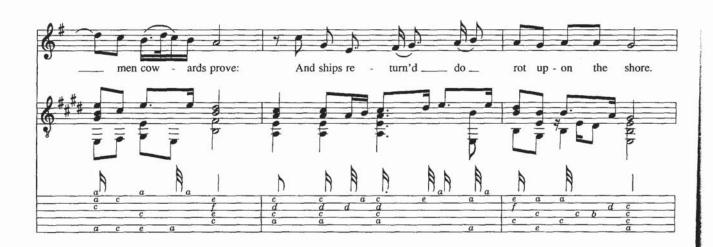
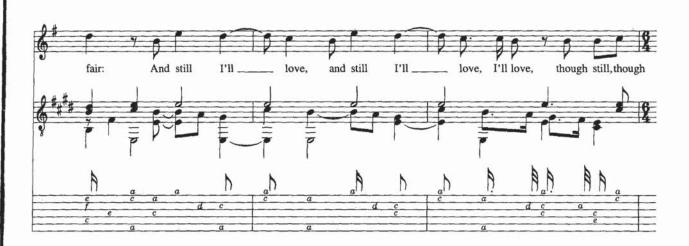
I. Disdain me still

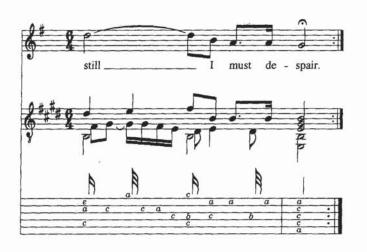












Disdain me still, that I may ever love,

For who his love enjoys, can love no more.

The war once past with ease men cowards prove:

And ships return'd do rot upon the shore.

And though thou frown, I'll say thou art most fair:

And still I'll love, though still I must despair.

2

As heat to life so is desire to love,

And these once quench'd both life and love are gone.

Let not my sighs nor tears thy virtue move,

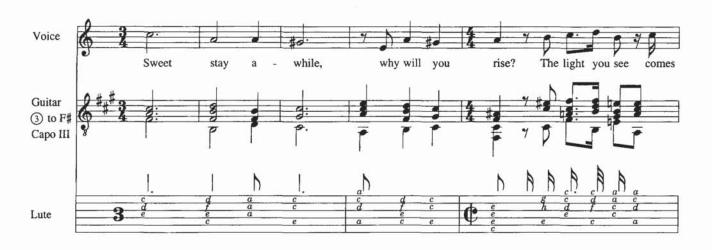
Like baser metals do not melt too soon.

Laugh at my woes although I ever mourn,

Love surfeits with reward, his nurse is scorn.

II. Sweet stay awhile

"To my worthy friend Mr. William Jewel of Exceter Colledge in Oxford"

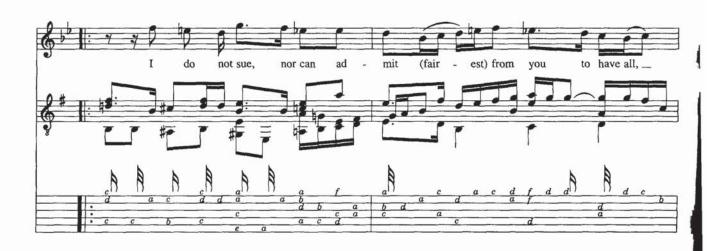






III. To ask for all thy love







To ask for all thy love, and thy whole heart
'twere madness,
I do not sue,
nor can admit
(Fairest) from you
to have all, yet
Who giveth all hath nothing to impart,
but sadness.

2

He that receiveth all, can have no more than seeing.

My love by length of every hour,
Gathers new strength,
new growth, new flow'r.

You must have daily new rewards in store, still being.

3

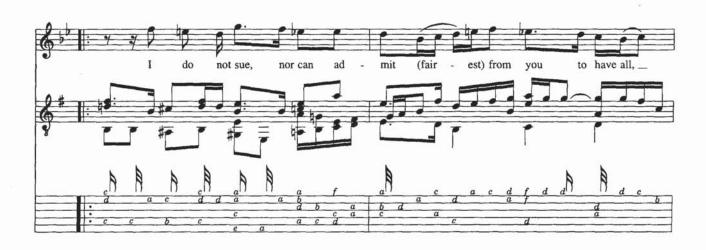
You cannot every day give me your heart for merit:
Yet if you will,
when yours doth go,
You shall have still
one to bestow:
For you shall mine when yours doth part inherit.

1

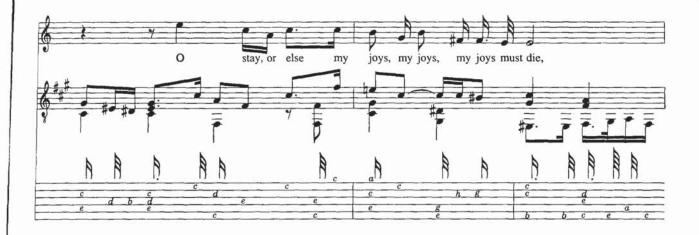
Yet if you please, I'll find a better way,
than change them:
For so alone
dearest we shall
Be one and one,
another's all.
Let us so join our hearts that nothing may
estrange them.

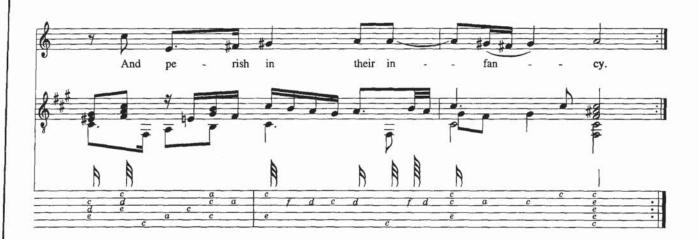
III. To ask for all thy love











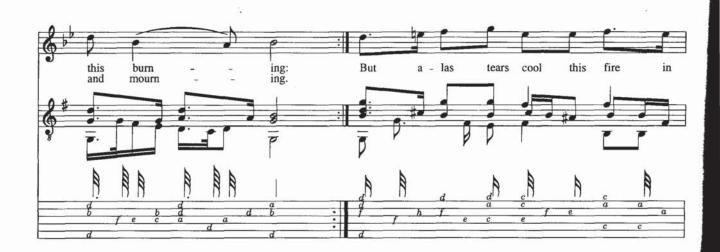
Sweet stay awhile, why will you rise?
The light you see comes from your eyes:
The day breaks not, it is my heart,
To think that you and I must part.
O stay, or else my joys must die,
And perish in their infancy.

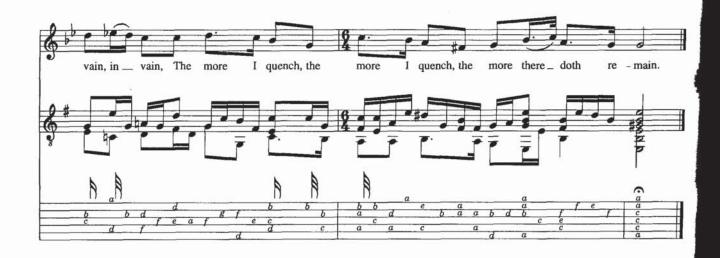
2

Dear let me die in this fair breast,
Far sweeter than the Phoenix' nest.
Love raise desire by his sweet charms
Within this circle of thine arms:
And let thy blissful kisses cherish
Mine infant joys, that else must perish.

IV. Love those beams







Love those beams that breed, all day long
Breed, and feed, this burning:
Love I quench with floods, floods of tears,
Nightly tears and mourning.
But alas tears cool this fire in vain,
The more I quench, the more there doth remain.

2

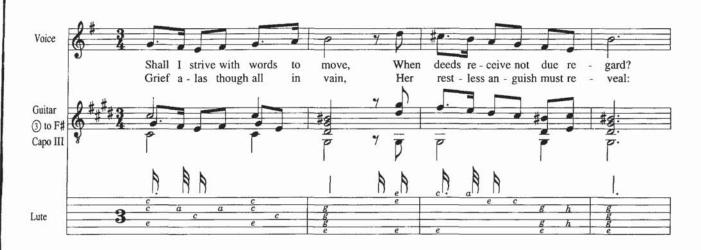
I'll go to the woods, and alone,
Make my moan, oh cruel:
For I am deceiv'd and bereav'd
Of my life, my jewel.
O but in the woods, though Love be blind,
He hath his spies, my secret haunts to find.

3

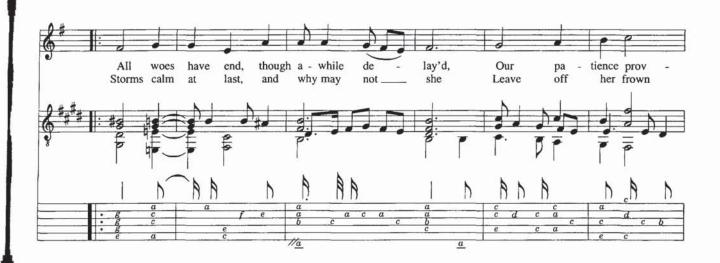
Love then I must yield to thy might,
Might and spite oppressed,
Since I see my wrongs, woe is me,
Cannot be redressed.
Come at last, be friendly Love to me,
And let me not, endure this misery.

V. Shall I strive with words to move

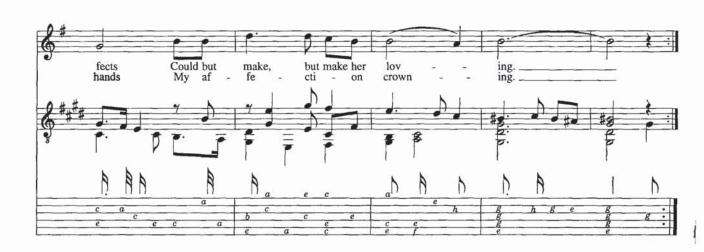
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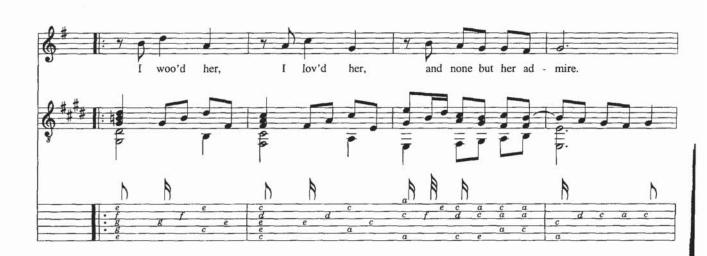














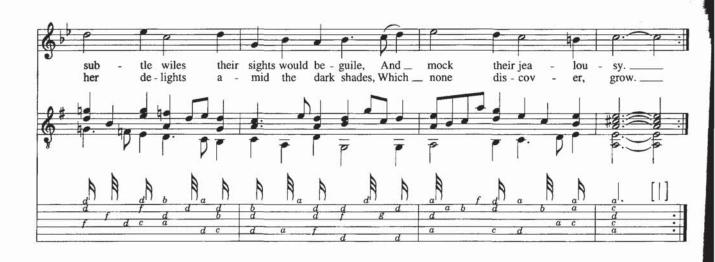
Shall I strive with words to move,
When deeds receive not due regard?
Shall I speak, and neither please,
Nor be freely heard?
Grief alas though all in vain,
Her restless anguish must reveal:
She alone my wound shall know,
Though she will not heal.

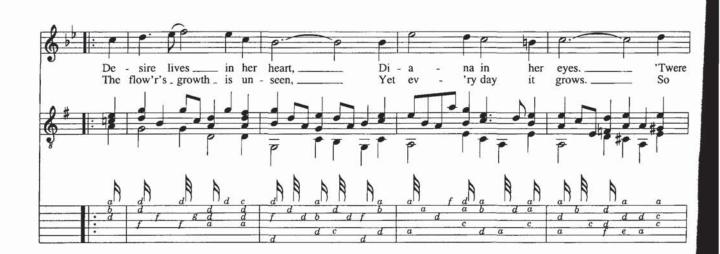
All woes have end, though awhile delay'd,
Our patience proving.
O that Time's strange effects
Could but make her loving.
Storms calm at last, and why may not she
Leave off her frowning?
O sweet Love, help her hands
My affections crowning.

I woo'd her, I lov'd her, and none but her admire. O come dear joy, and answer my desire.

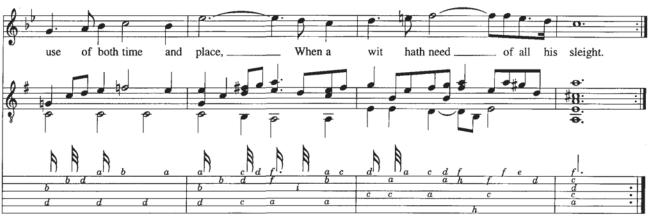
VI. Were every thought an eye











Were every thought an eye,
And all those eyes could see,
Her subtle wiles their sights would beguile,
And mock their jealousy.
Her fires do inward burn,
They make no outward show.
And her delights amid the dark shades,

Which none discover, grow.

Ti Sc

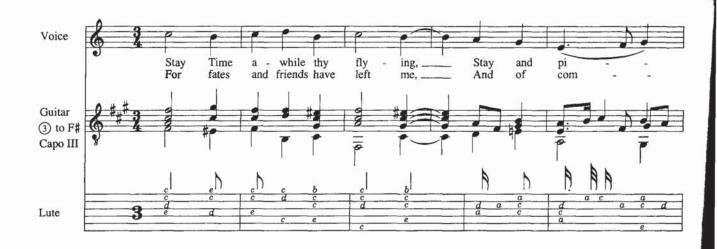
Desire lives in her heart,
Diana in her eyes,
'Twere vain to wish women true 'tis well,
If they prove wise.

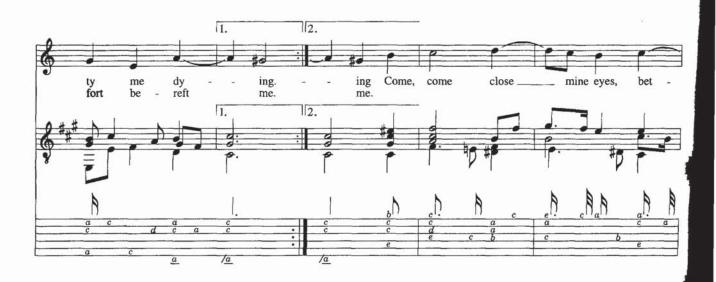
The flow'rs growth is unseen,
Yet ev'ry day it grows.
So where her forcy is set it thrive

So where her fancy is set it thrives, But how none know. Such a love deserves more grace,

Than a truer heart that hath no conceit,
To make use of both time and place,
When a wit hath need of all his sleight.

VII. Stay Time awhile thy flying







Stay Time awhile thy flying,
Stay and pity me dying.
For fates and friends have left me,
And of comfort bereft me.
Come, come close mine eyes, better to die blessed,
Than to live thus distressed.

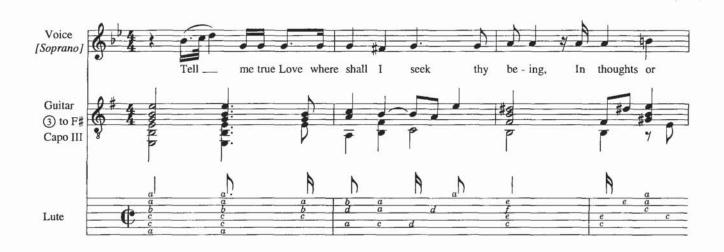
2

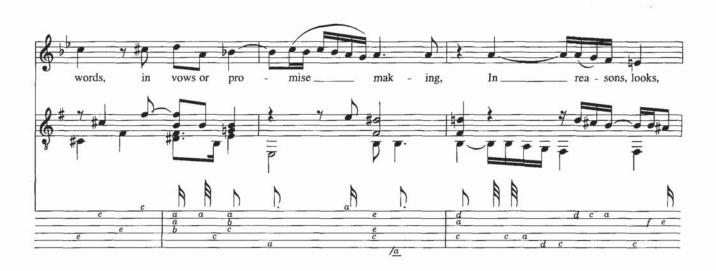
To whom shall I complain me,
When thus friends do disdain me?
'Tis Time that must befriend me,
Drown'd in sorrow to end me.
Come, come close mine eyes, better to die blessed,
Than to live thus distressed.

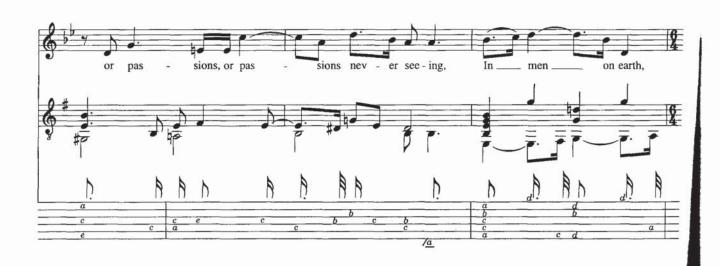
3

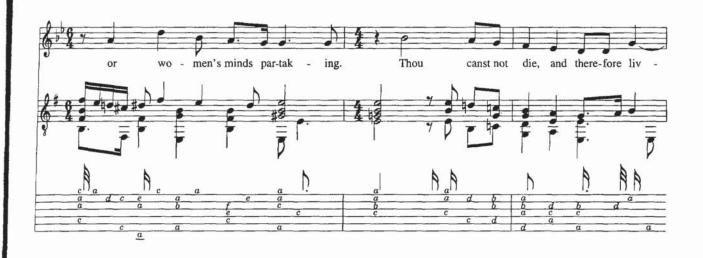
Tears but augment this fuel,
I feed by night, (Oh cruel)
Light griefs can speak their pleasure,
Mine are dumb passing measure.
Quick, quick, close mine eyes, better to die blessed,
Than here to live distressed.

VIII. Tell me true Love



















Tell me true Love where shall I seek thy being,
In thoughts or words, in vows or promise making,
In reasons, looks, or passions never seeing,
In men on earth, or women's minds partaking.
Thou canst not die, and therefore living tell me
Where is thy seat, Why, doth this age expel thee?

2

When thoughts are still unseen and words disguised;
Vows are not sacred held, nor promise debt:
By passions Reason's glory is surprised,
In neither sex is true Love firmly set.
Thoughts feign'd, words false, vows and promise broken
Made true Love fly from earth, this is the token.

3

Mount then my thoughts, here is for thee no dwelling,
Since Truth and Falsehood live like twins together:
Believe not sense, eyes, ears, touch, taste, or smelling,
Both Art and Nature's forc'd: put trust in neither.
One only she doth true Love captive bind
In fairest breast, but in a fairer mind.

4

O fairest mind, enrich'd with Love's residing,
Retain the best; in hearts let some seed fall,
Instead of weeds Love's fruits may have abiding:
At harvest you shall reap increase of all.
O happy Love, more happy man that finds thee,
Most happy Saint, that keeps, restores, unbinds thee.

IX. Go nightly cares



