

Must I be still while it my strength devours,
 And captive leads me prisoner, bound, unfree?
 Love first shall leave mens fant'sies to them free,²
 Desire shall quench Love's flames, spring hate sweet showers,
 Love shall loose all his darts, have sight, and see
 His shame, and wishings hinder happy hours.
 Why should we not Love's purblind charms resist?
 Must we be servile, doing what he list?³
 No, seek some host to harbor thee: I fly
 Thy babish tricks, and freedom do profess.
 But O my hurt makes my lost heart confess
 I love, and must: So farewell liberty.

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SONG¹

Sweetest love, return again,
 Make not too long stay:
 Killing mirth and forcing pain,
 Sorrow leading way.
 Let us not thus parted be:
 Love and absence ne'r agree.

But since you must needs depart,
 And me hapless leave,
 In your journey take my heart,
 Which will not deceive.
 Yours it is, to you it flies,
 Joying in those lovèd eyes.

So in part we shall not part,
 Though we absent be:
 Time, nor place, nor greatest smart
 Shall my bands make free.
 Tied I am, yet think it gain:
 In such knots I feel no pain.

But can I live, having lost
 Chiefest part of me?
 Heart is fled, and sight is crossed,
 These my fortunes be.
 Yet dear heart go, soon return:
 As good there as here to burn.

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False hope which feeds but to destroy, and spill¹
 What it first breeds; unnatural to the birth

2. I.e., this and the other impossibilities that follow will occur before I surrender to love. Cf. Donne, *Song* (p. 1083).

3. What pleases him. "Purblind": completely blind.

1. The poem recalls one of Donne's songs: "Sweet love, I do not go / For weariness of thee, / Nor can the world can show / A fitter love for me."

1. Kill. The image is of miscarriage or infanticide.

Of thine own womb; conceiving but to kill,
 And plenty gives to make the greater dearth,²
 So tyrants do who falsely ruling earth
 Outwardly grace them,³ and with profits fill,
 Advance those who appointed are to death,
 To make their greater fall to please their will.
 Thus shadow⁴ they their wicked vile intent,
 Coloring evil with a show of good
 While in fair shows their malice so is spent;⁵
 Hope kills the heart, and tyrants shed the blood.
 For hope deluding brings us to the pride
 Of our desires the farther down to slide.

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My pain, still smothered in my grievèd breast,
 Seeks for some ease, yet cannot passage find
 To be discharged of this unwelcome guest:
 When most I strive, most fast his burdens bind,
 Like to a ship on Goodwin's¹ cast by wind,
 The more she strives, more deep in sand is pressed,
 Till she be lost; so am I, in this kind,²
 Sunk, and devoured, and swallowed by unrest,
 Lost, shipwrecked, spoiled, debarred of smallest hope,
 Nothing of pleasure left; save thoughts have scope,
 Which wander may. Go then, my thoughts, and cry
 Hope's perished, Love tempest-beaten, Joy lost:
 Killing Despair hath all these blessings crossed.
 Yet Faith still cries, Love will not falsify.

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SONG

Love a child is ever crying,
 Please him, and he straight is flying;
 Give him, he the more is craving,
 Never satisfied with having.

His desires have no measure,
 Endless folly is his treasure;
 What he promiseth he breaketh:
 Trust not one word that he speaketh.

He vows nothing but false matter,
 And to cozen you he'll flatter.

² i. e., gives abundance only to make scarcity more painful afterward.

³ i. e., those whom they mean to destroy (see the next

⁴ Keep dark, conceal.

⁵ Expended, employed. "Shows": appearances.

1. Goodwin Sands, a line of shoals at the entrance to the Strait of Dover.

2. Manner.