



Proteus ofte minne-beelden verandert in sinne-beelden

<https://hdl.handle.net/1874/37115>

EMBLEMATA
D. IACOBI
CATSII

In linguam Anglicam transfusa,

J.
Primum Emblemata in linguam Anglicam
non est translatum.

II

Thake Good advise and then holde fast;
Or else you vwill repent at last.

VV Ho dallies with fonde loue, or with a burninge fierie brande:
Except hee looke wel to his holde, may chance to burne his
hande;

Two endes each of these haue, the one is colde the other burninge:
VVo grypeth fast the one is well: but th' other turnes to mourninge.
A twofolde end fonde loue procures, and bringes vs in her powre,
Of wealth, and woe, of joy and payne, whose taste is sweete and sowre,
Yet all hereof dependes you see, in th' handlinge of this brande,
For th' one with this shee doth assist, but th' other burnes his hande.

IV.

This rule I teach, tis true in deede,
VVhe spares to speake shall spare to speede.

A Sweet-harte you desire to haue, you say you woulde fainne wedd,
But all occasions you neglect, and still goe colde to bedd:
VVat? thinketh our john holdemystaffe that of theire owne accorde
Faire maydens straight will fellow him, before hee speake one worde?
Fie no: But if you doe desire to heare dame Echoes noyse,
You must not silent stande, but must advance youre loftie voyce;
And shee will giue you answere then, so English maydes tis true
Vnsent for doe not come, nor yet vnaskt will followe you.

In true love there is no lack,
All is the bryde never so black.

VV *Hat blynd-folde doltinge love is this, appearinge in our sight?
How that the ape takes in her younge such wonderfull
delight.*

*So wher blinde Cupids golden darts, so cunningly are caste;
Hard-favourd persons by such meanes are beautifull ar last.*

If any vertue be in them, advance that to the Skye:

If imperfections doe appeare, they vnder foote must lye.

Who droncken is, wee meery call: who stout, wee say is free,

All vices by loues charmes at last, to vertues turned bee.

Be not too rash, nor yet to eager bent
For hastie wedded folkes, by leasure doe repēt.

VV *Hen Pan first saw the faire which hee before did never knowe,
Och what a goodly thinge (quoth hee) is that, and straight did goe
And did imbrace the flame, as if his deare friend it had bin,
And so did scorch and burne his handes, his armes, his mouth and chin
So where you shall perceauē loues toyes extended like a flame,
Imbrace it not in haste, least with your flesh you feele the same;
But first advised be, before vnto such loue you turne;
Who sups his pottadge hastely, may chaunce his mouth ty burne.*

That

That this is grovne you plainly see
But hovv much daily none can tell mee.

A Lover never rest's, for I writt lately on a tree,
And on a pompeons rijnde did carue her name thats deare to
mee;

This waterish romp as ift had bin per taker of my woe,
Out of his rijnde few dropps like teares, percaende I then to flo'e,
With in few dayes as I alone was walkinge in that grounde,
Those little letters of her name, in greater wirtt I founde
Both wyde and broad disperst. So that the least stroake of lowes darte
Nor onely woundes the finger smale, but pierceth to the harte.

VIII.

No tree falls at one blowve, wee say.
Nor city was built in one day.

NO sooner was dame Venus yoke about my neck but I
Did grapple with my loue forth with: what need I then to lye.
I thought, that at that instant shee for mee had bene preparede;
But ere I went from her. I gott this lesson to regarde,
The Spitt pickt at the Oaken tree, but saw it no whit mooved.
Yet never thelesse shee stood and gaapt and never once moreprooved,
But thought sh' had pickt it through, no foole, I say doe not mistake
For one pick by a folish byrde in th' Oake no hole can make.

In ontvvarde shevv appeares no vvounde,
But invvardly my grieffe is founde.

THe thunders fiery force doth crack the brittle steely blade,
And hurtes not once the letherne sheath wich for the same is
made.

Like force hath Cupids darte as hath the thunders fiery charme,
It woundes, you see no wounde, it burnes, and yet you see no harme.
Och woulde that ja Chirurgion sit, for such great griefs could fynde;
Thong ignorant in potions, wich phisitians knowe by kynde
Or had no skill in curinge woundes; But would to swadge my fits,
Her salve of virginis wax apply with th'plasters as her lipps.

This j accounte for no torment
Because my vvoundes giue ornament.

Your needle is the pensill, and youre coloures are fine silke,
The ground-worke of your fragant fielde, more whyter is the milke;
You open, and you close againe, you cure that which you wounde,
You giue more then you take, and still your worke is perfect founde
The needle bores a hole, and with your silke the same is filde
Then come sweet-harte deale so with mee, and grannt all that j wilde
You know my deadly wounde procedes by vertue of youre face
Then giue consent, come cure my grieffe, and helpe my woesfull case.
If that

If that thyne eyes be conquered, sure,
Then loues torments thou must indure.

THe lyon thats both stout and stronge, beinge but debar'd of sight,
As captive mayst thou gouerne him, and bringe him to thy
might:

Even so the louely ruddy cheeke, of comely maydens hew,
Once gazde vpon, getts eyes consent, and doth thy hart subdue.
Then of a valiant man forthwith, thou must becomene her drudge,
Her tauntes, her checks, her frownes, her frownes, gaist them thou must
In fine, thy lyons hart shee wil se worke vpon with might, (not grudge.
That like a lambe, shee le leade thee forth, and feare thee with her sight.

Greene fruits sticks fast, so doth noth all,
Breinge ripe not pluckt, it selffe will fall.

TO wedlocks sacred rites if thou thy mynde meanst to prepare,
Then settle thyne affection not en maydes that too yonge are:
For after many a troubred thought, and many a journey longe
This answere shalt thou gett att last: My douchter is too yonge.
A mayde of ryper yeares with you, farre better wil agree:
If that your sweet-hartes sister bee of ryper yeares then shee.
For vnrype fruite is sowre and greene, and will not from the tree;
But ryper fruite with lesse adoe is easy pluckt wee see.

It fayou-

It favoures but of little gaine,
Whem theeves of thefte doe first complaine.

ILate by founde my loue a sleepe, amongst the flowers greene,
And gazinge on her corall lips, her cheekes, and closed eyne:
To stealinge then was I inclynde, a pettie theeverie,
It was a kisse. I stole from her, shee stole a harte from mee.
Like as the silly mouse, the bayte of bacon to obtaine,
And catchinge it is caught her selffe, and so is put to paine,
Even so my loue by this strange thefte, shee sleepinge at her ease
Yet robbes the theeffe, so dubble gaine, shee makes of mee alwaies.

Venus dooth feede her broode with smoke,
VVhen as the same even dogs would choke.

VVEe see that Venus broode is forc'de themselues a trade to make,
VVhose dealinge is with pypes, wherewith, Tobacco they doe take.
The substance of their ware is smoke, smoke is therte whole desire
VVho puffe it out at nose and mouth, like to th' infernall fire.
Avaporouse smoke is all their wealth, their giddie heades to feede,
VVhose lovesick Dampes bereaues them of their senses at their neede.
They giue vs smoke for drinck, and smoke to eate they giue also:
For why: their whole societie about with smoke doe goe.

A prison

A prison faire is better for mee,
Then if I vvere at libertie.

SO long as I did range abroad, and had my libertie,
So longe was I in pensueneffe, voyde of all melodie:
But since that I to prison came, within these boundes confynde,
My lovely bondage loosde my tongue, and cheared hath my mynde.
For now all day for joy I singe, though I in prison lye,
For nought at all doe I take care, I knowe no miserye
This Bondage sweete I doe imbrace, it is to mee great gaine;
And lovers likewise doe reioyce, when others lye in paine.

XVI.

Where that I runne, goe, creepe or flye,
My burthen on my back doth lye.

IF thou desire to be set free from Cupids cruell bandes,
Then seeke adventures I thee wish abroad in forraigne landes.
For this advise doth Ovid giue, who Venus well did kno'e:
Let Venus sondlinges prate their fill, I knowe it is not soe.
For I haue trugde, gone, runne, and crept, by sea and eke by land
Yet feele I still upon my back, my burthen where I stand,
It sticks so fast to mee, that I with paine doe groane and faint,
For each one shall his owne pack beare: what bateth their complaints?

Or if vpon the vvaues I turne,
Yea even in the sea I burne.

PUt case that by thy travell farre thy olde loue were forgott,
May not a fresh loue in the way thy minde torment as hott
As did the first. The sea-lamprey even by the sunns hett beames,
Is scortcht and partcht, yea welringh burnt in midst of the streames.
Remember that Dame Venus is herselfe sprung from the floods.
For loe the savadge beastes doe runne for shelter in the woods
Into the waters deepe; and there doe paire and paire agree
For water hath his burninge force, tis Venus owne countrie.

The fight of fire reviuues againe
The smokinge weike vn toucht, certaine.

LAte was I freedde from th' fierie flame, which woulde mee haest haue
I felt a coolinge at my harte, my strength againe amended: (ended
A sparke thas I yet smoakinge had, was all that did remaine
For joy of such deliverance, my harte was glad and faine.
It hapned soe that in short tyme, a fire I did come reare,
I thought, so longe I toucht it not, I had no cause to feare,
I onely but lookt on, alas, her flame to mee-wardes tended
VVich kyndled streight my flame againe, and so my joy soone ended.

Who

Who seekes his loue to take and vwinne
Must taken be if hee enter in.

WHat now Iack Sauce, why come you here, in this dishonest sorte,
Thinke you myne honestie & abuse, and then with mee to sporte?
You mee affect, I knowe it well, but not as I require
In vaine a back-doore you doe seeke, in vaine is youre desire.
The rat for bacon though hee longes, for-bears thereof to eate:
Unlesse before as captive hee, be taken by a cheate.
Who other wayes attemp, may misse, for as I said before,
In honest sorte who seekes to speede, must knock at the right doore.

What helpes a little Ioy? certaine,
When after pleasure, followeth paine.

When as you see this stall-fed ox, thus deckt with flowers greene:
Then thinke you see the joy of those, that in their wreake and
teene
Doe tryumph in lasciuiose lust: who for a moments pleasure
In dauncinge, mussicque, wynn and myrth, doe make ther eof a treasure:
But soone this pleasinge pastyme endes, which many bringes to thrall;
Such sweete beginnings often are powdred with bitter gall
Let this ox your example bee, least that you prone like rodd
His body soone was butchered, his flesh was roast and sodd.

in m. Vol
S. III.
XIX
p. 110

I drawe my loue, her standinge still,
 Dravves mee to her, against my vvill.

Sweet-hart you drawe mee not, yet I with force am drawne you see,
 With all my might I drawe, yet you doe not aproach to mee.
 Though I drawe harde, yet you stand still, youre standinge doth mee moue,
 Not you to mee, but I to you, am drawne with cordes of loue
 Loe, what a strange effect this workes, the more I drawe, you stand,
 The faster, and your firmnesse drawes mee sooner to your hand.
 Och, now I see civilitie, with gesture, coole and sage.
 Doth not extinguish flames of loue, but doth them more in rage.

Men loose, then seeke, ofte maydenes braue,
 By seekinge, loose even that they haue.

VHere that her mayden-head did lye, faire joane did aske her
 nurse,
 Who taught, if that I teil her not, the matter might prooue worffe;
 Least shee to Richard should repaire which sorrowe might haue bred
 I pray you take this box quoth shee, this keepes your mayden-hed.
 (Within that box there was a byrde) the nurse scarce looke astray,
 But jone the box had opened, and the byrde was flowne away. (roude
 Of what light-stuffe are mayden-heds the? quoth Ioane, this gere goes
 Which if you seeke, they flie away, and lost, whē as th' are founde.

In rhand-

In th' handlinge hereof, lies the skill
To the vvise, tis good, to the foolish, ill.

THe quaviver is dainty fish, for those that knowe his trickes;
And knowe to grype it cunningly, to shune his dangerous
prickes;

This fish you prudently must grype, beware of handlinge badd;
For by wronge handlinge of the same, some foolish are, some madd.
Therefore some folkes this fish doe praise, and much desire the same,
And others doe the same detest, and loathe the very name:
So for one and the selfesame thinge, some langh, and others crie;
Then loue is right this quaviver, inth' handlinge all doth lie.

Tough clamorouse tongues both curse and blame.
A constant harte is stil the same.

You sit as chiefeſt counſeller, in Venus goulden hall;
And are ſaluted ſolemnely, with wordes, and eke with all
The courteſie, that lovers can invent, for to youre grace,
Vvhee kneele, and ſoule and body both wee offer up apace.
Yet for all this, you ſtill are coole, which ſheweth vnto mee,
That through the ſalt ſea ofte are founde, freſh currants for to bee,
Vvwhich keepe themſelues ſtil freſh and pure, not mingled as wee ſee,
My loue trough flames can paſſe, and yet no harme receaveth ſhee.

If any vvitt there vvere, then hee,
From such like bondes, vvere soone set free.

Fie floris plaies the beast, and Iack, at him doth scoffe and floute,
I cannot drawe my mynde from that faire mayden, (quoth the
loute)

For such a spirit I perceauē to be in her so pure,
That to my loue I am lockt fast, with chaines of Iron sure.
VVhy dotinge foole, (for such thou art) didst never heare of one,
That onely with one strawe was bounde, and there hee stood alone,
As if with fetters hee had bene, fast chayned to a post
Thou art (although thou know'st it not) of all such fooles the most.

XXVI.

Who thinkes to catch, is of ten caught
As by this Embleme, wee are taught.

THe hungry Sea-mew seekinge foode, her appetite to stay,
Did range the coaste, so founde where that an oyster open lay;
Shee picked at that daintie meate, shee thought to eate her fill,
But th' Oyster shut her shell, and caught the mew fast by the bill.
Let this a warninge bee to those, that wantons are by kynde,
VVho vsed haue to prick and prie, where they ought open fynde.
For many an open shell perchance, liēs gapinge for a praye,
VVhich lustfully doth lurcke, tho catch, the hunter in his haye.

I vvould

I would not haue this rule fargott,
For this giues, that it selfe hath not.

You whet and grynde vs gentle joane, and makes of vs loues darts;
The whetstone is your spirit, your eies, the fyles ty grates our
harts.

Your hart doth not approach theretoe, where you our hartes doe send

Your spirit no whit augments in that you teach vs, as afrend.

That comely grace which you vs shew, t'our bondage it doth turne.

Though you be colde as yce, yet makes vs hot as fire to burne.

What wonders can my loue effect. Shee takes away each spot.

And makes me more then shee's her selfe, and giues that shee hath not.

Although before, I seeme a foe,
Yet after am I nothinge foe.

If that you'le knowe the rigorous doome, that comes from Venus bench,
A broken shinne the forfaitie is, for loosinge of your wench.

Is this that goblin from whose face, wee flie as beinge dreadfull?

Then turne the visard th' other waye, it is not halfe so fearefull.

That which with sorrow you complaine, to misse your hartes delight,

Is ease and libertie at will, if you could judge aright.

Tush, tush I say, no golde but hath his drosse. (Bethinke you well.)

For shee that did your hope repulse, did feare away expell.

If naked

If naked you doe mee desire,
Your trickling teares I then require.

IF any goe about to pill, the Onion of his shell,
His cheekes with teares it will bedeawe, for I doe know it well.
But they that will with Onions play, and handle with good skill;
Must let the coate still cover it, and so may play his fill.
You may well with your loue converse, and that in modest fashion,
But come not too neare to the bare, to touch without discretion.
For still it fares as it was wante, Acteons fore head budds,
So soone as hee Diana spyde *uncloathed in the woods.*

XXX.

In all affaies both good, or ill,
I must conforme mee to her will.

HOw dominiers blynde Cupid thus, with vs poote creatures still?
And makes vs trudge, and turne, and trot, even as our mistres
will.

Wee crie, when as shee weopes, although our bodies be at ease,
And when shee's merry, wee must lange, although it vs displease.
In brieffe, the least blaste of her mouth, doth nimbly turne our head,
And both with Soule and body are by her direction ledd.
Her looke, to vs, a lawe is sure in myrth or mourninge ever,
Theres none, but that a womans breath will make to quake and shiver.
I hunt,

I hunt, and toyle, I chase alvway.
And ever others catch the prey.

NO favourre at my Sweet-hartes hande, I coulde obtayne, god wott.
Untill a rusticke clowne beganne to woe my loue as hott
As I had done: VVhom shee disdaynde, and could him not abyde,
But from him fled, to hyde her head, when ever shee him spyde.
Then was the tyme for mee to learne, my businesse how to guyde,
That deare that others chased, then came and downe sate by my syde.
VVhen clownes assay to woe thy loue, then never feare the same,
A clowne the ferrit is which hunttes, when others gett the game.

XXXII.

That same which taketh life from thee,
Reviueth life againe in mee.

How strangely Cupid dallieth with mens fancies, in his ire?
Our wills they goe another course contraryinge our desire;
For loe, where Kate runns for a frogg, which in her hand shee keepes:
And castes him of, for whose sake hee, on knees to her still creepes.
VVhere fore I pray thee tell mee frogg, VVhy may not I obtaine
That which to thee is losse of life? and myne reuyues againe.
VVhy are wee crost thus in our wills, which each so faire would haue?
tHfoule poole to thee, th' faire mayde to mee, which both ous lyues might
saue.

Be vvarie vwhen in dish you dip.
For of te thinges chance rvvixt cup and lip.

Sw^ee^t duck, how longe have I assayde thee to my wil to gayne?
VVhen shall this swimminge end, & when shall I be freed frō payne?
My wish I see at hand, and ofte am present at her syde;
My breath sometymes vpon her blowes; s^hee by my mouth doth glyde
At one plunge more s^heés myne, (I thought) I pant, I blowe, I snatch,
I gape, I happ, and ofte it seemes, I have her at each catch.
But woe is mee, s^hee ducks and dyues, how comes this so to passe.
For when I thought I had her fast, I farthest from her was.

Fayre maydens say that a with red face,
In woeinge hath but little grace.

THy youthfull dayes in loue bestowe. Such damages is disgrace
VVhen Sorrowes shall thy Soule possesse, & rimples plough thy face.
The fresh blowne Rose is most desyrde: if withered once it bee,
No Bee thereon will take delight, nor it aproach wee see.
The blowinge Budds of thy younge age, thy cheekes like corall red,
Thy language full of eloquence: in tyme is gone and fled.
Tyme all consumes. Faire mayde consent, and be no more abused,
Toure chieffest good doth weare away, although it be not vsed.

What

What friendship shall I with him fynde
That to him selfe is so vnkynde.

With corage wooe, wherefore should wee torment vs more then needes
With too much loue? By treadinge much the partridge with loue
feedes.

A little wren I read that breedes about the Ryver Nyle.

Who beinge full, yet giues her selfe, to serue the crocadyle.

Fie of that shamesfull deede which one, whose lust did rage so sore,
For loue did gae and hangde him selfe, before his Sweet-hartes dore.

Strew rather flowers at her dore, and seeke to winne consent;
Keepe lyffe, and Soule, and memorie, how ere your loue is bent.

If quoiff or caule, on head you weare,
Play but all secretholes for beare.

THe Vrchin makes himselfe a ball, the mouse for to deceaue,
And makes his mouth, like to a hole wyde gapinge to receaue
The dancinge mouse. Thus play you may, but foall holes beware,
Who creepe in corners let them looke, even as this mouse to fare.
Use honest sportes; away with trickes, least you the smarte doe feele,
Pack Ruffians hence, goe craftie knaues and wenches shorte of heele,
Faire Maydes, when merry you will bee, playe then in honest sorte,
Beware of holes and corners, then abroad you may well sporte.

If Burninge lust full loue youle cure,
It vwill repine there at besure.

When as the smith colde water casts vpon thei from hott,
Intendinge for to pacifie that heate which late it gott:
It sizzes, smoakes, it grynes, and makes a wondrousse noyse to heare,
As discontent it chydes, or braules, and angry doth appeare.
Of burninge loue doe some complayne, and yet refuse wee see.
Out of such burninge to be brought, least cured they should bee.
Yea though such doctors might be founde, that loues tourment could free
They rather would in paynes abyde, then eased for to bee.

Who vnto Idlennesse doth yeilde.
Is as a but in Venus feilde.

THe spyder will not once come neare the serpent him t'offende,
When shee perceaues hee busie is, or watchfully doth tend:
But when to sluggishnesse hee's bent, and carelesse of his good,
Upon him streight the spyder falls, and poysoneth his blood.
Who soe therefore will loue beholde, and would be free from smarte,
They must eschew' all Idlennesse, and thereof take no parte:
Or else this poysoned Cupids shafte will stryke them to the harte,
For everie Idle persone is a, whetstone for his darte.

Let none for feare lay vveapons dovvne,
For first the crosse, and then the crowne.

L Ate with my loue I did discourse, where as shee soweinge sate,
My grieffes I did complaine, (but marke) shee paide mee with
her prate.

Regard, quoth shee, what here I doe, vnto it grue good heede;
With needle first a boole I make, then stopp it with the threede.
Hee that a smale wounde getts, then streight his Armes doth cast away
And calls for plaisters, hee's vn fit for Venus field, I say.
For loue and VVar therein agree, each hath a prosperouse howre.
No sweetnesse can be counted sweete, but first it hath bene sowre.

XXXX.

A thirstie Grounde is bad to laue:
Though much it hath, yet more vvould haue.

Y On first desire to see youre loue, next, wish't you might come neare
And thirdly' twas to speake to her, the fourth, to touch youre
deare.

Th'next was to giue a kisse. VVhat then? both standinge in the dore;
To get a kisse againe of her and yet you would haue more.
A louer by his mistris, and a hunter in his chase,
A marchant by his wares, the Soldier bolde and of good grace,
Goeth forward on from stepp te stepp, not shrinckinge for a sere,
And though the dogg hath gott one peece, yet still he lookes for more.

If at loues game you cannot play,
Leaue off in tyme, or keepe avvay.

T His webb that's fra'mde here as you see, is Venus tanglinge nett;
Though many creatures fall therein, yet out againe they gett,
Except some few, that powerlesse bee, and fondly downe are cast:
For such are onely they that are, in Venus webb made fast.
Who any courage hath, with ease may breake this geare a sunder,
For lostie myndes looke not so lowe, and scorne to creepe there vnder.
Ne'er suffer you like muggs to bee ta'en vp as Venus swayne:
But manfully breake through the nett; or else turne back againe.

When dead I was, and spake no worde
Your favoure mee to life restorde.

A Hens egge in your handes you broode, so hatch a chickin younges
Tis wonder, say you, 'twas late dead, now stirrs both head & tounge.
Thinke you that this a wonder is? Sweet-harte shew mee like loue,
And at an instant you shall see, a greater matter moue.
Remember that of late you onely grac'd mee with a smile,
Which quickned such a lisse in mee, my Veines so welde a while
And beate, Though I as voyde of sence here sitt; sweet mistress An.
But grace moe with your favour, and I le proue a lolly man.

Bee't good or badd', yea vvell or ill:
It's loue that conqueres all thinges still.

A Lover went to church, as't seemde, to render thankes to God
Because hee was deliuered from Cupids scourginge rod.
There met him in the way a mayde, of beautifull completion,
Which did reuiue his former grieffe, and fired his Affection:
For shee once smylinge, hee so deepe, the same did apprehend:
That there his zeale, deuotion, and his prayers had an end.
The Ape in dauncinge soone forgetts, true measure for to keepe,
As soone as hee perceauē the nutts came trinlinge to his feete.

X X X I I I I.

This wonder lately I out foughr,
That lovers alike, haue alike thought.

With Rosamond I lately went abroad to walke i' th' fielde,
Wee tooke two lutes for our delights, which might vs solace yeelde:
It unde the one iuste to the other, and layde a strawe o' th' one:
So soone as both these tunes agreed the strawe lept thence anone.
Looke Rosamonde, so you, (quoth I) doe moue mee without touch,
And without handes can drawe: for loues conditions are such
That whosoever Venus bringes, within her power, to lye.
Shee makes them feele and see wath they before couldē not descrye.

By this

By this you see, and knowe certaine:
That lovers marre, and make againe.

IN auncient Authers wee doe reade, that there a fontaine was,
Whose water quencht the burninge Torche, when so it came to passe,
That in the same it dipped were: And then againe would burne,
If in the same that Torch were dipt, his flame did then returne.
These are your Trickees sweete Rosamond, at these you still have ayemed,
My fire you soone extinguish can, when as I am inflamed,
And can my burninge heate reuyue, when as I seeme key-colde
Thus lovers make and breake, and so them occupied doe holde.

XXXXVI.

In wedlocke mooste this worke can doe,
Of two makes one, of one makes two.

GRaunte mee your tender Braunch, (good sir) to match which mee
I praye,
And be content, for better farre, it is by mee to staye:
Then on youre withered stock, for loe, it bendeth towards my bed;
It needeth not your pappe nor sapp, since it with mee I led.
What? willingly consent, I pray, noe danger neede you feare,
Although your braunch, seeme tender, in short space it fruite will bear
Then be it so, my loue and I in all thinges doe agree:
For to bee two againe, it is, that Ioyned one are wee.

True

True love increaseth day by day,
And knowes no boundes vwhereat to stay.

T Rue loue may well compared bee, to th' crocadyle by kynde,
VWho alwaies growes, and never is full growne as wee doe fynde
From day to day it doth increase, it growes in all assaies,
Vntill that death gives fatal blowe, to end his groweing daies.
Now, longe since I thought with my selfe, my loue cannot be more
Then this already, yet loues weight, is greater then before
It was, for yet I feele it groweth, which makes mee to desire,
Although at highest pointe I was, yet higher I aspire.

An oldeman in a younge womans arme
The sooner dead, the lesser harme.

A VWanton Gyrle once marryed was vnto a lame olde man;
Who little hadd to giue content. VWhich made mee question than,
How't came that shee so wedded was? who mee this answere gane,
That of dead Asses bones are made, the best pypes that wee haue
VWhen they in th' earth a while haue layne. As likewise haue I reade
That so longe as the Scorpion liues, for nought is good: But deade
A Soveraigne med'cyne is, thus I, therewith beinge well a paide,
My Answere had. Adieu quoth I, and so I left that mayde.

d

Conditions

Conditions that farre disagree,
May not together vuell pared bee.

THe od-conceited Ape that is full of delight and sporte,
Flyeth from the Tortoise (no mans Ioy) amazed in this sorte.
The Reason why the Ape cannot the Tortoise well indure.
It is because they differ much in disposition sure.
Your Iorviall disposition, Sweet-hart, let ne'ere be bent,
Vnto that Rustique clowne which late, your frendes desyrde consent
If I Sweet-hart obtayne you not, attend a while for one,
VVhose nature differs lesse from youres, then myne; or else take none.

L.

Where loue and lykinge once is set
No Seperation can them lett.

THough landes and Seas, woods, hills, & dales, 'twixt us somtymes
doe stand,
That makes no seperation, nor doth frustrate true loues band;
Your harte (Sweet-hart) dwells in mee, and my spirit doth on you tend.
The lodestone, and True loue are like, for towards their loues they bed.
VVhat though the lodestone from the steele, remooved were certaine,
Or that some interposed stufte were set to parte those twaine:
Yet still this Stone his force retaines to drawe the steele. And soe
VVhere ever Rosamonde sojornes, my harte doth with her goe.

Loue

Loue is not lod'ge, I knowve full vvell:
Where vvoe and misery doth dvvell.

VHen as the house, decayde, wil fall, thence swiftly rise the Myce:
And whē mens bodies giue the ghoste frō then creepe fleas & lyce,
The Spyder lykewise soone perceaues when as the Rooffe doth sack,
Then speerily to saue her selfe, shee thence in poste doth pack.
A Body ful of voe, and grieffe of payne, and miserie:
By Cupids darts, nor Venus baytes, entangled onces hall bee:
Her Torche burnes best whereth' most wax is: By delicates and myne
Js Venus lust provoked, and there loues flames brightest shyne.

L II.

Some say't aloude, and some doe whisper.
That, is not all Golde that doth glister.

HOw that my loue is faire (good Sir) your praises ate not scantinge,
Slender, and tale, I knowe it well: But with in her is wantinge,
For, to be faire indeede, requires more then a shewe externall;
I onely aime at Godly life, and Virtues hid internal.
Vnto this piramede, youre loue, I fitly may compare,
Which shewec well to the eye, but, of discretion is bare.
In choosinge of my loue (forsoth) Ile sett al that aparte,
For Shee that's onely faire without, shall never gett my harte.

Loue, causeth mirth, Ioy, and delight
 And lou reuiues the spirit lesse wight.

L *ike dead in graue I lay, of liffe berefte, O Venus bright,
 Vntill your Sonne, and Sunne reuynde, & made mee stand vpright.
 My winges your Sone did giue, youre Sune restord'e my liffe forlorne,
 And so of a dead stock was I a liuely Creature borne.*

*I who was but a drowsie droane, now trickt and trynd'e am I,
 I who in darkenesse late was lod'gde, abroad i' th light now flie,
 I, that of late crept like a worme, now listed to the skye:
 Lee, al these wonders doe proceede from one glace of her eye.*

F I N I S.

