

SONG

SWEETEST love, I do not goe,
 For wearinesse of thee,
 Nor in hope the world can show
 A fitter Love for mee;
 But since that I
 Must dye at last, 'tis best,
 To use my selfe in jest
 Thus by fain'd deaths to dye;

Yesternight the Sunne went hence,
 And yet is here to day,
 He hath no desire nor sense,
 Nor halfe so short a way:
 Then feare not mee,
 But beleeve that I shall make
 Speedier journeyes, since I take
 More wings and spurres than hee.

O how feeble is mans power,
 That if good fortune fall,
 Cannot adde another houre,
 Nor a lost houre recall!
 But come bad chance,
 And wee joyne to't it our strength,
 And wee teach it art and length,
 It selfe o'r us to'advance.

When thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st not winde,
 But sigh'st my soule away,
 When thou weep'st, unkindly kinde,
 My lifes blood doth decay.
 It cannot bee
 That thou lov'st mee, as thou say'st,
 If in thine my life thou waste,
 That art the best of mee.

Let not thy divining heart
 Forethinke me any ill,
 Destiny may take thy part,
 And may thy feares fulfill;
 But thinke that wee
 Are but turn'd aside to sleepe;
 They who one another keepe
 Alive, ne'r parted bee.