characterd with lafting memory, [1697]  
 Which shall about that idle rancke remaine [1698]  
 Beyond all date euen to eternity. [1699]  
 Or at the least, so long as braine and heart [1700]  
 Haue facultie by nature to subsist, [1701]  
 Til each to raz'd obliuion yeeld his part [1702]  
 Of thee, thy record neuer can be mist: [1703]  
 That poore retention could not so much hold, [1704]  
 Nor need I tallies thy deare loue to skore, [1705]  
 Therefore to giue them from me was I bold, [1706]  
 [52] To trust those tables that receaue thee more, [1707]  
     To keepe an adiunct to remember thee, [1708]  
     Were to import forgetfulnesse in mee. [1709]

## 123

NO! Time, thou shalt not bost that I doe change, [1710]  
 Thy pyramyds buylt vp with newer might [1711]  
 To me are nothing nouell, nothing strange, [1712]  
 They are but dressings of a former sight: [1713]  
 Our dates are breefe, and therefor we admire, [1714]  
 What thou dost foyst vpon vs that is ould, [1715]  
 And rather make them borne to our desire, [1716]  
 Then thinke that we before haue heard them tould: [1717]  
 Thy registers and thee I both defie, [1718]  
 Not wondring at the present, nor the past, [1719]  
 For thy records, and what we see doth lye, [1720]  
 Made more or les by thy continuall haft: [1721]  
     This I doe vow and this shall euer be, [1722]  
     I will be true dispight thy syeth and thee. [1723]

## 124

YF my deare loue were but the childe of state, [1724]  
 It might for fortunes basterd be vnfathered, [1725]  
 As subiect to times loue, or to times hate, [1726]  
 Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gatherd. [1727]  
 No it was buylded far from accident, [1728]  
 It suffers not in smilinge pomp, nor falls [1729]  
 Vnder the blow of thrall'd discontent, [1730]  
 Whereto th' inuiting time our fashion calls: [1731]  
 It feares not policy that *Heriticke*, [1732]  
 Which workes on leases of short numbred howers, [1733]  
 But all alone stands hugely pollitick, [1734]  
 That it nor growes with heat, nor drownes with showres. [1735]  
     To this I witnes call the foles of time, [1736]  
     Which die for goodnes, who haue liu'd for crime. [1737]

## 125

VVEr't ought to me I bore the canopy, [1738]  
 With my extern the outward honoring, [1739]  
 [53] Or layd great bases for eternity, [1740]  
 Which proues more short then wast or ruining? [1741]  
 Haue I not seene dwellers on forme and fauor [1742]  
 Lose all, and more by paying too much rent [1743]  
 For compound sweet; Forgoing simple saour, [1744]  
 Pittifull thriuors in their gazing spent. [1745]  
 Noe, let me be obsequious in thy heart, [1746]  
 And take thou my oblacion, poore but free, [1747]  
 Which is not mixt with seconds, knows no art, [1748]  
 But mutuall render onely me for thee. [1749]  
     Hence, thou subbornd *Informer*, a trew soule [1750]  
     When most impeacht, stands least in thy controule. [1751]

## 126

O Thou my louely Boy who in thy power, [1752]  
 Doest hould times fickle glasse his sickle, hower: [1753]  
 Who hast by wayning growne, and therein shou'st, [1754]  
 Thy louers withering, as thy sweet selfe grow'st. [1755]  
 If Nature (soueraine misteres ouer wrack) [1756]  
 As thou goest onwards still will plucke thee backe, [1757]  
 She keepes thee to this purpose, that her skill. [1758]  
 May time disgrace, and wretched mynuit kill. [1759]  
 Yet feare her O thou minion of her pleasure, [1760]  
 She may detaine, but not still keepe her tresurel [1761]  
     Her *Audite* (though delayd) answer'd must be, [1762]  
     And her *Quietus* is to render thee. [1763]

## 127

IN the ould age blacke was not counted faire, [1764]  
 Or if it weare it bore not beauties name: [1765]  
 But now is blacke beauties successiue heire, [1766]  
 And Beautie slanderd with a bastard shame, [1767]  
 For since each hand hath put on Natures power, [1768]  
 Fairing the foule with Arts faulse borrow'd face, [1769]  
 Sweet beauty hath no name no holy boure, [1770]  
 But is prophan'd, if not liues in disgrace. [1771]  
 [54] Therefore my Mistersse eyes are Rauen blacke, [1772]  
 Her eyes so suted, and they mourners seeme, [1773]  
 At such who not borne faire no beauty lack, [1774]  
 Slandring Creation with a false esteeme, [1775]  
     Yet so they mourne becomming of their woe, [1776]  
     That euery tounge saies beauty should looke so. [1777]

## 128

HOw oft when thou my musike musike playst, [1778]  
 Vpon that blessed wood whose motion sounds [1779]  
 With thy sweet fingers when thou gently swayst, [1780]  
 The wiry concord that mine eare confounds, [1781]  
 Do I enuie those Iackes that nimble leape, [1782]  
 To kisse the tender inward of thy hand, [1783]  
 Whilst my poore lips which should that haruest reape, [1784]  
 At the woods bouldnes by thee blushing stand. [1785]  
 To be so tikled they would change their state, [1786]  
 And situation with those dancing chips, [1787]  
 Ore whome their fingers walke with gentle gate, [1788]  
     Making dead wood more blest then liuing lips, [1789]  
     Since sausie Iackes so happy are in this, [1790]  
 Giue them their fingers, me thy lips to kisse. [1791]

## 129

TH'expence of Spirit in a waste of shame [1792]

Is lust in action, and till action, lust [1793]  
 Is periurd, murdrous, blouddy full of blame, [1794]  
 Sauage, extreame, rude, cruell, not to trust, [1795]  
 Inioyd no sooner but dispised straight, [1796]  
 Past reason hunted, and no sooner had [1797]  
 Past reason hated as a swallowed bayt, [1798]  
 On purpose layd to make the taker mad. [1799]  
 Made In pursut and in possession so, [1800]  
 Had, hauing, and in quest, to haue extreame, [1801]  
 A blisse in prooffe and proud and very wo, [1802]  
 Before a ioy proposd behind a dreame, [1803]  
 All this the world well knowes yet none knowes well, [1804]  
 To shun the heauen that leads men to this hell. [1805]

[55]

### 130

MY Mistres eyes are nothing like the Sunne, [1806]  
 Currall is farre more red, then her lips red, [1807]  
 If snow be white why then her brests are dun: [1808]  
 If haire be wiers, black wiers grow on her head: [1809]  
 I haue seene Roses damaskt, red and white, [1810]  
 But no such Roses see I in her cheekes, [1811]  
 And in some perfumes is there more delight, [1812]  
 Then in the breath that from my Mistres reekes. [1813]  
 I loue to heare her speake, yet well I know, [1814]  
 That Musicke hath a farre more pleasing sound: [1815]  
 I graunt I neuer saw a goddesse goe, [1816]  
 My Mistres when shee walkes treads on the ground. [1817]  
 And yet by heauen I thinke my loue as rare, [1818]  
 As any she beli'd with false compare. [1819]

### 131

THou art as tiranous, so as thou art, [1820]  
 As those whose beauties proudly make them cruell; [1821]  
 For well thou know'st to my deare doting hart [1822]  
 Thou art the fairest and most precious Iewell. [1823]  
 Yet in good faith some say that thee behold, [1824]  
 Thy face hath not the power to make loue grone; [1825]  
 To say they erre, I dare not be so bold, [1826]  
 Although I sweare it to my selfe alone. [1827]  
 And to be sure that is not false I sweare [1828]  
 A thousand grones but thinking on thy face, [1829]  
 One on anothers necke do witnesse beare [1830]  
 Thy blacke is fairest in my iudgements place. [1831]  
 In nothing art thou blacke saue in thy deeds, [1832]  
 And thence this slaunder as I thinke proceeds. [1833]

### 132

THine eies I loue, and they as pittying me, [1834]  
 Knowing thy heart torment me with disdain, [1835]  
 Haue put on black, and louing mourners bee, [1836]  
 Looking with pretty ruth vpon my paine. [1837]  
 [56] And truly not the morning Sun of Heauen [1838]  
 Better becomes the gray cheeks of th' East, [1839]  
 Nor that full Starre that vschers in the Eauen [1840]  
 Doth halfe that glory to the sober West [1841]  
 As those two morning eyes become thy face: [1842]  
 O let it then as well beseeme thy heart [1843]  
 To mourne for me since mourning doth thee grace, [1844]  
 And sute thy pittie like in euery part. [1845]  
 Then will I sweare beauty her selfe is blacke, [1846]  
 And all they foule that thy complexion lacke. [1847]

### 133

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groane [1848]  
For that deepe wound it giues my friend and me; [1849]  
I't not ynough to torture me alone, [1850]  
But slaue to slauery my sweet'st friend must be. [1851]  
Me from my selfe thy cruell eye hath taken, [1852]  
And my next selfe thou harder hast ingrossed, [1853]  
Of him, my selfe, and thee I am forsaken, [1854]  
A torment thrice three-fold thus to be crossed: [1855]  
Prison my heart in thy steele bosomes warde, [1856]  
But then my friends heart let my poore heart bale, [1857]  
Who ere keepes me, let my heart be his garde, [1858]  
Thou canst not then vse rigor in my Iaile. [1859]  
    And yet thou wilt, for I being pent in thee, [1860]  
    Perforce am thine and all that is in me. [1861]

### 134

SO now I haue confest that he is thine, [1862]  
And I my selfe am morgag'd to thy will, [1863]  
My selfe Ile forfeit, so that other mine, [1864]  
Thou wilt restore to be my comfort still: [1865]  
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free, [1866]  
For thou art couetous, and he is kinde, [1867]  
He learnd but suretie-like to write for me, [1868]  
Vnder that bond that him as fast doth binde. [1869]  
The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take, [1870]  
Thou vsurer that put'st forth all to vse, [1871]  
[57] And sue a friend, came debter for my sake, [1872]  
So him I loose through my vnkinde abuse. [1873]  
    Him haue I lost, thou hast both him and me, [1874]  
    He paises the whole, and yet am I not free. [1875]

### 135

WHO euer hath her wish, thou hast thy *Will*, [1876]  
And *Will* too boote, and *Will* in ouer-plus, [1877]  
More then enough am I that vexee thee still, [1878]  
To thy sweet will making addition thus. [1879]  
Wilt thou whose will is large and spatious, [1880]  
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine, [1881]  
Shall will in others seeme right gracious, [1882]  
And in my will no faire acceptance shine: [1883]  
The sea all water, yet receiues raine still, [1884]  
And in abundance addeth to his store, [1885]  
So thou beeing rich in *Will* adde to thy *Will*, [1886]  
One will of mine to make thy large *Will* more. [1887]  
    Let no vnkinde, no faire beseechers kill, [1888]  
    Thinke all but one, and me in that one *Will*. [1889]

### 136

IF thy soule check thee that I come so neere, [1890]  
Sweare to thy blind soule that I was thy *Will*, [1891]  
And will thy soule knowes is admitted there, [1892]  
Thus farre for loue, my loue-sute sweet fullfill. [1893]  
*Will*, will fulfill the treasure of thy loue, [1894]  
I fill it full with wils, and my will one, [1895]  
In things of great receipt with ease we prooue. [1896]  
Among a number one is reckon'd none. [1897]  
Then in the number let me passe vntold, [1898]  
Though in thy stores account I one must be, [1899]  
For nothing hold me▪ so it please thee hold, [1900]  
That nothing me, a some-thing sweet to thee. [1901]  
    Make but my name thy loue, and loue that still, [1902]  
    And then thou louest me for my name is *Will*. [1903]

### 137

THou blinde foole loue, what doost thou to mine eyes, [1904]  
[58] That they behold and see not what they see: [1905]  
They know what beautie is, see where it lyes, [1906]  
Yet what the best is, take the worst to be- [1907]  
If eyes corrupt by ouer-partiall lookes, [1908]  
Be anchord in the baye where all men ride, [1909]  
Why of eyes falsehood hast thou forged hookes. [1910]  
Whereto the iudgement of my heart is tide? [1911]  
Why should my heart thinke that a seuerall plot, [1912]  
Which my heart knowes the wide worlds common place? [1913]  
Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not [1914]  
To put faire truth vpon so foule a face, [1915]  
In things right true my heart and eyes haue erred, [1916]  
And to this false plague are they now transferred. [1917]

### 138

WHen my loue swears that she is made of truth, [1918]  
I do beleuee her though I know she lyes, [1919]  
That she might thinke me some vntuterd youth, [1920]  
Vnlearned in the worlds false subtilties. [1921]  
Thus vainely thinking that she thinkes me young, [1922]  
Although she knowes my dayes are past the best, [1923]  
Simply I credit her false speaking tongue, [1924]  
On both sides thus is simple truth suppress: [1925]  
But wherefore sayes she not she is vniust? [1926]  
And wherefore say not I that I am old? [1927]  
O loues best habit is in seeming trust, [1928]  
And age in loue, loues not t'haue yeares told. [1929]  
Therefore I lye with her, and she with me, [1930]  
And in our faults by lyes we flattered be. [1931]

### 139

O Call not me to iustifie the wrong, [1932]  
That thy vnkindnesse layes vpon my heart, [1933]  
Wound me not with thine eye but with thy tounge, [1934]  
Vse power with power, and slay me not by Art, [1935]  
Tell me thou lou'st else-where; but in my sight, [1936]  
Deare heart forbear to glance thine eye aside, [1937]  
What needst thou wound with cunning when thy might [1938]  
[59] Is more then my ore-prest defence can bide? [1939]  
Let me excuse thee, ah my loue well knowes, [1940]  
Her prettie lookes haue beene mine enemies, [1941]  
And therefore from my face she turnes my foes, [1942]  
That they else-where might dart their iniuries: [1943]  
Yet do not so, but since I am neere slaine, [1944]  
Kill me out-right with lookes, and rid my paine. [1945]

### 140

BE wise as thou art cruell, do not presse [1946]  
My tounge-tide patience with too much disdain: [1947]  
Least sorrow lend me words and words expresse, [1948]  
The manner of my pittie wanting paine. [1949]  
If I might teach thee witte better it weare, [1950]  
Though not to loue yet loue to tell me so, [1951]  
As testie sick-men when their deaths be neere, [1952]  
No newes but health from their Phisitions know. [1953]  
For if I should dispaire I should grow madde, [1954]  
And in my madnesse might speake ill of thee, [1955]  
Now this ill wrefting world is growne so bad, [1956]  
Madde slanderers by madde eares beleueed be. [1957]  
That I may not be so, nor thou be lyde, [1958]  
Beare thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart goe wic. [1959]



## 141

IN faith I doe not loue thee with mine eyes, [1960]  
For they in thee a thousand errors note, [1961]  
But 'tis my heart that loues what they dispise, [1962]  
Who in dispight of view is pleasd to dote. [1963]  
Nor are mine eares with thy tounge tune delighted, [1964]  
Nor tender feeling to base touches prone, [1965]  
Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be inuited [1966]  
To any sensuall feast with thee alone: [1967]  
But my fiue wits, nor my fiue sences can [1968]  
Diswade one foolish heart from seruing thee, [1969]  
Who leaues vnswai'd the likenesse of a man, [1970]  
Thy proud hearts slaue and vassall wretch to be: [1971]  
Onely my plague thus farre I count my gaine, [1972]  
That she that makes me sinne, awards me paine. [1973]

[60]

## 142

LOue is my sinne, and thy deare vertue hate, [1974]  
Hate of my sinne, grounded on sinfull louing, [1975]  
O but with mine, compare thou thine owne-state, [1976]  
And thou shalt finde it merrits not reproouing, [1977]  
Or if it do, not from those lips of thine, [1978]  
That haue prophan'd their scarlet ornaments, [1979]  
And seald false bonds of loue as oft as mine, [1980]  
Robd others beds reuenues of their rents. [1981]  
Be it lawfull I loue thee as thou lou'st those, [1982]  
Whome thine eyes wooe as mine importune thee, [1983]  
Roote pittie in thy heart that when it growes, [1984]  
Thy pittie may deserue to pittied bee. [1985]  
If thou doost seeke to haue what thou doost hide, [1986]  
By selfe example mai'st thou be denide. [1987]

## 143

LOe as a carefull huswife runnes to catch, [1988]  
One of her fethered creatures broake away, [1989]  
Sets downe her babe and makes all swift dispatch [1990]  
In pursuit of the thing she would haue stay: [1991]  
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chace, [1992]  
Cries to catch her whose busie care is bent, [1993]  
To follow that which flies before her face: [1994]  
Not prizing her poore infants discontent; [1995]  
So runst thou after that which flies from thee, [1996]  
Whilst I thy babe chace thee a farre behind, [1997]  
But if thou catch thy hope turne back to me: [1998]  
And play the mothers part kisse me, be kind. [1999]  
So will I pray that thou maist haue thy *Will*, [2000]  
If thou turne back and my loude crying still. [2001]

## 144

TWO loues I haue of comfort and dispaire, [2002]  
Which like two spirits do sugiest me still, [2003]  
The better angell is a man right faire: [2004]  
The worsor spirit a woman collour'd il. [2005]  
To win me soone to hell my femall euill, [2006]  
[61] Tempteth my better angel from my sight, [2007]  
And would corrupt my saint to be a diuel: [2008]  
Wooing his purity with her sowle pride• [2009]  
And whether that my angel be turn'd finde, [2010]  
Suspect I may• yet not directly tell, [2011]  
But being both from me both to each friend, [2012]  
[2013]

I gesse one angel in an others hel. [2014]  
Yet this shal I nere know but liue in doubt, [2015]  
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

### 145

Those lips that Loues owne hand did make, [2016]  
Breath'd forth the sound that said I hate, [2017]  
To me that languish: for her sake: [2018]  
But when she saw my wofull state, [2019]  
Straight in her heart did mercie come, [2020]  
Chiding that tongue that euer sweet, [2021]  
Was vsde in giuing gentle dome: [2022]  
And tought it thus a new to greete: [2023]  
I hate she alterd with an end, [2024]  
That follow'd as gentle day, [2025]  
Doth follow night who like a fiend [2026]  
From heauen to hell is flowne away. [2027]  
I hate, from hate away she threw, [2028]  
And sau'd my life saying not you. [2029]

### 146

POore soule the center of my sinfull earth, [2030]  
My sinfull earth these rebbell powres that thee array, [2031]  
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth [2032]  
Painting thy outward walls so costlie gay? [2033]  
Why so large cost hauing so short a lease, [2034]  
Dost thou vpon thy fading mansion spend? [2035]  
Shall wormes inheritors of this excesse- [2036]  
Eate vp thy charge? is this thy bodies end? [2037]  
Then soule liue thou vpon thy seruants losse, [2038]  
And let that pine to aggraut thy store; [2039]  
Buy tearmes diuine in selling houres of drosse: [2040]  
[62] Within be sed, without be rich no more, [2041]  
So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men, [2042]  
And death once dead, ther's no more dying then, [2043]

### 147

MY loue is as a feauer longing still, [2044]  
For that which longer nurseth the disease, [2045]  
Feeding on that which doth preserue the ill, [2046]  
Th'vncertaine sicklie appetite to please: [2047]  
My reason the Phisition to my loue, [2048]  
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept [2049]  
Hath left me, and I desperate now approoue, [2050]  
Desire is death, which Phisick did except. [2051]  
Past cure I am, now Reason is past care, [2052]  
And frantick madde with euer-more vnrest, [2053]  
My thoughts and my discourse as mad mens are, [2054]  
At randon from the truth vainely exprest. [2055]  
For I haue sworne thee faire, and thought thee bright, [2056]  
Who art as black as hell, as darke as night. [2057]

### 148

O Me! what eyes hath loue put in my head, [2058]  
Which haue no correspondence with true sight, [2059]  
Or if they haue, where is my iudgment fled, [2060]  
That censures falsely what they see aright? [2061]  
If that be faire whereon my false eyes dote, [2062]  
What meanes the world to say it is not so? [2063]  
If it be not, then loue doth well denote, [2064]  
Loues eye is not so true as all mens: no, [2065]  
How can it? O how can loues eye be true, [2066]  
That is so vext with watching and with teares? [2067]

No maruaile then though I mistake my view, [2068]  
The sunne it selfe sees not, till heauen cleeres. [2069]  
O cunning loue, with teares thou keepst me blinde, [2070]  
Least eyes well seeing thy foule faults should finde. [2071]

### 149

CAnst thou O cruell, say I loue thee not, [2072]  
When I against my selfe with thee pertake; [2073]  
[63] Doe I not thinke on thee when I forgot [2074]  
Am of my selfe, all tirant for thy sake? [2075]  
Who hateth thee that I doe call my friend, [2076]  
On whom froun'st thou that I doe faune vpon, [2077]  
Nay if thou lowrst on me doe I not spend [2078]  
Reuenge vpon my selfe with present mone? [2079]  
What merrit do I in my selfe respect, [2080]  
That is so proude thy seruice to dispise, [2081]  
When all my best doth worship thy defect, [2082]  
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes. [2083]  
But loue hate on for now I know thy minde, [2084]  
Those that can see thou lou'st, and I am blind. [2085]

### 150

OH from what powre hast thou this powrefull might, [2086]  
VVith insufficiency my heart to sway, [2087]  
To make me giue the lie to my true sight, [2088]  
And swere that brightnesse doth not grace the day? [2089]  
Whence hast thou this becomming of things il, [2090]  
That in the very refuse of thy deeds, [2091]  
There is such strength and warrantise of skill, [2092]  
That in my minde thy worst all best exceeds? [2093]  
Who taught thee how to make me loue thee more, [2094]  
The more I heare and see iust cause of hate, [2095]  
Oh though I loue what others doe abhor, [2096]  
VVith others thou shouldst not abhor my state. [2097]  
If thy vnworthinesse raisd loue in me, [2098]  
If thy vnworthinesse raisd loue in me, [2099]  
More worthy I to be belou'd of thee. [2100]

### 151

LOue is too young to know what conscience is, [2101]  
Yet who knowes not conscience is borne of loue; [2102]  
Then gentle cheater vrge not my amisse, [2103]  
Least guilty of my faults thy sweet selfe proue. [2104]  
For thou betraying me, I doe betray [2105]  
My nobler part to my grose bodies treason, [2106]  
My soule doth tell my body that he may, [2107]  
Triumph in loue, flesh staies no farther reason, [2108]  
[64] But rying at thy name doth point out thee, [2109]  
As his triumphant prize, proud of this pride, [2110]  
He is contented thy poore drudge to be [2111]  
To stand in thy affaires, fall by thy side. [2112]  
No want of conscience hold it that I call, [2113]  
Her loue, for whose deare loue I rise and fall. [2114]

### 152

IN louing thee thou know'st I am forsworne, [2115]  
But thou art twice forsworne to me loue swearing; [2116]  
In act thy bed-vow broake and new faith torne, [2117]  
In vowing new hate after new loue bearing: [2118]  
But why of two othes breach doe I accuse thee, [2119]  
When I breake twenty: I am periur'd most, [2120]  
For all my voves are othes but to misuse thee: [2121]  
And all my honest faith in thee is lost. [2122]

For I haue sworne deepe othes of thy deepe kindnesse: [2123]  
Othes of thy loue, thy truth, thy constancie, [2124]  
And to inlighten thee gaue eyes to blindnesse, [2125]  
Or made them swere against the thing they see. [2126]  
For I haue sworne thee faire: more periurde eye, [2127]  
To swere against the truth fo foule a lie. [2128]

### 153

*Cupid* laid by his brand and fell a sleepe, [2129]  
A maide of *Dyans* this aduantage found, [2130]  
And his loue-kindling fire did quickly steepe [2131]  
In a could vallie-fountaine of that ground: [2132]  
Which borrowd from this holie fire of loue, [2133]  
A datelesse liuely heat still to indure, [2134]  
And grew a seething bath which yet men proue, [2135]  
Against strang malladies a soueraigne cure: [2136]  
But at my mistres eie loues brand new fired, [2137]  
The boy for triall needes would touch my brest, [2138]  
I sick withall the helpe of bath desired, [2139]  
And thether hied a sad distemperd guest. [2140]  
But found no cure,the bath for my helpe lies, [2141]  
Where *Cupid* got new fire; my mistres eye. [2142]

[65]

### 154

The little Loue-God lying once a sleepe, [2143]  
Laid by his side his heart inflaming brand, [2144]  
Whilst many Nymphes that you'd chast life to keep. [2145]  
Came tripping by, but in her maiden hand, [2146]  
The fayrest votary tooke vp that fire, [2147]  
Which many Legions of true hearts had warm'd, [2148]  
And so the Generall of hot desire, [2149]  
Was sleeping by a Virgin hand disarm'd. [2150]  
This brand she quenched in a coole Well by, [2151]  
Which from loues fire tooke heat perpetuall, [2152]  
Growing a bath and healthfull remedy, [2153]  
For men diseasd, but I my Mistrisse thrall, [2154]  
Came there for cure and this by that I proue, [2155]  
Loues fire heates water, water cooles not loue. [2156]

**FINIS.**

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## A LOUERS COMPLAINT.

**BY WILLIAM SHAKE-SPEARE.** ↩

FRom off a hill whose concaue wombe reworded, [1]  
 A plaintfull story from a sistring vae [2]  
 My spirrits t'attend this doble voyce accorded, [3]  
 And downe I laid to list the sad tun'd tale, [4]  
 Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale [5]  
 Tearing of papers breaking rings a twaine, [6]  
 Storming her world with sorrowes, wind and raine. [7]

Vpon her head a plattid hiue of straw, [8]  
 Which fortified her visage from the Sunne, [9]  
 Whereon the thought might thinke sometime it saw [10]  
 The carkas of a beauty spent and donne, [11]  
 Time had not sithed all that youth begun, [12]  
 Nor youth all quit, but spight of heauens fell rage, [13]  
 Some beauty peept, through lettice of sear'd age. [14]

Oft did she heaue her Napkin to her eyne, [15]  
 Which on it had conceited charecters: [16]  
 Laundering the silken figures in the brine, [17]  
 That seasoned woe had pelleted in teares, [18]  
 And often reading what contents it beares: [19]  
 As often shriking vndistinguisht wo, [20]  
 In clamours of all size both high and low. [21]

Some-times her leueld eyes their carriage ride, [22]  
 As they did battry to the spheres intend: [23]  
 Sometime diuerted their poore balls are tide, [24]  
 To th'orbed earth; sometimes they do extend, [25]  
 Their view right on, anon their gases lend, [26]  
 [67] To euery place at once and no where fixt, [27]  
 The mind and sight distractedly commxit. [28]

Her haire nor loose nor ti'd in formall plat, [29]  
 Proclaimd in her a carelesse hand of pride; [30]  
 For some vntuck'd descended her sheu'd hat, [31]  
 Hanging her pale and pined cheeke beside, [32]  
 Some in her threedden fillet still did bide, [33]  
 And trew to bondage would not breake from thence, [34]  
 Though slackly braided in loose negligence. [35]

A thousand fauours from a maund she drew, [36]  
 Of amber christall and of bedded Iet, [37]  
 Which one by one she in a riuier threw, [38]  
 Vpon whose weeping margent she was set, [39]  
 Like vsery applying wet to wet, [40]  
 Or Monarches hands that lets not bounty fall, [41]  
 Where want cries some; but where excesse begs all. [42]

Of folded schedulls had she many a one, [43]  
 Which she perus'd, sighd, tore and gaue the flud, [44]  
 Crackt many a ring of Posied gold and bone, [45]  
 Bidding them find their Sepulchers in mud, [46]  
 Found yet mo letters sadly pend in blood, [47]  
 With sleided silke, feate and affectedly [48]  
 Enswath'd and seald to curious secrecy. [49]

These often bath'd she in her fluxiu eies, [50]  
And often kist, and often gaue to teare, [51]  
Cried O false blood thou register of lies, [52]  
What vnapproued witnes doost thou beare! [53]  
Inke would haue seem'd more blacke and damned heare! [54]  
This said in top of rage the lines she rents, [55]  
Big discontent, so breaking their contents. [56]

A reuerend man that graz'd his cattell ny, [57]  
[68] Sometime a blusterer that the russle knew [58]  
Of Court of Cittie, and had let go by [59]  
The swiftest houres obserued as they flew, [60]  
Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew: [61]  
And priuiledg'd by age desires to know [62]  
In breefe the grounds and motiues of her wo. [63]

So slides he downe vppon his greyned bat; [64]  
And comely distant sits he by her fide, [65]  
When hee againe desires her, being satte, [66]  
Her greuance with his hearing to deuide- [67]  
If that from him there may be ought applied [68]  
Which may her suffering extasie asswage [69]  
Tis promist in the charitie of age- [70]

Father she saies, though in mee you behold [71]  
The iniury of many a blasting houre; [72]  
Let it not tell your Iudgement I am old, [73]  
Not age, but sorrow, ouer me hath power; [74]  
I might as yet haue bene a spreading flower [75]  
Fresh to my selfe, if I had selfe applied [76]  
Loue to my selfe, and to no Loue beside. [77]

But wo is mee, too early I attended [78]  
A youthfull suit it was to gaine my grace; [79]  
O one by natures outwards so commended, [80]  
That maidens eyes stucke ouer all his face, [81]  
Loue lackt a dwelling and made him her place. [82]  
And when in his faire parts shee didde abide, [83]  
Shee was new lodg'd and newly Deified. [84]

His browny locks did hang in crooked curles, [85]  
And euery light occasion of the wind [86]  
Vpon his lippes their silken parcels hurles, [87]  
Whats sweet to do, to do wil aptly find, [88]  
Each eye that saw him did inchaunt the minde: [89]  
[69] For on his visage was in little drawne, [90]  
What largenesse thinkes in parradise was sawne. [91]

Smal shew of man was yet vpon his chinne, [92]  
His phenix downe began but to appeare [93]  
Like vnshorne veluet, on that termlesse skin [94]  
Whose bare out-brag'd the web it seem'd to were. [95]  
Yet shewed his visage by that cost more deare, [96]  
And nice affections wauering stood in doubt [97]  
If best were as it was, or best without. [98]

His qualities were beautious as his forme, [99]  
For maiden tongu'd he was and thereof free; [100]  
Yet if men mou'd him, was he such a storme [101]  
As oft twixt May and Aprill is to see, [102]  
When windes breath sweet, vnruely though they bee. [103]  
His rudenesse so with his authoriz'd youth, [104]  
Did liuery falsenesse in a pride of truth. [105]

Wel could hee ride, and often men would say [106]

That horse his mettell from his rider takes [107]  
Proud of subiection, noble by the swaie, [108]  
What rounds, what bounds, what course what stop he make, [109]  
And controuersie hence a question takes, [110]  
Whether the horse by him became his deed, [111]  
Or he his mannad'g, by'th wel doing Steed. [112]

But quickly on this side the verdict went, [113]  
His reall habitude gaue life and grace [114]  
To appertainings and to ornament, [115]  
Accomplisht in him-selfe not in his case: [116]  
All ayds them-selues made fairer by their place, [117]  
Can for addicions, yet their purpos'd trimme [118]  
Peeç'd not his grace but were al grac'd by him. [119]

So on the tip of his subduing tongue [120]  
[70] All kinde of arguments and question deepe, [121]  
Al replication prompt, and reason strong [122]  
For his aduantage still did wake and sleep, [123]  
To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weepes [124]  
He had the dialect and different skil, [125]  
Catching al passions in his craft of will. [126]

That hee didde in the general bosome raigne [127]  
Of young, of old, and sexes both enchanted, [128]  
To dwel with him in thoughts, or to remaine [129]  
In personal duty, following where he haunted, [130]  
Consent's bewicht, ere he desire haue granted, [131]  
And dialogu'd for him what he would say, [132]  
Askt their own wils and made their wils obey. [133]

Many there were that did his picture gette [134]  
To serue their eies, and in it put their mind, [135]  
Like fooles that in th' imagination set [136]  
The goodly obiects which abroad they find [137]  
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign'd, [138]  
And labouring in moe pleasures to bestow them, [139]  
Then the true gouty Land-lord which doth owe them. [140]

So many haue that neuer toucht his hand [141]  
Sweetly suppos'd them mistresse of his heart: [142]  
My wofull selfe that did in freedome stand, [143]  
And was my owne fee simple (not in part) [144]  
What with his art in youth and youth in art [145]  
Threw my affections in his charmed power, [146]  
Reseru'd the stalke and gaue him al my flower. [147]

Yet did I not as some my equals did [148]  
Demaund of him, nor being desired yeelded. [149]  
Finding my selfe in honour so forbidde, [150]  
With safest distance I mine honour sheilded, [151]  
Experience for me many bulwarkes builded [152]  
[71] Of proofs new bleeding which remaind the foile [153]  
Of this false Iewell, and his amorous spoile. [154]

But ah who euer shun'd by precedent, [155]  
The destin'd ill she must her selfe assay, [156]  
Or forc'd examples gainst her owne content [157]  
To put the by-past perrils in her way? [158]  
Counsaile may stop a while what will not stay: [159]  
For when we rage, aduise is often seene [160]  
By blunting vs to make our wits more keene. [161]

Nor giues it satisfaction to our blood, [162]  
That wee must curbe it vppon others prooffe, [163]

To be forbod the sweets that seemes so good, [164]  
 For feare of harmes that preach in our behoofe; [165]  
 O appetite from iudgement stand aloofe! [166]  
 The one a pallate hath that needs will taste, [167]  
 Though reason weepe and cry it is thy last. [168]

For further I could say this mans vntrue, [169]  
 And knew the patternes of his foule beguiling, [170]  
 Heard where his plants in others Orchards grew, [171]  
 Saw how deceits were guiled in his smiling, [172]  
 Knew vowes, were euer brokers to defiling, [173]  
 Thought Characters and words meerly but art, [174]  
 And bastards of his foule adulterat heart. [175]

And long vpon these termes I held my Citty, [176]  
 Till thus hee gan besiege me: Gentle maid [177]  
 Haue of my suffering youth some feeling pitty [178]  
 And be not of my holy vowes affraid, [179]  
 Thats to ye sworne to none was euer said, [180]  
 For feasts of loue I haue bene call'd vnto [181]  
 Till now did nere inuire not neuer vovv. [182]

All my offences that abroad you see [183]  
 [72] Are errors of the blood none of the mind: [184]  
 Loue made them not, with acture they may be, [185]  
 Where neither Party is nor trew nor kind, [186]  
 They sought their shame that so their shame did find, [187]  
 And so much lesse of shame in me remaines, [188]  
 By how much of me their reproch containes, [189]

Among the many that mine eyes haue seene, [190]  
 Not one whose flame my hart so much as warmed, [191]  
 Or my affection put to th, smallest teene, [192]  
 Or any of my leisures euer Charmed, [193]  
 Harme haue I done to them but nere was harmed, [194]  
 Kept hearts in liueries, but mine owne was free, [195]  
 And raignd commaunding in his monarchy. [196]

Looke heare what tributes wounded fancies sent me, [197]  
 Of playd pearles and rubies red as blood: [198]  
 Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me [199]  
 Of greefe and blushes, aptly vnderstood [200]  
 In bloodlesse white, and the encrimson'd mood, [201]  
 Effects of terror and deare modesty, [202]  
 Encampt in hearts but fighting outwardly. [203]

And Lo behold these tallents of their heir, [204]  
 With twisted mettle amorously empleacht [205]  
 I haue receau'd from many a seuerall faire, [206]  
 Their kind acceptance, wepingly beseecht, [207]  
 With th'annexions of faire gems inricht, [208]  
 And deepe brain'd sonnets that did amplifie [209]  
 Each stons deare Nature, worth and quallity. [210]

The Diamond? why twas beautifull and hard, [211]  
 Whereto his inuis'd properties did tend, [212]  
 The deepe greene Emerald in whose fresh regard, [213]  
 Weake sights their sickly radience do amend. [214]  
 The heauen hewd Saphir and the Opall blend [215]  
 [73] With obiects manyfold; each seuerall stone, [216]  
 With wit well blazond smil'd or made some mone. [217]

Lo all these trophies of affections hot, [218]  
 Of pensiu'd and subdew'd desires the tender, [219]  
 Nature hath chargd me that I hoord them not, [220]



But yeeld them vp where I my selfe must render: [221]  
 That is to you my origin and ender: [222]  
 For these of force must your oblations be, [223]  
 Since I their Aulter, you en patrone me. [224]

Oh then aduance (of yours) that phraseles hand, [225]  
 Whose white weighes downe the airy scale of praise- [226]  
 Take all these similies to your owne command, [227]  
 Hollowed with sighes that burning lunges did raise: [228]  
 What me your minister for you obaies [229]  
 Workes vnder you, and to your audit comes [230]  
 Their distract parcells, in combined summes. [231]

Lo this deuice was sent me from a Nun, [232]  
 Or Sister sanctified of holiest note, [233]  
 Which late her noble suit in court did shun, [234]  
 Whose rarest hauings made the blossoms dote, [235]  
 For she was sought by spirits of rithest cote, [236]  
 But kept cold distance, and did thence remoue, [237]  
 To spend her liuing in eternall loue. [238]

But oh my sweet what labour ist to leaue, [239]  
 The thing we haue not, mastring what not striues, [240]  
 Playing the Place which did no forme receiue, [241]  
 Playing patient sports in vnconstrained giues, [242]  
 She that her fame so to her selfe contriues, [243]  
 The scarres of battaile scapeth by the flight, [244]  
 And makes her absence valiant, not her might. [245]

Oh pardon me in that my boast is true, [246]  
 [74] The accident which brought me to her eie- [247]  
 Vpon the moment did her force subdewe, [248]  
 And now she would the caged cloister flie: [249]  
 Religious loue put out religions eye: [250]  
 Not to be tempted would she be enur'd, [251]  
 And now to tempt all liberty procure. [252]

How mightie then you are, Oh heare me tell, [253]  
 The broken bosoms that to me belong, [254]  
 Haue emptied all their fountaines in my well: [255]  
 And mine I powre your Ocean all amonge: [256]  
 I strong ore them and you ore me being strong, [257]  
 Must for your victorie vs all congest, [258]  
 As compound loue to phisick your cold brest. [259]

My parts had powre to charme a sacred Sunne, [260]  
 Who disciplin'd I dieted in grace, [261]  
 Beleeu'd her eies, when they t' assaile begun, [262]  
 All vowes and consecrations giuing place: [263]  
 O most potentiall loue, vowe, bond, nor space [264]  
 In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine [265]  
 For thou art all and all things els are thine. [266]

When thou impresses what are precepts worth [267]  
 Of stale example? when thou wilt inflame, [268]  
 How coldly those impediments stand forth [269]  
 Of wealth of filliall feare, lawe, kindred fame, [270]  
 Loues armes are peace, gainst rule, gainst sence, gainst shame, [271]  
 And sweetens in the suffring pangues it beares, [272]  
 The *Alloes* of all forces, shockes and feares. [273]

Now all these hearts that doe on mine depend, [274]  
 Feeling it breake, with bleeding groanes they pine, [275]  
 And supplicant their sighes to you extend [276]  
 To leaue the battrie that you make gainst mine, [277]

Lending soft audience, to my sweet designe, [278]  
[75] And credent soule, to that strong bonded oth, [279]  
That shall preferre and vndertake my troth. [280]

This said, his watrie eies he did dismount, [281]  
Whose sightes till then were leaueld on my face, [282]  
Each cheeke a riuer running from a fount, [283]  
With brynish currant downe-ward flowed a pace: [284]  
Oh how the channell to the streame gaue grace! [285]  
Who glaz'd with Christail gate the glowing Roses, [286]  
That flame through water which their hew incloses, [287]

Oh father, what a hell of witch-craft lies, [288]  
In the small orb of one particular teare? [289]  
Put with the invndation of the eies: [290]  
What rocky heart to water will not weare? [291]  
What brest so cold that is not warmed heare, [292]  
Or cleft effect, cold modesty hot wrath: [293]  
Both fire from hence, and chill extincture hath. [294]

For loe his passion but an art of craft, [295]  
Euen there resolu'd my reason into teares, [296]  
There my white stole of chastity I daft, [297]  
Shooke off my sober gardes, and ciuill feares, [298]  
Appeare to him as he to me appeares: [299]  
All melting, though our drops this diffrence bore, [300]  
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore. [301]

In him a plenitude of subtile matter, [302]  
Applied to Cautills, all straing formes receiues, [303]  
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water, [304]  
Or sounding palenesse: and he takes and leaues, [305]  
In eithers aptnesse as it best deceiues: [306]  
To blush at speeches ranck, to weepe at woes [307]  
Or to turne white and sound at tragick showes. [308]

That not a heart which in his leuell came, [309]  
[76] Could scape the haile of his all hurting ayme, [310]  
Shewing faire Nature is both kinde and tame: [311]  
And vaild in them did winne whom he would maime, [312]  
Against the thing he sought, he would exclaime, [313]  
When he most burnt in hart-wisht luxurie, [314]  
He preacht pure maide, and praisd cold chastitie. [315]

Thus meerely with the garment of a grace, [316]  
The naked and concealed feind he couerd, [317]  
That th'vnexperient gaue the tempter place, [318]  
Which like a Cherubin about them houerd, [319]  
Who young and simple would not be so louerd. [320]  
Aye me I fell, and yet do question make, [321]  
What I should doe againe for such a sake. [322]

O that infected moysture of his eye, [323]  
O that false fire which in his cheeke so glowd: [324]  
O that forc'd thunder from his heart did flye, [325]  
O that sad breath his spungie lungs bestowed, [326]  
O all that borrowed motion seeming owed, [327]  
Would yet againe betray the fore-betrayed, [328]  
And new peruert a reconciled Maide. [329]

**FINIS.**