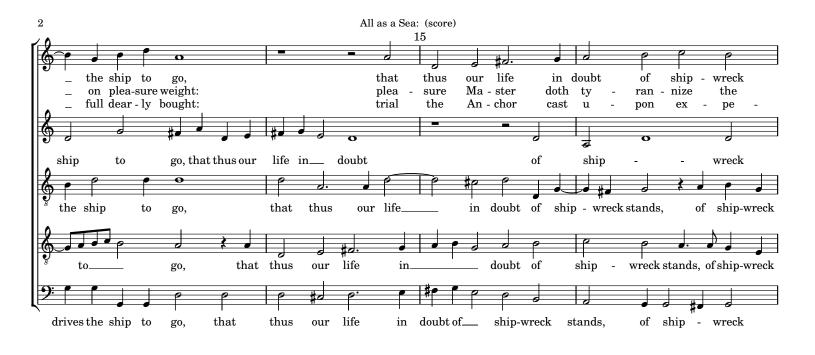
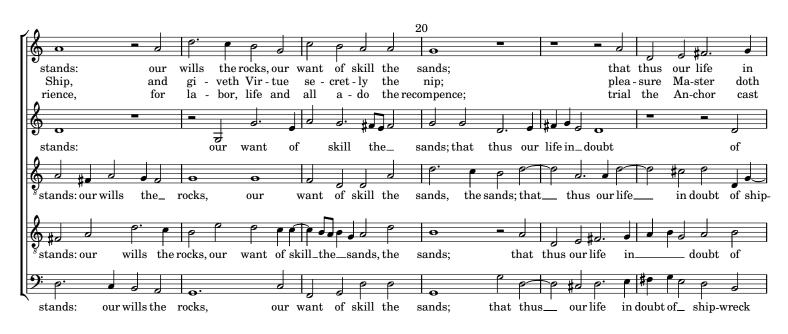
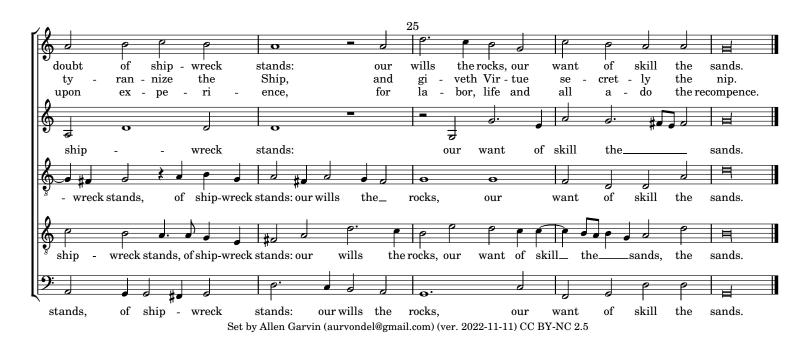
Psalmes, sonets and songs of sadnes and pietie (London, 1588)



Set by Allen Garvin (aurvondel@gmail.com) (ver. 2022-11-11) CC BY-NC 2.5







All as a Sea, the world no other is, our selves are ships still tossed to and fro, and lo, each man, his love to that or this, is like a storm, that drives the ship to go, that thus our life in doubt of shipwrack stands: our wills the rocks, our want of skill the sands.

Our passions be Pirates still that spoil, and overboard casts out our reasons freight: the Mariners that day and night do toil, be our conceits that do on pleasure weight: pleasure Master doth tyrannize the Ship, and giveth Virtue secretly the nip.

The compass is a mind to compass all, both pleasure, profit, place and fame, for naught: the winds that blow men overweening call, the Merchandise is wit full dearly bought: trial the Anchor cast upon experience, for labor, life and all ado the recompence.