

# 16. Eyes, look no more

John Danyel

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Eyes, look no more, for what hath all the earth that's  
Clothe thee, my heart, with black dark thoughts, and think but

BII--

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worth the sight? Ears, hear no more, for what can breathe the  
of des- pair. Si- lence lock up my words, and scorn these

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voice of true de- light? Think, think glo- ry,  
i- dle sound of air. But, but sor- row,

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hon- or, joys, de- lights, con- tents are but the emp- ty re- ports of  
 grief, af- flic- tion, and des- pair, these are the things that are sure, and

una- pro- pri- ed terms that breath in- vents, not know- ing what it im- ports.  
 these we feel not as con- ceits in th'air, but as the same we en- dure.

Joy, de- lights, and plea- sures in us hold such  
 Joy, de- lights, and plea- sures make grief to ty-

a doubt- ful part, as if they were but thrall, and  
 ran- nize us worse, our mirth brings but dis- tastes, for

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those were all in all. For griefs, dis- trusts,  
 nought de- lights and lasts. Grief, then, take all

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re- morse, I see must do- mi- near the heart.  
 my heart, for where none strive, there needs less force.

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