

PAMPHILIA TO AMPHILANTHUS

{PART ONE}

I.

When nights black mantle could most darknes prove,
 And sleepe deaths Image did my senses hire
 From knowledg of my self, then thoughts did move
 Swifter then those most swiftnes need require:

In sleepe, a Chariot drawne by wing'd desire
 I sawe: wher sate bright Venus Queene of love,
 And att her feete her sonne, still adding fire
 To burning hearts which she did hold above,

Butt one hart flaming more then all the rest
 The goddess held, and putt itt to my brest,¹
 Deare sonne, now shutt sayd she: thus must wee winn;

Hee her obey'd, and martir'd my poore hart,
 I, waking hop'd as dreames itt would depart
 Yett since: O mee: a lover I have binn.

2.

Deare eyes how well (indeed) you doe adorne
 That blessed sphaere, which gazing soules hold deere:
 The loved place of sought for triumphs neere:
 The court of glory, wher Loves force was borne:

How may they terme you Aprills sweetest morne
 When pleasing looks from those bright lights apeere:
 A sun-shine day; from clouds, and mists still cleere
 Kind nursing fires for wishes yett unborne!

Two starrs of Heaven, sent downe to grace the Earthe,
 Plac'd in that throne which gives all joyes theyr birthe;
 Shining, and burning; pleasing yett theyr charmes;

Which wounding, even in hurts are deem'd delights,
 Soe pleasant is ther force! Soe great theyr mights
 As, happy, they can triumph in theyr harmes.

3.

Yett is ther hope: Then Love butt play thy part
 Remember well thy self, and think on mee;
 Shine in those eyes which conquer'd have my hart;
 And see if mine bee slack to answere thee:

Lodg in that brest, and pittie moving see
 For flames which in mine burne in truest smart
 Exiling thoughts that touch inconstancie,
 Or those which waste nott in the constant art,

Watch butt my sleepe, if I take any rest
 For thought of you, my spiritt soe distrest
 As pale, and famish'd, I, for mercy cry;

Will you your servant leave? Think butt on this;
 Who weares loves crowne, must nott doe soe amiss,
 Butt seeke theyr good, who on thy force doe lye.

4.

Forbeare darke night, my joyes now budd againe,
 Lately growne dead, while cold aspects, did chill
 The roote at heart, and my chiefe hope quite kill,
 And thunders strooke me in my pleasures waine.

Then I alas with bitter sobs, and paine,
 Privately groan'd, my Fortunes present ill;
 All light of comfort dimb'd, woes in prides fill,
 With strange encrease of grieffe, I griev'd in vaine,

10

And most, when as a memory to good
 Molested me, which still as witnes stood,
 Of those best dayes, in former time I knew:

Late gone as wonders past, like the great Snow,²
 Melted and wasted, with what, change must know:
 Now backe the life comes where as once it grew.

5.

Can pleasing sight, misfortune ever bring?
 Can firme desire a painefull torment try?
 Can winning eyes prove to the hart a sting?
 Or can sweet lips in treason hidden ly?

The Sun most pleasing blinds the strongest eye
 If too much look'd on, breaking the sights string;³
 Desires still crost, must unto mischief hie,
 And as dispaire, a luckles chance may fling.

10

Eyes, having wunn, rejecting proves a sting
 Killing the bud befor the tree doth spring;
 Sweet lips nott loving doe as poyson prove:

Desire, sight, Eyes, lips, seeke, see, prove, and find
 You love may winn, butt curses if unkind:
 Then show you harnes dislike, and joye in Love.

6.

Ô strive nott still to heape disdain on mee
 Nor pleasure take your cruelty to show
 On haples mee, on whom all sorrowes flow,
 And byding make: as given, and lost by thee,

Alas; ev'ne grieffe is growne to pittie mee;
 Scorne cries out 'gainst itt self such ill to show,
 And would give place for joyes delights to flow;
 Yett wretched I, all torturs beare from thee,

10

Long have I suffer'd, and esteem'd itt deere
 Since such thy will; yett grew my paine more neere:
 Wish you my end? say soe, you shall itt have;

² The first decade of the seventeenth century was marked by unusually cold weather in England. See Thomas Dekker, *The Great Frost: Cold Doings in London* (1608) and a fictional elaboration in Virginia Woolf's *Orlando*.

³ The invisible beam of light that some Renaissance thinkers believed to be projected by the eye onto objects of sight.

For all the depth of my hart-held dispaire
 Is that for you I feele nott death for care;
 Butt now I'le seeke itt, since you will nott save.

Song. 1

The spring now come att last
 To trees, fields, to flowers,
 And medowes makes to tast
 His pride, while sad showers
 Which from mine eyes do flow
 Makes knowne with cruell paines
 Colde winter yett remaines
 Noe signe of spring wee know.

10 The Sunn which to the Earth
 Gives heate, light, and pleasure,
 Joyes in spring, hateth dearth,
 Plenty makes his treasure.
 His heat to mee is colde,
 His light all darknes is
 Since I am bar'd of bliss
 I heate nor light beeholde.

20 A sheapherdes thus sayd
 Who was with griefe oprest
 For truest love beetraid
 Bard her from quiett rest
 And weeping thus sayd she
 My end aprocheth neere
 Now willow must I weare
 My fortune soe will bee.

30 With branches of this tree
 I'le dress my haples head
 Which shall my wittnes bee
 My hopes in love ar dead;
 My clothes imbroder'd all
 Shall bee with Gyrlands round
 Some scater'd, others bound
 Some ti'de, some like to fall.

40 The barck my booke shall bee
 Wher dayly I will wright
 This tale of haples mee
 True slave to fortunes spight;
 The roote shall bee my bed
 Wher nightly I will lye,
 Wayling inconstancy
 Since all true love is dead.

And thes lines I will leave
 If some such lover come
 Who may them right conseave,
 And place them on my tombe:
 She who still constant lov'd
 Now dead with cruell care
 Kil'd with unkind dispaire,
 And change, her end heere prov'd.

7.

Love leave to urge, thou know'st thou hast the hand;
 'Tis cowardise, to strive wher none resist:
 Pray thee leave off, I yeeld unto thy band;
 Doe nott thus, still, in thine owne powre persist,

Beehold I yeeld: lett forces bee dismiss;
 I ame thy subject, conquer'd, bound to stand,
 Never thy foe, butt did thy claime assist
 Seeking thy due of those who did withstand;

10

Butt now, itt seemes, thou would'st I should thee love;
 I doe confess, t'was thy will made mee chuse;
 And thy faire showes made mee a lover prove
 When I my freedome did, for paine refuse.

Yett this Sir God, your boyship I dispise;
 Your charmes I obey, butt love nott want of eyes.

8.

Led by the powre of grieffe, to waylings brought
 By faulce consiete of change fall'ne on my part,
 I seeke for some smale ease by lines, which bought
 Increase the paine; grieffe is nott cur'd by art:

Ah! how unkindnes moves within the hart
 Which still is true, and free from changing thought:
 What unknowne woe itt breeds; what endles smart
 With ceasles teares which causelessly ar wrought.

10

Itt makes mee now to shunn all shining light,
 And seeke for blackest clouds mee light to give,

Which to all others, only darknes drive,
 They on mee shine, for sunn disdaines my sight.

Yett though I darke do live I triumph may;
 Unkindnes, nor this wrong shall love allay.

9.

Bee you all pleas'd? your pleasures grieve nott mee:
 Doe you delight? I envy nott your joy:
 Have you content? contentment with you bee:
 Hope you for bliss? hope still, and still injoye:

Lett sad misfortune, haples mee destroy.
 Leave crosses to rule mee, and still rule free,
 While all delights theyr contrairies imploy
 To keepe good back, and I butt torments see,

10

Joyes are beereav'd, harmes doe only tarry;
 Dispaire takes place, disdaine hath gott the hand;
 Yett firme love holds my sences in such band
 As since dispis'ed, I with sorrow marry;

Then if with grieffe I now must coupled bee
 Sorrow I'le wed: Dispaire thus governs mee.

10.

The weary traveller who tired sought
 In places distant farr, yett found noe end
 Of paine, or labour, nor his state to mend,
 Att last with joy is to his home back brought;

Finds nott more ease, though hee with joy bee fraught;
 When past is feare, content like soules assend;
 Then I, on whom new pleasures doe dessend
 Which now as high as first borne bliss is wrought;

Hee tired with his paines, I, with my mind;
 Hee all content receaves by ease of limms;
 I, greatest hapines that I doe find
 Beeleefe for fayth, while hope in pleasure swimms;

Truth saith t'was wrong conseite bred my despite
 Which once acknowledg'd, brings my harts delight.

I I.

You endless torments that my rest oppress
 How long will you delight in my sad paine?
 Will never love your favour more express?
 Shall I still live, and ever feele disdaine?

Alass now stay, and lett my grieffe obtaine
 Some end; feede nott my hart with sharpe distress:
 Lett mee once see my cruell fortunes gaine
 Att least release, and long felt woes redress;

Lett nott the blame of cruelty disgrace
 The honor'd title of your Godhed, Love:
 Give nott just cause for mee to say a place
 Is found for rage alone on mee to move;

O quickly end, and doe nott long debate
 My needfull ayde, least help do come too late.

I 2.

Cloy'd with the torments of a tedious night
 I wish for day; which come, I hope for joy:
 When cross I finde new tortures to destroy
 My woe-kil'd hart, first hurt by mischiefs might,

Then cry for night, and once mote day takes flight
 And brightnes gon; what rest should heere enjoy
 Usurped is; hate will her force imploy;
 Night can nott grieffe intombe though black as spite.

My thoughts are sad; her face as sad doth seeme:
 My paines are long; Her houers taedious are:
 My grieffe is great, and endles is my care:
 Her face, her force, and all of woes esteeme:

Then wellcome Night, and farwell flattring day
 Which all hopes breed, and yett our joyes delay.

Song. 2.

All night I weepe, all day I cry, Ay mee;
 I still doe wish though yett deny, Ay mee;
 I sigh, I mourne, I say that still
 I only ame the store for ill, Ay mee;

In coldest hopes I freeze, yett burne Ay mee;
 From flames I strive to fly, yett turne Ay mee;
 From grieffe I haste butt sorrowes hy,
 And on my hart all woes doe ly Ay mee;

10 From contraries I seeke to runn Ay mee;
 Butt contraries I can nott shunn Ay mee;
 For they delight theyr force to try,
 And to despaire my thoughts doe ty Ay mee;

Whether (alass) then shall I goe Ay mee;
 When as dispaire all hopes outgoe Ay mee;
 Iff to the Forest, Cupid hyes,
 And my poore soule to his lawe ties Ay me;

To the Court? O no. Hee crys fy Ay mee;
 Ther no true love you shall espy Ay mee;
 Leave that place to faulscst lovers
 20 Your true love all truth discovers Ay mee;

Then quiett rest, and noe more prove Ay mee;
 All places ar alike to love Ay mee;
 And constant bee in this beegunn
 Yett say, till lyfe with love be dunn Ay mee.

13.

Deare fammish nott what you your self gave food;
 Destroy nott what your glory is to save;
 Kill nott that soule to which you spiritt gave;
 In pittie, nott disdaine your triumph stood;

An easy thing itt is to shed the blood
 Of one, who att your will, yeelds to the grave;
 Butt more you may true worthe by mercy crave
 When you preserve, nott spoyle, butt nurrish good;

10 Your sight is all the food I doe desire;
 Then sacrifices mee nott in hidden fire,
 Or stop the breath which did your prayes move:

Think butt how easy t'is a sight to give;
 Nay ev'n deserte; since by itt I doe live,
 I butt Camaelion-like would live, and love.⁴

14.

Am I thus conquer'd? have I lost the powers
 That to withstand, which joy's to ruin mee?
 Must I bee still while itt my strength devowres
 And captive leads mee prisoner, bound, unfree?

Love first shall leave mens phant'sies to them free,
 Desire shall quench loves flames, spring hate sweet showres,
 Love shall loose all his darts, have sight, and see
 His shame, and wishings hinder happy howres;

10 Why should wee nott loves purblind charmes resist?
 Must wee bee servile, doing what hee list?
 Noe, seeke some hoste to harbour thee: I fly

Thy babish trickes, and freedome doe profess;
 Butt Ô my hurt, makes my lost hart confess
 I love, and must: So farwell liberty.

⁴ Because it can live for long periods without food, the chameleon was thought by Pliny, Erasmus, and other authorities to live on air.

15.

Truly poore Night thou wellcome art to mee:
 I love thee better in this sad attire
 Then that which raiseth some mens phant'sies higher
 Like painted outsids which foule inward bee;

I love thy grave, and saddest lookes to see,
 Which seems my soule, and dying hart intire,
 Like to the ashes of some happy fire
 That flam'd in joy, butt quench'd in miserie:

I love thy count'nance, and thy sober pace
 Which evenly goes, and as of loving grace
 To uss, and mee among the rest oprest

Gives quiet, peace to my poore self alone,
 And freely grants day leave when thou art gone
 To give cleere light to see all ill redrest.

16.

Sleepe fy possess mee nott, nor doe nott fright
 Mee with thy heavy, and thy deathlike might
 For counterfetring's vilder then deaths sight,
 And such deluding more my thoughts doe spite.

Thou suffrest fauldest shapes my soule t'affright
 Some times in liknes of a hopefull spright,
 And oft times like my love as in dispite
 Joying thou canst with mallice kill delight,

When I (a poore foole made by thee) think joy
 Doth flow, when thy fond shadows doe destroy
 My that while senceles self, left free to thee,

Butt now doe well, lett mee for ever sleepe,
 And soe for ever that deare Image keepe,
 Or still wake, that my senses may bee free.

17.

Sweet shades why doe you seeke to give delight
 To mee who deeme delight in this vilde place
 Butt torment, sorrow, and mine owne disgrace
 To taste of joy, or your vaine pleasing sight;

Show them your pleasures who saw never night
 Of griefe, wher joyings fauning, smiling face
 Appeers as day, wher griefe found never space
 Yett for a sigh, a grone, or envies spite;

Butt O on mee a world of woes doe ly,
 Or els on mee all harmes strive to rely,
 And to attend like servants bound to mee,

Heat in desire, while frosts of care I prove,
 Wanting my love, yett surfett doe with love
 Burne, and yett freeze, better in hell to bee.

18.

Which should I better like of, day, or night
 Since all the day I live in bitter woe
 Injoying light more cleere my wrongs to know,
 And yett most sad, feeling in itt all spire;

In night, when darknes doth forbid all light
 Yett see I grieffe apart to the show
 Follow'd by jealousie whose fond tricks flow,
 And on unconstant waves of doubt allight,

10

I can beehold rage cowardly to feede
 Upon foule error which thes humours breed
 Shame, doubt, and feare, yett boldly will think ill,

All those in both I feele, then which is best
 Darke to joy by day, light in night oprest
 Leave both, and end, thes butt each other spill.

Song. 3.

Stay, my thoughts, do nott aspire
 To vaine hopes of high desire:
 See you nott all meanes bereft
 To injoye? noe joye is left;
 Yett still mee thinks my thoughts doe say
 Some hopes do live amid dismay;

10

Hope, then once more hope for joy;
 Bury feare which joyes destroy;
 Thought hath yett some comfort giv'ne
 Which dispaire hath from us drivn;
 Therfor deerly my thoughts cherish
 Never lett such thinking perish;

'Tis an idle thing to plaine
 Odder farr to dy for paine,
 Thinke, and see how thoughts do rise
 Winning wher ther noe hope lies:
 Which alone is lovers treasure
 For by thoughts wee love doe measure:

20

Then kinde thought my phant'sie guide
 Lett mee never haples slide;
 Still maintaine thy force in mee,
 Lett mee thinking still bee free:
 Nor leave thy might untill my death
 Butt lett mee thinking yeeld up breath.

19.

Come darkest night, beecoming sorrow best;
 Light; leave thy light; fitt for a lightsome soule;
 Darknes doth truly sute with mee oprest
 Whom absence power doth from mirthe controle:

The very trees with hanging heads condole
 Sweet sommers parting, and of leaves distrest
 In dying coulers make a grieffe-full role;
 Soe much (alas) to sorrow are they prest.

10

Thus of dead leaves her farewell carpett's made:
 Theyr fall, theyr branches, all theyr mournings prove;
 With leavles, naked bodies, whose huese vade
 From hopefull greene, to wither in theyr love,

If trees, and leaves for absence, mourners bee
 Noe mervaile that I grieve, who like want see.

decay

20.

The Sunn which glads, the earth att his bright sight
 When in the morne hee shows his golden face,
 And takes the place from taedious drowsy night
 Making the world still happy in his grace;

Shewes hapines remains nott in one place,
 Nor may the heavens alone to us give light,
 Butt hide that cheerfull face, though noe long space,
 Yett long enough for triall of their might;

Butt never sunn-sett could bee soe obscure
 No desart ever had a shade soe sadd,
 Nor could black darknes ever prove soe badd
 As paines which absence makes mee now indure;

The missing of the sunn awhile makes night
 Butt absence of my joy sees never Light.

21.

When last I saw thee, I did nott thee see,
 Itt was thine Image, which in my thoughts lay
 Soe lively figur'd, as noe times delay
 Could suffer mee in hart to parted bee;

And sleepe soe favorable is to mee,
 As nott to lett thy lov'd remembrance stray,
 Least that I waking might have cause to say
 Ther was one minute found to forgett thee;

Then since my faith is such, soe kind my sleepe
 That gladly thee presents into my thought:
 And still true lover like thy face doth keepe
 Soe as some pleasure shadowe-like is wrought.

Pitty my loving, nay of consience give
 Reward to mee in whom thy self doth live.

22.

Like to the Indians, scorched with the sunne,
 The sunn which they doe as theyr God adore
 Soe ame I us'd by love, for ever more
 I worship him, less favors have I wunn,

Better are they who thus to blacknes runn,⁵
 And soe can only whitenes want deplore
 Then I who pale, and white ame with griefs store,
 Nor can have hope, butt to see hopes undunn;

Beesids theyr sacrifices receavd's in sight
 Of theyr chose sainte: Mine hid as worthles rite;
 Grant mee to see wher I my offrings give,

Then lett mee weare the marke of Cupids might
 In hart as they in skin of Phoebus light
 Nott ceasing offrings to love while I Live.

23.

When every one to pleasing pastime hies
 Some hunt, some hauke, some play, while some delight

⁵ Possibly an allusion to Jonson's *Masque of Blackness* (1606) in which Lady Mary had participated.

In sweet discourse, and musique shoves joys might
Yett I my thoughts doe farr above thes prise.

The joy which I take, is that free from eyes
I sitt, and wunder att this daylike night
Soe to dispose them-selves, as voyd of right;
And leave true pleasure for poore vanities;

10

When others hunt, my thoughts I have in chase;
If hauke, my minde att wished end doth fly,
Discourse, I with my spiritt tauke, and cry
While others, musique choose as greatestt grace.

O God, say I, can thes fond pleasures move?
Or musique bee butt in sweet thoughts of love?

24.

Once did I heere an aged father say
Unto his sonn who with attention hears
What age, and wise experience ever clears
From doubts of feare, or reason to betray,

My Sonn sayd hee, beehold thy father, gray,
I once had as thou hast, fresh tender years,
And like thee sported, destitute of feares
Butt my young faults made mee too soone decay,

10

Love once I did, and like thee fear'd my love,
Led by the hatefull thread of Jelousy,
Striving to keepe, I lost my liberty,
And gain'd my grieft which still my sorrowes move,

In time shunn this; To love is noe offence
Butt doubt in youth, in age breeds penitence.

Song. 4.

Sweetest love returne againe
Make nott too long stay:
Killing mirthe, and forcing paine
Sorrow leading way:
Lett us nott thus parted bee
Love, and absence ne're agree;

10

Butt since you must needs depart,
And mee haples leave,
In your journey take my hart
Which will nott deseave
Yours itt is, to you itt flies
Joying in those loved eyes,

Soe in part, wee shall nott part
Though wee absent bee;
Time, nor place, nor greatestt smart
Shall my bands make free
Ty'de I ame, yett thinke itt gaine;
In such knotts I feele noe paine.

20
 Butt can I live having lost
 Chiefest part of mee
 Hart is fled, and sight is crost
 These my fortunes bee
 Yett deere hart goe, soone returne
 As good there, as heere to burne.

25.

Poore eyes bee blind, the light behold noe more
 Since that is gon which is your deere delight
 Ravish'd from you by greater powre, and might
 Making your loss a gaine to others store,

Oreflowe, and drowne, till sight to you restore
 That blessed star, and as in hatefull spite
 Send forth your teares in flouds, to kill all sight,
 And looks, that lost, wherin you joy'd before.

10
 Bury thes beames, which in some kindled fires,
 And conquer'd have theyr love-burnt-harts desires
 Loosing, and yett noe gaine by you esteem'd,

Till that bright starr doe once againe apeere
 Brighter then Mars when hee doth shine most cleere
 See nott: then by his might bee you redeem'd.

26.

Deare cherish this, and with itt my soules will,
 Nor for itt rann away doe itt abuse,
 Alas itt left poore mee your brest to chuse
 As the blest shrine wher itt would harbour still;

Then favor shew, and nott unkindly kill
 The hart which fled to you, butt doe excuse
 That which for better, did the wurse refuse,
 And pleas'd I'le bee, though hartles my lyfe spill,

10
 Butt if you will bee kind, and just indeed,
 Send mee your hart which in mines place shall feed
 On faithfull love to your devotion bound;

Ther shall itt see the sacrifices made
 Of pure, and spottles love which shall nott vade
 While soule, and body are together found.

27.

Fy tedious Hope, why doe you still rebell?
 Is itt nott yett enough you flatterd mee?
 Butt cunningly you seeke to use a spell
 How to betray, must thes your trophies bee?

I look'd from you farr sweeter fruite to see
 Butt blasted were your blossoms when they fell,
 And those delights expected from hands free
 Wither'd, and dead, and what seem'd bliss proves Hell.

10
 Noe towne was wunn by a more plotted slight
 Then I by you, who may my fortune write
 In embers of that fire which ruind mee,

Thus Hope, your faulshood calls you to bee tride
 You're loth I see the triall to abide;
 Prove true att last, and gaine your liberty.

28.

Griefe, killing griefe: have nott my torments binn
 Allreddy great, and strong enough: butt still
 Thou dost increase, nay glory in mine ill,
 And woes new past affresh new woes beeginn!

Am I the only purchase thou canst winn?
 Was I ordain'd to give dispaire her fill
 Or fittest I should mounte misfortunes hill
 Who in the plaine of joy can-nott live in?

10

If itt bee soe: Griefe come as wellcome ghest
 Since I must suffer, for an others rest:
 Yett this good griefe, lett mee intreat of thee,

Use still thy force, butt nott from those I love
 Lett mee all paines, and lasting torments prove
 Soe I miss thes, lay all thy waits on mee.

29.

Fly hence O! joy noe longer heere abide
 Too great thy pleasures ar for my dispaire
 To looke on, losses now must prove my fare
 Who nott long since, on better foode relide;

Butt foole, how oft had I heavns changing spide
 Beefore of mine owne fate I could have care,
 Yett now past time, I can too late beeware
 When nothing's left butt sorrowes faster tyde;

10

While I injoy'd that sunn whose sight did lend
 Mee joy, I thought, that day, could have noe end
 Butt soone a night came cloth'd in absence darke,

Absence more sad, more bitter then is gall
 Or death, when on true lovers itt dorch fall
 Whose fires of love, disdaine rests poorer sparke.

30.

You blessed shades, which give mee silent rest,
 Wittnes butt this when death hath clos'd mine eyes,
 And separated mee from earthly ties,
 Beeing from hence to higher place adrest;

How oft in you I have laine heere oprest,
 And have my miseris in woefull cries
 Deliver'd forth, mounting up to the skies
 Yett helpes back returnd to wound my brest,

10

Which wounds did butt strive how, to breed more harme
 To mee, who, can bee cur'de by noe one charme
 Butt that of love, which yett may mee releeve;

If nott, lett death my former paines redeeme,
 My trusty freinds, my faith untouch'd esteeme
 And wittnes I could love, who soe could greeve.

Song. 5.

Time only cause of my unrest
 By whom I hop'd once to bee blest
 How cruell art thou turned?
 That first gav'st lyfe unto my love,
 And still a pleasure nott to move
 Or change though ever burned;

Have I thee slack'd, or left undun
 One loving rite, and soe have wunn
 Thy rage or bitter changing?
 That now noe minutes I shall see,
 Wherin I may least happy bee
 Thy favors soe estranging.

Blame thy self, and nott my folly,
 Time gave time butt to bee holly;
 True love such ends best loveth,
 Unworthy love doth seeke for ends
 A worthy love butt worth pretends
 Nor other thoughts itt proveth:

Then stay thy swiftnes cruell time,
 And lett mee once more blessed clime
 To joy, that I may prayse thee:

Lett mee pleasure sweetly tasting
 Joy in love, and faith nott wasting
 And on fames wings I'le rayse thee:

Never shall thy glory dying
 Bee untill thine owne untying
 That time noe longer liveth;
 T'is a gaine such tyme to lend:
 Since soe thy fame shall never end
 Butt joy for what she giveth.

31.

After long trouble in a taedious way
 Of loves unrest, lay'd downe to ease my paine
 Hoping for rest, new torments I did gaine
 Possessing mee as if I ought t'obay:

When Fortune came, though blinded, yett did stay,
 And in her blesse'd armes did mee inchaine:
 I, colde with grieffe, thought noe warmth to obtaine
 Or to dissolve that ice of joyes decay;

Till, 'rise sayd she, Reward to thee doth send
 By mee the servante of true lovers, joy:
 Bannish all cloudes of doubt, all feares destroy,
 And now on fortune, and on Love depend.

I, her obay'd, and rising felt that love
 Indeed was best, when I did least itt move.

32.

How fast thou fliest, O Time, on loves swift wings
 To hopes of joy, that flatters our desire
 Which to a lover, still, contentment brings!
 Yett, when wee should injoy thou dost retire,

Thou stay'st thy pace faulse time from our desire,
 When to our ill thou hast'st with Eagles wings.
 Slowe, only to make us see thy retire
 Was for dispayre, and harme, which sorrowe brings;

10

O! slacke thy pase, and milder pass to love;
 Bee like the Bee, whose wings she doth butt use
 To bring home profit, masters good to prove
 Laden, and weary, yett againe pursues,

Soe lade thy self with honnye of sweet joye,
 And doe nott mee the Hive of love destroy.

33.

How many eyes poore Love hast thou to guard
 Thee, from thy most desired wish, and end?
 Is itt because some say thou'art blind, that bard
 From sight, thou should'st noe hapines attend?

Who blame thee soe, smale justice can pretend
 Since 'twixt thee, and the sunn noe question hard
 Can bee, his sight butt outward, thou canst bend
 The hart, and guide itt freely; thus unbard

10

Art thou, while wee both blind, and bold oft dare
 Accuse thee of the harmes, our selves should find
 Who led with folly, and by rashnes blind
 Thy sacred powre, doe with a childs compare.

Yett Love this boldnes pardon: for admire
 Thee sure wee must, or bee borne without fire.

34.

Take heed mine eyes, how you your lookes doe cast
 Least they beetray my harts most secrett thought;
 Bee true unto your selves for nothings bought
 More deere then doubt which brings a lovers fast.

Catch you all waching eyes, ere they bee past,
 Or take yours fixt wher your best love hath sought
 The pride of your desires; lett them bee taught
 Their faults for shame, they could noe truer last;

10

Then looke, and looke with joye for conquest wunn
 Of those that search'd your hurt in double kinde;
 Soe you kept safe, lett them themselves looke blinde
 Watch, gaze, and marke till they to madnes runn,

While you, mine eyes injoye full sight of love
 Contented that such hapinesses move.

35.

Faulce hope which feeds butt to destroy, and spill
 What itt first breeds; unaturall to the birth
 Of thine owne wombe; conceaving butt to kill,
 And plenty gives to make the greater dearth,

Soe Tirants doe who faulsly ruling earth
 Outwardly grace them, and with profitts fill
 Advance those who appointed are to death
 To make theyr greater falle to please theyr will.

Thus shadow they theyr wicked vile intent
 Coulering evill with a show of good
 While in faire showes theyr malice soe is spent;
 Hope kills the hart, and tirants shed the blood.

For hope deluding brings us to the pride
 Of our desires the farder downe to slide.

36.

How well poore hart thou wittnes canst I love,
 How oft my grieffe hath made thee shed for teares
 Drops of thy deerest blood, and how oft feares
 Borne testimony of the paines I prove,

What torments hast thou sufferd while above
 Joy, thou tortur'd wert with racks which longing beares
 Pinch'd with desires which yett butt wishing reares
 Firme in my faith, in constancy to move,

Yett is itt sayd that sure love can nott bee
 Wher soe small showe of passion is descried,
 When thy chiefe paine is that I must itt hide
 From all save only one who showld itt see.

For know more passion in my hart doth move
 Then in a million that make show of love.

Song. 6.

You happy blessed eyes,
 Which in that ruling place
 Have force both to delight, and to disgrace,
 Whose light allures, and ties
 All harts to your command
 O! looke on mee, who doe att mercy stand:

T'is you that rule my lyfe
 T'is you my comforts give;
 Then lett nott scorne to mee my ending drive,
 Nor lett the frownes of stryfe
 Have might to hurt those lights
 Which while they shine they are true loves delights;

See butt, when Night appears,
 And Sunn hath lost his force
 How his loss doth all joye from us divorce;

And when hee shines, and cleares
The heav'ns from clouds of night
How happy then is made our gazing sight,

20 Butt more then Sunns faire light
Your beames doe seeme to mee,
Whose sweetest lookes doe tye and yett make free;
Why should you then soe spite
Poore mee as to destroy
The only pleasure that I taste of joye?

30 Shine then, O dearest lights
With favor, and with love,
And lett noe cause, your cause of frownings move
Butt as the soules delights
Soe bless my then-bless'd eyes
Which unto you theyr true affection tyes.

Then shall the Sunn give place
As to your greater might,
Yeelding that you doe show more perfect light,
O, then, butt grant this grace
Unto your love-tied slave
To shine on mee, who to you all fayth gave;

40 And when you please to frowne
Use your most killing eyes
On them, who in untruth and faulcehood lyes;
Butt (deare) on mee cast downe
Sweet lookes for true desire
That bannish doe all thoughts of fayned fire.

37.

Night, welcome art thou to my mind destrest
Darke, heavy, sad, yett nott more sad then I
Never could'st thou find fitter company
For thine owne humor then I thus oprest.

If thou beest dark, my wrongs still unredrest
Saw never light, nor smalest bliss can spy;
If heavy, joy from mee too fast doth hy
And care outgoes my hope of quiett rest,

10 Then now in freindship joine with haples mee,
Who ame as sad, and dark as thou cansr bee
Hating all pleasure, or delight of lyfe;

Silence, and grieffe, with thee I best doe love
And from you three, I know I can nott move,
Then lett us live companions without strife.

38.

What pleasure can a bannish'd creature have
In all the pastimes that invented arr
By witt or learning, absence making warr
Against all peace that may a biding crave;

Can wee delight butt in a wellcome grave
 Wher wee may bury paines, and soe bee farr
 From lothed company who allways jarr
 Upon the string of mirthe that pastime gave;

10 The knowing part of joye is deem'd the hart;
 If that bee gon, what joy can joy impart
 When senceless is the feeler of our mirthe;

Noe, I ame bannish'd, and no good shall find
 Butt all my fortunes must with mischief bind
 Who butt for miserie did gaine a birth.

39.

Iff I were giv'n to mirthe 't'would bee more cross
 Thus to bee robbed of my chiefest joy;
 Butt silently I beare my greatest loss
 Who's us'd to sorrow, grieffe will nott destroy;

Nor can I as those pleasant witts injoy
 My owne fram'd words, which I account the dross
 Of purer thoughts, or reckon them as moss
 While they (witt sick) them selves to breath imploy,

10 Alas, think I, your plenty shewes your want,
 For wher most feeling is, words are more scant,
 Yett pardon mee, Live, and your pleasure take,

Grudg nott, if I neglected, envy show
 'Tis nott to you that I dislike doe owe
 Butt crost my self, wish some like mee to make.

40.

Itt is nott love which you poore fooles do deeme
 That doth apeare by fond, and outward showes
 Of kissing, toying, or by swearings glose,
 O noe thes are farr off from loves esteeme;

conceal

Alas they ar nott such that can redeeme
 Love lost, or wining keepe those chosen blowes
 Though oft with face, and lookes love overthrowse
 Yett soe slight conquest doth nott him beeseeme,

10 'Tis nott a showe of sighes, or teares can prove
 Who loves indeed which blasts of fained love
 Increase, or dy as favors from them slide;

Butt in the soule true love in safety lies
 Guarded by faith which to desart still hies,
 And yett kinde lookes doe many blessings hide.

41.

You blessed starrs which doe heavns glory show,
 And att your brightnes makes our eyes admire
 Yett envy nott though I on earth beelow
 Injoy a sight which moves in mee more fire;

I doe confess such beauty breeds desire,
 You shine, and cleerest light on us beestow,
 Yett doth a sight on earth more warmth inspire
 Into my loving soule, his grace to knowe;

10

Cleere, bright, and shining as you are, is this
 Light of my joye, fixt stedfast nor will move
 His light from mee, nor I chang from his love,
 Butt still increase as th'eith of all my bliss.

the height

His sight gives lyfe unto my love-rulde eyes
 My love content beecause in his, love lies.

42.

If ever love had force in humaine brest?
 If ever hee could move in pensive hart?
 Or if that hee such powre could butt impart
 To breed those flames whose heat brings joys unrest.

Then looke on mee; I ame to thes adrest,
 I, ame the soule that feeles the greatest smart;
 I, ame that hartles trunk of harts depart
 And I, that one, by love, and grieffe oprest;

10

Non ever felt the truth of loves great miss
 Of eyes, till I deprived was of bliss;
 For had hee seene, hee must have pittie show'd;

I should nott have bin made this stage of woe
 Wher sad disasters have theyr open showe
 O noe, more pittie hee had sure beestow'd.

Song. 7.

Sorrow, I yeeld, and greive that I did miss:
 Will nott thy rage bee satisfied with this?
 As sad a Divell as thee,
 Made mee unhapy bee.

Wilt thou nott yett consent to leave, butt still
 Strive how to showe thy cursed, devilsh skill;

10

I mourne, and dying am; what would you more?
 My soule attends, to leave this cursed shore
 Wher harmes doe only flow
 Which teach mee butt to know
 The sadest howres of my lives unrest,
 And tired minutes with griefs hand oprest:

Yett all this will nott pacefy thy spite;
 No, nothing can bring ease butt my last night.
 Then quickly lett itt bee
 While I unhapy see

That time, soe sparing to grant lovers bliss
 Will see for time lost, ther shall noe grief miss,

20

Nor lett mee ever cease from lasting grieffe,
 Butt endless lett itt bee without reliefe:

To winn againe of love,
 The favor I did prove;
 And with my end please him; since dying I
 Have him offended, yett unwillingly.

43.

O dearest eyes the lights, and guides of love,
 The joyes of Cupid who himself borne blind
 To your bright shining doth his triumphs bind
 For in your seeing doth his glory move;

How happy are those places wher you prove
 Your heavnly beames which makes the sunn to find
 Envy, and grudging hee soe long hath shind
 For your cleer lights, to mach his beames above.

Butt now, Alas, your sight is heere forbid
 And darknes must thes poore lost roomes possess
 Soe bee all blessed lights from henceforth hid
 That this black deed of darknes have excess,

For why showld heaven afford least light to those
 Who for my misery such darcknes chose.

44.

How fast thou hast'st (O spring) with sweetest speed
 To catch thy waters which befor are runn,
 And of the greater rivers wellcom wunn,
 Ere thes thy new borne streames thes places feed,

Yett you doe well least staying heere might breed
 Dangerous fluds your sweetest banks t'orerunn,
 And yett much better my distress to shunn
 Which makes my teares your swiftest course succeed,

Butt best you doe when with soe hasty flight,
 You fly my ills which now my self outgoe,
 Whose broken hart can testify such woe,
 That soe o'recharg'd my lyfe blood wasteth quite.

Sweet spring then keepe your way, bee never spent
 And my ill days, or griefs assunder rent.

45.

Good now bee still, and doe nott mee torment
 With multitudes of questions, bee att rest,
 And only lett mee quarrell with my brest
 Which still letts in new stormes my soule to rent:

Fy, will you still my mischiefs more augment?
 You say I answere cross, I that confest
 Long since, yett must I ever bee oprest
 With your toungue torture which will ne're bee spent?

Well then I see noe way butt this will fright
 That Divell speach; Alas I ame possesst,
 And mad folks senceles ar of wisdomes right,

The hellish speritt absence doth arest
 All my poore senses to his cruell might,
 Spare mee then till I ame my self, and blest.

46.

Love, thou hast all, for now thou hast mee made
 Soe thine, as if for thee I were ordain'd;
 Then take thy conquest, nor lett mee bee pain'd
 More in thy sunn, when I doe seeke thy shade,

Noe place for help have I left to invade,
 That show'de a face wher least ease might bee gain'd;
 Yett found I paine increase, and butt obtain'd
 That this noe way was to have love allayd,

10

When hott and thirsty to a well I came
 Trusting by that to quench part of my flame.
 Butt ther I was by love afresh imbrac'd;

Drinke I could nott, butt in itt I did see
 My self a living glass as well as shee
 For love to see him self in truly plac'd.

47.

O stay mine eyes, shed nott thes fruitles teares
 Since hope is past to winn you back againe
 That treasure which beeing lost breeds all your paine,
 Cease from this poore betraying of your feares,

Think this too childish is, for wher griefe reares
 Soe high a powre, for such a wreched gaine;
 Sighs, nor laments should thus bee spent in vaine:
 True sorrow, never outward wayling beares;

10

Bee rul'd by mee, keepe all the rest in store,
 Till noe roome is that may containe one more,
 Then in that sea of teares, drowne haples mee,

And I'le provide such store of sighs as part
 Shalbee enough to breake the strongest hart,
 This dunn, wee shall from torments freed bee.

48.

How like a fire doth love increase in mee,
 The longer that itt lasts, the stronger still,
 The greater purer, brighter, and doth fill
 Not eye with wunder more, then hopes still bee

Bred in my brest, when fires of love are free
 To use that part to theyr best pleasing will,
 And now impossible itt is to kill
 The heat soe great wher Love his strength doth see.

10

Mine eyes can scarce sustaine the flames my hart
 Doth trust in them my passions to impart,
 And languishingly strive to show my love;

My breath nott able is to breathe least part
 Of that increasing fuell of my smart;
 Yett love I will till I butt ashes prove.

Pamphilia.

[FROM] THE COUNTESS OF MONTGOMERY'S URANIA

(PAMPHILIA'S SOLITARY WALKS)

Here was a fine grove of Bushes, their roots made rich with the sweetest flowres for smell, and colour. There a Plaine, here a Wood, fine hills to behold, as placed, that her sight need not, for natural content, stray further then due bounds. At their bottomes delicate Valleyes, adorn'd with severall delightfull objects. But what were all these to a loving heart? Alas, meerey occasions to increase sorrow, Love being so cruell, as to turne pleasures in this nature, to the contrary course, making the knowledge of their delights, but serve to set forth the perfecter mourning, tryumphing in such glory, where his power rules, not onely over mindes, but on the best of mindes: and this felt the perplexed Pamphilia, who with a Booke in her hand, not that shee troubled it with reading, but for a colour of her solitarinesse, shee walked beholding these pleasures, till griefe brought this Issue.

Seeing this place delicate without, as shee was faire, and darke within as her sorrowes, shee went into the thickest part of it, being such, as if Phoebus durst not there shew his face, for feare of offending the sadd Princess; but a little glimmeringly, as desirous to see, and fearing to bee seene, stole heere, and there a little sight of that all-deserving Lady, whose beames sometimes ambitiously touching her, did seeme as if he shin'd on purest gold, whose brightnesse did strive with him, and so did her excellencie encounter his raies: The tops of the trees joyning so close, as if in love with each other, could not but affectionatly embrace. The ground in this place, where shee stayed was plaine, covered with greene grasse, which being low and thicke, looked as if of purpose it had bene covered with a greene Velvet Carpet, to entertaine this melancholy Lady, for her the softer to tread, loth to hurt her feet, lest that might make her leave it; this care prov'd so happy, as heere shee tooke what delight it was possible for her to take in such kinde of pleasures: walking up and downe a pretty space, blaming her fortune, but more accusing her love, who had the heart to grieve her, while shee might more justly have chid her selfe, whose feare had forc'd her to too curious a secrecie: Cupid, in her, onely seeking to conquer, but not respecting his victory so farre, as to allow so much favour, as to helpe the vanquished, or rather his power being onely able to extend to her yeelding, but not to master her spirit.

Oft would shee blame his cruelty, but that againe shee would salve with his being ignorant of her paine: then justly accuse her selfe, who in so long time, and many yeares could not make him discerne her affections, (though not by words plainly spoken;) but soone was that thought recalled, and blamed with the greatest condemnation, acknowledging her losse in this kinde to proceed from vertue. Then shee considered, hee lov'd another, this put her beyond all patience, wishing her sudden end, cursing her dayes, fortune, and affection, which cast her upon this rocke of mischief. Oft would shee wish her dead, or her beauty marr'd, but that she recall'd againe; loving so much, as yet in pittie shee would not wish what might trouble him, but rather continued according to her owne wish; complaining, fearing, and loving the most distressed, secret, and constant Lover that ever Venus, or her blind Sonne bestowed a wound or dart upon.

In this estate shee stayed a while in the wood, gathering sometimes flowres which there grew; the names of which began with the letters of his name, and so placing them about her.

"Well Pamphilia," said she, "for all these disorderly passions, keepe still thy soule from thought of change, and if thou blame any thing, let it be absence, since his presence will give thee againe thy fill of delight. And yet what torment will that prove, when I shall with him see his hopes, his joyes, and content come from another? O Love, O froward fortune, which of you two should I most curse? You are both cruell to me, but both alas are blinde, and therefore let me rather hate my selfe

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