

How can I then return in happy plight  
That am debarred the benefit of rest,  
When day's oppression is not eased by night,  
But day by night and night by day oppressed;  
And each, though enemies to either's reign,  
Do in consent shake hands to torture me,  
The one by toil, the other to complain  
How far I toil, still farther off from thee?  
I tell the day to please him thou art bright  
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven;  
So flatter I the swart complexioned night,  
When sparkling stars twine not, thou gild'st the even.

But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,  
And night doth nightly make grief's length seem stronger.