Pembroke’s Poem

If her disdain least change in you can move,

you do not love;

**For while your hopes give fuel to your fire,**

 **you sell desire.**

Love is not love, but given free

 And so is mine, so should yours be.

Her heart that melts to hear of others mone,

 to mine is stone;

**And eyes that weep a strangers hurt to see,**

 joy to wound me:

Yet I so much affect each part

As caus’d by them, I love my smart.

**Think her unkindness justly must be grac’d**

with Name of chaste;

And that she frownes least longing should exceed,

 and raging breed.

So can her rigour ne’re offend

Except self-love seek private end.

Rudyerd’s Answer

‘Tis Love breeds Love in me, and cold disdain

 kills it again:

As water maketh fire to fret and fume,

 till all consume:

 None can of Love more free gift make,

 **Then to Loves self for Loves own sake**.

 I’le never digg in Quarry of an heart

 to have no part,

 **Nor roast in those fierce eyes which alwayes are**

 Canicular.

**Who this way would a Lover prove,**

Doth shew his patience, not his love.

 A frown may be sometimes for Physick good,

 but not for food;

 And for that raging humour there is sure

 a gentler cure.

 Why bar you Love of private end,

 Which never should to publick tend.