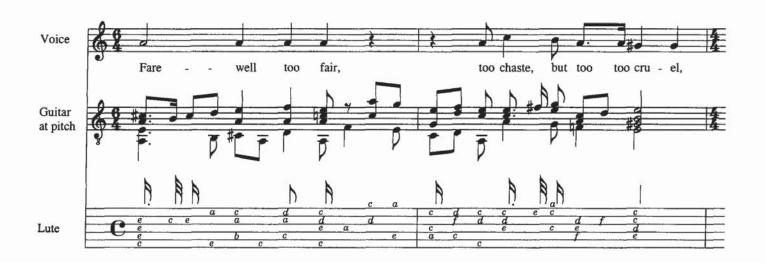
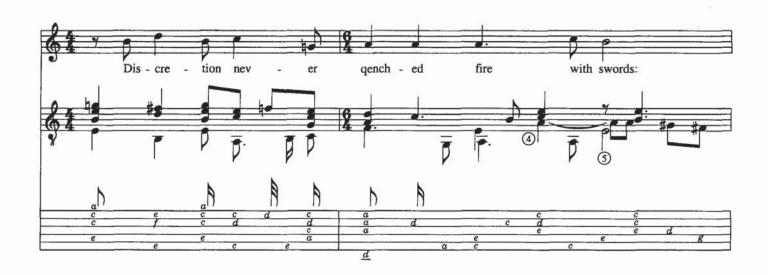
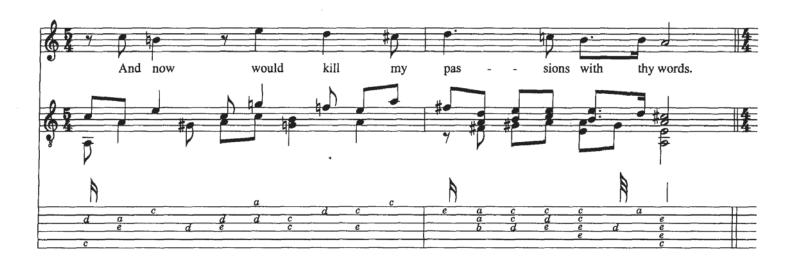
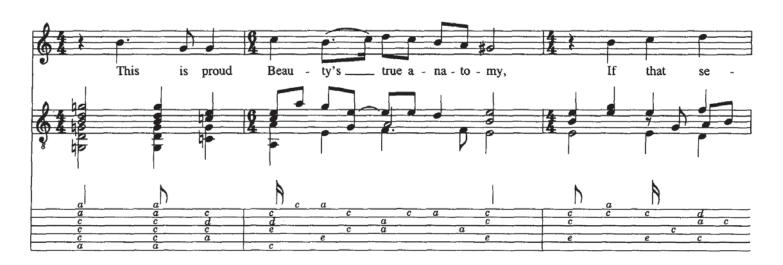
I. Farewell too fair









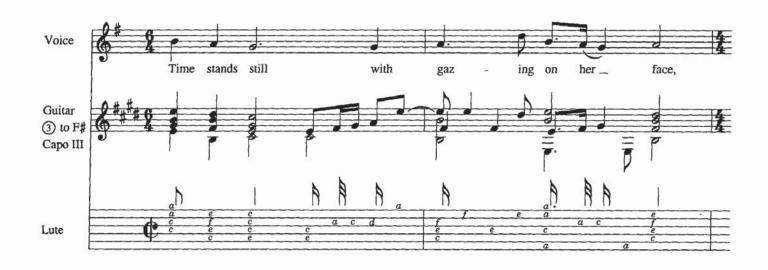




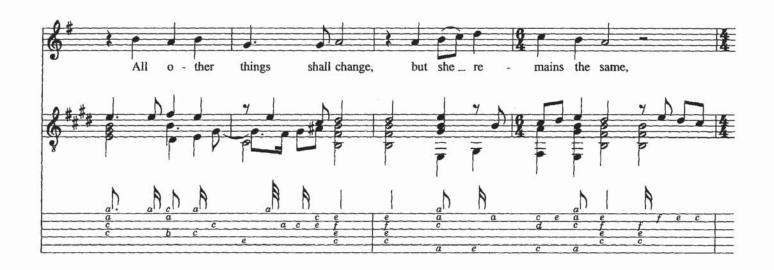
Farewell too fair, too chaste, but too too cruel,
Discretion never quenched fire with swords:
Why hast thou made my heart thine anger's fuel,
And now would kill my passions with thy words.
This is proud Beauty's true anatomy,
If that secure severe in secrecy,
Farewell, farewell.

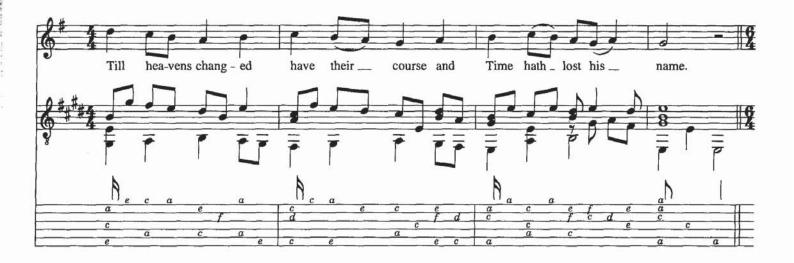
Farewell, too dear, and too too much desired,
Unless Compassion dwelt more near thy heart:
Love by Neglect (though constant) oft is tired,
And forc'd from Bliss unwillingly to part.
This is proud Beauty's true anatomy,
If that secure severe in secrecy,
Farewell, farewell.

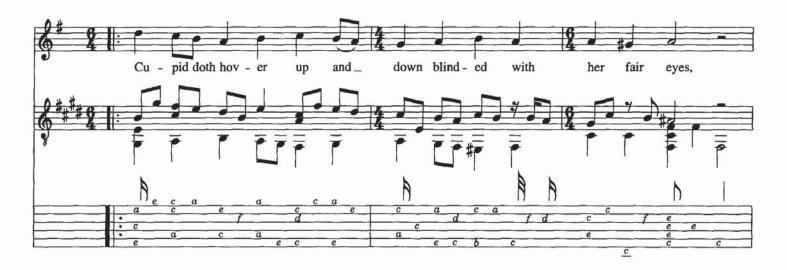
II. Time stands still













Time stands still with gazing on her face,

Stand still and gaze, for minutes, hours and years, to give her place:

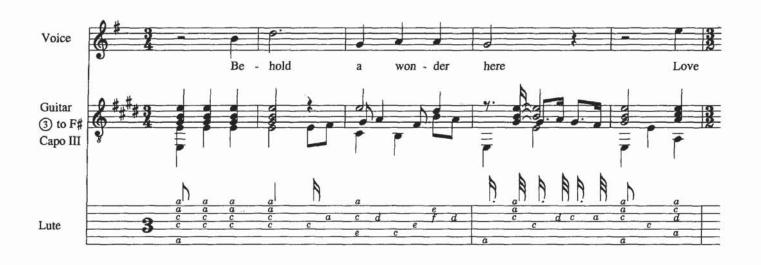
All other things shall change, but she remains the same.

Till heavens changed have their course and Time hath lost his name. Cupid doth hover up and down blinded with her fair eyes,

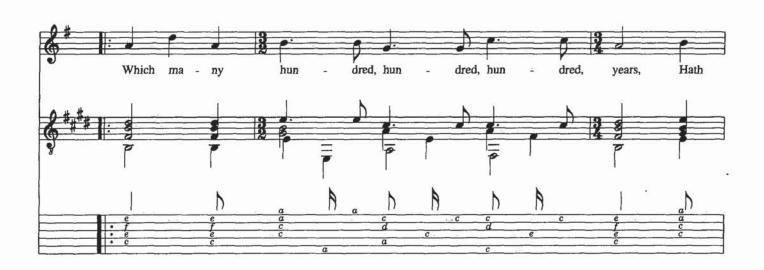
And Fortune captive at her feet contemn'd and conquer'd lies.

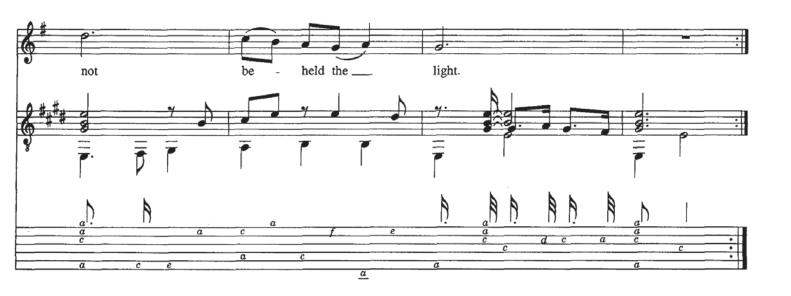
When Fortune, Love and Time attend on
Her with my fortunes, love, and time, I honor will alone,
If bloodless Envy say, Duty hath no desert,
Duty replies that Envy knows herself his faithful heart,
My settled vows and spotless faith no fortune can remove,
Courage shall show my inward faith, and faith shall try my love.

III. Behold a wonder here









I
Behold a wonder here
Love hath reciev'd his sight,
Which many hundred years,
Hath not beheld the light.

2
Such beams infused be
By Cynthia in his eyes,
As first have made him see,
And then have made him wise.

This Beauty shows her might,
To be of double kind,
In giving Love his sight
And striking Folly blind.

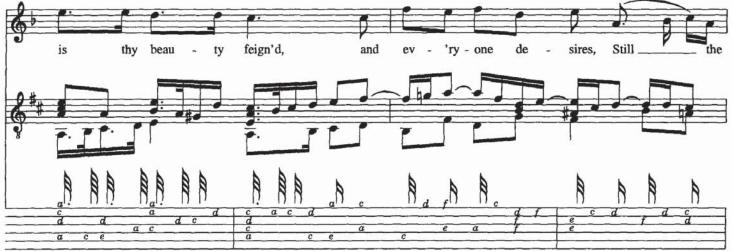
Love now no more will weep
For them that laugh the while,
Nor wake for them that sleep,
Nor sigh for them that smile.

So pow'rful is the beauty
That Love doth now behold,
As love is turn'd to duty,
That's neither blind nor bold.

5

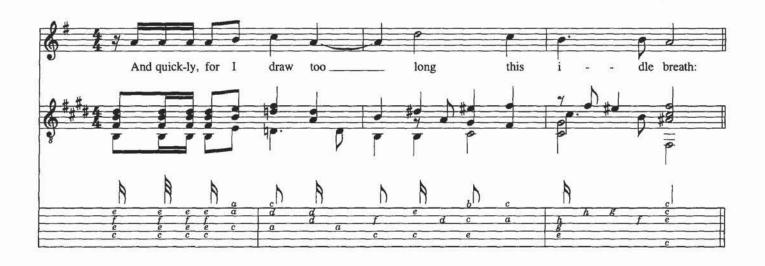
IV. Daphne was not so chaste

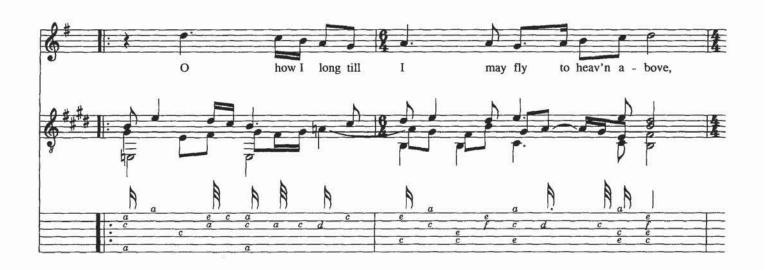


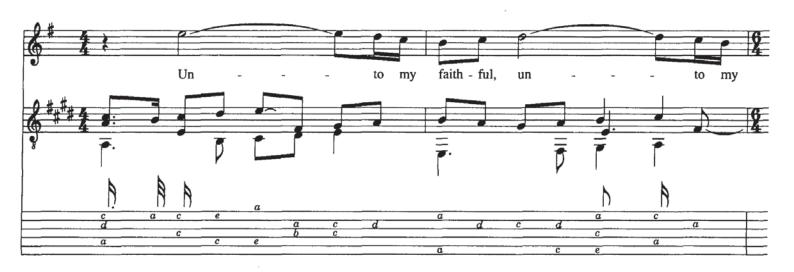


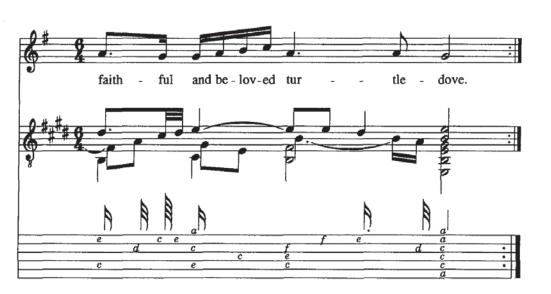
V. Me, me, and none but me











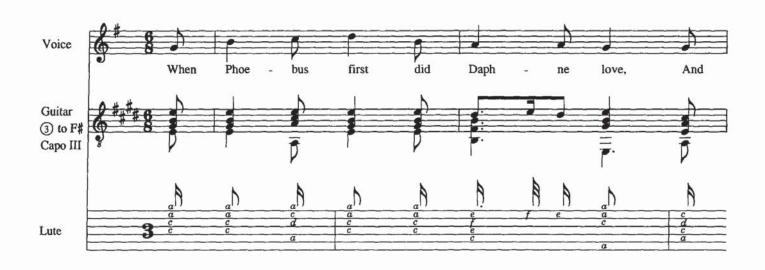
1

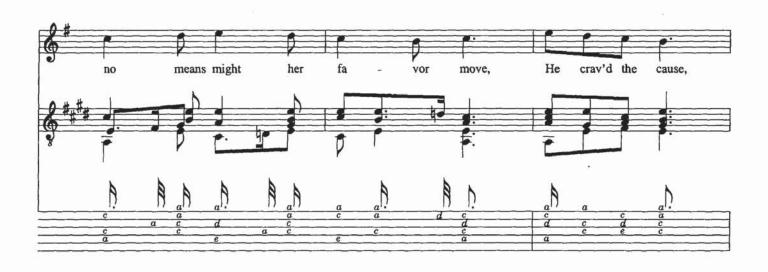
Me, me, and none but me, dart home O gentle Death
And quickly, for I draw too long this idle breath:
O how I long till I may fly to heav'n above,
Unto my faithful and beloved turtle dove.

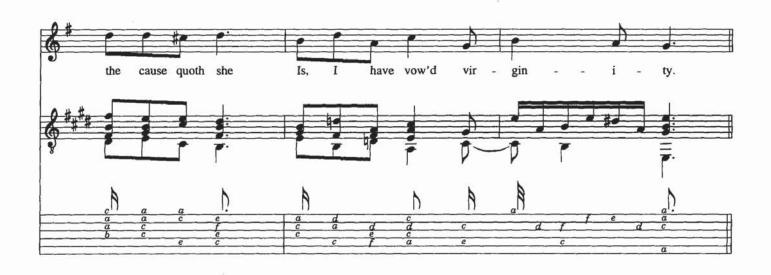
2

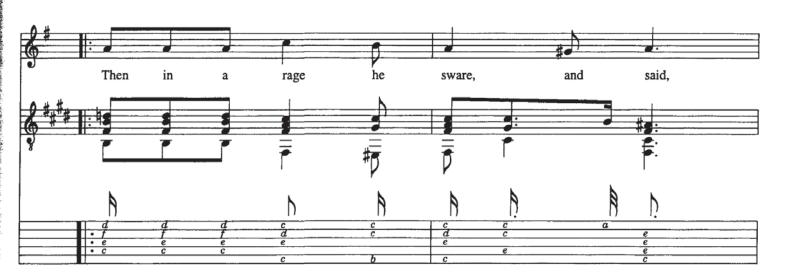
Like to the silver swan, before my death I sing:
And yet alive my fatal knell I help to ring.
Still I desire from earth and earthly joys to fly,
He never happy liv'd, that cannot love to die.

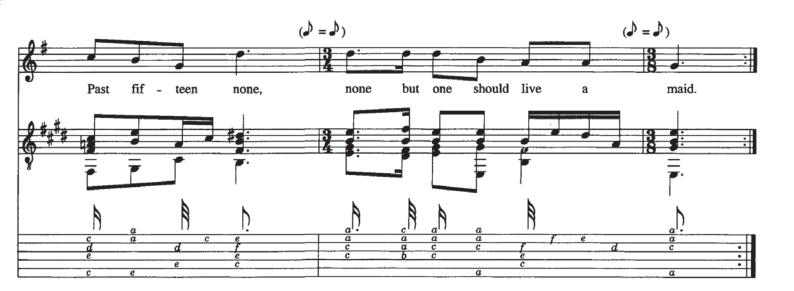
VI. When Phoebus first did Daphne love











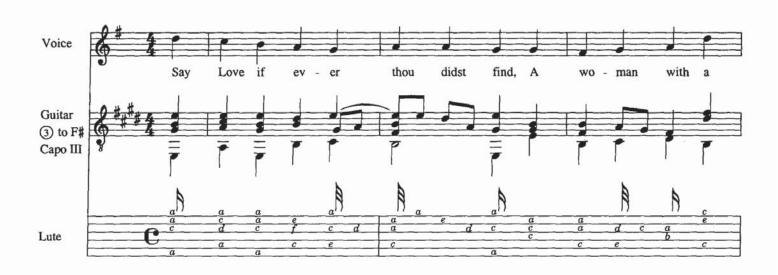
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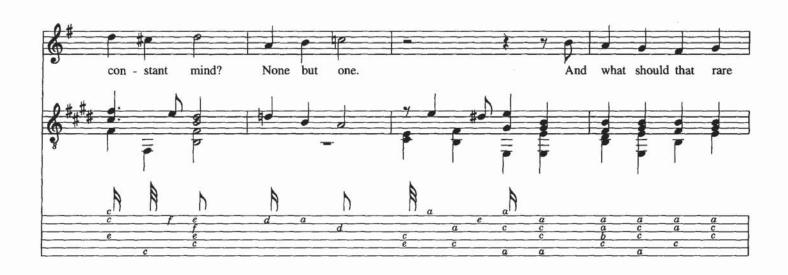
When Phoebus first did Daphne love,
And no means might her favor move,
He crav'd the cause, the cause quoth she
Is, I have vow'd virginity.
Then in a rage he sware, and said,
Past fifteen none, none but one should live a maid.

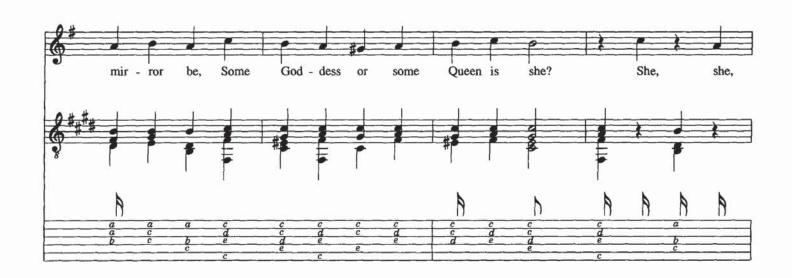
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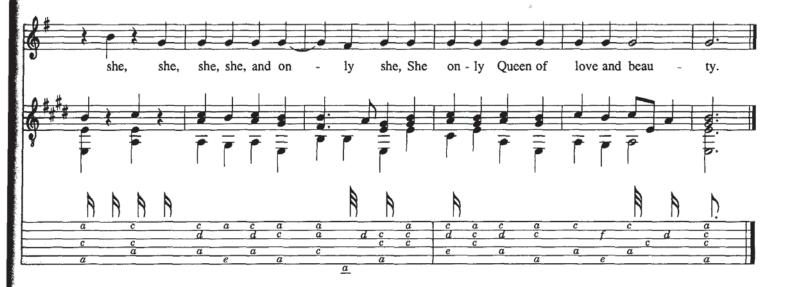
If maidens then shall chance be sped Ere they can scarcely dress their head, Yet pardon them, for they be loath To make good Phoebus break his oath. And better 'twere a child were born, Than that a god should be foresworn.

VII. Say Love if ever thou didst find









1

Say Love if ever thou didst find,
A woman with a constant mind?
None but one.
And what should that rare mirror be,
Some Goddess or some Queen is she?
She, she, she, and only she,
She only Queen of love and beauty.

2

But could thy fiery poisnon'd dart
At no time touch her spotless heart,
Nor come near
She is not subject to Love's bow,
Her eye commands, her heart saith no,
No, no, no, and only no,
One no another still doth follow.

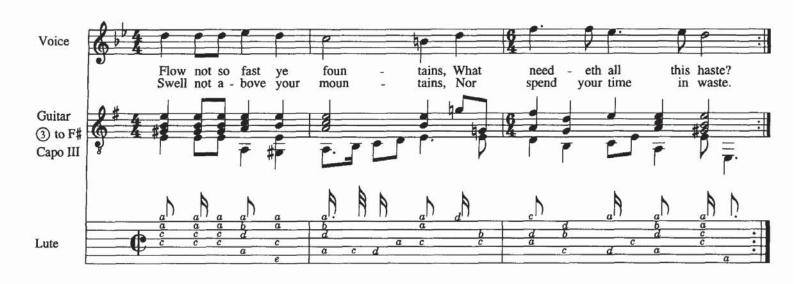
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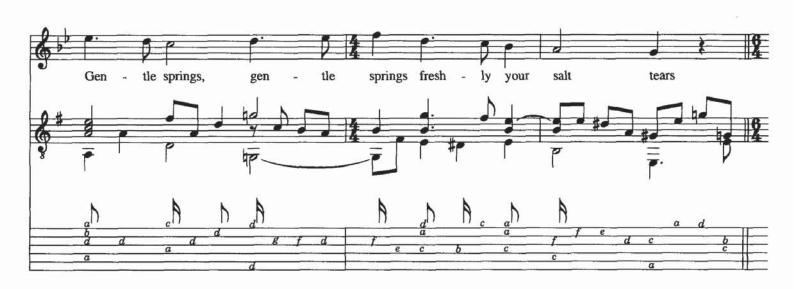
How might I that fair wonder know,
That mocks desire with endless no?
See the Moon
That ever in one change doth grow,
Yet still the same, and she is so;
So, so, so, and only so,
From heav'n her virtues she doth borrow.

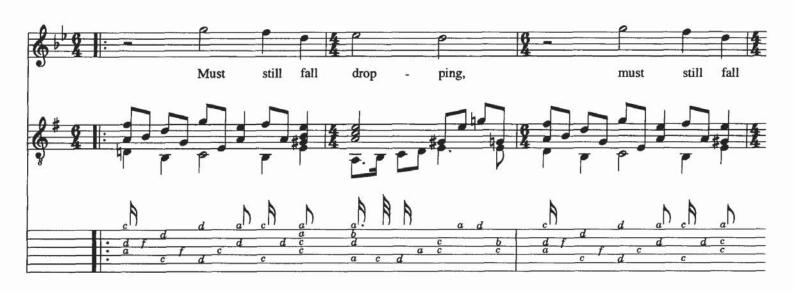
4

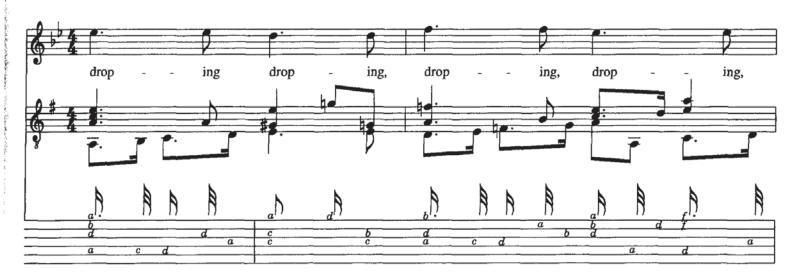
To her then yield thy shafts and bow,
That can command affections so:
Love is free,
So are her thoughts that vanquish thee,
There is no Queen of love but she,
She, she, she, and only she,
She only Queen of love and beauty.

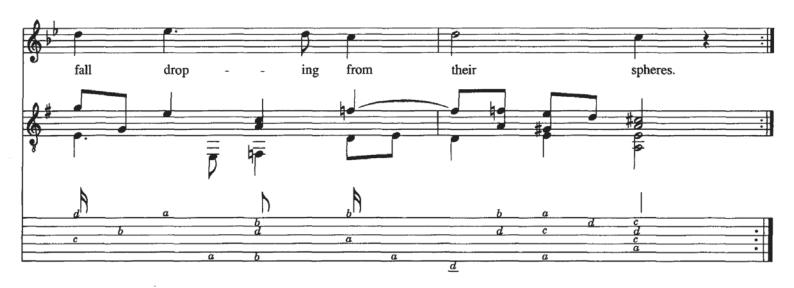
VIII. Flow not so fast ye fountains











Flow not so fast ye fountains,

What needeth all this haste? Swell not above your mountains,

1

Nor spend your time in waste.

Gentle springs, freshly your salt tears

Must still fall dropping from their spheres.

2

Weep they apace, whom Reason, Or ling'ring time can ease: My sorrow can no season,

Nor aught besides appease

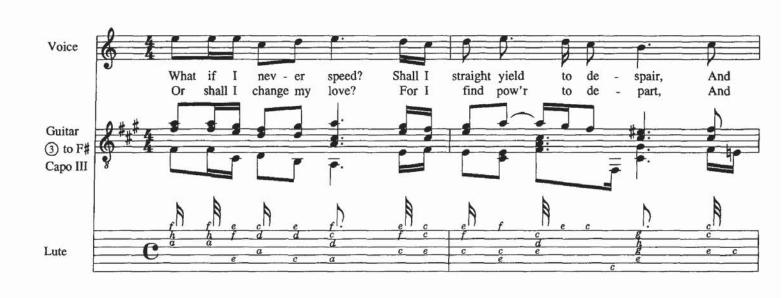
Gentle springs, freshly your salt tears

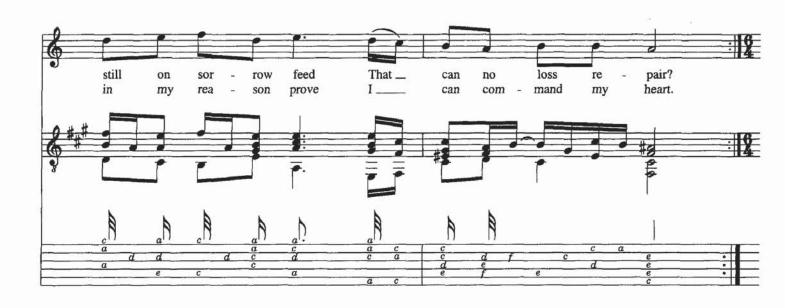
Must still fall dropping from their spheres.

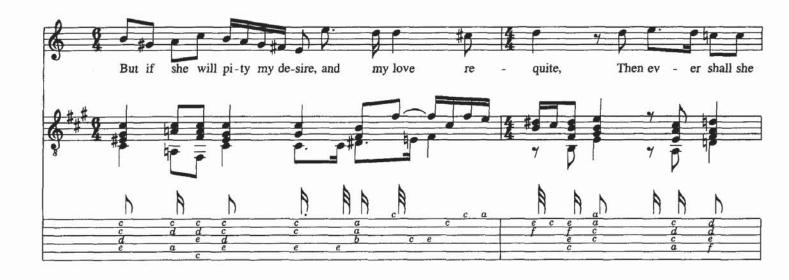
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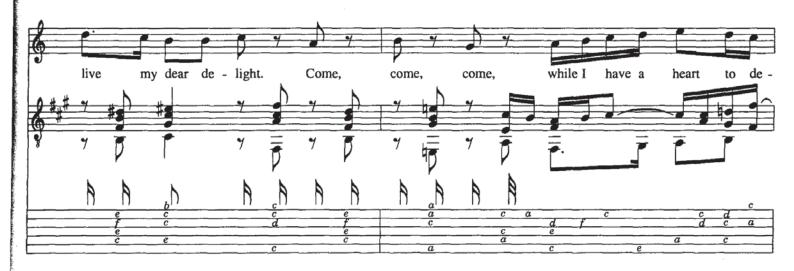
Time can abate the terror Of every common pain, But common grief is error, True grief will still remain. Gentle springs, freshly your salt tears Must still fall dropping from their spheres.

IX. What if I never speed?











What if I never speed?

Shall I straight yield to despair,
And still on sorrow feed
That can no loss repair?

Or shall I change my love?
For I find pow'r to depart,
And in my reason prove
I can command my heart.

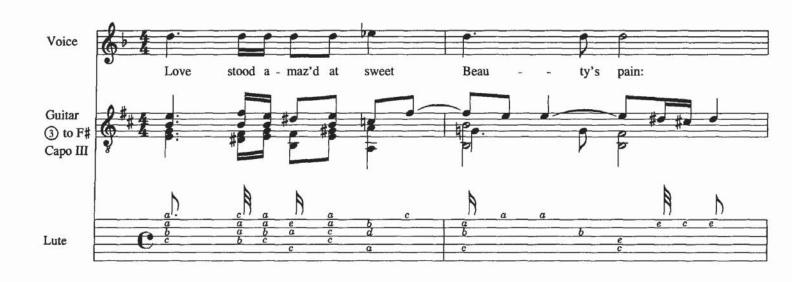
But if she will pity my desire, and my love requite,
Then ever shall she live my dear delight.
Come, come, come, while I have a heart to desire thee.
Come, come, come, for either I will love or admire thee.

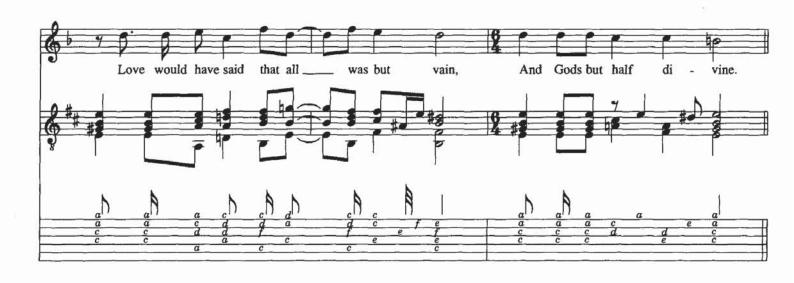
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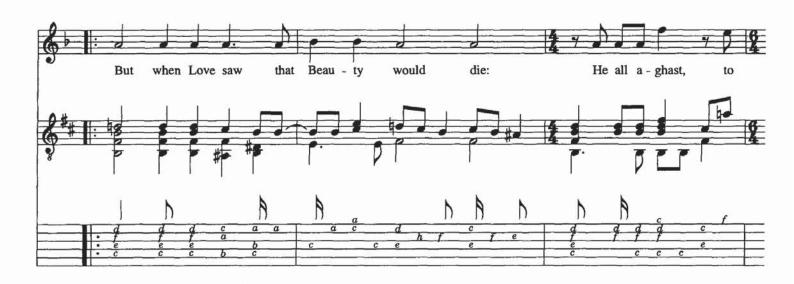
Oft have I dream'd of joy, Yet I never felt the sweet, But tired with annoy, My griefs each other greet. Oft have I left my hope, As a wretch by fate forlorn, But Love aims at one scope, And lost will still return.

He that once loves with a true desire never can depart,
For Cupid is the king of every heart.
Come, come, come, while I have a heart to desire thee.
Come, come, come, for either I will love or admire thee.

X. Love stood amaz'd









1

Love stood amaz'd at sweet Beauty's pain:
Love would have said that all was but vain,
And God but half divine.
But when Love saw that Beauty would die:
He all aghast, to heav'ns did cry,
O gods, what wrong is mine?

2

Then his tears bred in thoughts of salt brine,
Fell from his eyes, like rain in sunshine
Expell'd by rage of fire:
Yet in such wise as anguish affords,
He did express in these his last words
His infinite desire.

3

Are you fled, fair? where are now those eyes,
Eyes but too fair, evied by the skies,
You angry gods do know,
With guiltless blood your sceptres you stain,
On poor true hearts like tyrants you reign:
Unjust why do you so?

4

Are you false gods? why then do you reign?
Are you just gods? why then have you slain
The life of Love on earth.
Beauty, now thy face lives in the skies,
Beauty, now let me live in thine eyes,
Where bliss felt never death.

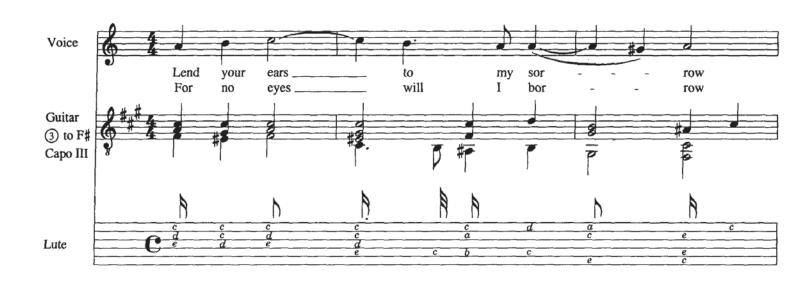
5

Then from high rock, the rock of despair,
He falls, in hope to smother in the air,
Or else on stones to burst,
Or on cold waves to spend his last breath,
Or his strange life to end by strange death,
But Fate forbid the worst.

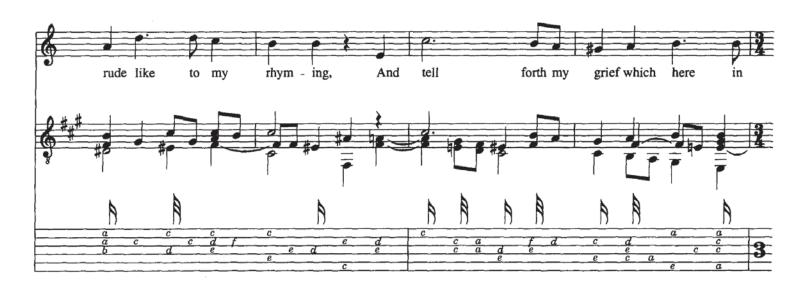
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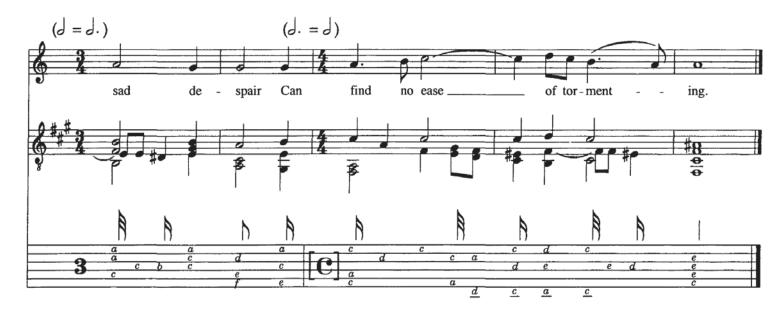
With pity mov'd the gods then change Love
To Phoenix shape, yet cannot remove
His wonted property,
He loves the sun because it is fair,
Sleep he neglects, he lives but by air,
And would, but cannot die.

XI. Lend your ears to my sorrow









I
Lend your ears to my sorrow
Good people that have any pity:
For no eyes will I borrow
Mine own shall grace my doleful ditty:
Chant then my voice though rude like to my rhyming,
And tell forth my grief which here in sad despair
Can find no ease of tormenting.

2

Once I liv'd, once I knew delight,
No grief did shadow then my pleasure:
Grac'd with love, cheer'd with Beauty's sight,
I joy'd alone true heav'nly treasure,
O what a heaven is love firmly embraced,
Such pow'r alone can fix delight
In Fortune's bosom ever placed.

3

Cold as ice frozen is that heart,
Where thought of love could no time enter:
Such of life reap the poorest part
Whose weight cleaves to this earthly center,
Mutual joys in hearts truly united
Do earth to heav'nly state convert
Like heav'n still in itself delighted.