

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, 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.

15

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.