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SHAKESPEARE'S
Sonnets, and a Lover's Complaint.
Reprinted in the Orthography,
and Punctuation of the
original edition of
1609.

"Whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes, and will to ears and tongues
Be theme and hearing ever."

CYMBELINE, ACT. III. SC. I.

LONDON:
JOHN RUSSELL SMITH,
36, SOHO SQUARE.
1870.
SHAKE-SPEARES
SONNETS.

Neuer before Imprinted.

AT LONDON
By G. Eld for T. T. and are
to be solde by William Aspley.
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.
ADVENTURER. IN.
SETTING.
FORTH.

T. T.
From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauties Rose might never die,
But as the riper should by time decease,
His tender heire might beare his memory:
But thou contracted to thine owne bright eyes,
Feed'ft thy lights flame with selfe substantiall fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thy selue thy foe, to thy sweet selue too cruell:
Thou that art now the worlds fresh ornament,
And only herauld to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud burieft thy content,
And tender chorle makst wast in niggarding:
Pitty the world, or else this glutton be,
To eate the worlds due, by the graue and thee.

Wen fortie Winters shall befeige thy brow,
And digge deep trenches in thy beauties field,
Thy youthes proud liuery so gaz'd on now,
Wil be a totter'd weed of smal worth held:
Then being askt, where all thy beautie lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty daies;
To say within thine owne deepe sunken eyes,
Where an all-eating shame, and thriftlesse praise.
How much more praise deseru'd thy beauties vse,
If thou couldst answere this faire child of mine
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse
Proouing his beautie by sucession thine.

B

This
Shake-speare's

This were to be new made when thou art ould,
And thee thy blood warme when thou feel'st it could,

3

Look in thy glasse and tell the face thou vewest,
Now is the time that face should forme an other,
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
Thou doo'st beguile the world, vnbleffe some mother.
For where is she so faire whose vn-card wombe
Difdaines the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fonde will be the tombe,
Of his selfe loue to stop posterity?
Thou art thy mothers glasse and she in thee
Calls backe the louely Aprill of her prime,
So thou through windowes of thine age shalt see,
Dispight of wrinkles this thy goulden time.
But if thou liue remembred not to be,
Die single and thine Image dies with thee.

4

Thrifty louelinesse why doost thou spend,
Vpon thy selfe thy beauties legacy?
Natures bequest giues nothing but doth lend,
And being franck she lends to those are free:
Then beautious nigard why doo'st thou abuse,
The bountious largesse giuen thee to giue?
Profitles vferer why doo'st thou use
So great a summe of summes yet can't not liue?
For hauing traffike with thy selfe alone,
Thou of thy selfe thy sweet selfe doost deceaue,
Then how when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable Audit can't thou leave?
Thy vnuf'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which vsed liues th' executor to be.

5

Hose howers that with gentle worke did frame,
The louely gaze where euery eye doth dwell
Will play the tirants to the very fame,
Sonnets.

And that vnfaire which fairely doth excell:
For neuer refiting time leads Summer on,
To hidious winter and confounds him there,
Sap checkt with froft and luftie leau's quite gon.
Beauty ore-snow'd and barenes every where,
Then were not summers distillation left
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glaffe,
Beauties effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it nor noe remembrance what it was.
But flowers distil'd though they with winter meete,
Leefe but their show, their substance still liues sweet.

Then let not winter's wragged hand deface,
In thee thy summer ere thou be distil'd:
Make sweet some viall; treasure thou some place,
With beautits treasure ere it be selfe kil'd:
That use is not forbidden vsery,
Which happies those that pay the willing lone;
That's for thy selfe to breed an other thee,
Or ten times happier be it ten for one,
Ten times thy selfe were happier then thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee,
Then what could death doe if thou shoul'dst depart,
Leauing thee liuing in posterity?
Be not selfe-wild for thou art much too faire,
To be deaths conquest and make wormes thine heire.

Loe in the Orient when the gracious light.
'Lifts vp his burning head, each vnder eye
Doth homage to his new appearing fight,
Seruing with lookees his sacred maiesty,
And hauing climb'd the fteepe vp heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortall lookees adore his beauty still,
Attending on his goulden pilgrimage:
But when from high-moft pich with wery car,
Like feeble age he reeleth from the day,
The eyes (fore dutious) now converted are
From his low tract and looke an other way:
   So thou, thy selfe out-going in thy noon:
Vnlok’d on dieft vnleffe thou get a sonne.

M’fick to heare, why heare’st thou musick sadly,
Sweets with sweets warre not, ioy delights in ioy:
Why lou’st thou that which thou receaust not gladly,
Or else receaust with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well tuned sounds,
By vnions married do offend thine eare,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singlenesse the parts that thou shouldest beare:
Marke how one string sweet husband to an other,
Strikes each in each by mutuall ordering;
Resembling fier, and child, and happy mother,
Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
   Whole speechless song being many, seeming one,
   Sings this to thee thou single wilt proue none.

I’S it for feare to wet a widdowes eye,
   That thou consum’st thy selfe in single life?
Ah; if thou issuless shalt hap to die,
The world will waile thee like a makeless wife,
The world wilbe thy widdow and still weepe,
That thou no forme of thee haft left behind,
When every priuat widdow well may keepe,
By childrens eyes, her husbands shape in minde:
   Looke what an vnhrift in the world doth spend
Shifts but his place, for still the world injoyes it
But beauties waft hath in the world an end,
And kept vnside the ver to destroyes it:
   No loul toward others in that bosome fits
   That on himselfe such murdrous shame commits.
For shame deny that thou bear’st love to any
Who for thyself art so unprudent
Grant if thou wilt, thou art belou’d of many,
But that thou none love’st is most evident:
For thou art so possess’d with murderous hate,
That gainst thyself thou stick’st not to conspire,
Seeking that beautiful roof to ruinate
Which to repair should be thy chief desire:
O change thy thought, that I may change my minde,
Shall hate be fairer lodg’d then gentle love?
Or to thyselfe at least kind hearted prove,
Make thee an other selfe for love of me,
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

As fast as thou shalt wane so fast thou grow’st,
In one of thine, from that which thou departest,
And that fresh blood which yongly thou bestow’st,
Thou maist call thine, when thou from youth convertest,
Herein liues wisdome, beauty, and increase,
Without this follie, age, and could decay,
If all were minded so, the times should cease,
And threescore yeare would make the world away:
Let those whom nature hath not made for store,
Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish,
Looke whom she best indow’d, she gaue the more;
Which bountious guift thou shouldst in bounty cherish,
She caru’d thee for her seaie, and ment therby,
Thou shouldst print more, not let that copy die.

When I doe count the clock that tels the time,
And see the braue day funck in hidious night,
When I behold the violet past prime,
And fable curls or siluer’d ore with white:
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopie the herd
Shake-speare's

And Sommers greene all girded vp in sheaues
Borne on the beare with white and briftly beard:
Then of thy beauty do I question make
That thou among the waftes of time must goe,
Since sweets and beauties do them-felues forsake,
And die as faft as they see others grow,
And nothing gainst Times fieth can make defence
Saue breed to braue him, when he takes thee hence.

13

That you were your felfe, but loue you are
No longer yours, then you your felfe here liue,
Against this cumming end you should prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other giue.
So should that beauty which you hold in leafe
Find no determination, then you were
You felfe again after your felves decease,
When your sweet iflue your sweet forme shoud beare.
Who lets fo faire a house fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honour might vphold,
Against the stormy gufts of winters day
And barren rage of deaths eternall cold?
O none but vnthrifts, deare my loue you know,
You had a Father, let your Son say so.

14

Not from the ftras do I my judgement plucke,
And yet me thinkes I haue Astronomy,
But not to tell of good, or euil lucke,
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons quallity,
Nor can I fortune to breefe mynuits tell;
Pointing to each his thunder, raine and winde,
Or say with Princes if it shal go wel
By oft predict that I in heauen finde.
But from thine eies my knowledge I deriue,
And conftant ftras in them I read fuch art
As truth and beautie shal together thrive
If from thy felfe, to store thou wouldft convert:

Or
Sonnets.

Or else of thee this I prognosticate,
Thy end is Truthes and Beauties doome and date.

15

When I consider every thing that growes
Holds in perfection but a little moment.
That this huge stage presenteth nought but showes
Whereon the Stars in secret influence comment.
When I perceiue that men as plants increafe,
Cheared and checkt euens by the selfe-same skie:
Vaunt in their youthfull sap, at height decrease,
And were their braue state out of memory.
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay,
Sets you moft rich in youth before my sight,
Where wastfull time debateth with decay
To change your day of youth to fullied night,
And all in war with Time for loue of you
As he takes from you, I ingraft you new.

16

But wherefore do not you a mightier waie
Make warre vppon this bloudie tirant time?
And fortifie your self in your decay
With means more blessed then my barren rime?
Now stand you on the top of happie houres,
And many maiden gardens yet vnset,
With vertuous wish would beare your liuing flowers,
Much liker then your painted counterfeit:
So should the lines of life that life repaire
Which this (Times pensel or my pupill pen)
Neither in inward worth nor outward faire
Can make you liue your selfe in eies of men,
To giue away your self, keeps your selfe still,
And you muft liue drawne by your owne sweet skill,

17

Who will beleue my verse in time to come
If it were fild with your most high deserts?

Though
Though yet heaven knowes it is but as a tombe
Which hides your life, and shewes not halfe your parts:
If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say this Poet lies,
Such heauenly touches nere toucht earthly faces.
So shoule my papers (yellowed with their age)
Be scorn'd, like old men of leffe truth than tongue,
And your true rights be termed a Poets rage,
And stretched miter of an Antique song.
   But were some childe of yours alieue that time,
   You should liue twise in it, and in my rime.

18.

Shall I compare thee to a Summers day?
Thou art more louely and more temperate:
Rough windes do shake the darling buds of Maie,
And Sommers leafe hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heauen shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd,
And euery faire from faire some-time declines,
By chance, or natures changing course vntrim'd:
But thy eternall Sommer shall not fade,
Nor loose poffeccion of that faire thou ow'ft,
Nor shall death brag thou wand'r'ft in his shade,
When in eternall lines to time thou grow'ft,
   So long as men can breath or eyes can see,
   So long liues this, and this giues life to thee,

19

Eouoring time blunt thou the Lyons pawes,
   And make the earth deououre her own sweet brood,
Pluckle the keene teeth from the fierce Tygers yawes,
   And burne the long liu'd Phænix in her blood,
Make glad and forry feasons as thou fleet'ft,
   And do what ere thou wilt swift-footed time
To the wide world and all her fading sweets:
But I forbid thee one most hainous crime,
Sonnets.

O carue not with thy howers my loues faire brow,
Nor draw noe lines there with thine antique pen.
Him in thy course vntainted doe allow,
For beauties patterne to succeding men.
    Yet doe thy worst ould Time disspight thy wrong,
    My loue shall in my verse euer liue young.

20

A Womans face with natures owne hand painted,
    Hast thou the Master Mistris of my passion,
A womans gentle hart but not acquainted
With shifting change as is false womens fashion,
An eye more bright then theirs, leffe false in rowling:
Gilding the object where-pon it gazeth,
A man in new all Heus in his controwling,
Which steeales mens eyes and womens foules amafeth,
And for a woman wert thou first created,
Till nature as she wrought thee fell a dotinge,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
    But since she prickt thee out for womens pleasure,
    Mine be thy loue and thy loues use their treasure.

21

So is it not with me as with that Muse,
Stird by a painted beauty to his verse,
Who heauen it selfe for ornament doth use,
And every faire with his faire doth reheere,
Making a cooelment of proud compare
With Sunne and Moone, with earth and seas rich gems:
With Aprills first borne flowers and all things rare,
That heauens ayre in this huge rondure hems,
O let me true in loue but truly write,
And then beleue me, my loue is as faire,
As any mothers childe, though not so bright
As those gould candells fixt in heauens ayer:
    Let them say more that like of heare-fay well,
    I will not prayse that purpose not to fell.
Shake-speare's

22

My glasse shall not perfwade me I am ould,
So long as youth and thou are of one date,
But when in thee times forrwes I behould,
Then look I death my daies should expiate.
For all that beauty that doth couer thee,
Is but the seemely rayment of my heart,
Which in thy breft doth liue, as thine in me,
How can I then be elder then thou art?
O therefore loue be of thy selfe so wary,
As I not for my selfe, but for thee will,
Bearing thy heart which I will keepe so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill,
Presume not on thy heart when mine is flaine,
Thou gau'ft me thine not to giue backe againe.

23

As an vnperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his feare is put besides his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strengthes abondance weakens his owne heart;
So I for feare of truft, forget to say,
The perfect ceremony of loues right,
And in mine owne loues strengthe feeme to decay,
Ore-charg'd with burthen of mine owne loues might:
O let my books be.then the eloquence,
And domb prefagers of my speaking breft,
Who pleade for loue, and look for recompence,
More then that tonge that more hath more exprest.
O learne to read what silent loue hath writ,
To heare wit wies belongs to loues fine wiht.

24

My eye hath play'd the painter and hath steeled,
Thy beauties forme in table of my heart,
My body is the frame wherein ti's held,
And perspectiue it is best Painters art.
For through the Painter muft you fee his skill,
Sonnets.

To finde where your true Image pictur'd lies,
Which in my bofomes shop is hanging stil,
That hath his windowes glazed with thine eyes:
Now see what good-turnes eyes for eies haue done,
Mine eyes haue drawne thy shape, and thine for me
Are windowes to my brest, where-through the Sun
Delights to peepe, to gaze therein on thee
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art
They draw but what they see, know not the hart.

25

Et those who are in favor with their stars,
Of publike honour and proud titles boft,
Whilst I whome fortune of such triumph bars
Unlookt for joy in that I honour moft;
Great Princes favorites their faire leaues spread,
But as the Marygold at the suns eye,
And in them-felues their pride lies buried,
For at a frowne they in their glory die.
The painefull warrier famofed for worth,
After a thousand victories once foild,
Is from the booke of honour rafed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he told:
Then happy I that loue and am beloued
Where I may not remoue, nor be remoued.

26

Ord of my loue, to whome in vassalage
Thy merrit hath my dutie strongly knit;
To thee I send this written embaffage
To witnesse duty, not to shew my wit.
Duty so great, which wit so poore as mine
May make seeme bare, in wanting words to shew it;
But that I hope some good concept of thine
In thy soules thought (all naked) will bestow it:
Til whatfoever star that guides my mouing,
Points on me gratiously with faire aspect,
And puts apparrell on my tottered lousing,
Shake-speare's,

To shew me worthy of their sweet respect,
Then may I dare to boast how I doe loue thee,
Til then, not shew my head where thou maist proueme.

27

Weary with toyle, I haft me to my bed,
The deare repose for lims with travauill tired,
But then begins a iourny in my head
To worke my mind, when boddies work's expired.
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
Intend a zelous pilgrimage to thee,
And keepe my drooping eye-lids open wide,
Looking on darknes which the blind doe fee.
Saue that my soules imaginary fight
Presents their shaddoe to my sightles view,
Which like a iewell (hunge in gaftly night)
Makes blacke night beautious and her old face new.
Loe thus by day my lims, by night my mind,
For thee, and for my selfe, noe quiet finde.

28

How can I then returne in happy plight
That am debard the benifit of rest?
When daies oppression is not eazd by night,
But day by night and night by day oprest.
And each (though enimes to ethers raigne)
Doe in consent shake hands to torture me,
The one by toyle, the other to complaine
How far I toyle, still farther off from thee.
I tell the Day to please him thou art bright,
And do'ft him grace when clouds doe blot the heauen:
So flatter I the swart complexiond night,
When sparkling stars twire not thou guil't th' eauen.
But day doth daily draw my sorrowes longer, (stronger
And night doth nightly make greeeses length feeme.

29

Vv

When in disgrace with Fortune and mens eyes,
I all alone beweepe my out-caft state,

And
And trouble deafe heauen with my bootlefle cries,
And looke vpon my selfe and curle my fate.
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends posleft,
Desiring this mans art, and that mans skope,
With what I most inioy contented leaft,
Yet in these thoughts my selfe almost despising,
Haplye I thinke on thee, and then my state,
(like to the Larke at breake of daye arising)
From fullen earth fings himns at Heauen's gate,
   For thy sweet loue remembred such welth brings,
   That then I skorne to change my state with Kings.

hen to the Session of sweet silent thought,
   I common vp remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lacke of many a thing I fought,
And with old woes new waile my deare times waste:
Then can I drowne an eye vn-vf'd to flow,
For precious friends hid in deaths dateles night,
And wepe a fresh loues long fince canceld woe,
And mone th'expence of many a vannisft fight.
Then can I greeue at greeuances fore-gon,
And heauly from woe to woe tell ore
The sad account of fore-bemoned mone,
Which I new pay as if not payd before.
   But if the while I thinke on thee (deare friend)
   All losses are restord, and sorrowes end.

Thy bosome is indeared with all hearts;
   Which I by lacking haue supposfed dead,
And there raignes Loue and all Loues louing parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious teare
Hath deare religious loue stolne from mine eye,
As interest of the dead, which now appeare,
But things remou'd that hidden in there lie,
Thou art the graue where buried loue doth liue,
Hung with the trophois of my louers gon,
Who all their parts of me to thee did giue,
That due of many, now is thine alone.

Their images I lou’d, I view in thee,
And thou (all they) haft all the all of me.

If thou furuiue my well contented daie,
When that churle death my bones with duft shall couer
And shalt by fortune once more re-suruay:
These poore rude lines of thy deceased Louer:
Compare them with the bett’ring of the time,
And though they be out-stript by euery pen,
Referue them for my loue, not for their rime,
Exceded by the hight of happier men.

Oh then voutsafe me but this louing thought,
Had my friends Muse growne with this growing age,
A dearer birth then this his loue had brought
To march in ranckes of better equipage:

But since he died and Poets better proue,
Theirs for their stile ile read, his for his loue.

Vll many a glorious morning haue I seene,
Flatter the mountaine tops with foueraine eie,
Kissing with golden face the meddowes greene;
Guilding pale streames with heavenly alcumy:
Anon permit the baseft cloudes to ride,
With ougly rack on his celestiall face,
And from the for-lorne world his vilage hide
Stealing vnscene to west with this disgrace:
Euen fo my Sunne one early morn did shine,
With all triumphant splendor on my brow,
But out alack, he was but one houre mine,
The region cloude hath mask’d him from me now.

Yet him for this, my loue no whit disdaineth,
Suns of the world may staine, whē heauens fun stainteh.
Sonnets.

34

V

V

Hy didst thou promise such a beautious day,
   And make me trauaile forth without my cloake,
To let bace cloudes ore-take me in my way,
Hiding thy brau'ry in their rotten smoke.
Tis not enough that through the cloude thou breake,
To dry the raine on my storme-beaten face,
For no man well of such a value can speake,
That heales the wound, and cures not the disgrace:
Nor can thy shame giue phificke to my griefe,
Though thou repent, yet I haue still the losse,
Th' offencers sorrow lends but weake reliefe
To him that beares the strong offenes losse.
   Ah but those teares are pearle which thy loue sheeds,
   And they are ritch, and ransome all ill deeds.

35

N

O more bee greeu'd at that which thou haft done,
   Roses have thornes, and siluer fountaines mud,
Cloudes and eclipses staine both Moone and Sunne,
And loathfome canker liues in sweetest bud.
All men make faults, and euen I in this,
Authorizing thy trefpas with compare,
My selfe corrupting saluing thy amiffe,
Excusing their fins more then their fins are:
For to thy sensuall fault I bring in fence,
Thy aduerse party is thy Aduocate,
And gainst my selfe a lawfull plea commenceth,
   Such ciuill war is in my loue and hate,
   That I an accessary needs must be,
   To that sweet theeze which fourely robs from me,

36

L

Et me confesse that we two must be twaine,
   Although our vndeuided loues are one:
So shall those blots that do with me remaine,
Without thy helpe, by me be borne alone.
In our two loues there is but one respekt,
   Though
Though in our liues a seperable spight,
Which though it alter not loues sole effect,
Yet doth it steale sweet houres from loues delight,
I may not euer-more acknowledge thee,
Leaft my bewailed guilt should do thee shame,
Nor thou with publike kindnesse honour me,
Vnlesse thou take that honour from thy name:
But doe not so, I loue thee in such fort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

As a decrepit father takes delight,
To see his actiue childe do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by Fortunes dearest spight
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth.
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more
Intitled in their parts, do crowned fit,
I make my loue ingrafted to this store:
So then I am not lame, poore, nor disfip’ed,
Whilstt that this shadow doth such substance giue,
That I in thy abundance am suffic’d,
And by a part of all thy glory liue:
Looke what is best, that best I wish in thee,
This wish I haue, then ten times happy me.

How can my Muse want subiect to inuent
While thou doft breath that poor’st into my verfe,
Thine owne sweet argument, to excellent,
For euery vulgar paper to rehearse:
Oh giue thy selfe the thankes if ought in me,
Worthy perusall stand against thy sight,
For who’s so dumbe that cannot write to thee,
When thou thy selfe doft giue inuention light?
Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth
Then thole old nine which rimer inuocate,
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth

Eternall
Eternal numbers to out-liue long date.
If my flight Muse doe please these curious daies,
The paine be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

39
Oh how thy worth with manners may I finge,
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine owne praise to mine owne selfe bring;
And what is't but mine owne when I praise thee,
Euen for this, let vs devided liue,
And our deare loue loose name of single one,
That by this feperation I may giue:
That due to thee which thou defeu'ft alone:
Oh abfence what a torment wouldft thou proue,
Were it not thy foure leifure gaue sweet leave,
To entertaine the time with thoughts of loue,
VWhich time and thoughts so sweetly doft deceiue.
And that thou teacheft how to make one twaine,
By praifing him here who doth hence remaine.

40
Take all my loues, my loue, yea take them all,
What haft thou then more then thou haft before?
No loue, my loue, that thou maist true loue call,
All mine was thine, before thou haft this more:
Then if for my loue, thou my loue receiueft,
I cannot blame thee, for my loue thou vfeft,
But yet be blam'd, if thou this selfe decreauest
By wilfull tae of what thy selfe refu'est.
I doe forgiue thy robb'rie gentle theefe
Although thoufteale thee all my pouerty:
And yet loue knowes it is a greater grieue
To beare loues wrong, then hates knowne injurie.
Lafciuious grace, in whom all il wel showes,
Kill me with spights yet we muft not be foes.

41
Hope pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
When I am some-time abfent from thy heart,
Shake-speare's.

Thy beautie, and thy yeares full well befits,
For still temptacion followes where thou art.
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be wonne,
Beautious thou art, therefore to be affailed.
And when a woman woes, what womans sonne,
Will fourely leave her till he haue preuailed.
Aye me, but yet thou mightst my feate forbeare,
And chide thy beauty, and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in their ryot even there
Where thou are forst to breake a two-fold truth:
Hers by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine by thy beautie being fals'e to me.

That thou haft her it is not all my griefe,
And yet it may be said I lou'd her deerely,
That she hath thee is of my wayling cheefe,
A losse in loue that touches me more neerely.
Louing offendors thus I will excufe yee,
Thou dooist loue her, because thou knowst I loue her,
And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
Suffering my friend for my sake to approoue her,
If I loose thee, my losse is my loues gaine,
And loosing her, my friend hath found that losse,
Both finde each other, and I loose both twaine,
And both for my sake lay on me this crosse,
But here's the joy, my friend and I are one,
Sweete flattery, then she loues but me alone.

When moost I winke then doe mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things vnrespected,
But when I sleepe, in dreames they looke on thee,
And darkely bright, are bright in darke directed.
Then thou whose shaddow shaddowes doth make bright,
How would thy shaddowes forme, forme happy show,
To the cleere day with thy much cleerer light,
When to vn-seeing eyes thy shade shines so?

How
Sonnets.

How would (I say) mine eyes be blessed made,
By looking on thee in the living day?
When in dead night their faire imperfect shade,
Through heauy sleepe on sightlefe eyes doth stay?
   All dayes are nights to fee till I fee thee,
   And nights bright daies when dreams do shew thee me.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Injurious distance should not stop my way,
For then dispite of space I would be brought,
From limits farre remote, where thou doost stay,
No matter then although my foote did stand
Vpon the farteft earth remou'd from thee,
For nimble thought earth can iumpe both sea and land,
As soone as thinke the place where he would be.

But ah, thought kills me that I am not thought
To leape large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that so much of earth and water wrought,
I muft attend, times leasure with my mone.
   Receiuing naughts by elements so floe,
   But heauie teares, badges of eithers woe.

The other two, flight ayre, and purging fire,
   Are both with thee, where euer I abide,
The firft my thought, the other my desire,
These present abscent with swift motion slide.
For when these quicker Elements are gone
In tender Embassie of loue to thee,
My life being made of foure, with two alone,
Sinkes downe to death, oppreft with melancholie.
Vntill liues composition be recured,
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
Who euen but now come back againe assured,
Of their faire health, recounting it to me.
   This told, I joy, but then no longer glad,
   I send them back againe and straight grow sad.

Mine
Shake-speares.

46

Mine eye and heart are at a mortall warre,
How to deuide the conquest of thy fight,
Mine eye, my heart their pictures fight would barre,
My heart, mine eye the freedome of that right,
My heart doth plead that thou in him doost lye,
(A closet never pearft with chriftall eyes)
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
And sayes in him their faire appearance lyes.
To side this title is impanelled
A quest of thoughts, all tennants to the heart,
And by their verdict is determined
The cleere eyes moytie, and the deare hearts part.
As thus, mine eyes due is their outward part,
And my hearts right, their inward loue of heart.

47

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is tooke,
And each doth good turns now vnto the other,
When that mine eye is famisht for a looke,
Or heart in loue with sighes himselfe doth lmother;
With my loues picture then my eye doth feast,
And to the painted banquet bids my heart:
An other time mine eye is my hearts guest,
And in his thoughts of loue doth share a part.
So either by thy picture or my loue,
Thy feife away, are present still with me,
For thou nor farther then my thoughts canst moue,
And I am still with them, and they with thee.
   Or if they sleepe, thy picture in my fight
   Awakes my heart, to hearts and eyes delight.

48

How carefull was I when I tooke my way,
Each trifle vnder trueft barres to thruft,
That to my vfe it might vn-vfed stay
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust?
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
   Most
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest griefe,
Thou best of deerest, and mine onely care,
Art left the prey of euery vulgar theefe.
Thee haue I not lockt vp in any chest,
Saue where thou art not though I feele thou art,
Within the gentle closure of my brest,
From whence at pleasure thou maist come and part,
    And euens thou wilt be stolne I feare,
    For truth proue theeueifh for a prize so deare.

49
Against that time (if euer that time come)
When I shall see thee frowne on my defects,
When as thy loue hath caft his utmost summe,
Cauld to that audite by aduif'd respects,
Against that time when thou shalt strangelie passe,
And scarcely greete me with that sunne thine eye,
When loue converted from the thing it was
Shall reafons finde of fetled gruaitie.
Against that time do I infore me here
Within the knowledge of mine owne defart,
And this my hand, against my selfe vpreare,
To guard the lawfull reafons on thy part,
    To leaue poore me, thou haft the strength of lawes,
    Since why to loue, I can alledge no caufe.

50
How heauie doe I journey on the way,
When what I seeke (my wearie trauels end)
Doth teach that eafe and that repose to say
Thus farre the miles are meafurde from thy friend.
The beast that beares me, tired with my woe,
Plods duly on, to beare that waight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider lou'd not speed being made from thee:
The bloody spurre cannot prouoke him on,
That some-times anger thrusts into his hide,
Which heauily he anfwers with a grone,
Shake-speare's.

More sharpe to me then spurring to his side,
For that same grone doth put this in my mind,
My greefe lies onward and my ioy behind.

T

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

S

So am I as the rich whose blessed key,
Can bring him to his sweet vp-locked treasure,
The which he will not eu'ry hower furuay,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
Therefore are feasts so sollemne and so rare,
Since seldom comming in the long yeare set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captain Jewells in the carconet.
So is the time that keepes you as my chest,
Or as the ward-robe which the robe doth hide,
To make some speciall instant speciall blest,
By new vnfoulding his imprison'd pride.
Blessed are you whose worthineffe giues skope,
Being had to tryumph, being lackt to hope.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shaddowes on you tend?
Since
Since every one, hath euery one, one shade,
And you but one, can euery shaddow lend:
Describe Adonis and the counterfeit,
Is poorely immitated after you,
On Hellens cheeke all art of beautie set,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new:
Speake of the spring, and foyzon of the yeare,
The one doth shaddow of your beautie shew,
The other as your bountie doth appeare,
And you in euery blessed shape we know.
In all externall grace you haue some part,
But you like none, none you for conftant heart.

54

O H how much more doth beautie beautious seeme,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth giue,
The Rose lookes faire, but fairer we it deeme
For that sweet odor, which doth in it liue :
The Canker-bloomes haue full as deepe a die,
As the perfumed tincture of the Roses,
Hang on fuch thornes, and play as wantonly,
When sommers breath their masked buds discloses :
But for their virtue only is their shew,
They liue vnwoo'd, and unrespected fade,
Die to themselfues. Sweet Roses doe not so,
Of their sweet deathes, are sweetest odors made :
And fo of you, beautious and louely youth,
When that shall vade, by verse distils your truth.

55

Not marble, nor the gilded monument,
Of Princes shall out-liue this powrefull rime,
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Then vnsweated stone, beftmeerd with sluttish time.
When waffeull warre shall Statues ouer-turne,
And broiles roote out the worke of mansonry,
Nor Mars his fword, nor warres quick fire shall burne :
The liuving record of your memory.

Gainst
Gainst death, and all obliuous enmity
Shall you pace forth, your praise shall still finde room;
Euen in the eyes of all posterity
That weare this world out to the ending doome.

So til the judgement that your selfe arise,
You liue in this, and dwell in louers eies.

56

Sweet loue renew thy force, be it not said
Thy edge should blunter be then apetite,
Which but too daie by feeding is alaied,
To morrow sharpen'd in his former might.
So loue be thou, although too daie thou fill
Thy hungrie eies, euen till they winck with fulnesse,
Too morrow fee againe, and doe not kill
The spirit of Loue, with a perpetual dulnesse:
Let this fad Intem like the Ocean be
Which parts the shore, where two contracted new,
Come daily to the banckes, that when they see:
Returne of loue, more blest may be the view.

As cal it Winter, which being ful of care,
Makes Somers welcome, thrice more wh't'd, more rare:

57

Being your flaue what should I doe but tend,
Vpon the houres, and times of your desire?
I haue no precious time at al to spend;
Nor seurices to doe til you require.
Nor dare I chide the world without end houre,
Whilst I (my foueraine) watch the clock for you,
Nor thinke the bitterness of absence fowre,
VWhen you haue bid your servant once adieue.
Nor dare I question with my iealous thought,
VWhere you may be, or your affaires suppose,
But like a fad flaue stay and thinke of nought
Saue where you are, how happy you make those.

So true a foole is loue, that in your Will,
(Though you doe any thing) he thinkes no ill.
Sonnets.

58

That God forbid, that made me first your flau'e,
I shou'd in thought controule your times of pleu're
Or at your hand th' account of houres to craue,
Be'ing your vassail bound to staie your leu'ire.
Oh let me suffer (being at your beck)
Th' impris'on'd ab'ence of your libertie,
And patience tame, to suufferance bide each check,
Without accusing you of injury.
Be where you lift, your charter is so strong,
That you your selfe may priuilege your time
To what you will, to you it doth belong,
Your selfe to pardon of selfe-doing crime.
   I am to waite, though waiting to be hell,
   Not blame your pleu're be it ill or well.

59

If their bee nothing new, but that which is,
Hath beene before, how are our braines beguild,
Which laboring for inuention beare amiffe
The second burthen of a former child?
Oh that record could with a back-ward looke,
Euen of fiv'e hundreth courses of the Sunne,
Show me your image in some antique booke,
Since minde at first in carrec'ter was done.
That I might see what the old world could say,
To this compos'd wonder of your frame,
Whether we are mended, or where better they,
Or whether reuolution be the same.
   Oh sure I am the wits of former daies,
   To subiects worse haue giuen admiring praise.

60

Like as the waues make towards the pibled shore,
So do our minuites haften to their end,
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In frequent toile all forwards do contend.
Natuity once in the maine of light.
Crawles to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses gainst his glory fight,
And time that gaue, doth now his gift confound.
Time doth tranfixe the florish set on youth,
And delues the paralels in beauties brow,
Feedes on the rarities of natures truth,
And nothing stands but for his fieth to mow.
And yet to times in hope, my verse shall stand
Praising thy worth, dispite his cruell hand.

Is it thy wil, thy Image should keepe open
My heauy eielids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
While shadowes like to thee do mocke my fight?
Is it thy spirit that thou send'ft from thee
So farre from home into my deeds to prye,
To find out shames and idle houres in me,
The skope and tenure of thy Ielousie?
O no, thy loue though much, is not so great,
It is my loue that keepes mine eie awake,
Mine owne true loue that doth my rest defeat,
To plaie the watch-man euer for my sake.
For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
From me farre of, with others all to neere.

Inne of selfe-loue posleffeth al mine eie,
And all my soule, and al my euery part;
And for this sinne there is no remedie,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Me thinkes no face so gratious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account,
And for my selfe mine owne worth to define,
As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glasse shewes me my selfe indeed
Beated and chopt with tand antiquitie,
Mine owne selfe loue quite contrary I read

Selſe
Sonnets.

Selfe, so selfe louing were iniquity,
    T’is thee (my selfe) that for my selfe I praife,
Painting my age with beauty of thy daies.

63
A
Against my loue shall be as I am now
    With times injurious hand chrusht and ore-worne,
When houres haue dreind his blood and fild his brow
    With lines and wrincles, when his youthfull morne
Hath travauil'd on to Ages steepie night,
    And all those beauties whereof now he's King
Are vanishing, or vanisht out of sight,
Stealing away the treasurie of his Spring.
For such a time do I now fortifie
Against confounding Ages cruell knife,
    That he shall neuer cut from memory
My sweet loues beauty, though my louers life.
    His beautie shall in these blacke lines be seen,
And they shall liue, and he in them still greene.

64
VV
When I haue seene by times fell hand defaced
    The rich proud cost of outworne buried age,
When sometime loftie towers I see downe ras'd,
    And braffe eternall Flaue to mortall rage.
When I haue seene the hungry Ocean gaine
Advantage on the Kingdome of the shoare,
    And the firme foile win of the watry maine,
Increasing store with losse, and losse with store.
When I haue seene such interchange of state,
    Or state it selfe confounded, to decay,
Ruine hath taught me thus to ruminate
That Time will come and take my loue away.
    This thought is as a death which cannot chuse
But weepe to haue, that which it feares to loose.

65
Since braffe, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundlesse sea,
    But sad mortallity ore-swaies their power,
E 2
How
Shake-speare's

How with this rage shall beautie hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger then a flower?
O how shall summers hunny breath hold out,
Against the wrackfull sedge of batttring dayes,
When rocks impregnable are not so stoute,
Nor gates of steele so strong but time decayes?
O fearefull meditation, where alack,
Shall times best Iewell from times cheft lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foote back,
Or who his spoile or beautie can forbid?
O none, vnlesse this miracle haue might,
That in black inck my loue may stiil shine bright.

66

Tyr'd with all these for restfull death I cry,
As to behold desert a begger borne,
And needie Nothing trimd in iollitie,
And purest faith vnhappily forsworne,
And gilded honor shamefully misplait,
And maiden vertue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
And strength by limping sway disfabled,
And arte made tung-tide by authoritie,
And Folly (Doctor-like) controuling skill,
And simple-Truth miscalde Simplicitie,
And captiue-good attending Captaine ill.
Tyr'd with all these, from these would I be gone;
Sau'e that to dye, I leaue my loue alone.

67

AH wherefore with infection should he liue,
And with his presence grace impietie,
That sinne by him aduantage should atchiue,
And lace it selfe with his societie?
Why should falle painting immitate his cheeke,
And stale dead seeing his offliuing hew?
Why should poore beautie indirectly seeke,
Roses of shaddow, since his Rose is true?

Why
Sonnets.

Why should he live, now nature backrout is,
Beggerd of blood to blush through liuely vaines,
For she hath no exchecker now but his,
And proud of many, liues vpon his gaines?
   O him she stores, to show what welth she had,
   In daies long since, before these laft so bad.

68

Thus is his cheeke the map of daies out-worne,
   When beauty liu’d and dy’ed as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signes of faire were borne,
Or durft inhabit on a liuing brow:
Before the goulden trefles of the dead,
The right of sepulchers, were shorne away,
To liue a second life on second head,
Ere beauties dead fleece made another gay:
In him those holy antique howers are seene,
Without all ornament, it selfe and true,
Making no summer of an others greene,
Robbing no ould to dresse his beauty new,
   And him as for a map doth Nature store,
   To shew faulfe Art what beauty was of yore.

69

These parts of thee that the worlds eye doth view,
   Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend:
All toungs (the voice of foules) giue thee that end,
Vttring bare truth, even so as foes Commend.
Their outward thus with outward praisse is crownd,
But those same toungs that giue thee fo thine owne,
In other accents doe this praisse confound
By seeing farther then the eye hath showne.
They looke into the beauty of thy mind,
And that in gueffe they meaoure by thy deeds,
Then churls their thoughts (although their eies were kind)
To thy faire flower ad the rancke fnell of weeds,
   But why thy odor matcheth not thy show,
   The soyle is this, that thou doest common grow.

E 3

That
That thou are blam'd shall not be thy defect,
For flanders marke was euer yet the faire,
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A Crow that flies in heauens sweetest ayre.
So thou be good, flander doth but approve,
Their worth the greater being woo'd of time,
For Canker vice the sweetest buds doth loue,
And thou present'ft a pure unstained prime.
Thou hast past by the ambush of young daies,
Either not assayld, or victor being charg'd,
Yet this thy praise cannot be (oe thy praise,
To tye vp enuy, evermore enlarged,
If some suspense of ill maskt not thy show,
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe.

Noe Longer mourne for me when I am dead,
Then thou shall heare the furly fullen bell
Giue warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world with vilest wormes to dwell:
Nay if you read this line, remember not,
The hand that writ it, for I loue you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O if (I say) you looke vpon this verse,
When I (perhaps) compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poore name reherse;
But let your loue euen with my life decay.
Left the wise world should looke into your mone,
And mocke you with me after I am gon.

Leaft the world should taske you to recite,
What merit liu'd in me that you should loue
After my death (deare loue) for get me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy proue.
Unlesse you would deuise some vertuous lye,
Sonnets.

To doe more for me then mine owne desert,
And hang more praiſe vpon deceaſed I,
Then nigard truth would willingly impart:
O leaſt your true loue may feeme falſe in this,
That yuo for loue speake well of me vntrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And lye no more to shame nor me, nor you.

For I am fhamd by that which I bring forth,
And fo should you, to loue things nothing worth.

73

That time of yeeare thou maift in me behold,
When yellow leaues, or none, or few doe hange
Vpon thofe boughes which shake againſt the could,
Bare rn'wd quiers, where late the sweet birds fang.
In me thou feeft the twi-light of fuch day,
As after Sun-fet fadeth in the Weft,
Which by and by blacke night doth take away,
Deaths second felfe that feals vp all in reſt.
In me thou feeft the glowing of fuch fire,
That on the afhes of his youth doth lye,
As the death bed, whereon it muſt expire,
Confum'd with that which it was nurriſht by.
This thou perceu'ft, which makes thy loue more strong,
To loue that well, which thou muſt leaue ere long.

74

Vt be contented when that fell areſt,
With out all bayle fhall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memoriall ftill with thee fhall ftay.
When thou reueweft this, thou doeaſt reuew,
The very part was conſecrate to thee,
The earth can haue but earth, which is his due,
My fpirit is thine the better part of me,
So then thou haft but loft the dregs of life,
The pray of wormes, my body being dead,
The coward conqueſt of a wretches knife,
To base of thee to be remembred,
    The worth of that, is that which it contains,
    And that is this, and this with thee remaines.

75

SO are you to my thoughts as food to life,
    Or as sweet season’d shewers are to the ground;
    And for the peace of you I hold such strife,
    As twixt a miser and his wealth is found.
    Now proud as an inioyer, and anon
    Doubting the filching age will steale his treasure,
    Now counting beft to be with you alone,
    Then betterd that the world may see my pleasure,
    Some-time all ful with feasting on your sight,
    And by and by cleane starued for a looke,
    Possenting or pursuing no delight
    Saue what is had, or muft from you be tooke.
    Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
    Or gluttoning on all, or all away,

76

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

77

THy glaffe will shew thee how thy beauties were,
    Thy dyall how thy pretious mynuits wafte,
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will beare,
And of this booke, this learning maist thou taste.
The wrinckles which thy glasse will truly shew,
Of mouthed graues will giue thee memorie,
Thou by thy dyals shady stealth maist know,
Times theeuish progresse to eternitie.
Looke what thy memorie cannot containe,
Commit to these waste blacks, and thou shalt finde
Those children nurst, deliuerd from thy braine,
To take a new acquaintance of thy minde.
   These offices, so oft as thou wilt looke,
   Shall profit thee, and much inrich thy booke.

SO oft haue I inuok'd thee for my Muse,
   And found such faire asilftance in my verse,
As euery Alien pen hath got my vse,
   And vnder thee their poesie disperse.
Thine eyes, that taught the dumbe on high to sing,
   And heauie ignorance aloft to flee,
Haue added fethers to the learned's wing,
   And giuen grace a double Maiestie.
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
   Whose influence is thine, and borne of thee,
In others workes thou dost but mend the stile,
   And Arts with thy sweete graces graced be.
   But thou art all my art, and dost advance
   As high as learning, my rude ignorance.

WHilft I alone did call vpon thy ayde,
   My verse alone had all thy gentle grace,
But now my gracious numbers are decayde,
   And my sick Muse doth giue an other place.
I grant (sweet loue) thy louely argument
Deferes the travaile of a worthier pen,
Yet what of thee thy Poet doth inuent,
   He robs thee of, and payes it thee againe.
Shake-speare's

He lends thee vertue, and he stole that word,
From thy behauiour, beautie doth he giue
And found it in thy cheeke: he can affoord
No praife to thee, but what in thee doth liue.
Then thanke him not for that which he doth say,
Since what he owes thee, thou thy selfe doost pay,

O

How I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth vs[e] your name,
And in the praife thereof spends all his might,
To make me toung-tide speaking of your fame.
But since your worth (wide as the Ocean is)
The humble as the proudest faile doth beare,
My fa[w]tie barke (inferior farre to his)
On your broad maine doth wilfully appeare.
Your shalowest helpe will hold me vp a floate,
Whilst he vpon your soundleffe deepe doth ride,
Or (being wrackt) I am a worthleffe bote,
He of tall building, and of goodly pride.
Then If he thrue and I be caft away,
The worft was this, my loue was my decay.

O

Or I shall liue your Epitaph to make,
Or you suruiue when I in earth am rotten,
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortall life shall haue,
Though I (once gone) to all the world must dye,
The earth can yeeld me but a common graue,
When you intombed in mens eyes shall lye,
Your monument shall be my gentle verfe,
Which eyes not yet created shall ore-read,
And toungs to be, your beeing shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead,
You still shall liue (such vertue hath my Pen)
Where breath most breaths, eu[n] in the mouths of men.
I grant
Sonnets.

82

Grant thou wert not married to my Muse,
And therefore maiest without attaint ore-looke
The dedicated words which writers use
Of their faire subject, blessing every booke.
Thou art as faire in knowledge as in hew,
Finding thy worth a limit past my praife,
And therefore art incouraged to seeke anew,
Some fresher stamp of the time bettering dayes.
And do so loue, yet when they haue deuised,
What strained touches Rhethorick can lend,
Thou truly faire, wert truly sympathizde,
In true plaine words, by thy true telling friend.
And their grosse painting might be better vfi'd,
Where cheekes need blood, in thee it is abus'd.

83

Neuer saw that you did painting need,
And therefore to your faire no painting set,
I found (or thought I found) you did exceed,
The barren tender of a Poets debt:
And therefore haue I slept in your report,
That you your selfe being extant well might shew,
How farre a moderne quill doth come to short,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow,
This silence for my finne you did impute,
Which shall be most my glory being dombe,
For I impaire not beautie being mute,
When others would giue life, and bring a tombe.
There liues more life in one of your faire eyes,
Then both your Poets can in praife deuise.

84

Who is it that sayes most, which can say more,
Then this rich praife, that you alone, are you,
In whose confine immured is the store,
Which should example where your equall grew,
Leane penurie within that Pen doth dwell,

That
That to his subiect lends not some small glory,
But he that writes of you, if he can tell,
That you are you, so dignifies his story.
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worse what nature made so cleere,
And such a counter-part shall fame his wit,
Making his stile admired every where.
    You to your beautious blessings adde a curse,
    Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.

85

MY younge-tide Muse in manners holds her still,
    While comments of your praise richly compil'd,
Referue their Character with goulden quill,
And precious phrase by all the Muses fil'd.
I think good thoughts, whilst other write good words,
And like vnlettered clarke still crie Amen,
To every Himne that able spirit affords,
In polishd forme of well refined pen.
Hearing you praifd, I say 'tis fo, 'tis true,
And to the moxt of praise adde some-thing more,
But that is in my thought, whose loue to you
(Though words come hind-moft) holds his ranke before,
    Then others, for the breath of words respect,
    Me for my dombe thoughts, speaking in effect.

86

As it the proud full faile of his great verse,
    Bound for the prize of (all to precious) you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my braine inhearce,
Making their tombe the wombe wherein they grew?
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write,
Aboue a mortall pitch, that struck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compiers by night
Giuing him ayde, my verse astonifhed.
He nor that affable familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors of my silence cannot boast,

I was
I was not sick of any feare from thence.
But when your countinace fild vp his line,
Then lackt I matter, that infeebled mine.

FArewell thou art too deare for my posseffing,
And like enough thou knowft thy estimate,
The Charter of thy worth giues thee releasing :
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting,
And for that ritches where is my deferuing?
The caufe of this faire guift in me is wanting,
And so my pattent back againe is fweruing.
Thy selfethou gau'ft, thy owne worth then not knowing,
Or mee to whom thou gau'ft it, else misfaking,
So thy great guift vpon misprisjon growing,
Comes home againe, on better judgement making.
Thus haue I had thee as a dreame doth flatter,
In fleepe a King, but waking no such matter.

WHen thou shalt be dispode to set me light,
And place my merrit in the eie of skorne,
Vpon thy fide, against my selfe ile fight,
And proue thee virtuous, though thou art forsworne :
With mine owne weakenesse being best acquainted,
Vpon thy part I can set downe a story
Of faults conceald, wherein I am attainted :
That thou in loofing me shall win much glory :
And I by this wil be a gainer too,
For bending all my louing thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to my selfe I doe,
Doing thee vantage, duble vantage me.
Such is my loue, to thee I fo belong,
That for thy right, my selfe will beare all wrong,

SAY that thou didft forfake mee for some falt,
And I will comment vpon that offence,
Shake-speares

Speake of my lameness, and I straight will halt:
Against thy reasons making no defence.
Thou canst not (love) disgrace me halfe so ill,
To set a forme upon desired change,
As ile myself disgrace, knowing thy wil,
I will acquaintance strangle and looke strange:
Be absent from thy walkes and in my tongue,
Thy sweet beloued name no more shall dwell,
Leaft I (too much prophane) should do it wronge:
And haplie of our old acquaintance tell.
   For thee, against my selfe ile vow debate,
   For I must nere loue him whom thou dost hate.

90

Then hate me when thou wilt, if euer, now,
Now while the world is bent my deeds to croffe,
Ioyne with the spight of fortune, make me bow,
And doe not drop in for an after losse:
Ah doe not, when my heart hath scapte this sorrow,
Come in the rereward of a conquerd woe,
Gieue not a windy night a rainie morrow,
To linger out a purposed ouer-throw.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other pettie griefes haue done their spight,
But in the onset come, so stall I taste
At first the very worst of fortunes might.
   And other straines of woe, which now seeme woe,
   Compar'd with losse of thee, will not seeme so.

91

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their bodies force,
Some in their garments though new-fangled ill:
Some in their Hawkes and Hounds, some in their Horse.
And euery humor hath his adiunct pleasure,
Wherein it findes a joy above the rest,
But these perticulers are not my measure,
All these I better in one generall best.

Thy
SONNETS.

Thy lουe is bitter then high birth to me,
Richer then wealth, prouder then garments cost,
Of more delight then Hawkes or Horfes bee:
And hauing thee, of all mens pride I boaft.
Wretched in this alone, that thou maift take,
All this away, and me moft wretched make.

But doe thy worsft to steale thy selfe away,
For tearme of life thou art affured mine,
And life no longer then thy lουe will stay,
For it depends vpon that lουe of thine.
Then need I not to feare the worsft of wrongs,
When in the leaft of them my life hath end,
I fee, a better state to me belongs
Then that, which on thy humor doth depend.
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant minde,
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie,
Oh what a happy title do I finde,
Happy to haue thy lουe, happy to die!
But what's so blested faire that fears no blot,
Thou maift be falfe, and yet I know it not.

So shall I liue, supposing thou art true,
Like a deceiued husband, so loues face,
May still seeme lουe to me, though alter'd new:
Thy lookes with me, thy heart in other place.
For their can liue no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change,
In manyes lookes, the falce hearts history
Is writ in moods and frounes and wrinckles strange,
But heauen in thy creation did decree,
That in thy face sweet loue shoule ever dwell,
What ere thy thoughts, or thy hearts workings be,
Thy lookes shoule nothing thence, but sweetnesse tell.
How like Eaues apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy sweet vertue anfwere not thy show.
T'hey that haue powre to hurt, and will doe none,
That doe not do the thing, they moft do showe,
Who mouing others, are themfelves as ftone,
Vnmooued, could, and to temptation flow:
They rightly do inheritt heauens graces,
And husband natures ritches from expence,
They are the Lords and owners of their faces,
Others, but ftewards of their excellence:
The fomners frowre is to the fommer fweet,
Though to it felfe, it onely liue and die,
But if that frowre with base infection meete,
The bafeft weed out-braues his dignity:
    For sweeteft things turne sowreft by their deedes,
    Lillies that fetter, ftmell far worse then weeds.

How sweet and louely doft thou make the shame,
Which like a canker in the fragrant Rose,
Doth fpot the beautie of thy budding name?
Oh in what sweetes doeft thou thy finnes inclofe!
That tongue that tells the story of thy daies,
(Making lafciuious comments on thy fport)
Cannot difpraise, but in a kinde of praisef,
Naming thy name, bleffes an ill report.
Oh what a mansion haue thofe vices got,
Which for their habitation chose out thee,
Where beauties vaile doth couer euery blot,
And all things turnes to faire, that eies can fee!
    Take heed (deare heart) of this large priuiledge,
    The hardeft knife ill vif'd doth loose his edge.

Some fay thy fault is youth, some wantoneffe,
Some fay thy grace is youth and gentle fport,
Both grace and faults are lou'd of more and leffe:
Thou makeft faults graces, that to thee refort:
As on the finger of a throned Queene,
SONNETS.

The baseft Iewell wil be well esteemed:
So are thofe errors that in thee are feene,
To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.
How many Lambs might the sterne Wolfe betray,
If like a Lambe he could his lookes translate.
How many gazers might thou lead away,
If thou wouldft vse the strength of all thy state?
   But doe not fo, I loue thee in fuch fort,
   As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

HOW like a Winter hath my abfence beene
   From thee, the pleafure of the fleeting yeare?
What freezings haue I felt, what darke daies feene?
What old Decembers barenesse euery where?
And yet this time remou'd was fommers time,
The teeming Autumnne big with ritch increafe,
Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime,
Like widdowed wombes after their Lords deceafe:
Yet this abundant issue feem'd to me,
But hope of Orphans, and vn-fathered fruite,
For Sommer and his pleafures waite on thee,
And thou away, the very birds are mute.
   Or if they fing, tis with fo dull a cheere,
   That leaues looke pale, dreading the Winters neere.

FROM you haue I beene abfent in the spring,
   When proud pide Aprill (dreft in all his trim)
Hath put a fpirit of youth in euery thing:
That heauie Saturne laught and leapt with him.
Yet nor the laies of birds, nor the fweet smell
Of different flowers in odor and in hew,
Could make me any fummers story tell:
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the Lillies white,
Nor praife the deepe vermillion in the Rose,
They weare but fweet, but figures of delight:  

Drawne
Shake-speare's

Drawne after you, you patterne of all those.
Yet seem'd it Winter still, and you away,
As with your shaddow I with these did play.

The forward violet thus did I chide,
Sweet theefe whence didnst thou steeale thy sweet that
If not from my loues breath, the purple pride, Which on thy soft cheeke for complexion dwells?
In my loues veines thou haft too grofely died,
The Lillie I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marierom had stolne thy haire,
The Roses fearfully on thornes did stand,
Our blushing shame, an other white dispaire:
A third nor red, nor white, had stolne of both,
And to his robbry had annext thy breath,
But for his theft in pride of all his growth
A vengfull canker eate him vp to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
But sweet, or culler it had stolne from thee.

Here art thou Mufe that thou forgetst so long,
To speake of that which giues thee all thy might?
Spendst thou thy furie on some worthlesse fonge,
Darkning thy powre to lend bafe subiects light,
Returne forgetfull Mufe, and straight redeeme,
In gentle numbers time so idelyspent,
Sing to the eare that doth thy laies esteeme,
And giues thy pen both skill and argument.
Rife resty Mufe, my loues sweet face furuay,
If time haue any wrinkle grauen there,
If any, be a Satire to decay,
And make times spoiles dispisied every where.
Giue my loue fame faster then time wafts life,
So thou preuenst his fieth, and crooked knife.

Oh truant Mufe what shalbe thy amends,

For
For thy neglect of truth in beauty di'd?
Both truth and beauty on my loue depends:
So dost thou too, and therein dignifi'd:
Make anwvere Muse, wilt thou not haply faie,
Truth needs no collour with his collour fixt,
Beautie no pensell, beauties truth to lay:
But best is best, if neuer intermixt.
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so, for't lies in thee,
To make him much out-liue a gilded tombe:
And to be praifd of ages yet to be.
Then do thy office Muse, I teach thee how,
To make him feeme long hence, as he showes now.

MY loue is strengthened though more weake in see-
I loue not leffe, thoghe leffe the show appeare, (ming
That loue is marchandiz'd, whose ritch esteeming,
The owners tongue doth publish euery where.
Our loue was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my laies,
As Philomell in summers front doth finge,
And stops his pipe in growth of riper daies:
Not that the summer is leffe pleafant now
Then when her mournefull himns did hufh the night,
But that wild musick burthens every bow,
And sweets growne common loofe their deare delight.
Therefore like her, I fome-time held my tongue:
Because I would not dull you with my fonge.

A Lack what pouerty my Muse brings forth,
That hauing such a skope to shew her pride,
The argument all bare is of more worth
Then when it hath my added praife beseide.
Oh blame me not if I no more can write!
Looke in your glaffe and there appeares a face,
That ouer-goes my blunt inuention quite,
Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.
Were it not sinfull then striving to mend,
To marre the subject that before was well,
For to no other passe my verses tend,
Then of your graces and your gifts to tell.

And more, much more then in my verse can fit,
Your owne glasse shewes you, when you looke in it.

To me faire friend you neuer can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyde,
Such seemes your beautie still: Three Winters colde,
Haue from the forrets shooke three summers pride,
Three beautuous springs to yellow Autumn turn'd,
In processe of the seasons haue I seene,
Three Aprill perfumes in three hot Iunes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh which yet are greene.
Ah yet doth beauty like a Dyall hand,
Steale from his figure, and no pace perceiu'd,
So your sweete hew, which me thinkes still doth stand
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceaued.

For feare of which, heare this thou age vnbred,
Ere you were borne was beauties summer dead.

Et not my loue be cal'd Idolatrie,
Nor my beloved as an Idoll shew,
Since all alike my songs and praifes be
To-one, of one, still fuch, and euer so.
Kinde is my loue to day, to morrow kinde,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence,
Therefore my verfe to constancie confin'de,
One thing expressing, leaues out difference.
Faire, kinde, and true, is all my argument,
Faire, kinde and true, varrying to other words,
And in this change is my inuention spent,
Three theams in one, which wondrous scope affords.

Faire, kinde, and true, haue often liu'd alone.
Which three till now, neuer kept seate in one.

When
Sonnets.

106

When in the Chronicle of wafted time,
I see discriptions of the fairest wights,
And beautie making beautiful old rime,
In praiſe of Ladies dead, and louely Knights,
Then in the blazon of sweet beauties best,
Of hand, of foote, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique Pen would haue exprefst,
Euen such a beauty as you maifter now.
So all their praiſes are but prophesies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring,
And for they look'd but with deuining eyes,
They had not still enough your worth to ſing:
   For we which now behold these ſeuen daiees,
   Haue eyes to wonder, but lack toungs to praiſe.

107

Not mine owne feares, nor the prophetick foule,
   Of the wide world, dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the leafe of my true loue controule,
Suppoſide as forfeit to a conſind doome.
The mortall Moone hath her eclipſe indur'de,
And the sad Augurs mock their owne preſage,
Incerſenties now crowne them-felues affur'de,
And peace proclaimes Oliues of endleſſe age.
Now with the drops of this moſt balmie time,
My loue lookes ſreſh, and death to me ſubſcribes,
Since ſpight of him Ile liue in this poore rime,
While he insults ore dull and ſpeechleſſe tribes.
   And thou in this ſhalt finde thy monument,
   When tyrants crefts and tombs of brasſe are ſpent.

108

Hat's in the braine that Inck may charaſter,
Which hath not ſigur'd to thee my true ſpirit,
What's new to ſpeake, what now to regifter,
That may exprefſe my loue, or thy deare merit?
Nothing ſweet boy, but yet like prayers diuine,
   G 3       I muſt
Shake-speare's.

I must each day say o'er the very fame,
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Euen as when first I hallowed thy faire name,
So that eternall love in loves fresh cafe,
Waighes not the dust and injury of age.
Nor giues to necessary wrinckles place,
But makes antiquitie for aye his page.
Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
Where time and outward forme would shew it dead.

I09

O neuer say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to quallifie,
As easie might I from my self depart,
As from my soule which in thy brest doth lye:
That is my home of love, if I have rang'd,
Like him that travels I returne againe,
Luft to the time, not with the time exchang'd,
So that my selfe bring water for my staine,
Neuer beleue though in my nature raign'd,
All frailties that besiege all kindes of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
To leaue for nothing all thy summe of good:
For nothing this wide Vniuerse I call,
Saue thou my Rose, in it thou art my all.

I10

A las 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
And made my selfe a motley to the view,
Gor'd mine own thoughts, fold cheap what is most deare,
Made old offences of affections new.
Most true it is, that I have lookt on truth
Asconce and strangely: But by all aboue,
These blenches gave my heart an other youth,
And worse effaies prou'd thee my best of love,
Now all is done, haue what shall haue no end,
Mine appetite I neuer more will grin'de
On newer prooffe, to trie an older friend,
A God in love, to whom I am confin'd.
Then give me welcome, next my heauen the best,
Euen to thy pure and most most louing brest.

III

O For my sake doe you with fortune chide,
The guiltie goddesse of my harmfull deeds,
That did not better for my life prouide,
Then publick means which publick manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receiues a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdu'd
To what it workes in, like the Dyers hand,
Pitty me then, and wish I were renu'de,
Whilst like a willing pacient I will drinke,
Potions of Eysell gainst my strong infection,
No bitternesse that I will bitter thinke,
Nor double penance to correct correction.
Pitty me then deare friend, and I assure yee,
Euen that your pittie is enough to cure mee.

II2

Your loue and pittie doth th'impression fill,
Which vulgar scandall stamp't vpon my brow,
For what care I who calleth me well or ill,
So you ore-greene my bad, my good alow?
You are my All the world, and I must thrive,
To know my shame and praises from your tounge,
None else to me, nor I to none alius,
That my steeld fence or changes right or wrong,
In so profound Abisme I throw all care
Of others voyces, that my Adders fence,
To cryttick and to flatterer ftopped are:
Marke how with my neglect I doe dispence.
You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
That all the world besides me thinkes y'are dead.

II3

Since I left you, mine eye is in my minde,
And that which gouernes me to goe about,
Doth part his function, and is partly blind,
Seemes seeing, but effectually is out:
For it no forme deliuers to the heart
Of bird, of flowre, or shape which it doth lack,
Of his quick obiecets hath the minde no part,
Nor his owne vision houlds what it doth catch:
For if it see the rud’st or gentlest sight,
The most sweet-fauor or deformedst creature,
The mountaine, or the sea, the day, or night:
The Croe, or Doue, it shapes them to your feature.
Incapable of more repleat, with you,
My most true minde thus maketh mine vntrue.

Or whether doth my minde being crown’d with you
Drinke vp the monarks plague this flattery?
Or whether shall I say mine eie faith true,
And that your loue taught it this Alcumie?
To make of monsters, and things indigeft,
Such cherubines as your sweet selfe reembe,
Creating euery bad a perfect best
As faft as obiecets to his beames assemble:
Oh tis the first, tis flatry in my seeing,
And my great minde moft kingly drinkes it vp,
Mine eie well knowes what with his guft is greeing,
And to his pallat doth prepare the cup.
If it be poifon’d, tis the leffer sinne,
That mine eye loues it and doth firt beginne.

Those lines that I before haue writ doe lie,
Euen those that taid I could not loue you deerer,
Yet then my iugdement knew no reafon why,
My moft full flame shoule afterwards burne cleerer.
But reckoning time, whose milliond accidents
Creepe in twixt vowes, and change decrees of Kings,
Tan facred beautie, blunt the sharp’ft intents,
Diuert stronge mindes to th’ course of altring things:
Alas why fearing of times tiranie,
Might I not then say now I love you best,
When I was certain of certainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest:
    Loue is a Babe, then might I not say so
    To give full growth to that which still doth grow.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
    Admit impediments, love is not love
Which alters when it alteration findes,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
    O no, it is an ever fixed mark
That lookes on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worths unknowne, although his hight be taken.
Loue's not Times fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickles compass come,
Loue alters not with his breefe hours and weekes,
    If this be error and vpon me proved,
    I neuer writ, nor no man ever loued.

Accuse me thus, that I haue scanted all,
    Wherein I should your great deserts repay,
Forgot vpon your dearest loue to call,
    Whereas all bonds do tie me day by day,
That I haue frequent binne with vnknown mindes,
And giuen to time your owne deare purcha'd right,
    That I haue hoysted faile to all the windes
Which should transport me farthest from your sight.
Booke both my wilfulness and errors downe,
And on iust proofe surmise, accumilate,
Bring me within the level of your frowne,
    Since my appeale faies I did strive to prooue
    The constancy and virtue of your loue
Like as to make our appetites more keene
With eager compounds we our pallat vrge,
As to preuent our malladies vnfeene,
We sicken to shun sicknesse when we purge.
Euen so being full of your nere cloying sweetnesse,
To bitter fawces did I frame my feeding;
And sike of wel-fare found a kind of meetnesse,
To be diseased ere that there was true needing.
Thus policie in loue t'anticipate
The ills that were, not grew to faults assured,
And brought to medicine a healthfull state
Which rancke of goodnesse would by ill be cured.
But thence I learne and find the lefson true,
Drugs poyson him that so fell sicke of you.

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

That you were once vnkind be-friends mee now,
And for that sorrow, which I then didde feel,
Needes muft I vnder my transgression bow,
Vnleffe my Nerues were brasse or hammered steele.
For if you were by my vnkindnesse shaken
As I by yours, y'haue paft a hell of Time,
And I a tyrant haue no leasure taken
To waigh how once I suffered in your crime.
O that our night of wo might haue remembred
My deepest fence, how hard true sorrow hits,
And soone to you, as you to me then tendred
And humble value, which wounded bofosmes fits!
But that your trefpasse now becomes a fee,
Mine ransoms yours, and yours muft ransome mee.

121

TIS better to be vile then vile esteemed,
When not to be, receiues reproach of being,
And the iuft pleasure loft, which is so deemed,
Not by our feeling, but by others seeing.
For why should others false adulterat eyes
Giue salutation to my sportiue blood?
Or on my frailties why are fraiier spies;
Which in their wils count bad what I think good?
Noe, I am that I am, and they that leuell
At my abuses, reckon vp their owne,
I may be straight though they them-felues be beleu
By their rancke thoughtes, my deedes muft not be shown
Vnlesse this general euill they maintaine,
All men are bad and in their badnesse raigne.

122.

Thy guift,, thy tables, are within my braine
Full charaffectd with lafting memory,
Which shall aboue that idle rancke remaine
Beyond all date euen to eternity.
Or at the leaft, so long as braine and heart
Haue facultie by nature to subsift,
Til each to raz'd obliuion yeeld his part
Of thee, thy record neuer can be mift:
That poore retention could not so much hold,
Nor need I tallies thy deare loue to skore,
Therefore to giue them from me was I bold,
Shake-speare's

To truft those tables that receaue thee more,
To keepe an adiunckt to remember thee,
Were to import forgetfulness in mee.

123

NO! Time, thou shalt not boft that I doe change.
Thy pyramyds buylt vp with newer might
To me are nothing nouell, nothing strange,
They are but dressings of a former fight:
Our dates are breefe, and therefor we admire,
What thou doft foyft vpon vs that is ould,
And rather make them borne to our desire,
Then thinke that we before haue heard them tould:
Thy registres and thee I both defie,
Not wondering at the present, nor the past,
For thy records, and what we see doth lye,
Made more or les by thy continual haft:
This I doe vow and this shall euer be,
I will be true dispite thy fyeth and thee.

124

YF my deare loue were but the childe of flate,
It might for fortunes bafterd be vnfathered,
As subiect to times loue, or to times hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gatherd.
No it was buylded far from accident,
It suffers not in smilinge pomp, nor falls
Vnder the blow of thralled discontent,
Where to th' inuiting time our fashion calls:
It feares not policy that Heretickke,
Which workes on leaves of short numbred howers,
But all alone stands hugely pollitick,
That it nor growes with heat, nor drownes with showres.
To this I witnes call the soles of time,
Which die for goodnes, who haue liu'd for crime.

125

Ver't ought to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honoring.

Or
Sonnets.

Or layd great bafes for eternity,
Which proues more short then waft or ruining?
Haue I not feene dwellers on forme and fauor
Lose all, and more by paying too much rent
For compound sweet; Forgoing fimple fauor,
Pittifull thriuors in their gazing spent.
Noe, let me be obfequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation, poore but free,
Which is not mixt with seconds, knows no art,
But mutuall render, onely me for thee.

Hence, thou subbornd Informer, a trew foule
When moft impeacht, stands leaff in thy controule.

126

O Thou my louely Boy who in thy power,
   Doeft hould times fickle glaffe, his fickle, hower :
Who haft by wayning growne, and therein thou’ft,
Thy louers withering, as thy sweet selfe grow’ft.
If Nature (foueraine miferes ouer wrack)
   As thou goeft onwards still will plucke thee backe,
She keepes thee to this purpose, that her skill.
May time disgrace, and wretched mynuit kill.
Yet feare her O thou minnion of her pleafure,
She may detaine, but not ftil keepe her trefure!
Her Audite (though delayd) anfwer’d muft be,
And her Quietus is to render thee.

127

IN the ould age blacke was not counted faire,
   Or if it weare it bore not beauties name :
But now is blacke beauties succeffiuue heire,
And Beautie flanderd with a baftard fliame,
For fince each hand hath put on Natures power,
   Fairing the foule with Arts faultle borrow’d face,
Sweet beauty hath no name no holy boure,
But is prophan’d, if not liues in disgrace.

Therefore
Shake-speares

Therefore my Misterffe eyes are Rauen blacke,
Her eyes fo futed, and they mourners feeme,
At fuch who not borne faire no beauty lack,
Slandring Creation with a false esteeme,

Yet fo they mourne becomming of their woe,
That every toung faies beauty shoule looke fo.

128

H ow oft when thou my musike musike playft,
Vpon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers when thou gently fwayft,
The wiry concord that mine eare confounds,
Do I enuiue those Iackes that nimble leape,
To kiffe the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poore lips which should that harueft reape,
At the woods bouldnes by thee blushing fhand.
To be fo tikkled they would change their state,
And situation with those dancing chips,
Ore whom their fingers walke with gentle gate,
Making dead wood more bleft then living lips,
Since faufe Iackes fo happy are in this,
Give them their fingers, me thy lips to kiffe.

129

TH’ expence of Spirit in a waft of Shame
Is lust in action, and till action, lust
Is periurd, murdrous, blouddy full of blame,
Sauage, extreame, rude, cruell, not to truft,
Injoyd no sooner but dispised ftraight,
Paft reaflon, hunted, and no sooner had
Paft reaflon hated as a swallowed bayt,
On purpose layd to make the taker mad.
Made In purfut and in pofteflion fo,
Had, hauing, and in queft, to haue extreame,
A biffhe in proofe and proud and very wo,
Before a joy proposd behind a dreame,

All this the world well knowes yet none knowes well,
To fhun the heauen that leads men to this hell.

My
My Mistres eyes are nothing like the Sunne,  
Cullall is farre more red, then her lips red,  
If snow be white, why then her brefts are dun:  
If haires be wiers, black wiers grow on her head:  
I haue seenes Roses damaskt, red and white,  
But no such Roses see I in her cheekes,  
And in some perfumes is there more delight,  
Then in the breath that from my Mistres reekes.  
I loue to heare her speake, yet well I know,  
That Musicke hath a farre more pleasing sound:  
I graunt I neuer saw a goddeffe goe,  
My Mistres when shee walkes treads on the ground.  
And yet by heauen I thinke my loue as rare,  
As any she beli’d with false compare.

Thou art as tiranous, so as thou art,  
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruell;  
For well thou know’st to my deare doting hart  
Thou art the fairest and most precious Iewell.  
Yet in good faith some say that thee behold,  
Thy face hath not the power to make loue grone;  
To say they erre, I dare not be so bold,  
Although I sweare it to my selfe alone.  
And to be sure that is not false I sweare  
A thousand grones but thinking on thy face,  
One on anothers necke do witnesse beare  
Thy blacke is fairest in my judgements place.  
In nothing art thou blacke faue in thy deeds,  
And thence this flaunder as I thinke proceeds.

Thine eies I loue, and they as pittyng me,  
Knowing thy heart torment me with disdain,  
Haue put on black, and louing mourners bee,  
Looking with pretty ruth vpon my paine.

And
Shake-speare's

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My
Sonnets.

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132

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Knowing thy heart torment me with disdaine,  
Haue put on black, and louing mourners bee,  
Looking with pretty ruth vpon my paine.

And
And truly not the morning Sun of Heauen
Better becomes the gray cheeks of th' East
Nor that full Starre that vtshers in the Eauen
Doth halfe that glory to the sober West
As thofe two morning eyes become thy face :
O let it then as well befeme thy heart
To mourne for me fince mourning doth thee grace,
And fute thy pitty like in every part.
Then will I fware beauty her felfe is blacke,
And all they foule that thy complexion lacke.

BEshrew that heart that makes my heart to groane
For that deepe wound it giues my friend and me ;
I'ft not ynough to torture me alone,
But flaye to flauery my sweet'ft friend muft be.
Me from my felfe thy cruell eye hath taken,
And my next felfe thou harder haft ingrossed,
Of him, my felfe, and thee I am forfaken,
A torment thrice three-fold thus to be croffed :
Prifon my heart in thy Steele bofomes warde,
But then my friends heart let my poore heart bale,
Who ere keepes me, let my heart be his garde,
Thou canft not then vfe rigor in my Iaile.
And yet thou wilt, for I being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine and all that is in me.

SO now I haue confeft that he is thine,
And I my felfe am morgag'd to thy will,
My felfe Ile forfeit, so that other mine,
Thou wilt restore to be my comfort ftill :
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
For thou art couetous, and he is kinde,
He learnd but furitie-like to write for me,
Vnder that bond that him as faft doth binde.
The ftatute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou vfurer that put'ft forth all to vfe,
Sonnets.

And fue a friend, came debter for my fake,
So him I loofe through my vnkinde abufe.
   Him haue I lost, thou haft both him and me,
   He paies the whole, and yet am I not free.

135

Who euer hath her wish, thou haft thy Will,
   And Will too boote, and Will in ouer-plus,
More then enough am I that vexe thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou whose will is large and spatious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine,
Shall will in others see me right gracious,
   And in my will no faire acceptance shine:
The sea all water, yet receiues raine still,
And in aboundance addeth to his store,
So thou beeing rich in Will adde to thy Will,
One will of mine to make thy large Will more.
   Let no vnkinde, no faire beseechers kill,
    Thinke all but one, and me in that one Will.

136

If thy soule check thee that I come so neere,
   Sweare to thy blind soule that I was thy Will,
And will thy soule knowes is admitted there,
Thus farre for loue, my loue-sute sweet fullfill.
Will, will fullfill the treasure of thy loue,
I fill it full with wils, and my will one,
In things of great receit with ease we prooue.
Among a number one is reckon’d none.
Then in the number let me passe vntold,
Though in thy stores account I one must be,
For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold,
That nothing me, a some-thing sweet to thee.
   Make but my name thy loue, and loue that still,
    And then thou louesty me for my name is Will.

137

Thou blinde foole loue, what dooft thou to mine eyes,
I That
That they behold and see not what they see:
They know what beautie is, see where it lyes,
Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.
If eyes corrupt by ouer-partiall lookes,
Be anchord in the baye where all men ride,
Why of eyes falsehood haft thou forged hookes,
Where to the judgement of my heart is tide?
Why shoule my heart thinke that a feuerall plot,
Which my heart knowes the wide worlds common place?
Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not
To put faire truth vpon so foule a face,
   In things right true my heart and eyes haue erred,
   And to this false plague are they now transferred.

When my loue sweares that she is made of truth,
   I do beleue her though I know she lyes,
That she might thinke me some vntuterd youth,
Vnlearned in the worlds false subtilties.
Thus vainely thinking that she thinkes me young,
Although she knowes my dayes are past the best,
Simply I credit her false speaking tongue,
On both sides thus is simple truth suppressed:
But wherefore sayes she not she is vnust?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O loues best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in loue, loues not t'haue yeares told.
   Therefore I lye with her, and she with me,
   And in our faults by lyes we flattered be.

Call not me to iustifie the wrong,
   That thy vnkindnesse layes vpon my heart,
Wound me not with thine eye but with thy young,
Vfe power with power, and slay me not by Art,
Tell me thou lou'ft else-where; but in my sight,
Deare heart forbear to glance thine eye aside,
What needst thou wound with cunning when thy might
Sonnets.

Is more then my ore-pref't defence can bide?
Let me excuse thee, ah my loue well knowes,
Her prettie lookes haue beene mine enemies,
And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
That they else-where might dart their injuries:
Yet do not so, but since I am neere slaine,
Kill me out-right with lookes, and rid my paine.

I40

Be wife as thou art cruell, do not presse
My younge-tide patience with too much disdaine:
Leaft sorrow lend me words and words expresse,
The manner of my pittie wanting paine.
If I might teach thee witte better it weare,
Though not to loue, yet loue to tell me fo,
As testie sick-men when their deaths be neere,
No newes but health from their Phisitions know.
For if I should dispaire I should grow madde,
And in my madneffe might speake ill of thee,
Now this ill wrestling world is growne fo bad,
Madde flanderers by madde eares beleueed be.
That I may not be fo, nor thou be lyde,
   (wide.
Beare thine eyes straignt, though thy proud heart goe

I41

In faith I doe not loue thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note,
But 'tis my heart that loues what they dispise,
Who in dispite of view is pleased to dote.
Nor are mine eares with thy youngs tune delighted,
Nor tender feeling to base touches prone,
Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be inuited
To any sensuall feast with thee alone:
But my fiue wits, nor my fiue fences can
Diswade one foolish heart from seruing thee,
Who leaues vnswal'd the likeness of a man,
Thy proud hearts slaue and vassall wretch to be:
Onely my plague thus farre I count my gaine,
That she that makes me sinne, awards me paine.
142

Oue is my finne, and thy deare vertue hate,
Hate of my finne, grounded on finfull louing,
O but with mine, compare thou thine owne state,
And thou shalt finde it merrits not reproouing,
Or if it do, not from those lips of thine,
That haue prophan'd their scarlet ornaments,
And seald false bonds of loue as oft as mine,
Robd others beds reuenues of their rents.
Be it lawfull I loue thee as thou lou'ft those,
Whome thine eyes wooe as mine importune thee,
Roote pitty in thy heart that when it growes,
Thy pitty may deferue to pittied bee.
If thou dooft seeke to haue what thou dooft hide,
By felfe example mai'ft thou be denide.

143

Oe as a carefull hufwife runnes to catch,
One of her fethered creatures broake away,
Sets downe her babe and makes all swift dispatch
In pursuit of the thing she would haue stay:
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chace,
Cries to catch her whose busie care is bent,
To follow that which flies before her face:
Not prizing her poore infants discontent;
So runft thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilst I thy babe chace thee a farre behind,
But if thou catch thy hope turne back to me:
And play the mothers part kisse me, be kind.
So will I pray that thou mai'ft haue thy Will,
If thou turne back and my loude crying still.

144

Wo loues I haue of comfort and dispaire,
Which like two spirits do fugieth me still,
The better angell is a man right faire:
The worser spirit a woman collour'd il.
To win me soone to hell my femall euill,

Tempteth
Sonnets.

Tempteth my better angel from my sight,
And would corrupt my faint to be a diuel:
Wooing his purity with her fowle pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd finde,
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell,
But being both from me both to each friend,
I geffe one angel in an others hel.
Yet this shal I nere know but liue in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

145

Tho' lips that Loues owne hand did make,
Breath'd forth the sound that said I hate,
To me that languisht for her sake:
But when she saw my wofull state,
Straight in her heart did mercie come,
Chiding that tongue that euer sweet,
Was vide in giuing gentle dome:
And tought it thus a new to greete:
I hate she alterd with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day,
Doth follow night who like a fiend
From heaven to hell is flowne away.
I hate, from hate away she threw,
And fau'd my life faying not you.

146

Poure soule the center of my sinfull earth,
My sinfull earth these rebell powres that thee array,
Why doft thou pine within and suffer dearth
Painting thy outward walls so costlie gay?
Why so large cost hauing so short a leafe,
Doft thou vpon thy fading manfion spend?
Shall wormes inheritors of this excesse
Eate vp thy charge? is this thy bodies end?
Then soule liue thou vpon thy servants lose,
And let that pine to aggrauat thy flore;
Buy tearmes divine in felling houres of droffe:

Within
Within be fed, without be rich no more,
So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men.
And death once dead, ther's no more dying then.

147

My loue is as a feauer longing still,
For that which longer nurseth the disease,
Feeding on that which doth preferue the ill,
Th' vncertaine sicklie appetite to please:
My reason the Phisition to my loue,
Angry that his precriptions are not kept
Hath left me, and I desperate now approoue,
Desire is death, which Phisick did except.
Past cure I am, now Reason is past care,
And frantick madde with euer-more vnreft,
My thoughts and my discourse as mad mens are,
At random from the truth vainely exprest.
For I haue sworne thee faire, and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as darke as night.

148

O Me! what eyes hath loue put in my head,
Which have no correspondent with true light,
Or if they haue, where is my judgment fled,
That cenfures falsely what they see aright?
If that be faire whereon my false eyes dote,
What meanes the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then loue doth well denote,
Loues eye is not so true as all mens: no,
How can it? O how can loues eyes be true,
That is so vext with watching and with teares?
No maruaile then though I mistake my view,
The sunne it selfe sees not, till heauen cleeres.
O cunning loue, with teares thou keepst me blinde,
Least eyes well seeing thy soule faults should finde.

149

Anst thou O cruell, say I loue thee not,
When I against my selfe with thee pertake:
Doe
Sonnets.

Doe I not thinke on thee when I forgot
Am of my selfe, all tirant for thy sake?
Who hateth thee that I doe call my friend,
On whom froun’ft thou that I doe faune vpon,
Nay if thou lowrft on me doe I not fpend
Reuenge vpon my selfe with present mone?
What merrit do I in my selfe respect,
That is fo proude thy fervice to dispife,
When all my beft doth worship thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes.
   But loue hate on for now I know thy minde,
   Tho’fe that can fee thou lou’ft, and I am blind.

150

Oh from what powre haft thou this powrefull might,
   VVith insufficiency my heart to fway,
To make me giue the lie to my true sight,
And fwere that brightneffe doth not grace the day?
Whence haft thou this becomming of things il,
   That in the very refuse of thy deeds,
There is fuch strength and warrantife of skill,
   That in my minde thy worft all beft exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me loue thee more,
The more I heare and fee iuft cause of hate,
Oh though I loue what others doe abhor,
   VVith others thou fhouldft not abhor my state.
   If thy vnworthinesse raid loue in me,
   More worthy I to be belou’d of thee.

151

Oue is too young to know what conscience is,
   Yet who knowes not conscience is borne of loue,
Then gentle cheater vrgé not my amiffe,
   Least guilty of my faults thy sweet selfe proue.
For thou betraying me, I doe betray
My nobler part to my grofe bodies treafon,
My foule doth tell my body that he may,
   Triumph in loue, fleshe ftaies no farther reafon.

   But
Shakespeare

But rysing at thy name doth point out thee,
As his triumphant prize, proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poore drudge to be
To stand in thy affaires, fall by thy side.
No want of conscience hold it that I call,
Her loue, for whose deare loue I rife and fall.

152

IN louing thee thou know'ft I am forsworne,
But thou art twice forsworne to me loue swearing;
In act thy bed-vow broake and new faith torne,
In vowing new hate after new loue bearing:
But why of two othes breach doe I accuse thee,
When I breake twenty : I am periu'd most,
For all my vowes are othes but to misuse thee:
And all my honest faith in thee is loft.
For I haue sworne deepe othes of thy deepe kindnesse:
Othes of thy loue, thy truth, thy constancie,
And to inlighten thee gauie eyes to blindness,
Or made them swere against the thing they see.
For I haue sworne thee faire: more periurde eye,
To swere against the truth so foule a lie.

153

Vpid laid by his brand and fell a sleepe,
A maide of Dyans this aduantage found,
And his loue-kindling fire did quickly steepe
In a could vallie-fountaine of that ground:
Which borrowd from this holie fire of loue,
A datelesse liuely heat still to endure,
And grew a seething bath which yet men proue,
Against strang malladies a foueraigne cure:
But at my mistres eie loues brand new fired,
The boy for triall needes would touch my brest,
I fick withall the helpe of bath desird,
And thether hied a sad distemperd guest.
But found no cure, the bath for my helpe lies,
Where Cupid got new fire; my mistres eye.
Sonnets.

154

The little Loue-God lying once a sleepe,
Laid by his side his heart inflaming brand,
Whilst many Nymphes that vou'd chaft life to keep,
Came tripping by, but in her maiden hand,
The fayrefl votary tooke vp that fire,
Which many Legions of true hearts had warm'd,
And so the Generall of hot desire,
Was sleepeing by a Virgin hand disarm'd.
This brand she quenched in a coole Well by,
Which from loues fire tooke heat perpetuall,
Growing a bath and healthfull remedy,
For men diseafl, but I my Misfriffe thrall,
Came there for cure and this by that I proue,
Loues fire heates water, water coules not loue.

FINIS.
A Louers complaint.

BY

William Shake-speare.

From off a hill whose concave wombe reworded,
A plaintfull story from a stifring vale
My spirrits t'attend this duble voyce accorded,
And downe I laid to lift the sad tun'd tale,
Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale
Tearing of papers breaking rings a twaine,
Storming her world with forrowes, wind and raine.

Vpon her head a plattid hiue of straw,
Which fortified her visage from the Sunne,
Whereon the thought might thinke sometime it saw
The carkas of a beauty spent and done,
Time had not fithed all that youth begun,
Nor youth all quit, but spight of heavens fell rage,
Some beauty peept, through letticce of fear'd age.

Oft did she heave her Napkin to her eyne,
Which on it had conceited charecters:
Laundring the silken figures in the brine,
That seafoned woe had pelleted in teares,
And often reading what contents it beares;
As often shriking vn distinguisht wo,
In clamours of all fize both high and low.

Some-times her leueld eyes their carriage ride,
As they did batty to the sphers intend:
Sometime diuerted their poore balls are tide,
To th'orbed earth; sometimes they do extend,
Their view right on, anon their gafes lend,

To
Complaint

To every place at once and nowhere fixt,
The mind and fight distractedly commixit.

Her hair nor loose nor tied in formall plat,
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride;
For some untuck'd descended her sheu'd hat,
Hanging her pale and pined cheeke beside,
Some in her threeDEN fillet still did bide,
And tew to bondage would not break from thence,
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a maund she drew,
Of amber chriftall and of bedded Jet,
Which one by one she in a river threw,
Upon whose weeping margin she was set,
Like very applying wet to wet,
Or Monarches hands that lets not bounty fall,
Where want cries some; but where excess begs all.

Of folded schedulls had she many a one,
Which she perused, sigh'd, tore and gave the flux,
Crackt many a ring of Posied gold and bone,
Bidding them find their Sepulchers in mud,
Found yet more letters sadly pend in blood,
With fleaded filke, feate and affectedly
Enswath'd and seald to curious secrecy.

These often bath'd she in her fluxiue eies,
And often kiss, and often gave to teare,
Cried O false blood thou register of lies,
What unapprov'd witnes dost thou bear?
Inke would have seem'd more blacke and damned heare!
This said in top of rage the lines she rents,
Big discontent, so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that graz'd his cattell ny,

K 2

Some-
A Lovers

Sometime a blunterer that the ruffle knew
Of Court of Cittie, and had let go by
The swiftest hours observed as they flew,
Towards this afflicted fancy faintly drew:
And priviledg'd by age desires to know
In briefe the grounds and motives of her wo.

So slides he downe vpon his greyned bat;
And comely distant fits he by her side,
When hee againe desires her, being fatte,
Her greeuance with his hearing to deuide.
If that from him there may be ought applied
Which may her suffering extasie affwage
Tis promiift in the charitie of age.

Father she faies, though in mee you behold
The injury of many a blasting houre;
Let it not tell your judgement I am old,
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power;
I might as yet haue bene a spreading flower
Fresh to my selfe, if I had selfe applyed
Loue to my selfe, and to no Loue beside.

But woe is mee, too early I attended
A youthfull suit it was to gaine my grace;
O one by natures outwards so commended,
That maidens eyes flucke over all his face,
Loue lackt a dwelling and made him her place.
And when in his faire parts shee didde abide,
Shee was new lodg'd and newly Deified.

His browny locks did hang in crooked curles,
And every light occasion of the wind
Vpon his lippes their filken parcel hurles,
Whats sweet to do, to do wil aptly find,
Each eye that saw him did inchaunt the minde:

For
Complaint.

For on his visage was in little drawne,
What largeness thinkes in paradysse was sawne.

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

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

Wel could hee ride, and often men would say
That horse his mettell from his rider takes
Proud of subiection, noble by the swaie,(makes
What rounds, what bounds, what course what stop he
And controverfie hence a question takes,
Whether the horse by him became his deed,
Or he his mannad'g, by'th wel doing Steed.

But quickly on this side the verdict went,
His reall habitude gaue life and grace
To appertainings and to ornament,
Accomplisht in him-selfe not in his cafe:
All ayds them-selues made faire by their place,
Can for additions, yet their purpof'd trimme
Peec'd not his grace but were al grac'd by him.

So on the tip of his subduing tongue
A Lovers

All kinde of arguments and queftion deepe,  
Al replication prompt, and reafon strong  
For his advauntage still did wake and fleep,  
To make the weeper laugh, the laughter weepe:  
He had the dialect and different skil,  
Catching al passions in his craft of will.

That hee didde in the general bosome raigne  
Of young, of old, and sexes both incant,  
To dwel with him in thoughts, or to remaine  
In perfonal duty, following where he haunted,  
Conffent's bewitcht, ere he desire hace granted,  
And dialogu'd for him what he would fay,  
Askt their own wils and made their wils obey.

Many there were that did his picture gette  
To ferve their eies, and in it put their mind,  
Like fooles that in th' imagination set  
The goodly obiects which abroad they find  
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought affign'd,  
And labouring in moe pleafures to beftow them,  
Then the true gouty Land-lord which doth owe them.

So many haue that never toucht his hand  
Sweetly fuppof'd them mistrefle of his heart:  
My wooffull felfe that did in freedome ftand,  
And was my owne fee fimple (not in part)  
What with his art in youth and youth in art  
Threw my affeotions in his charmed power,  
Referu'd the ftalke and gaue him al my flower.

Yet did I not as some my equals did  
Demaund of him, nor being defired yeelded.  
Finding my felfe in honour fo forbidde,  
With fafeft diftance I mine honour fheelded,  
Experience for me many bulwarkes builded

Of
Complaint.

Of proofs new bleeding which remaind the foile
Of this falfe Iewell, and his amorous spoile.

But ah who euer shun'd by precedent,
The deffin'd ill she muft her selfe aussy,
Or fore'd examples gainst her owne content
To put the by-paft perrils in her way?
Counfaile may flop a while what will not stay:
For when we rage, aduise is often seene
By blunting vs to make our wits more keene.

Nor giues it satisfaction to our blood,
That wee muft curbe it vppon others profe,
To be forbod the sweets that seemes so good,
For feare of harms that preach in our behoofe;
O appetite from judgement stand aloofe!
The one a pallate hath that needs will taffe,
Though reason wepe and cry it is thy laft.

For further I could say this mans vntrue,
And knew the patternes of his foule beguiling,
Heard where his plants in others Orchards grew,
Saw how deceits were guilded in his smiling,
Knew vowes, were euer brokers to defiling,
Thought Charaetrs and words meerly but art,
And baftards of his foule adulterat heart.

And long vpon these termes I held my Citty,
Till thus hee gan besiege me: Gentle maid
Haue of my suffering youth some feeling pitty
And be not of my holy vowes affraid,
Thats to ye sworne to none was euer said,
For feafts of loue I haue bene call'd vnto
Till now did nere inuite nor neuer vovv.

All my offences that abroad you see

K 4

Are
A Lovers

Are errors of the blood none of the mind:
Loue made them not, with a ture they may be,
Where neither Party is nor trew nor kind,
They fought their shame that so their shame did find,
And so much less of shame in me remains,
By how much of me their reproch containes,

Among the many that mine eyes have seen,
Not one whose flame my heart so much as warmed,
Or my affection put to th, smallest teene,
Or any of my leisures euer Charmed,
Harme have I done to them but nere was harmed,
Kept hearts in liueries, but mine owne was free,
And reignd commaunding in his monarchy.

Looke heare what tributes wounded fancies sent me,
Of palyd pearles and rubies red as blood:
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me
Of greefe and blusses, aptly vnderstood
In bloodlesse white, and the encrimson'd mood,
Effects of terror and deare modesty,
Encampt in hearts but fighting outwardly.

And Lo behold these talents of their heir,
With twisted mettle amorously empleacht
I haue receau'd from many a feueral faire,
Their kind acceptance, weepingly beseecht,
With th'annexions of faire gems inricht,
And deepe brain'd sonnets that did amplifie

The Diamond why twas beautifull and hard,
Where to his inuis'd properties did tend,
The deepe greene Emerald in whose freth regard,
Weake fights their sickly radience do amend.
The heauen hewd Saphir and the Opall blend

With
Complaint.

With objects manyfold; each feueral stone,
With wit well blazond smil'd or made some mone.

Lo all these trophies of affections hot,
Of pensiu'd and subdew'd desires the tender,
Nature hath charg'd me that I hoord them not,
But yeeld them vp where I my selfe must render:
That is to you my origin and ender:
For these of force must your oblations be,
Since I their Aulter you en patrone me.

Oh then aduance (of yours) that phraseles hand,
Whose white weighs downe the airy scale of praife,
Take all these similies to your owne command,
Hollowed with sifges that burning lunges did raife:
What me your minister for you obaies
Workes vnder you, and to your audit comes
Their distract parcells, in combined summes.

Lo this deuice was sent me from a Nun,
Or Sifter sanctified of holiest note,
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,
Whose rarest hauings made the blossoms dote,
For she was sought by spirits of ritchest cote,
But kept cold distance, and did thence remoue,
To spend her liuing in eternall loue.

But oh my sweet what labour ist to leaue,
The thing we haue not, mastring what not striuies,
Playing the Place which did no forme receiue,
Playing patient sports in vnconstraind giues,
She that her fame so to her selfe contriues,
The scarres of battaile scapeth by the flight,
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

Oh pardon me that in my boaft is true,
A Lovers

The accident which brought me to her eie,
Vpon the moment did her force subdewne,
And now she would the caged cloister flie:
Religious loue put out religions eye:
Not to be tempted would she be enur'd,
And now to tempt all liberty procure.

How mightie then you are, Oh heare me tell,
The broken bosoms that to me belong,
Haue emptied all their fountaines in my well:
And mine I powre your Ocean all amonge:
I strong ore them and you ore me being strong,
Must for your victorie vs all congeft,
As compound loue to phisick your cold breft.

My parts had powre to charm a sacred Sunne,
Who disciplin'd I dieted in grace,
Beleeu'd her eies, when they t'assaile begun,
All vowes and consecrations giuing place:
O moft potentiall loue, vowe, bond, nor space
In thee hath neither fling, knot, nor confine
For thou art all and all things els art thine.

When thou impresseft what are precepts worth
Of ftale example? when thou wilt inflame,
How coldly those impediments stand forth
Of wealth of filliall feare, lawe, kindred fame,
(Shame Loues armes are peace, gainst rule, gainst fence, gainst
And sweetens in the suffring pangues it beares,
The Alloes of all forces, shockes and feares.

Now all these hearts that doe on mine depend,
Feeling it breake, with bleeding groanes they pine,
And supplicant their sighes to you extend
To leaue the battrie that you make gainst mine,
Lending soft audience, to my sweet designe,

And
Complaint.

And credent foule, to that strong bonded oth,  
That shall preferre and undertake my troth.

This said, his watrie eies he did dismount,  
Whose fightes till then were leaueld on my face,  
Each cheeke a riuier running from a fount,  
With brynifh currant downe-ward flowed a pace:  
Oh how the channell to the streame gaue grace!  
Who glaz'd with Chriftall gate the glowing Roses,  
That flame through water which their hew inclofes,

Oh father, what a hell of witch-craft lies,  
In the small orb of one perticular teare?  
But with the invndation of the eies:  
What rocky heart to water will not weare?  
What breft fo cold that is not warmed heare,  
Or cleft efect, cold modefty hot wrath:  
Both fire from hence, and chill extincture hath.

For loe his passion but an art of craft,  
Euen there refolu'd my reafon into teares,  
There my white stole of chastity I daft,  
Shooke off my sober gardes, and ciuill feares,  
Appeare to him as he to me appeares:  
All melting, though our drops this difference bore,  
His poifon'd me, and mine did him restore.

In him a plenitude of subtle matter,  
Applied to Cautills, all straing formes receiues,  
Of burning blufhes, or of weeping water,  
Or founding paleneffe: and he takes and leaues,  
In eithers aptneffe as it beft deceiues:  
To blufh at speeches ranck, to weepe at woes  
Or to turne white and found at tragick showes.

That not a heart which in his leuell came,  
Could
The Lovers

Could scape the haile of his all hurting ayme,
Shewing faire Nature is both kinde and tame:
And vaild in them did winne whom he would maime,
Against the thing he fought, he would exclaime,
When he most burnt in hart-wifht luxurie,
He preacht pure maide, and praifd cold chaftitie.

Thus meerely with the garment of a grace,
The naked and concealed feind he couer'd,
That th'v useNewUrlParser gaue the tempter place,
Which like a Cherubin aboue them houerd,
Who young and fimple would not be fo louerd.
Aye me I fell, and yet do question make,
What I should doe againe for such a fake.

O that infected moyfture of his eye,
O that false fire which in his cheeke so glowd:
O that forc'd thunder from his heart did flye,
O that sad breath his spungie lungs bestowed,
O all that borrowed motion seeming owed,
Would yet againe betray the fore-betrayed,
And new peruer't a reconciled Maide.

FINIS.