

Renascence Editions

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Diana (1594)

Henry Constable.

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D I A N A .

OR,

The excellent conceitful Sonnets
of *H. C.* Augmented with diuers
Quatorzains of honorable and
lernerd personages.

Deuided into viij. Decads.

Vincitur a facibus, qui iacet ipse faces.

AT LONDON, Printed by *Iames Roberts* for
Richard Smith.

THE PRINTER TO

the Reader.



you.

Bscur'd wonders (gentlemen,) visited me in
Turnus armor, and I in regard of *Aeneas* honour,
haue vnclouded them vnto the worlde: you are that
Vniuerse, you that *Aeneas*, if you finde *Pallas*
gyrdle, murder them, if not inviron'd vvith
barbarizme, saue them, and eternitie will prayse

Vale.

VNTO HER MAIE-

sties sacred honorable
Maydes.

E Ternall Twins that conquer Death and Time,
Perpetuall Aduocates in Heauen and Earth,
Fayre, chast, imaculat, and all diuine,
Glorious alone, before the first mans byrth:
You two-fold CHARITES, celestiall lights.
Bow your Sun-rysing eyes, Planets of ioy,
Vpon these Orphan Poems: in whose rights,
Conceit first claym'd his byrth-right to enioy.
If pittifull, you shun the song of Death,
Or feare the staine of Loues life-dropping blood,
O know then you are pure, and purer fayth,
Shall still keepe white, the flower, the fruite, and bud.
Loue moueth all things, you that loue, shall moue
All things in him: and he in you shall loue.

RICHARD
SMYTH.

The first Decad.

S O N N E T. I.

R Esolu'd to loue, vnworthy to obtaine,
I doe no fauour craue: but humble wise
to thee my sighes in verse I sacrificise;
only some pittie, and no helpe to gaine.
Heare then, and as my hart shall aye remaine
a patient obiect to thy lightning eyes:
a patient eare bring thou to thundring cries;
feare not the cracke, when I the blow sustaine.
So, as thine eye bred mine ambitious thought,
so shall thine eare make proud my voyce for ioy:
lo (Deere) what wonders great by thee are wrought
when I but little fauours doe enjoy.
The voyce is made the eare for to reioyce:
And your eare giueth pleasure to my voyce.

S O N N E T. II.

B Lame not my hart for flying vp too hie,
sith thou art cause that it this flight begunne;
for earthly vapours drawne vp by the Sunne,
Comets begun, and right-sunnes in the skie.
Mine humble hart, so with thy heauenly eie
drawne vp aloft, all low desires doth shunne:
raise them me vp, as thou my hart hast done,
so during night, in heauen remaine may I.
I say againe, blame not my high desire,
sith of vs both the cause thereof depends:
in thee doth shine, in mee doth burne a fire,
fire drawes vp other, and it selfe ascends.
Thine eye a fire, and so drawes vp my loue:
My loue a fire, and so ascends aboue.

S O N N E T. III.

F Ly low deere Loue, thy Sunne doost thou not see?
 take heede, doe not so neere his rayes aspyre:
 least (for thy pride, inflam'd with wreakful ire)
 it burne thy wings, as it hath burned me.
 Thou (haply) saist, thy wings immortall bee,
 and so cannot consumed be with fire:
 the one is *Hope*, the other is desire,
 and that the heauens bestow'd them both on thee.
 A Muses words made thee with *Hope* to flye,
 an Angels face *Desire* hath begot,
 thy selfe engendred by a Goddesses eye:
 yet for all this, immortall thou art not.
 Of heauenly eye though thou begotten art,
 Yet art thou borne but of a mortall hart.

S O N N E T. IIII.

A Friend of mine, pittying my hopelesse loue,
 hoping (by killing hope) my loue to flay:
 Let not (quoth he) thy hope thy hart betray,
 impossible is her hart to moue.
 But sith resolved loue cannot remoue,
 as long as thy diuine perfections stay:
 thy Godhead then he sought to take away.
 Deere seeke reuenge, and him a lyar proue.
 Gods onely doe impossibilities,
 impossible (saith he) thy grace to gaine:
 show then the power of thy diuinities,
 by graunting me thy fauour to obtaine.
 So shall thy foe giue to himselfe the lie:
 A Goddesses thou shalt proue, and happy I.

SONNET. V.

Thine eye the glasse where I behold my hart,
 mine eye the window through the which thine eye
 may see my hart, and there thy selfe espy
 in bloody cullours how thou painted art.
 Thine eye the pyle is of a murdring dart,
 mine eye the sight thou tak'st thy leuell by
 to hit my hart, and neuer shootes awry;
 mine eye thus helps thine eye to worke my smart.
 Thine eye a fire is both in heate and light,
 mine eye of teares a riuer doth become:
 oh that the water of mine eye had might
 to quench the flames that fro[m] thine eye doth come.
 Or that the fire kindled by thine eye,
 The flowing streames of mine eyes could make drie.

SONNET. VI.

Mine eye with all the deadly sinnes is fraught,
 1. First *proud*, sith it presum'd to looke to hie:
 a watchman being made, stode gazing by,
 2. and *idle*, took no heede till I was caught:
 3. And *enuious*, beares enuie that by thought
 should in his absence be to her so nie:
 to kill my hart, mine eye let in her eye,
 4. and so consent gaued to a *murther* wrought:
 5. And *couetous*, it neuer would remoue
 from her faire haire, gold so doth please his sight:
 6. *Vnchast*, a baude betweene my hart and loue:
 7. a *glutton* eye, with teares drunke euery night.
 These sinnes procured haue a Goddesses ire:
 Wherefore my hart is damnd in Loues sweet fire.

SONNET. VII.

F Alsly-doth enuie of your praises blame
 my tongue, my pen, my hart of flattery:
 because I said there was no sunne but thee,
 it call'd my tongue the partiall trumpe of Fame;
 And saith my pen hath flattered thy name,
 because my pen did to my tongue agree;
 and that my hart must needs a flatter bee,
 which taught both tongue & pen to say the same.
 No, no, I flatter not, when thee I call
 the sunne, sith that the sunne was neuer such:
 but when the sunne thee I compar'd withall,
 doubtles the sunne I flattered too much.
 Witnes mine eyes I say the trueth in this:
 They haue seene thee, and know that so it is.

S O N N E T. V I I I.

M Vch sorrow in it selfe my loue doth moue,
 more my dispaire, to loue a hopelesse blisse:
 my folly most, to loue whom sure to misse;
 oh helpe me but this last greefe to remoue.
 All paines if you commaund, it ioy shalt proue,
 and wisdom to seeke ioy: then say but this;
 because my pleasure in thy torment is,
 I doe commaund thee without hope to loue.
 So, when this thought my sorrow shall augment,
 that my owne folly did procure my paine,
 then shall I say to giue my selfe content,
 obedience onely made me loue in vaine.
 It was your will, and not my want of wit:
 I haue the paine, beare you the blame of it.

S O N N E T. I X.

M Y Ladies presence makes the Roses red,
 because to see her lips, they blush for shame:

the Lyllies leaues (for enuie) pale became,
 and her white hands in them this enuie bred.
 The Marigold the leaues abroad doth spred,
 because the sunnes, and her power is the same:
 the Violet of purple cullour came,
 did in the blood shee made my hart to shed.
 In briefe, all flowers from her their vertue take;
 fro[m] her sweet breath, their sweet smels do proceede;
 the liuing heate which her eye beames doth make,
 warmeth the ground, and quickeneth the seede:
 The raine wherewith shee watereth the flowers,
 Falls from mine eyes, which she dissolues in showers.

S O N N E T. X.

H Eraulds at armes doe three perfections quote,
 to wit, most faire, most ritch, most glittering:
 so when those three concurre within one thing,
 needes must that thing of honor be a note.
 Lately I did behold a ritch faire coate,
 which wished Fortune to mine eyes did bring,
 a lordly coate, yet worthy of a King,
 in which one might all these perfections note.
 A field of Lyllies, roses proper bare,
 two starres in chiefe, the Crest was waues of gold,
 how glittering twas, might by the starres appeare,
 the Lillies made it faire for to behold.
 And ritch it was as by the gold appeareth,
 But happy he that in his armes it weareth.

The second Decad.

S O N N E T. I.

I F true loue might true loues reward obtaine,
 dumbe wonder onely might speake of my ioy:

but too much worth hath made thee too much coy,
 and told me long agoe, I sigh'd in vaine.
 Not then vaine hope of vnderued gaine,
 hath made me paint in verses mine annoy:
 but for thy pleasure, that thou might'st enioy
 thy beauties praise, in glasses of my paine.
 See then thy selfe (though me thou wilt not heare)
 by looking on my verse: for paine in verse,
 loue doth in paine, beautie in loue appeare.
 so, if thou wouldst my verses meaning see,
 Expound them thus, when I my loue rehearse;
 None loues like him; that is, None faire like mee.

S O N N E T. II.

IT may be, Loue my death doth not pretend,
 although he shoots at mee: but thinks it fit
 thus to bewitch thee for thy benefit,
 causing thy will to my wish condescend.
 For VVitches which some murther doe intend,
 doe make a picture, and doe shoote at it;
 and in that part where they the picture hit,
 the parties selfe doth languish to his end.
 So Loue too weake by force thy hart to taint,
 within my hart thy heauenly shape doth paint:
 suffring therein his arrowes to abide,
 onely to th'end he might by witches arte,
 Within my hart pierce through thy pictures side,
 And through thy pictures side might wound my hart.

S O N N E T. III.

THE Sunne his iourney ending in the West,
 taking his lodging vp in *Thetis* bed,
 though from our eyes his beames be banished,
 yet with his light th' *Antipodes* be blest.
 Now when the sun-time brings my Sunne to rest,

(which mee too oft of rest hath hindered)
 and whiter skinne with white sheete couered,
 and softer cheeke doth on soft pillow rest:
 Then I (oh Sunue of sunnes, and light of lights)
 wish mee with those *Antipodes* to be,
 which see and feele thy beames & heate by nights.
 Well though the night both cold and darksome is,
 Yet halfe the dayes delight the night graunts mee:
 I feele my Sunnes heate, though his light I misse.

S O N N E T. I I I I.

L Adie in beautie and fauour rare,
 of fauour (not of due) I fauour craue:
 nature to thee Beauty and fauour gaue;
 faire then thou art, and fauour thou maist spare.
 Nor when on mee bestow'd your fauours are,
 lesse fauour in your face you shall not haue:
 if fauour then a wounded soule may saue,
 of murthers guilt (deere Lady) then beware.
 My losse of life a million fold were lesse,
 than the least losse should vnto you befall:
 yet graunt this gyft, which gift when I possesse,
 both I haue life, and you no losse at all.
 For by your Fauor onely I doe liue:
 And fauour you may well both keepe and giue.

S O N N E T. V.

M Y *Reason* absent, did mine eyes require
 to watch and ward, and such foes to descrie
 as they should neere my hart approaching spie:
 but traitor eyes my harts death did conspire,
 (Corrupted with *Hopes* gyfts) let in *Desire*
 to burne my hart: and sought no remedy,
 though store of water were in eyther eye;
 which well imployde, might wel haue quencht the fire.

Reason returnd, *Loue* and *Fortune* made
 Iudges, to iudge mine eyes to punishment:
Fortune, sith they by sight my hart betraid,
 from wished sight adiudg'd them banishment:
Loue, sith by fire murdred my hart was found,
 Adiudged them in teares for to be drown.

S O N N E T. VI.

W Onder it is, and pittie ist, that shee
 in whom all beauties treasure we may finde,
 that may enrich the body and the mind,
 towards the poore should vse no charitie.
 My loue is gone a begging vnto thee,
 and if that Beauty had not beene more kind
 then Pittie, long ere this he had beene pinde:
 but Beautie is content his foode to bee.
 Oh pittie haue, when such poore Orphans beg;
 Loue (naked boy) hath nothing on his backe:
 and though he wanteth neither arme nor leg,
 yet maim'd he is, sith he his sight doth Lacke.
 And yet (though blinde) he beautie can behold:
 And yet (though nak'd) he feeles more heate tha[n] cold.

S O N N E T. VII.

P Itty refusing my poore Loue to feede,
 a beggar staru'd for want of helpe he lies,
 and at your mouth (the doore of Beauty) cries,
 that thence some almes of sweete grants might proceede.
 But as he waiteth for some almes-deede,
 a cherrie tree before the doore he spies;
 oh deere (quoth he) two cherries may suffise,
 two onely may saue life in this my neede.
 But beggers, can they naught but cherries eate?
 Pardon my Loue, he is a Goddesse sonne,
 and neuer feedeth but on daintie meate,

els neede he not to pine as hee hath done:
 For onely the sweet fruite of this sweete tree,
 Can giue foode to my Loue, and life to mee.

S O N N E T. V I I I.

THE Foulster hides (as closely as he may)
 the net, where caught the sillie bird should be,
 least he the threatning pryson should but see,
 and so for feare be forc'd to flye away.
 My Lady so, the while shee doth assay
 in curled knots fast to entangle me,
 put on her vaile, to th'end I should not flee
 the golden net, wherein I am a pray.
 Alas (most sweet) what neede is of a net,
 to catch a byrd, that is already tane?
 Sith with your hand alone you may it get,
 for it desires to flie into the same.
 What neede such arte, my thoughts then to intrap:
 When of themselues they flye into your lap.

S O N N E T. I X.

Sweet hand the sweet, but cruell bowe thou art,
 from whence at mee fiue yuorie arrowes flie:
 so with fiue woundes at once I wounded lie,
 bearing my brest the print of euery dart.
 Saint *Fraunces* had the like, yet felt no smart;
 where I in liuing torments neuer die:
 his woundes were in his hands and feete, where I
 all these fiue helplesse wounds feele in my hart.
 Now (as Saint *Fraunces*) if a Saint am I,
 the bowe that shot these shafts a relique is:
 I meane the hand, which is the reason why
 so many for deuotion thee would kisse:
 And some thy gloue kisse, as a thing diuine,

This arrowes quiuer, and this reliques shrine.

S O N N E T. X.

F Aire Sunne, if you wold haue me praise your light,
 when night approacheth, wherfore doe you flie?
 Time is so short, Beauties so many be,
 as I haue neede to see them day and night:
 That by continuall view, my verses might
 tell all the beames of your diuinitie;
 which praise to you, and ioy should be to mee,
 you liuing by my verse, I by your sight.
 I by your sight, and not you by my verse:
 neede mortall skill immortall praise rehearse?
 no, no, though eyes were blind, & verse were dumb,
 your beautie shold be seene, & your fame known.
 For by the winde which from my sighes doe come,
 Your praises round about the world is blowne.

The third Decad.

S O N N E T. I.

V Nciuill sicknesse, hast thou no regard,
 but doost presume my deerest to molest?
 and without leaue dar'st enter in that brest,
 whereto sweet Loue approach yet neuer dar'd?
 Spare thou her health, which my life hath not spar'd,
 too bitter such reuenge of my unrest:
 although with wrongs my thought shee hath opprest,
 my wrongs seeke not reuenge, they craue reward.
 Cease Sicknesse, cease in her then to remaine,
 and come and welcome, harbour thou in me:
 who[m] Loue long since hath taught to suffer paine.
 So shee which hath so oft my paine increast,
 (Oh God, that I might so reuenged be,)

By my poore paine, might haue her paine releast.

S O N N E T. I I.

T He scourge of life, & deathes extreame disgrace,
 the smoake of hell, that monster called paine,
 long shamd to be accurst in euery place,
 by them who of his rude resort complaine:
 Like catife wretch by time and trauell taught,
 his ougly ill in others good to hide,
 late harbours in her face, whom nature wrought
 as treasure house where her best gifts abide.
 And so by priuiledge of sacred seate,
 (a seate where beauty shines, and vertue raignes,)
 he hopes for some smal praise, since she hath great,
 within her beames wrapping his cruel staines.
 Ah saucie Paine, let not thine error last,
 More louing eyes shee drawes, more hate thou hast.

S O N N E T. I I I.

W Oe, woe to me, on mee returne the smart,
 my burning tongue hath bred my Mistres paine,
 for oft in paine to paine my painfull hart
 with her due praise, didst of my state complaine.
 I praisd her eyes whom neuer change doth moue,
 her breath, which makes a sower aunswere sweet,
 her milken breasts, the nurse of child-like loue,
 her legs (o legs) her day well-stepping feete.
 Paine heard her praise, and full of inward fire,
 first sayling vp my hart (as pray of his)
 hee flyes to her and boldned with desire,
 her face (this ages praise) the theefe doth kisse.
 O Paine, I now recant the praise I gaue,
 And swaere shee is not worthy thee to haue.

S O N N E T. I I I I.

T Hou paine, the onely guest of loath'd constraint,
 the child of curse, mans weakenes foster child,
 brother to woe, and Father of complaint,
 thou paine, thou lothed paine fro[m] heauen exilde:
 How hold'st ye her whose eies constraint doth feare,
 who curst, doth blesse, who weakneth vertues arme,
 who others woes and plaints can chastly heare,
 in whose sweet heaue[n], angels of hie thoughts swarm
 What courage strange hath caught thy catife hart?
 Fear'st not a face that oft whole harts deuours?
 or art thou from aboue byd play this part?
 and so no helpe gainst enuie of those powers.
 If thus, alas; yet whilst those parts haue wo,
 So stay her tongue that shee no more say no.

S O N N E T. V.

A ND haue I heard her say, o cruell paine,
 and doth she know what mould her beuty beares
 mournes shee in troth, & thinks that others faine?
 feares shee to feele, and feeles not others feares?
 O doth she thinke, all paine the mind forbear,es,
 or on the earth no fierie sprits may moue,
 that eyes weepe worse then hart in bloody teares,
 that sence feeles more the[n] what doth sence co[n]taine.
 No, no, she is too wise, shee knowes her face
 hath not such paine as it makes Louers haue:
 shee knowes the sicknes of that perfect place
 hath yet such health as it my life can saue.
 But this shee thinks, our paines hie cause excuseth,
 Where her who should rule paine, false paine abuseth.

S O N N E T. VI.

Since shunning paine, I ease can neuer finde,
 since bashful dread seeks wher he knows me harmd
 since will is wonne, and stopped eares are charmd,
 since force doth faint, & sight doth make me blind
 Since loosing long, the faster still I binde,
 since naked sence can conquer reason armde,
 since hart in chilling feare with Ice is warmd
 in fine, since strife of thought but marrs the mind,
 I yeeld (o Loue) vnto thy loathed yoke.
 Yet crauing law of armes, whose rule doth teach,
 that hardly vsd who euer pryson broke,
 in iustice quit of honor made no breach:
 Whereas if I a gratefull Gardian haue,
 Thou art my Lord, and I thy vowed slaue.

S O N N E T. VII.

When Loue puft vp with rage of hie disdainie,
 resolu'd to make mee patterne of his might,
 like foe whose wit's inclind to deadly spight,
 would often kill to breede more feeling paine.
 He would not armde with beautie onely raigne,
 on those affects that easely yeeld to sight:
 but vertue sets so hie, that reasons light
 for all his strife can onely bondage gaine;
 So that I liue to pay a mortall fee,
 dead-palsey sicke of all my chieftest parts,
 like those whom dreames make ougly monsters see,
 and cry, o helpe, with naught but grones & starts.
 Longing to haue, hauing no will to wish,
 To stammering minds such is good *Cupids* dish.

S O N N E T. VIII.

IN wonted walkes since wonted fancies change,
 some cause there is which of strange cause doth rise:
 for in each thing whereto mine eye doth range,
 part of my paine mee seemes ingraued lies.
 The rocks which were of constant minds the marke,
 in climbing steepe, now hard refusall shoe:
 the shadie woods seeme now my sunne to darke,
 and stately hills disdain to looke so low.
 The restfull caues, now restlesse visions giue,
 in dales I see each way a hard assent:
 like late mowne meades, late cut from ioy I liue,
 alas, sweet Brookes doe in my teares augment.
 Rocks, woods, hils, caues, dales, meades, brooks answer mee,
 Infected mindes infect each thing they see.

S O N N E T. IX.

WOe to mine eyes, the organs of mine ill,
 hate to my hart for not concealing ioy,
 a double curse vpon my tongue be still,
 whose babling lost what els I might enioy.
 When first mine eyes did with thy beautie toy,
 they to my hart thy wondrous vertues told,
 who fearing least thy beames should him destroy,
 what ere he knew did to my tongue vnfold.
 My teltale tongue, in talking ouer bold,
 what they in priuate counsell did declare,
 to thee in plaine and publique tearmes vnrould,
 and so by that made thee more coyer farre.
 What in thy praise he spoake, that didst thou trust,
 And yet my sorrowes thou doost hold vniust.

S O N N E T. X.

OF an Athenian youngman haue I red,
 who on blind Fortunes picture doted so,

that when he could not buy it to his bed,
 on it he gazing died for very wo.
 My Fortunes picture art thou flintie Dame,
 that settest golden apples to my sight,
 but wilt by no meanes let mee taste the same:
 to drowne in sight of land is double spight.
 Of Fortune as thou learn'dst to be vnkind,
 so learne to be vnconstant to disdaine:
 the wittiest women are to sport inclind,
 honor is pride, and pride is naught but paine.
 Let others boast of choosing for the best,
 Tis substances, not names must make vs blest.

The fourth Decad.

S O N N E T. I.

Needes must I leaue, and yet needes must I loue,
 in vaine my wit doth tell in verse my woe,
 dispaire in me disdaine in thee doth shoe,
 how by my wit I doe my folly proue:
 All this my hart from loue can neuer moue.
 loue is not in my hart, no Lady no,
 my hart is loue it selfe, till I forgoe
 my hart, I neuer can my loue remoue.
 How can I then leaue loue? I doe intend
 not to craue grace, but yet so wish it still.
 Not to praise thee, but beauty to commend,
 and so by beauties praise, praise thee I will.
 For as my hart is loue, loue not in mee,
 So beauty thou, beauty is not in thee.

S O N N E T. II.

SWeete Soueraigne, sith so many minds remaine
 obedient subjects at thy beauties call,

so many harts bound in thy haire as thrall,
 so many eyes die with one lookes disdain,
 Goe seeke the honour that doth thee pertaine,
 that the fift Monarchie may thee befall.
 Thou hast such meanes to conquer men withall,
 as all the world must yeeld, or els be slaine.
 To sight, thou need'st no weapons but thine eyes,
 thine haire hath gold enough to pay thy men,
 and for their foode, thy beauty will suffise.
 For men and armour, (Lady) care haue none,
 For one will sooner yeeld vnto thee then
 When he shall meete thee naked all alone.

S O N N E T. I I I.

When your perfections to my thoughts appeare,
 they say among themselues, o happy wee,
 which euer shall so rare an obiect see:
 but happy hart, if thoughts lesse happy were,
 For their delights haue cost my hart full deere,
 in whom of loue a thousand causes be,
 and each cause breedes a thousand loues in me,
 and each loue more then thousand harts can beare.
 How can my hart so many loues then hold
 which yet (by heapes) increase from day to day?
 but like a shyp that's ouer-charg'd with gold,
 must either sinke, or hurle the gold away.
 But hurle not loue: thou canst not feeble hart.
 In thine owne blood, thou therefore drowned art.

S O N N E T. I I I I.

Fooles be they that inueigh gainst Mahomet,
 who's but a mortall of loues Monarchie:
 by a dull Adamant, as straw by let,
 he in an yron chest was drawne on hie.
 In midst of *Mecas* temple roofe, some say,

he now hangs, without touch or stay at all;
 That Mahomet is shee to whom I pray,
 (may nere man pray so vneffectuall.)
 Mine eyes, loues strange exhaling Adamants,
 vnwares to my harts temples height haue raught
 the yron Idoll that compassion wants,
 who my oft teares and trauels sets at naught.
 Iron hath beene trans-formed to gold by arte,
 Her face, lymmes, flesh, and all gold, saue her hart.

S O N N E T. V.

R Eady to seeke out death, in my disgrace
 my Mistres gan to smooth her gathered browes,
 whereby I am repriued for a space:
 o Hope & Feare, who halfe your torme[n]ts knowes?
 It is some mercie in a black-mouth'd Iudge,
 to haste his prysoners end, if he must die.
 Deere, if all other fauour you shall grudge,
 doe speedie execution with your eye.
 With one sole looke, you leaue in me no soule,
 count it a losse to lose a faithfull slaue,
 would God that I might heare my last bell toule,
 so in your bosome I might dig my graue.
 Doubtfull delay is worse then any feuer,
 Or helpe me soone, or cast me off for euer.

S O N N E T. VI.

E Ach day new proofes of newe dispaire I finde,
 that is, newe deathes: no maruell then though I
 make exile my last helpe; to th'end mine eye
 should not behold the death to me assignd
 Not that from death absence might saue my minde,
 but that it might take death more patiently:
 like him the which by Iudge condemnd to die,
 to suffer with more ease, his eyes doth blind.

Your lippes (in scarlet clad) my Iudges be,
 pronouncing sentence of eternall no:
 Dispaire the hangman that tormenteth me,
 the death I suffer, is the life I haue;
 For onely life doth make me die in woe,
 And onely death I for my pardon craue.

S O N N E T. VII.

T He richest relique *Rome* did euer view,
 was *Cesars* tombe, on which with cunning hand
Ioues tryple honours the three faire Graces stande,
 telling his vertues in their vertues true.
 This *Rome* admir'd: but deerest Deere, in you
 dwelleth the wonder of the happiest land,
 And all the world to *Neptunes* furthest strand.
 For what *Rome* shapt, hath liuing life in you.
 Thy naked beautie bounteously displaid,
 enricheth monarchies of harts with loue,
 thine eares to heare complaints are open laid:
 thine eyes kind lookes, requite all paines I proue,
 That of my death I dare not thee accuse,
 But pryde in me that baser chance refuse.

S O N N E T. VIII.

W Hy thus vniustly, say my cruell fate,
 doost thou adiudge my lucklesse eyes and hart?
 The one to liue exild from that sweet smart
 where th'other pines, imprisond without date.
 My lucklesse eyes must neuer more debate,
 of those bright beames that easd my loue apart:
 and yet my hart, bound to them with loues dart,
 must there dwell euer, to bemone my state.
 O had mine eyes beene suffred there to rest,
 often they had my harts vnquiet easd,
 or had my hart with banishment been blest,

mine eye with beautie neuer had beene pleas'd;
 But since these crosse effects hath fortune wrought,
 Dwell hart with her, eyes view her in my thought.

S O N N E T. IX.

O Ft haue I mus'd, but now at length I finde,
 why those that die, men say they doe depart;
 depart a word so gentle to my minde,
 weakely did seeme to paint deaths ougly dart.
 But now the stars, with their strange course do binde
 mee one to leaue, with whom I leaue my hart.
 I heare a cry of spyrits faint and blind,
 that parting thus, my cheefest part I part.
 Part of my life, the loathed part to mee,
 liues to impart my wearie day-some breath:
 but that good part wherein all comforts be,
 now dead, doe shoe departure is a death.
 Yea worse then death, death parts both woe & ioy,
 >From ioy I part, still liuing in annoy.

S O N N E T. X.

H Ope, like the *Hyenna* comming to be old,
 alters his shape, is turn'd into dispaire:
 pittie my hoarie hopes, maid of cleere mould,
 think not that frownes can euer make thee faire.
 What harme is it to kisse, to laugh, to play?
 Beauties no blossome if it be not vs'd,
 sweet daliance keepeth wrinkles long away,
 repentance followes them that haue refus'd.
 To bring you to the knowledge of your good,
 I seeke, I sue, o try and then beleue,
 each Image can be chast thats caru'd of wood:
 you show you liue when men you doe rescue.
 Iron with wearing shines, rust wasteth treasure,

On earth but loue there is no other pleasure.

The fifth Decad.

S O N N E T. I.

A Y mee poore wretch, my prayer is turnd to sinne,
 I say I loue, my Mistres saies tis lust:
 thus most wee loose, where most wee seeke to win,
 wit will make wicked what is nere so iust.
 And yet I can supplant her false surmise.
 Lust is a fire, that for an howre or twaine
 gyueth a scorching blaze, and then he dies.
 Loue, a continuall fornace doth maintaine.
 A fornace, well this a fornace may be call'd,
 for it burnes inward, yeelds a smothering flame,
 sighes which like boyld leads smoking vapor scald.
 I sigh a pace at eccho of sighes name.
 Long haue I seru'd, no short blaze is my loue,
 Hid ioyes there are that maydes scorne till they proue.

S O N N E T. II.

I Doe not now complaine of my disgrace,
 o cruell fayre one, fayre with cruell crost:
 nor of the hower, season, time nor place,
 nor of my foyle for any freedom lost;
 Nor of my courage by mis-fortune daunted,
 nor of my wit, by ouer-weening strooke,
 nor of my sence, by any sounde inchaunted,
 nor of the force of fierie poynted hooke.
 Nor of the steele that sticks within my wound,
 nor of my thoughts, by worser thoughts defac'd,
 nor of the life I labour to confound;
 But I complaine, that beeing thus disgrac'd,
 Fyerd, feard, frantick, fetterd, shot through, slaine,

My death is such as I may not complaine.

S O N N E T. I I I.

I F euer sorrow spoke from soule that loues,
 as speakes a spirit in a man possest,
 in mee her spirit speakes, my soule it moues,
 whose sigh-swolne words breed whirlwinds in my brest.
 Or like the eccho of a passing bell,
 which sounding on the water, seemes to howle:
 so rings my hart a feareful heauie knell,
 and keepes all night in consort with the Owle.
 My cheekes with a thin Ice of teares is clad,
 mine eyes like morning starres are bleer'd and red:
 what resteth then but I be raging mad,
 to see that shee, (my cares cheefe conduit head)
 When all streames els help quench my burning hart,
 Shuts vp her springs, and will no grace impart.

S O N N E T. I I I I.

Y Ou secrete vales, you solitarie fieldes,
 you shores forsaken, and you sounding rocks:
 if euer groning hart hath made you yeeld,
 or words halfe spoke that sence in prison locks,
 Then mongst night shadowes whisper out my death;
 that when my selfe hath seald my lips fro[m] speaking,
 each tell-tale eccho with a weeping breath,
 may both record my trueth, & true loues breaking.
 You prettie flowers that smile for Sommers sake,
 pull in your heads before my watrie eyes
 doe turne the Medowes to a standing lake:
 by whose vntimely floodes your glory dies.
 For loe, mine hart resolu'd to moystning ayre,
 Feedeth mine eyes, which doubles teare for teare.

S O N N E T. V.

H Is shadow to *Narcissus* well presented
 how faire hee was by such attaching loue:
 so if thou would'st thy selfe thy beauty proue,
 vulgar breath-myrrors might haue wel contented,
 And to theyr prayers eternally consented.
 Othes, vowes, & sighes, if they beliefe might moue,
 but more thou forst, making my pen aproue
 thy praise to all, least any had disented.
 With this hath wrought, t[he] which before wert known
 but vnto some, of all art now required,
 & thine eies wonders wrong'd, because not shown
 the world, with daily orizons desired.
 Thy chast faire gifts, with learnings breath is blowne,
 And thus my pen hath made thy sweetes admired.

S O N N E T. VI.

I Am no modell figure, or signe of care,
 but his eternall harts consuming essence,
 in whom griefes comentaries written are,
 drawing grosse passion into pure quintessence.
 Not thine eyes fire, but fire of thine eyes disdain,
 fed by neglect of my continuall greeuing,
 attracts the true liues spirit of my paine,
 and giues it thee, which giues mee no releeuing.
 Within thine armes sad Eligies I sing,
 vnto thine eyes a true hart loue torne lay I,
 thou smell'st from me the faouours sorrowes bring,
 my teares to tast my trueth, to touch display I.
 Loe thus each sence (deere faire one) I importune,
 But beeing care, thou flyest mee as ill fortune.

S O N N E T. VII.

B Vt beeing care, thou flyest mee as ill fortune.
 Care the consuming canker of the mind,
 the discord that disorders sweet harts tune,
 th'abortiue bastard of a coward mind:
 The light-foote lackie that runnes post by death,
 bearing the Letters which containe our end,
 the busie aduocate that sells his breath,
 denouncing worst to him is most his friend.
 O Deere, this care no intrest holdes in mee,
 but holy care, the Gardiant of thy faire,
 thine honors champion, and thy vertues fee,
 the zeale W[hich] thee from barbarus times shall beare.
 This care am I, this care my life hath taken,
 Deere to my soule, then leaue me not forsaken.

S O N N E T. VIII.

D Eere to my soule, then leaue me not forsaken,
 flie not, my hart within thy bosome sleepeth:
 euen from my selfe and sence I haue betaken
 me vnto thee, for whom my spirit weepeth.
 And on the shoare of that salt tearie sea,
 couch'd in a bed of vnseene seeming pleasure,
 where, in imaginarie thoughts thy faire selfe lay,
 but being wakt, robd of my liues best treasure.
 I call the heauens, ayre, earth, & seas, to heare
 my loue, my trueth, and black distaind estate:
 beating the rocks with bellowings of dispaire,
 which stil with plaints my words reuerbarate.
 Sighing, alas, what shall become of me?
 Whilst Eccho cryes, what shal become of me.

S O N N E T. IX.

Wilst Eccho cryes, what shall become of mee,
 and desolate my desolations pittie,
 thou in thy beauties charrack sitt'st to see
 my tragick down-fall, and my funerall ditty.
 No Tymbrell, but my hart thou pay'st vpon,
 whose strings are stretch'd vnto the hiest key,
 the dyopazon loue, loue is the vnison,
 in loue, my life and labours wast away.
 Onely regardlesse, to the world thou leau'st mee,
 whilst slaine-hopes, turning fro[m] the feast of sorrow,
 vnto Dispaire (their King) which nere deceiues me,
 captiues my hart, whose blacke night hates [th]e morrow.
 And hee, in ruth of my distressed cry,
 Plants mee a weeping starre within mine eye.

S O N N E T. X.

P*rometheus*, for stealing liuing fire
 from heauens King, was iudg'd eternall death,
 in selfe same flame with vnrelenting ire,
 bound fast to *Caucasus* lowe foote beneath.
 So I, for stealing liuing beauties fire
 into my verse, that it may alwaies liue,
 and change his formes to shapes of thy desire,
 thou beauties Queene, selfe sentence like dost giue.
 Bound to thy feete, in chaines of loue I lie,
 for to thine eyes I neuer dare aspire,
 and in thy beauties brightnes doe I fry,
 as poore *Prometheus* in the scalding fire.
 Which teares maintaine, as oyle the Lampe reuiues,
 Onely my succour in thy fauour lyes.

The sixth Decad.

S O N N E T. I.

O Ne Sunne vnto my liues day giues true light,
 one Moone disolues my stormie night of woes,
 One starre my fate and happy fortune shoes,
 One Saint I serue, one shrine with vowes I dight.
 One Sunne transfixt hath burnt my hart out-right,
 one Moone oppos'd, my loue in darknes throes,
 one star hath bid my thoughts my wrongs disclose,
 Saints scorne poore swaines, shrines doe my vowes no right.
 Yet if my loue be found a holy fier,
 pure, vnstaind, without Idolatrie,
 and shee naythlesse, in hate of my desire,
 liues to repose her in my miserie.
 My sunne, my moone, my star, my saint, my shrine,
 Mine be the torment, but the guilt be thine.

S O N N E T. I I.

T O liue in hell, and heauen to behold,
 to welcome life, and die a liuing death,
 to sweat with heate, and yet be freezing cold,
 to graspe at starres, and lye the earth beneath;
 To tread a Maze that neuer shall haue end,
 to burne in sighes, and starue in daily teares,
 to clime a hill, and neuer to discend,
 Gyants to kill, and quake at childish feares;
 To pyne for foode, and watch Thesperian tree,
 to thirst for drinke, and Nectar still to draw,
 to liue accurst, whom men hold blest to be,
 and weepe those wrongs which neuer creature saw,
 If this be loue, if loue in these be founded,
 My hart is loue, for these in it are grounded.

S O N N E T. I I I.

A Caruer, hauing lou'd too-long in vaine,
 hewed out the portrature of *Venus* sonne

in Marble rocke, vpon the which did raine
 small drizzling drops, that from a fount did runne.
 Imagining, the drops would eyther weare
 his furie out, or quench his liuing flame.
 But when hee saw it bootlesse did appeare,
 hee swore the water did augment the same.
 So, I that seeke in verse to carue thee out,
 hoping thy beauty will my flame alay,
 viewing my verse and Poems all throughout,
 find my will, rather to my loue obey.
 That, with the Caruer, I my worke doe blame,
 Finding it still th'augmentor of my flame.

S O N N E T. I I I I.

Astronomers the heauens doe deuide,
 into eight Houses, where the Gods remaines,
 all which in thy perfections doe abide,
 for in thy feete, the Queene of silence raignes,
 About thy wast, *Ioues* messenger doth dwell,
 inchaunting mee as I thereat admire:
 and on thy duggs, the Queene of loue doth tell
 her god-heads power, in scrowles of my desire.
 Thy beautie, is the worlds eternall Sunne,
 thy faouours force a cowards hart to darre,
 and in thy hayres, *Ioue* and his riches wunne;
 thy frownes hold *Saturne*, thine eyes [th]e fixed stars.
 Pardon mee then diuine to loue thee well,
 Since thou art heauen, and I in heauen would dwell.

S O N N E T. V.

Wearie of loue, my thoughts of loue complaind,
 till Reason told them there was no such power,
 and bad mee view faire beauties richest flower,
 to see if there a naked boy remaind.
 Deere to thine eyes, eyes that my soule hath paind,

thoughts turn'd them back in that vnhappy hower
 to see if Loue keepe there his royall bower,
 for if not there, then no place him containd.
 There was hee not, nor boy, nor golden bow,
 yet as thou turnd thy chast faire eye aside,
 a flame of fire did from thine eye lyds goe,
 W[hich] burnt my hart through my sore wounded side.
 Then with a sigh, reason made thoughts to cry,
 There is no God of loue, saue that thine eye.

S O N N E T. VI.

F Orgiue mee Deere, for thundring on thy name,
 sith tis thy selfe that showes my loue distrest,
 for fire exhald, in freezing clowdes possest,
 warring for way, makes all the heauens exclaime.
 Thy beautie so, the brightest liuing flame,
 wrapt in my clowdie hart by winter prest,
 scorning to dwell within so base a nest,
 thunders in mee thine euerlasting fame.
 O that my hart might still containe that fire,
 or that the fire would alwaies light my hart,
 then should'st thou not disdaine my true desire,
 or thinke I wrong'd thee, to reueale my smart.
 For as the fire through freezing clowdes doth breake,
 So, not my selfe, but thou in mee would'st speake.

S O N N E T. VII.

M Y hart, mine eye accuseth of his death,
 saying, his wanton sight bred his vnrest:
 Mine eye affirmes, my harts vnconstant faith
 hath beene his bane, and all his ioyes repest.
 My hart auowes mine eye let in the fire,
 which burnes him with an euer-liuing light,
 mine eye replyes, my greedy harts desire,
 let in those floods W[hich] drownes him day & night.

Thus warres my hart, which reason doth maintaine,
 and calls mine eye to combat if he darre:
 the whilst my soule, impatient of disdain,
 wrings from his bondage vnto death more narre;
 Saue that my loue, still holdeth him in hand,
 "A kingdome thus deuided, cannot stand.

S O N N E T. V I I I.

VNhappy day, vnhappy month and season,
 when first proud loue my ioyes away adiourning
 pour'd into mine eye, (to her eye turning)
 a deadly iuyce, vnto my greene thoughts gayson.
 Prysoner I am vnto the eye I gaze on,
 eternally my loues flame is in burning,
 a mortall shaft still woudds mee in my mourning;
 thus prisond, burnt & slain, t[he] sprit, t[he] soule & reaso[n].
 What tids me then, since these paines W[hich] annoy mee,
 in my dispaire are euer-more increasing?
 the more I loue, lesse is my paines releasing,
 that cursed be the fortune which destroyes me.
 The hower, the month, the season and the cause,
 When loue first made me thrall to louers lawes.

S O N N E T. I X.

Loue haue I followed al too-long naught gaining,
 and sigh'd I haue in vaine to sweet what smarteth,
 but from his bow a fiery arrow parteth,
 thinking that I should him resist, not playning.
 But cowardly my hart submissee remaining,
 yeelds to receiue what shaft thy faire eye darteth:
 well doe I see thine eye, my bale imparteth,
 and that saue death no hope I am detaining.
 For what is he can alter Fortunes slyding?
 one in his bed consumes his life away,
 other in warres, another in the sea,

the like effects in mee haue theyr abiding.
 For heauens avowed my fortune should be such,
 That I should die by louing farre too much.

S O N N E T. X.

MY God, my God, how much I loue my goddesse,
 whose vertues rare, vnto the heauens arise,
 my God, my God, how much I loue her eyes,
 one shining bright, the other full of hardnes.
 My God, my God, how much I loue her wisdome,
 whose words may rauish heauens richest Maker,
 of whose eyes-ioyes, if I might be pertaker,
 then to my soule a holy rest would come.
 My God, how much I loue to heare her speake,
 whose hands I kisse, & rauisht ofte rekisseth,
 whe[n] she stands wotlesse who[m] so much she blisseth.
 Say then what mind this honest loue wold breake,
 Since her perfections pure withouten blot,
 Makes her belou'd of them shee knoweth not?

The seauenth Decad.

S O N N E T. I.

THe first created, held a ioyous bower,
 a flowring fielde, the worlds sole wonderment,
 hyght Paradise, from whence a womans power,
 entic'd him fall to endlesse banishment.
 This, on the banks of *Euphrates* did stand,
 till the first Moouer by his wondrous might,
 planted it in thine eyes, thy face, thy hands,
 from whence the world receiues his fairest light.
 Thy cheeks co[n]taines choice flowers, thy eyes two suns,
 thy hands the fruite that no life blood can staine,
 and in thy breath, that heauenly musick wons,

which whe[n] ye speak'st, Angels their voyces straines.
 As from the first, thy sexe exiled mee,
 So to this next, let mee be call'd by thee.

S O N N E T. I I.

F Ayre Grace of Graces, Muse of Muses all,
 thou Paradise, thou onely heauen I know,
 what influence hath bred my hateful woe,
 that I from thee and them am forst to fall?
 Thou falne from mee, from thee I neuer shall,
 although my fortunes thou hast brought so loe,
 yet shall my faith and seruice with thee goe,
 for liue I doe, on heauen and thee to call.
 Banisht all grace, no Graces with mee dwell,
 compeld to muse, why Muses from mee flye,
 excluded heauen, what can remaine but hell?
 exil'd from Paradise, in hate I lye.
 Cursing my starres, albe I find it true,
 I lost all these when I lost loue and you.

S O N N E T. I I I.

W Hat view'd I deere when I thine eyes beheld?
 Loue in his glory? no, him *Thyrsis* saw,
 and stode the boy, whilst hee his darts did draw,
 whose painted pride to baser swaines he tell'd.
 Saw I two sunnes? that sight is seene but seld,
 yet can their broode that teach the holy law
 gaze on their beames, and dread them not a straw,
 where princely lookes are by their eyes repeld.
 What saw I then? doubtlesse it was Amen,
 arm'd with strong thunder & lightnings flame,
 who bridgroomelike, with power was riding than
 meaning that none should see him when he came.
 Yet did I gaze, and thereby caught the wound
 Which burnes my hart, and keepes my body sound.

S O N N E T. I I I I.

W Hen tedious much, and ouer-wearie long,
 cruell disdaine, reflecting from her brow,
 hath beene the cause that I endur'd such wrong,
 and rest thus discontent, and wearie now.
 Yet when posteritie in time to come,
 shall finde th'vncancelld tenor of her vow,
 and her disdaine be then confest of some,
 how much vnkind, and long I finde it now.
 O yet euen then, (though then will be too late
 to comfort mee, dead many a day ere then)
 they shall confesse I did not force her hart,
 and tyme shall make it knowne to other men,
 That nere had her disdaine made mee dispaire,
 Had she not beene so excellently faire.

S O N N E T. V.

H Ad shee not beene so excellently faire,
 my Muse had neuer mourn'd in lines of woe,
 but I did too too inestimable wey her,
 and that's the cause I now lament me so.
 Yet not for her contempt doe I complaine mee,
 (complaints may ease the minde, but that is all,
 therefore though shee too constantly disdaine mee
 I can but sigh and greeue, and so I shall:
 Yet greeue I not, because I must greeue euer,
 and yet (alas) waste teares away in vaine.
 I am resolued, truely to perseuer,
 though shee persisteth in her olde disdaine.
 But that which grieues me most, is that I see,
 Those which most faire, the most vnkindest bee.

S O N N E T. VI.

T Hus long impos'd to euerlasting plaining,
 (diuinely constant to the worthiest Fayre)
 and mooued by eternally disdayning,
 aye to perseuer in vnkind despayre:
 Because now, Silence, wearily confinde
 in tedious dying: and a dombe restraint,
 Breakes forth in teares from mine vnable mind,
 to ease her passion by a poore complaint.
 O doe not therefore to thy selfe suggest
 that I can greeue, to haue immur'd so long
 Vpon the matter of mine owne vnrest:
 such greefe is not the tenor of my song,
 that byde so zealously so bad a wrong.
 My greefe is this: unlesse I speake and plaine mee,
 Thou wilt perseuer, euer to disdaine mee

S O N N E T. VII.

T Hou wilt perseuer, euer to disdaine mee,
 and I shall then dye, when thou wilt repent it:
 o doe not therefore from complaint restraine mee,
 and take my life from mee, to mee that lent it.
 For whilst these accents, weepingly exprest
 in humble lynes, of reuerentest zeale,
 Haue issue to complaint, from mine vnrest
 they but thy beauties wonder shall reueale.
 And though the greeued Muse, of some other Louer,
 (whose lesse deuotions knew but woes like mine)
 would rather seeke occasion to discouer,
 how little pittifull, and how much vnkind,
 they other (not so worthy beauties) find.
 O I not so, bnt seeke with humble prayer,
 Meanes how to mooue th'vnmercifullest fayre.

S O N N E T. V I I I.

A S drawes the golden Meteor of the day,
 Exhaled matter from the ground, to heauen,
 and by his secret nature, there doth stay
 the thing fast held, and yet of hold bereauen,
 So by th'attractiue excellence, and might,
 borne to the power of thy transparant eyes,
 drawne from my selfe, rauisht with thy delight,
 whose dumbe conceits diuinely syranyze:
 Loe, in suspence of feare, and hope, vpholden,
 diuersly poyz'd, with passions that paine mee,
 no resolution dares my thoughts imbolden,
 since tis not I, but thou that doost sustaine mee.
 O if ther's none but thou can worke my woe,
 Wilt thou be stil vnkind and kill mee so?

S O N N E T. I X.

W Ilt thou be still vnkind and kill mee so?
 whose humbled vowes, with sorrowful apeale,
 doe still persist, and did so long agoe
 intreate for pittie, with so pure a zeale?
 Suffise the world shall, (for the world can say)
 How much thy power hath power, & what it can.
 neuer was victor-hand yet moou'd to slay
 the rendred captiue, or the yeelding man.
 Then o: why should thy woman thought impose
 death and disdaine on him that yeelds his breath,
 to free his soule, from discontent, and woes:
 and humble sacrifice to a certaine death?
 O since the world knowes, what the power can doe,
 What wert for thee to saue and loue mee to?

S O N N E T. X.

I Mete not mine, by others discontent,
 for none compares with mee in true deuotion,
 yet though my teares and sighes to her be spent,
 her cruell hart disdaines what they doe motion,
 Yet though persisting in eternall hate,
 to agrauate the cause of my complayning,
 her furie nere confineth with a date,
 I will not cease to loue for her disdainning.
 Such punie thoughts of vnresolved ground,
 whose inaudacitie dares but base conceite,
 in mee, and my loue, neuer shall be found;
 those coward thoughts vnworthy minds awaite:
 But those that loue well, haue not yet begun,
 Persuer euer, and haue neuer done.

The eyght Decad.

S O N N E T. I.

P Erseuer euer, and haue neuer done,
 You weeping accent of my wearie song,
 O doe not you eternall passions shunne,
 but be you true, and euerlasting long.
 Say that shee doth requite you with disdaine,
 yet fortified with hope, endure your fortune:
 though cruell now, shee will be kinde againe,
 such haps as those, such loues as yours importune:
 Though shee protests the faithfulest seueritie,
 inexecrable beautie is inflicting:
 Kindnesse (in time) will pittie your sincerety,
 though now it be your fortunes interdicting.
 For some can say, whose loues haue known like passio[n],
 Women are kind by kind, and coy for fashion.

S O N N E T. II.

G iue Period to my matter of complaining,
 faire wonder of our times admiring eye:
 and entertaine no more thy long disdainning.
 Or giue mee leaue (at last) that I may dye.
 For who can lyue, perpetually secluded
 from death to life, that loathes her discontent?
 Lesse by some hope seducingly deluded,
 such thoughts aspyre to fortunate euent:
 But I, that nowe haue drawne Mal-pleasant breath,
 vnder the burden of thy cruell hate,
 o I must long, and linger after death,
 and yet I dare not giue my life her date.
 For if I dye, and thou repent t'haue slaine mee,
 T'wil griue mee more then if thou did'st disdaine me.

S O N N E T. I I I.

T 'will griue me more the[n] if thou didst disdaine me,
 that I should die, and thou because I dye so:
 and yet to die, it should not know to paine me,
 if cruell Beauty were content to bid so
 Death, to my life: life, to my long dispaire,
 prolong'd by her: giuen to my loue and dayes:
 are meanes to tell how truely she is faire,
 and I can die to testifie her praise:
 Yet not to die though fairenes mee despiseth,
 is cause why in complaint I thus perseuer,
 though Death mee and my loue imparadizeth,
 by interdicting mee, from her for euer:
 I doe not greeue that I am forst to die,
 But die, to thinke vpon the reason, Why.

S O N N E T. I V.

M Y teares are true, though others be diuine,
 and sing of warres, and *Troys* new-rising frame,

meeting Heroick feete in euery line,
 that tread high measures on the Scene of Fame.
 And I though disaccustoming my Muse,
 and sing but low songs in an humble vaine,
 may one day raise my stile as others vse,
 and turne *Elizon* to a higher straine.
 When reintombing from oblius ages,
 in better stanzas her suruiuing wonder,
 I may oppos'd against the monster-rages
 that part desert, and excellence a sunder:
 That shee, (though coy) may yet suruiue to see
 Her beauties wonder lyues againe in mee.

S O N N E T. I I I I.

S Omtimes in verse I praisd, sometime in verse I fight,
 no more shal pen with loue and beauty mell,
 but to my hart alone, my hart shall tell,
 how vnseene flames doe burne it day and night.
 Least flames giue light, light brings my loue to fight,
 and my loue proue my follie to excell.
 wherefore my loue burnes like the fire of hell,
 wherein is fire, and yet there is no light.
 For if one neuer lou'd like mee, then why
 skillesse blames hee the thing hee doth not know?
 and hee that so hath lou'd should fauour show,
 for hee hath beene a soule as well as I.
 Thus shall hence-forth more paine more folly haue,
 And folly past, may iustly pardon craue.

*A calculation vpon the birth of an honourable
 Ladies daughter, borne in the yeere,
 1 5 8 8. and on a Friday.*

F Ayre by inheritance; whom borne wee see,
 both in the wondrous yeere, and on the day
 wherein the fairest Planet beareth sway:

the heauens to thee this fortune doe decree.
Thou of a world of harts in time shalt be
a Monarch great, and with one beauties ray
so many hoasts of harts thy face shall slay.
as all the rest (for loue) shall yeeld to thee.
But euen as *Alexander* (when he knewe
his Fathers conquests) wept, least he should leaue
no Kingdome vnto him for to subdue:
so shall thy mother thee of praise bereaue.
So many harts already shee hath slaine,
As few behind to conquer shall remaine.

FINIS.

Typed by Judy Boss in Omaha, Nebraska.

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