

16. Eyes, look no more

John Danyel

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Eyes, look no more, for what hath all the earth that's worth the sight?
 Clothe thee, my heart, with black dark thoughts, and think but of des- pair.

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Ears, hear no more, for what can breathe the voice of true de- light? Think, think glo- ry,
 Si- lence lock up my words, and scorn these 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 una- pro- pri- ed terms that
 grief, af- flic- tion, and des- pair, these are the things that are sure, and these we feel not as con-

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breath in- vents, not know- ing what it im- ports. Joys, de- lights, and plea- sures in us hold such
 ceits in th'air, but as the same we en- dure. Joys, de- lights, and plea- sures make grief to ty-

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a doubt- ful part, as if they were but thrall, and those were all in all.
 ran- nize us worse, our mirth brings but dis- tastes, for nought de- lights and lasts.

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For griefs, dis- trusts, re- morse, I see must do- mi- neer the heart.
 Grief, then, take all my heart, for where none strive, there needs less force.