

☞ Poems and Sonets of sundrie
other Noble men and Gentlemen.

The Author of this Poeme, S. D.

GO wayling verse the infant of my loue,
 Minerua like, brought foorth without a mother:
That beares the image of the cares I proue;
Witnesse your fathers grieffe exceeds all other.

Sigh out a Storie of her cruell deedes
With interrupted accents of dispaire,
A monument that whosoeuer reedes,
May iustly praise and blame my loueles *Faire*.

Say her disdain hath dried vp my blood,
And sterued you in succours still denying,
Presse to her eyes, importune me some good,
Waken her sleeping crueltie with crying,
 Knock at her hard hart: say, I perish for her,
 And feare this deed wil make the world abhor her.

Sonnet 1.

IF so it hap the Ofspring of my care,
 These fatall anthemes and afflicted songs
Come to their view who like to mee doo fare,
May moue them sigh thereat and mone my wrongs.

But vntoucht hearts with vnaffected eye,
Approach not to behold my soules distresse,
Cleere sighted you will note what is awry,
Whilst blind ones see no error in my verse.

You blinded soules whom hap and error leades,
You outcast Eglets dazeled with the Sunne,
Ah you and none but you my sorrow reads,
You best can iudge the wrong that shee hath done;
 That shee hath done, the motiue of my paine,
 Who whilst I loue doth kill me with disdain.

Sonnet, 2.

THese sorrowing sighs, the smokes of mine annoy;
These teares, which heate of sacred fire distills:
These are the tributes that my faith doth pay,
And these my tyrants cruell minde fulfills.

I sacrifice my youth and blooming yeares
At hir proud feete, that yet respects no whit
My youth, vntimely withered with my teares
By winter woes, for spring of youth vnfit.

She thinkes, a looke may recompence my care;
And so with lookes prolongs my long lookt ease:
As short the blisse, so is the comfort rare;
Yet must that blisse my hungrie thoughts appease:
Thus she returnes my hopes to fruitlesse euer;
Once let her loue indeed, or eye me neuer.

Sonnet 3.

THe onely bird alone that Nature frames,
When weary of the tedious life shee liues,
By fier dies, yet finds new life in flames,
Hir ashes to hir shape new essence giues.

When onely I the onely wretched wight,
Wearie of life that breaths but sorrows blasts,
Pursues the flame of such a beautie bright,
That burnes my heart, and yet my life still lasts.

O Soueraigne light that with thy sacred flame
Consumes my life, reuiue me after this,
And make me (with the happie bird) the same
That dies to liue, by fauour of thy blisse.

This deede of thine shall shew a Goddesses power,
In so long death, to grant one liuing hower.

Sonnet, 4.

TEares, vowes and praier gains the hardest hearts,
Teares, vowes and praier, haue I spent in vaine,
Teares cannot soften flint, nor vowes conuert,
Praier preuaile not with a quaint disdain.

I loose my teares, where I haue lost my loue,
I vowe my faith, where faith is not regarded,
I pray in vaine a merciles to moue,
So rare a faith ought better be rewarded.

Though frozen will may not be thawed with teares,
Though my soules Idol skorneth all my vowes,
Though all my praier be made to deafned eares,
No fauour though, the cruel faire allowes,
Yet will I weepe, vowe, praie to cruel shee,
Flint, frost, disdain, weares, melts and yeelds we see.

Sonnet, 5.

WHy doth my Mistres credit so hir glasse,
 Gasing hir beautie dein'd hir by the skies,
And doth not rather looke on him (alas)
Whose state best shewes the force of murthering eies.

The broken tops of loftie trees declare
The furie of a mercie-wanting storme;
And of what force your wounding graces are,
Vpon my selfe you best may finde the forme.

Then leaue your glasse, and gaze your selfe on mee,
That myrror shoves the power of your face;
To admire your forme too much may danger bee,
Narcissus changd to flower in such a case:

 I feare your change not flower nor *Hiacynth*,
 Medusas eye may turne your heart to flint.

Sonnet 6.

These amber locks are those same nets (my Deare)
Wherewith my liberty thou didst surprise,
Loue was the flame that fierd me so neare,
The darts transpersing were these Christal eies.

Strong is the net, and feruent is the flame.
Deepe is the stroke, my sighs can well report,
Yet doe I loue, adore and praise the same,
That holds, that burnes, that wounds me in that sort.

I list not seeke to breake, to quench, to heale,
This bond, this flame, this wound that festereth so,
By knife, by liquor, or by salue to deale;
So much I please to perish in my woe:
Yet, least long trauels be aboute my strength;
Good Ladie, lose, quench, heal me now at length.

Sonnet 71.

BEhold what hap *Pigmalion* had to frame,
And carue his griefe himselfe vpon a stone;
My heauie fortune is much like the same,
I worke on flint and that's the cause I mone.

For haplesse lo euen with mine owne desires,
I figured on the table of my hart
The goodliest shape that the worlds eye admires,
And so did perish by my proper arte.

And still I toyle to change the Marble brest
Of her, whose sweete *Idea* I addore,
Yet cannot finde her breath vnto my rest,
Hard is her heart, and woe is me therefore.

O blessed he that ioyes his stone and arte,
Vnhappie I to loue a stonie harte.

Sonnet 8.

Oft and in vaine my rebels thoughts haue ventred,
to stop the passage of my vanquisht hart,
And close the way, my friendly foe first entred,
Striuing thereby to free my better part.

Vhilest garding thus the windowes of my thought,
Where my harts-thiefe to vex me made her choice,
And thether all my forces to transport,
Another passage opens at hir voice.

Her voice betraies me to hir hand and eie,
My freedomes-tyrant glorying in hir art:
But (ah) sweete foe, small is the victorie
With three such powers to plague one silly hart.

Yet my soules souereigne, since I must resigne,
Raigne in my thoughts, my loue and life are thine.

Sonnet 9.

RAigne in my thoughts, faire hand, sweete eye, rare voice,
 Possesse me whole, my harts Triumvirate:
Yet heauie hart to make so hard a choice,
Of such as spoyle thy whole afflicted state.

For whilst they striue which shall be Lord of all,
All my poore life by them is trodden downe;
They all erect their triumphs on my fall,
And yeelds me nought: who gaines them there renowne.

When backe I looke, and sigh my freedome past,
And waile the state wherein I present stand,
And see my fortune euer like to last;
Finding me reynd with such a cruell hand,
 What can I doo but yeeld, and yeeld I doo,
 And serue them all, and yet they spoyle me too.

Sonnet 10.

THe slie Inchanter, when to worke his will
And secret wrong on some forespoken wight,
Frames waxe, in forme to represent aright
The poore vnwitting wretch he meanes to kill,
And prickes the image, fram'd by Magicks skill;
Whereby to vexe the partie day and night:
Like hath she done, whose shew bewicht my sight
To beauties charmes, her Louers bloud to spill.

For first, like waxe she fram'd me by her eyes,
Whose naves sharp poynted set vpon my brest,
Martyres my life, and plagues me in this wise
VVith lingring paine to perish in vnrest;
Naught could (saue this) my sweetest faire suffice
To trie her arte on him that loues her best.

[Original content ©2015 by Dirk Jol]