Since thou must go, yet must I pursue thee,
Environ me with darkness whiles I write:
Shadow & spirit into one with alone
I am to suffer, when my heart is gone.
At least the darkest magic he cannot do it,
Then great hell to boot are shadowed so.
Should Cynthia quit thee, Venus, Ceres, Juno,
it would not frame one thought darker as mine are.
I could send of obsequious spirits and say
out of my self there should be no more day;
such is already my felt want of sight,
did not the fress within me force a light.
A soul that flees a darkness should be seen;
or to the triumphs so strong torments first;
is it because thy soul is blind, that we thy wrongs, must not more each other see?
or hath thou mind to break us on a while?
and thee to Chaos & points worse see?
or have we left undistress some mutual right
through holy peace? that meritst the strictest.
Nor, nor, the fault was mine - impalte to me,
or rather to conspiring destiny
which, since I had the ford before, decreed
that I should suffer when I should endure.
C therefore now, sooner then I can say,
I see the golden fruit is kept away:
or as I had watch one drop in vast streame,
and I left wealthy only in a dreame.
Yet would thou not blindse in this
for where my due - like friend for mine amist,
C where my own, glad truth might expiate
thy wealth, to make free fortune resume my foot.
Sa blinded justice doth when favourites fall
strike them, there have, their friends, their followers
wont not enough if their did dunt thy fises
into our heads, in spinning our decoctes;
C modest, as high, as bold, apart a turne,
C thin thy just intrest from thy turne
nowist not enough, thou dost stimulate us
to paths in land, so dakers, so dangerous,
C these zealous round with armed spies,
and so wise, so proffed, the just eyes,
if know with our thoughts, thy purpose?
yet writ we not till to with constancy?
our eyes, our heads round with armed spyes, C spyes
had correspond and nothing for so by,
stoned more to sustain them, are many hiss
of rothings, confessions, missharmments, tis stes?
shadowed with negligence, most exerts?
masterd langauge through all dialects
of dices, with it, lies and often under bowels
spoke dialogues with, false fame from words?
howe we broad all these frieinds of eart,
yea thy pelf inward, as thy panning heart?
C after all this passed purgatory,
must sad divorce make to the bulgari story?
first let e eyes be rid of quite through
& turning craynes; e both of apper grew too:
left e arms claspe like joy, e our fears
press us together & not may stichs here.
ill fortune, I would rue us with the dead
strayng he eyes open, it make them blind.