

# 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  
Clothe thee, my heart, with black dark thoughts, and think but of des-

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sight? pair. Ears, hear no more, for what can breathe the voice of true de- light?  
Si- lence lock up my words, and scorn these i- dle sound of air.

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Think, think glo- ry, hon- or, joys, de- lights, con- tents  
But, but sor- row, grief, af- flic- tion, and des- pair,

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are but the emp- ty re- reports of una- pro- pri- ed terms that breath in- vents, not  
these are the things that are sure, and these we feel not as con- ceits in th'air, but

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know- ing what it im- ports. Joys, de- lights, and plea- sures  
 as the same we en- dure. Joys, de- lights, and plea- sures

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in us hold such a doubt- ful part, as if they were but thrall, and  
 make grief to ty- ran- nize us worse, our mirth brings but dis- tastes, for

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those were all in all. For griefs, dis- trusts, re- morse, I see  
 nought de- lights and lasts. Grief, then, take all my heart, for where

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must do- mi- neer the heart.  
 none strive, there needs less force.

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