

Other Sonnets of variable verse.

First Sonnet.

DOubt you to whom my Muse these notes intendeth,
Which now my brest surchargd with musick lendeth?
To *you*, to *you* all song of praise is due,
Onely in *you* my song begins and endeth.

2 Who hath the eyes which marrie state with pleasure,
Who keeps the key of Natures chiefest treasure:
To *you*, to *you* al song of praise be due,
Onely for *you* the heauens forget all measure.

3 VWho hath the lips where wit with fairenes raigneth,
VWho womenkinde at once both decks and staineth:
To *you*, to *you* al song of praise is due,
Onely by *you Cupid* his crowne maintaineth.

4 Who hath the feet whose steps al sweetnes planteth,
VWho els for whom Fame worthie trumpets wanteth:
To *you*, to *you* all song of praise be due,
Onely to *you* her scepter *Venus* granteth.

5 Who hath the brest whose milk doth patience nurish,
VWhose grace is such, that when it chides doth cherish:
To *you*, to *you* al song of praise be due,
Onely through *you* the tree of life doth flourish.

6 VWho hath the hand which without stroke subdueth
VWho long hid beautie with encrease renueth:
To *you*, to *you* al song of praise is due,
Onely at *you* al enuie hopelesse endeth.

7 VWho hath the haire which most loose most fast tieth,
VWho makes a man liue then glad when he dieth:
To *you*, to *you* al song of praise is due,
Onely of *you* the flattrer neuer lieth.

8 VWho hath the voyce which soule from senses sunders,
VWhose force but yours the bolt of beautie thunders?
To *you*, to *you* al song of praise is due,
Onely with *you* no miracles are wonders.

9 Doubt you to whom my Muse these notes intendeth,
VWhich now my breast orechargd with musicke lendeth?
To *you*, to *you* al song of praise is due,
Onely in *you* my song begins and endeth.

Second Sonnet.

HAue I caught my heauenly Iuel
Teaching Sleepe most faire to be:
Now wil I teach her, that she
VWhen she wakes is too too cruel.

2 Since sweete Sleep her eyes hath charmed,
The two onely darts of Loue:
Now will I with that Boy proue
Some play while he is disarmed.

3 Her tongue waking stil refuseth,
Giuing franklie niggard no:
Now wil I attempt to knowe,
VWhat no her tongue sleeping vseth.

4 See the hand that waking gardeth,
Sleeping grants a free resort:
Now I wil inuade the fort,
Cowards Loue with losse rewardeth.

5 But (O foole) thinke of the danger
Of her iust and high disdain,
Now will I (alas) refraine
Loue feares nothing else but anger.

6 Yet those lippes so sweetly swelling,
Do inuite a stealing kisse;
Now but venture will I this,
VWho will read must first learne spelling.

7 Oh sweet kisse, but ah shee is waking,
Lowring beautie chastens mee.
Now will I for feare hence flee,
Foole, more Foole for no more taking.

Third Sonnet.

IF *Orpheus* voyce had force to breathe such musicks Loue
Through pores of senseles trees, as it could make them moue;
If stons good measure daunst the *Thebane* walls to builde,
To cadence of the tunes which *Amphions* Lyre did yeeld,
More cause a like effect at least wise bringeth.
O stons, ô trees, learne hearing, *Stella* singeth,

2 If Loue might sweeten so a boy of Shepheards brood,
To make a Lyzard dull to taste Loues food:
If Eagle fierce could so in *Grecian* maide delight,
As her eyes were his light, her death his endlesse night:
Earth gaue that Loue, heauen (I trow) Loue refineth.
O Beasts, ô Birds, looke Loue; for *Stella* shineth.

3 The beasts, birds, stons & trees feele this, & feeling loue:
And if the trees, nor stons stirre not the same to proue,
Nor beasts, nor birds doo come vnto this blessed gaze;
Know that smal Loue is quick, and great Loue doth amaze;
They are amaz'd, but you with reason armed,
O eies O eares of men, how are you charmed?

Fourth Sonnet.

ONely Ioy, now here you are,
Fit to heare and ease my care;
Let my whispering voyce obtaine
Sweete rewards for sharpest paine:
Take me to thee, and thee to mee.
No no no no, my Deare let bee.

2 Night hath closde all in her cloke,
Twinckling starres loue thoughts prouoke,
Danger hence good care doth keepe,
Iealozie himselfe doth sleepe:
Take me to thee, and thee to mee.
No no no no, my Deare let bee.

3 Better place no wit can finde
Cupids knot to loose or binde,
These sweete flowers, our fine bed too,
Vs in their best language wooe:
Take mee to thee, and thee to mee:
No no no no, my Deare let be.

4 This smal light the Moone bestoes,
Serues thy beames for to disclose,
So to raise my heart more hie;
Feare not, els none can vs spie:
Take me to thee and thee to mee.
No no no no, my Deare let bee.

5 That you heard was but a mouse,
Dumbe Sleepe holdeth all the house,
Yet a sleepe (me thinkes) they say,
Yong fooles, take time while you may:
Take me to thee, and thee to mee.

No no no no, my Deare let bee.

6 Niggard time threatens if we misse
This large offer of our blisse,
Long stay ere she graunt the same:
Sweet then, while ech thing doth frame
Take me to thee and thee to mee.

No no no no, my Deare let bee.

7 Your faire Mother is a bed,
Candles out, and curtaines spred;
She thinkes you doo letters write:
VVrite, but first let me endite.
Take mee to thee, and thee to mee:

No no no no, my Deare let be.

8 Sweete, alas why striue you thus?
Concord better fitteth vs;
Leaue to *Mars* the force of hands,
Your power in your beautie stands.
Take me to thee, and thee to mee.

No no no no, my Deare let bee.

9 VVoe to mee, and doo you sweare
Me to hate but I forbear?
Curst be my destnies all,
That brought mee so high to fall:
Soone with my death Ile please thee.
No no no no, my Deare let bee.

The fifth Sonnet.

While fauour fed my hope, delight with hope was brought,
Thought waited on delight, & speach did folow thought,
Then drew my tongue and pen records vnto thy glorie;
I thought all words were lost that were not spent of thee,
I thought each place was darke but where thy lights would be,
And all eares worse than deaffe, that hard not out thy storie.

2 I said thou wert most faire, and so indeed thou art;
I said thou wert most sweete, sweete poyson to my hart;
I said my soule was thine, ô would I then had lied;
I said thy eyes were starres, thy breasts the milken way,
Thy fingers *Cupids* shafts, thy voyce the Angels lay:
And all is said so well, that no man it denied.

3 But now that hope is lost, vnkindnes kils delight,
Yet thought and speach do liue, thought metamorphisde quite,
For rage now rules the reynes, which guided were by pleasure,
I thinke now of thy faults, who late wrote of thy praise,
That speech falls now to blame which did thy honour raise:
The same key open can, which can locke vp a treasure.

4 Then thou whom partiall heauens conspir'd in one to frame
The prooffe of beauties worke, the inheritance of fame,
The mansion state of blisse, and iust excuse of louers:
See now those feathers pluckt wherewith thou flewst most hie,
See what cloudes of reproach shall darke thy honours skie;
Whome fault once casteth downe, hardly high state recouers.

5 And ô my Muse, though oft you luld her in your lap,
And then a heauenly Childe gaue her Ambrosian pap,
And to that braine of hers your highest gifts infused;
Since she disdainin me, doth you in me disdaine,
Suffer not her to laugh, and both we suffer paine:
Princes in subjects wrongs must deeme themselues abused.

6 Your client poore, my selfe, shall *Stella* handle so,
Reuenge, reuenge, my Muse desiance trumpet blowe,
Threate, threat, what may be done; yet do no more but threaten:
Ah, my sute granted is, I feele my breast doth swell;
Now Childe, a lesson new you shall begin to spell,
Sweet babes must babies haue, but shrewd girles must be beaten.

7 Thinke now no more to heare of warme fine shining snow,
Nor blushing Lillyes, nor pearles Rubie hidden row,
Nor of that golden sea, whose waues in curles are broken:
But of thy soule fraught with such vngratefulnessse,
As where thou soone mightst help, most there thou dost oppresse
Vngrateful who is cald, the worst of illis is spoken.

8 Yet worse than worse, I say thou art a Thiefe. A thiefe?
Now God forbid: a thiefe, and of worst thieues a thiefe;
Thieues steale for need, & steale for goods, which pain recouers
But *thou*, rich in all ioyes, dost rob my goods from mee,
Which cannot be restorde by time nor industrie:
Of foes the spoyle is euill, farre more of constant louers.

9 Yet gentle English thieues doo rob, and will not slay;
Thou English murdring thiefe, wilt haue hearts for thy pray.
The name of murdrer now on thy faire forehead sitteth,
And euen while I do speake my death wounds bleeding bee,
Which I protest proceed from onely cruell thee,
Who may and wil not saue, murther in trueth committeth.

10 But murthers priuate fault seemes but a toy to thee.
I lay then to thy charge vniustice Tirannie,
If rule by force without all claime, a Tyrant sheweth;
For thou art my hearts Lord, who am not borne thy slaue,
And which is worse makes me most guiltles torments haue,
A rightfull Prince by vnrightfull deeds a Tyrant groweth.

11 Loe you grow proud with this, for Tyrants makes folk bow:
Of foule rebellion then I do appeach thee now,
Rebels by Natures lawes rebel by way of reason;
Thou sweetest subiect wert borne in the Realme of Loue,
And yet against thy Prince, thy force dost daily proue,
No vertue merits praise, once toucht with blot of Treason.

12 But valiant Rebels oft in fooles mouths purchase fame,
I now then staine thy white with blackest blot of shame,
Both Rebel to the Sonne, and vagrant from the Mother;
For wearing *Venus* badge, in euery part of thee,
Vnto *Dianaes* traine thou runaway didst flie:
Who faileth one is false, though trustie to another.

13 VWhat is not this enough, nay farre worse commeth here:
A *Witch* I say thou art, though thou so faire appeare.
For I protest, mine eyes neuer thy sight enioyeth,
But I in mee am chang'd, I am aliue and dead.
My feete are turn'd to rootes, my heart becommeth lead,
No witchcraft is so ill, as which mans minde destroyeth,

14 Yet Witches may repent, thou art farre worse than they:
Alas, that I am forst such euill of thee to say:
I say thou art a Diuel though cloathd in Angels shining:
For thy face tempts my soule to leaue the heauens for thee,
And thy words of refuse doo powre euen hell on mee:
Who tempts, and tempted plagues are Diuels in true defining.

15 You then vngrateful theefe, you murdering Tyrant you,
You Rebel runaway to Lord and Lady vntrue,
You witch, you Diuel (alas) you still of me beloued,
You see what I can say; mend yet your froward minde,
And such skill in my Muse you reconcil'd shall finde,
That by these cruell words your praises shalbe proued.

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