

Sonnet 11.

REstore thy treasure to the golden ore,
Yeeld *Cythereas* sonne those arckes of loue,
Bequeath the heauens the starres that I adore,
And to the Orient doo thy pearles remoue.

Yeeld thy hands pride vnto the iuory white,
To *Arabian* odor giue thy breathing sweete,
Restore thy blush vnto *Aurora* bright,
To *Thetis* giue the honour of thy feete.

Let *Venus* haue the graces hir resignd,
And thy sweete voyce yeeld to *Hermonius* spheares:
But yet restore thy fierce and cruell minde
To *Hircan* Tygers, and to ruthlesse Beares;
Yeeld to the Marble thy hard heart againe:
So shalt thou cease to plague, and I to paine.

Sonnet 12.

THe tablet of my heauie fortunes heere
 Vpon thine Altare (*Paphian* Power) I place;
The greeuous shipwracke of my trauels deere
In bulged barke, all perisht in disgrace.

That traitor Loue, was Pilot to my woe,
My Sailes were hope, spread with my sighs of grieffe,
The twinelights which my haples course did show,
Hard by th'inconstant sands of false reliefe,

VWhere two bright starres which led my view apart,
A Sirens voice allur'd me come so neare,
To perish on the marble of her hart,
A danger which my soule did neuer feare:
 Lo thus he fares that trusts a calme too much;
 And thus fare I whose credit hath beene such.

Sonnet, 13.

M*Y Cinthia* hath the waters of mine eies,
The reddie handmaides on hir grace attending,
That neuer falls to ebbe nor euer dies,
For to their flow shee neuer grants an ending.

The Ocean neuer doth attend more duly
Vpon his soueraigne, the night wandring Queene;
Nor euer hath his impost paid more truly,
Than mine to my soules Queene hath euer beene.

Yet her hard rocke firme fixt for ay remouing,
No comfort to my cares she euer giueth;
Yet had I rather languish in hir louing,
Than to imbrace the fairest shee that liueth.

I feare to find such pleasure in my raigning,
As now I tast in compasse of complaining.

Sonnet, 14.

IF a true heart and faith vnfained,
If a sweete languish with a chaste desire,
If hunger-steruen thoughts so long retained,
Fed but with smoke, and cherisht but with fire.

And if a brow with Cares characters painted,
Bewrayes my Loue with broken words halfe spoken,
To her which sits in my thoughts temple sainted,
And layes to view my vulture-gnawen heart open.

If I haue wept the day, and sigthd the night,
Whilst thrice the Sun approcht this northern bound:
If such a faith hath euer wrought aright,
And well deserud, and yet no fauour found:

Let this suffice, the wholeworld it may see
The fault is hers, though mine the most hurt bee.

Sonnet 15.

SInce the first looke that led me to this error,
To this thoughts-maze to my confusion tending;
Still haue I liude in grieffe, in hope, in terror,
The circle of my sorrowes neuer ending.

Yet cannot haue hir Loue that holds me hatefull,
Hir eies exacts it, though hir heart disdaines me,
See what reward he hath that serues th'ngratefull,
So long and pure a faith no fauour gains me.

Still must I whet my young desires abated,
Vpon the flint of such a heart rebelling,
And all in vaine hir pride is so imated,
Shee yeelds no place at all for pities dwelling,
Oft haue I told hir that my Soule did loue hir,
And that with teares; yet all this wil not moue hir.

Sonnet, 16.

W^Ay but the cause, and giue me leaue to plaine me,
For all my hurt, that my harts Queene hath wrought it,
S^Hee whom I loue so deare, the more to paine me,
V^Vithholds my right, where I haue dearely bought it.

Dearely I bought that was so highly rated,
Euen with the price of bloud and bodies wasting,
S^Hee would not yeeld that ought might be abated,
For all shee saw my Loue was pure and lasting.

And yet now scornes performance of the passion,
And with hir presence Iustice ouerruleth,
S^Hee tels me flat hir beauty beares no action,
And so my plee and proces shee excludeth:
V^Vhat wrong shee doth, the world may well perceiue it,
To accept my faith at first, and then to leaue it.

Sonnet, 17.

Wilst by hir eies pursude, my poore hart flue it
 Into the sacred bosome of my dearest,
Shee there in that sweete Sanctuarie slew it,
VWhen it had hop'd his safetie to be nearest.

My faith of priuiledge could no whit protect it,
That was with bloud, and three yeres witnes signed,
VWhereby she had no cause once to suspect it:
For well she saw my loue, and how I pined.

Yet no hopes letter would her brow reueale mee,
No comforts hue, which falling spirits erecteth;
VWhat bootes to lawes of succour to appeale mee?
Ladies and tyrants neuer lawes respecteth.

 Then there I die, where I had hope to liuen;
 And by her hand that better might haue giuen.

Sonnet 18.

LOOKe in my griefes, & blame me not to mourne,
From thought to thought that lead a life so bad:
Fortunes Orphan, hers and the worlds scorne,
VVhose clouded brow doth make my daies so bad.

Long are their nights, whose cares doo neuer sleepe;
Lothsome their dayes, whom neuer sunne yet ioyed;
A pleasing grieffe impressed hath so deepe,
That thus I liue both day and night annoyed.

Yet since the sweetest roote doth yeeld thus much,
Her praise from my complaint I must not part:
I loue the effect, because the cause is such;
I praise hir face, and blame hir flintie hart:
VVhilst that we make the world admire at vs,
Her for disdain, and me for louing thus.

Sonnet 19.

HAppie in sleepe, waking content to languish,
Imbracing cloudes by night, in day time mourne:
All things I loth saue hir and mine owne anguish,
Pleasd in my heart mooued to liue forlorne.

Nought doe I craue but loue, death, or my Ladie,
Horce with crying mercie, (mercie yet my merit)
So manie vowes and praiers euer made I,
That now at length to yeeld meere pittie were it.

Yet since the Hidra of my cares renewing,
Reuiues still sorrowes of hir fresh disdainig,
Still must I goe the Summer winds pursuing,
And nothing but hir loue and my harts painig.

Weep howrs, grieue daies, sigh months, & still mourn yearly,
Thus must I doe because I loue hir dearelie:

Sonnet, 20.

IF Beautie bright be doubled with a frowne,
That Pitie cannot shine through to my blisse,
And Disdaines vapors are thus ouergrowen,
That my liues light to me quite darkened is.

VWhy trouble I the world then with my cries,
The aire with sighs, the earth below with teares,
Since I liue hatefull to those ruthfull eyes,
Vexing with my vntuned mone her daintie eares.

If I haue lou'd her dearer than my breath,
My breath, that cals the heauens to witnes it.
And still hold her most deare vntill my death:
And if that all this cannot mooue one whit;
Yet let hir say that shee hath done me wrong,
To vse me thus and know I lou'd so long.

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