

(i) **“Ah how sweet it is to love,” from *Tyrannick Love* (1669)**

AH how sweet it is to love,  
Ah how gay is young Desire!  
And what pleasing pains we prove  
When we first approach Loves fire!  
Pains of Love be sweeter far 5  
Than all other pleasures are.

Sighs which are from Lovers blown,  
Do but gently heave the Heart:  
Ev'n the tears they shed alone  
Cure, like trickling Balm, their smart. 10  
Lovers when they lose their breath  
Bleed away in easie death  
Love and Time with reverence use,  
Treat 'em like a parting friend:  
Nor the golden gifts refuse 15  
Which in youth sincere they send:  
For each year their price is more,  
And they less simple than before.

Love like Spring-tides full and high  
Swells in ev'ry youthful vein: 20  
But each Tide does less supply,  
Till they quite shrink in again  
If a flow in Age appear,  
'Tis but rain, and runs not clear.

(i) **“Farwell ungratefull Traytor,” from *The Spanish Fryar* (1683)**

I  
FARWELL ungratefull Traytor,  
Farwell my perjur'd Swain,  
Let never injur'd Creature  
Believe a Man again.  
The Pleasure of Possessing 5  
Surpasses all Expressing,  
But 'tis too short a Blessing,  
And Love too long a Pain.

II  
'Tis easie to deceive us  
In Pity of your Pain, 10  
But when we love you leave us  
To rail at you in vain.  
Before we have descry'd it,  
There is no Bliss beside it,  
But she that once has try'd it 15  
Will never love again.

III  
The Passion you pretended  
Was onely to obtain  
But when the Charm is ended  
The Charmer you disdain. 20  
Your Love by ours we measure  
Till we have lost our Treasure,  
But dying is a Pleasure,  
When Living is a Pain.