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<b>Title</b>	Against his tong that failed to vtter his suites; Discription of the contrarious passions in a louer. The Louer compareth his state to a shippe in a perilous storm tossed vppon the sea; Of doubtfull loue; The Louer sheweth how he he is forsaken of such a
<b>Call Number</b>	If Su7 a585
<b>Published/Created Date</b>	1585
<b>Collection Title</b>	Songes and sonnettes written by the Right Honorable Lord Henry Haward late Earle of Surrey, and others
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## Songes

So followeth me remembrance of that face,  
That with my teary eyes, swolne and vnstable.  
My desire to behold her doth me leade,  
And yet I know I runne into the gleade.

Against his tong that failed to vtter his  
sutes

**B**ecause I still kepe the from lies and blame.  
And to my power alwaies the honoured,  
Unkind tong, to ill hast thou me rendred,  
For such desert to doe me weepe and shame:  
In nede of succour most when that I am.  
To aske reward thou standest like one affraide,  
Alway most colde, and if one word be said  
As in a dreame vnperfite is the same,  
And ye salt teares against my will each night,  
That are with me when I would be alone,  
Then are ye gone, when I should make my mone  
And ye so ready sighes, to make me shyght,  
Then are ye slacke, when that ye should out start

And onely doth my looke declare my hart.

Discription of the contrarious pas-  
sions in a louer.

I find no peace and all my warre is done  
I feare and hope, I burne and freeze like yse  
I fly aloft, yet can I not then rise,  
And nought I haue, all the world I seison,  
That lockes nor loseth, holdeth me in prison,  
And holdes me nat, yet can I scape no wise,  
Nor lettes me liue, nor dy at my deuise,  
And yet of death it giueth me occasion  
Without eye I see, without tounge I plaine  
I wish to perish yet I aske for health,  
I loue another and I hate my selfe,  
I fede me in sorow, and laugh in all my paine,  
Lo, thus displeaseth me both death and life,  
An dmy delight is cause of this strife

## and sonnettes. fo.22.

The louer compareth his state to a shippe in  
perilous storme tossed vpon the sea.

**M**y gally charged with forgetfulnesse,  
Throughe sharpe seas, in winter night doth pas  
Twene rocke and rock and eke my foe (alas)  
That is my Lord stereth with cruelnesse,  
And every houre a thought in readinesse,  
As though that death were light in such a case.  
And endles winde doth teare the saille apace  
Of forced sighes & truitye fearefulnesse,  
A raine of teare, a cloud of darke disuaine  
Haue done the weried coardes great hinderance.  
Whetted with errour and with ignoranace  
The starres be hidde, that leade me to this paine  
Dround is reason that should be my comfort  
And I remaine dispairing of the port.

Of doubtfull loue.

**A**sting the bright beames of those faire eyes,  
Wher he abides that mine oft moist & wasteth  
The weried minde straight from the hart departeth  
To rest within his worldly Paradise.  
And bitter findes the sweete, under his gyle.  
What weeth ther he hath wrought well he perceiueth,  
That spurs with fire, and biddeth eke with yse,  
In such extremitie thus is he brought,  
Frosen now cold and now he standes in flame  
Twit two and welch, betwixt earnest and game,  
With seldome glad, and many a diuers thought,  
In loye reppentance of his hardinesse,  
Of such a roote loe cometh fruite fruitlesse.

The louer sheweth how he is forsaken of  
such as he sometime enjoyed.

**T**hey flee from me, that sometime did me seeke  
With naked foote stalking within my chamber,  
Once haue I seene them gentle, tame and meeke  
That