









If then the wellspring of my joy, A flood of woe, in fine become, If love engender love's annoy, Then farewell life, my glass is run: If you thus constant still remain; Then must I die, or live in pain. Thrice happy they, whose joined hearts, United wills have linked in one, Whose eyes discern the due deserts, The griping grief, and grievous groan, That faith doth breed in settled mind, As fancies are by fates inclined. And shall I roll the restless stone? And must I prove the endless pain? In cureless care shall I alone, Consume with grief, that yields me gain? If so I curse these eyes of mine, That first beheld that face of thine.

Henry Willobie "Avisa" (1594) Cant. LVII.2