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.