

*So oft as homeward I from her depart,
I goe lyke one that having lost the field:
Is prisoner led away with heavy hart,
Despoyle of warlike armes and knowen shield.
So doe I now my selfe a prisoner yeeld,
To sorrow and to solitary paine:
From presence of my dearest deare exylde,
Longwhile alone in languor to remaine.
There let no thought of joy or pleasure vaine
Dare to approch, that may my solace breed:
But sudden dumps and drery sad disdayne
Of all worlds gladnesse more my torment feed.
So I her absens will my penaunce make,
That of her presens I my meed may take.*

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