

Mar. 16

B.R. - Shows

Ex dono B.R.
a. Jm. 1634

Broughton

Thomas Gray



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1503

Since thou must go, & I must mourne come night,
enviſon mee with darkeſſe whiles I write;
ſhadow thy hill onto mee, wh^{ch} alone
I am to ſuffer, when my drare is gone.
alacke the darkeſt magicke cannot doe it,
thou & great hell to boot are ſhadows to it,
ſhould Cynthia quite thee, Venus, & each ſtarre,
it would not forme one thought darke as mine are.
I could lend thee obſcuriours, and ſay
out of my ſelfe thee ſhould bee no more day:
ſuch is already my felt want of ſight,
did not the firre within mee force a light.
O love that fire & darkeſſe ſhould bee mixt;
or to thy triumphs ſoe ſtrange torment ſixt!
is it becauſe thy ſelfe art blind, that we
thy martyrs, muſt not more each other ſee?
or haſt thou mind to breake vs on thy wheele?
and view old Chaos in thy paines wee feele?
or haue wee left vndone ſome mutuall right
through holy feare? that meritts thy deſpight.
nor, nor, the fault was mine. impute to mee,
or rather to conſpiring deſtiny,
which, ſince I lov'd thee forme before, deere,
that I ſhould ſuffer when I lov'd endere.
O therefore now, ſooner then I can ſay,
I ſee the golden fruits is rapt away:
or as I had watcht one drop in a vaſt ſtream;
and I left wealthy only in a dream.
yet thou art blindre then thy ſelfe, in this
to vee my downe-like friend for mine a miſſe;
O where my owne glad truth might expiate
thy wrath, to make her fortune runne my fate.

So blinded iustice, doth, when favour it is fall,
 strike them, their haire, their friends, their followers
 wast not enough if thou didst deat thy eyes
 into our bloods, in forming our pecces,
 & madst vs feigh, & blow, & part, & burne,
 & then thy selfe into a flame, didst turne?
 wast not enough if thou didst hazard vs
 to paths in lours, so darke, so dangerous,
 & thes seruamburht round with household spyes,
 and ~~our~~ ~~eyes~~, thy forward huffe in eyes,
 if flame with oyle, & rate of fire loue?

+ yet went we not still on with constancy?

hau we not kept our gazes like a spye & spye
 had correspondance with the for stee by?
 stolne. (more to sweeten them) our many blisses
 of meetings, conference, embraces, kisses?
 shadowed with negligence & most respects?
 weard & language through all dialects
 of becks, withs, looks, & often vnder boords
 spoke dialogues with, & feete, faere from words?
 haue we provd all these sweetts of & art,
 ysa thy pale inward, as thy panting heart?
 & after all this passed purgatory,
 must sadd divorce make vs the bulgars story?
 first let & eyes be rivettid quite through
 & turning braynes; & both & lipps grow too:
 lett & armes claspe like joy: & our feare
 presse vs together if we may strike here.
 till fortune if would riur vs with the deud
 strayne her eyes open, & it make them bleed.