

# 5. O dear life

Poem by Sir Philip Sidney

Anonymous

O dear life. when shall it be,  
 O if I my self find not,  
 Thought there-fore will I send thee,  
 Thought, see thou no place for- bear,  
 O my thoughts, my thoughts, for-sur- cease,

5

that mine eyes thine eyes may see,  
 by thine ab- sence oft for- got,  
 to take up the place for me;  
 en- ter brave- ly ev- 'ry- where,  
 your de- lights my woes in- crease,

10

and in them thy mind dis- co- ver,  
 nor de- barr'd from beau- ty's trea- sure:  
 long I will not af- ter tar- ry:  
 seize on all to her be- long- ing:  
 my life fleets with too much think- ing:

1) Note added by editor. Same in bar 24.

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whe- ther ab- sence hath had force, thy re-  
 Let no tongue as- pire to tell in what  
 There un- seen thou may'st be bold, those fair  
 But if thou would'st guard- ed be, fear- ing  
 Think no more, but die in me 'till thou

20

mem- brance to di- vorce from the  
 high - I shall dwell, on- ly  
 won- ders to be- hold, which in  
 her beams, take with thee, strength of  
 shalt re- cei- ved be, at her

25

im- age of my lov- er?  
 thought aims at the plea- sure.  
 them my hopes do car- ry.  
 lik- ing, rage of long- ing.  
 lips my nec- tar drink- ing.