

Sonnet, 2.

Come Death the Anchor hold of al my thoughts,
My last resort whereto my Soule appealeth:
For all too long on earth my fancie dotes,
Whiles dearest blood my fierie passions sealet.

That hart is now the prospectiue of horror,
That honoured hath the cruelst Faire that liueth,
The cruelst Faire, that knowes I languish for her.
And neuer mercie to my merite giueth.

This is the Laurell and her tryumphes prise.
To tread mee downe with foote of her disgrace,
Whilst I did build my fortune in her eyes,
And laid my soules rest on so faire a face:
That rest I lost, my Loue, my life and all,
Thus high attempts to lowe disgrace do fall.

Sonnet, 22.

IF this be Loue to drawe a wearie breath,
To paint on fluds till the shore crie to the aire,
With prone aspect still treading on the earth,
Sad horror, pale grieffe, prostrate dispaire:

If this be Loue, to warre against my soule,
Rise vp to waile, lie downe to sigh, to grieue me,
With ceaseles toyle Cares restlesse stones to roule,
Still to complaine and mone, whilst none relieue me:

If this be Loue, to languish in such care,
Loathing the light, the world, my selfe, and all.
VVith interrupted sleepes fresh griefes repaire,
And breath out horror in perplexed thrall:

If this be Loue, to liue a liuing death;
Loe then loue I, and draw this wearie breath.

Sonnet 23.

MY cares drawes on my euerlasting night,
And horrors sable clouds dims my liues sunne;
That my liues sunne, and thou my worldly light,
Shall rise no more to me, my daies are donne.

Ile goe before vnto the myrtle shades,
To attend the presence of my worldes deare,
And dresse a bed of flowers that neuer fades,
And all things fit against her comming there.

If anie aske, why that so soone I came?
Ile hide her fault, and say, it was my lot,
In life and death Ile tender her good name,
My life and death shall neuer be her blot:
Although the world this deed of hers may blame,
The *Elisian* ghoasts shall neuer know the same.

Sonnet 24.

THe Starre of my mishap imposd my paining
To spend the *Aprill* of my yeares in crying,
That neuer found my fortune but in wayning,
VVith still fresh cares my bloud and bodie trying.

Yet her I blame not, though she might haue blest me
But my desiers wings so high aspiring;
Now melted with the Sunne that hath possest me,
Downe doo I fall from of my high desiring.

And in my fall doo crie for mercie speedie,
No piteous eye lookes backe vpon my mourning;
No helpe I finde, when now most fauour neede I;
My Ocean teares drowne me, and quench my burning,
And this my death must christen her anew,
Whiles faith doth bid my cruell Faire adieu.

Sonnet 25.

TO heare the impost of a faith not faining,
That dutie paies, and her disdaine extorteth:
These beare the message of my wofull paining,
These Oliue braunches mercie still extorteth.

These tributarie plaints with chast desires,
I send those eyes, the cabinets of loue,
The paradise where to my soule aspires
From out this hell, which my afflictions proue:

Wherein (poore soule) I liue exil'd from mirth,
Pensiuue alone, none but dispaire about me,
My ioyes liberties perisht in their birth,
My care's long liu'd, and will not die without me:
What shall I doo but sigh and waile, the while
My martyrdome exceeds the highest stile.

Sonnet 26.

I Once may I see when yeares may wrecke my wrong,
And golden haire may change to siluer wyer,
And those bright rayes (that kindle all this fier)
Shall faile in force, their power not so strong.

Her beautie, now the burden of my song,
Whose glorious blaze the worlds eie doth admire,
Must yeeld her praise to tirant times desire,
Then fades the flower which fed her pride so long.

When if she grieue to gaze her in her glasse,
Which then presents her winter withred hieu,
Goe you my verse, goe tell her what she was:
For what she was, she best may finde in you.
Your fierie heate lets not her glorie passe,
But *Phœnix* like to make her liue anew.

Sonnet 27.

RAising my hope on hills of high desire,
Thinking to scale the heauen of her hart,
My slender meane presumes too high a part:
For disdaines thunderbolt made me retire,

And threw me downe to paine in all this fire,
Where lo I languish in so heauie smart,
Because th' attempt was far aboue my Art,
Hir state brooks not poore soules should come so nie hir.

Yet I protest my high aspiring will,
Was not to dispossesse hir of hir right,
Hir Soueraigntie should haue remained still,
I onely sought the blisse, to haue hir sight:
Hir sight contented thus to see me spill,
Fram'd my desires fit for hir eies to kill.

Finis, Daniel.

Canto primo.

HArke all you Ladies that doo sleepe,
The Fairie Queene *Proserpina*
Bids you awake, and pitie them that weepe:
 You may doo in the darke
 What the day doth forbid;
 Feare not the doggs that barke,
 Night will haue all hid.

But if you let your Louers mone,
The Fairie Queene *Proserpina*
Will send abroad hir Fairies euerie one:
 That shall pinch blacke and blew
 Your white hands and faire armes,
 That did not kindly rewe
 Your Paramours harmes.

In myrtle arbours on the downes,
The Fairie Queene *Proserpina*
This night by Moone shine leading merrie rounds,
 Holds a wat[c]h with sweete Loue,
 Downe the dale, vp the hill,
 No plaints nor grieues may moue,
 Their holy vigill.

All you that will hold watch with Loue,
The Fairie Queene *Proserpina*
Will make you fairer than *Dianas* Doue,
 Roses red, Lillies white,
 And the cleere damaske hue
 Shall on your cheekes alight:
 Loue will adorne you.

All you that loue, or lou'd before,
The Fairie Queene *Proserpina*
Bids you increase that louing humour more:
 They that haue not yet fed
 On delight amorous,
 She vowes that they shall lead
 Apes in *Auernus*.

Canto Secundo.

W^Hat faire pompe haue I spide of glittering Ladies,
 With locks sparckled abroad, and rosie Coronet
On their yuorie browes, trackt to the daintie thies
V^Vith roabs like *Amazons*, blew as Violet:
V^Vith gold Aglets adornd, some in a changeable
Pale, with spangs wauering taught to be moueable.

2 Then those Knights that a farre off with dolorous viewing,
Cast their eyes hetherward: loe in an agonie
All vnbrac'd, crie aloud, their heaueie state ruing;
Moyst cheekes with blubbering painted as *Ebonie*
Blacke, their feltred haire torne with wrathfull hand,
And whiles astonied, starke in a maze they stand.

3 But hearke what merry sound; what sodaine harmonie
Looke, looke neere the groue where the Ladies doe tread
V^Vith their knights the measures waide by the melodie,
V^Vantons whose trauesing make men enamoured,
Now they faine an honor, now by the slender wast
He must lift hir aloft, and seale a kisse in hast.

4 Streight downe vnder a shadow for wearines they lie,
V^Vith pleasant daliance, hand knit with arme in arme,
Now close, now set aloof they gaze with an equall eie,
Changing kisses alike, streight with a false alarme,
Mocking kisses alike, powt with a louely lip,
Thus drownd with iollities, their merry daies doe slip.

5 But stay now I discern they goe on a Pilgrimage:
Toward Loues holy land faire *Paphos* or *Cyprus*,
Such deuotion is meete for a blithesome age,
With sweet youth it agrees well to be amorous,
Let olde angrie fathers lurke in an Hermitage,
Come weele associate this iollie Pilgrimage.

Canto Tertio.

MY Loue bound me with a kisse
That I should no longer staie;
VWhen I felt so sweete a blisse,
I had lesse power to passe away:
Alas that women do no not knowe
Kisses make men loath to goe.

Canto Quarto.

LOue whets the dullest wittes, his plagues be such,
But makes the wise by pleasing doat as much.
So wit is purchast by this dire disease,
Oh let me doat, so Loue be bent to please.

Canto Quinto.

A Daie, a night, an houre of sweete content,
Is worth a world consum'd in fretfull care,
Vnequall Gods in your Arbitrement
To sort vs daies whose sorrowes endles are,
And yet what were it? as a fading flower;
To swim in blisse, a daie, a night an hower.

2 VVhat plague is greater than the grieffe of minde,
The grieffe of minde that eates in euerie vaine,
In euerie vaine that leaues such clods behind
Such clods behind as breed such bitter paine,
So bitter paine that none shall euer finde,
What plague is greater than the grieffe of minde.

3 Doth sorrowe fret thy soule? ô direfull spirit,
Doth pleasure feede thy heart? ô blessed man:
Hast thou bin happie once? ô heauie plight:
Are thy mishaps forepast? ô happie than:
Or hast thou blisse in eld? ô blisse too late:
But hast thou blisse in youth? ô sweete estate.

Finis. C O N T E N T.

Megliora spero.

FAction that euer dwelles, in Court where wit excelles,
hath set defiance.

Fortune and Loue haue sworne, that they were neuer borne,
of one alliance.

Cupid which doth aspire, to be God of Desire,
Sweares he giues lawes;
That where his arrowes hit, some ioy, some sorrow it,
Fortune no cause.

Fortune sweares weakest hearts (the bookes of *Cupids* Arts)
turnd with hir wheele,
Sensles themselues shall proue: venter hath place in *Loue*,
aske them that feele.

This discord it be got *Atheists*, that honor not.
Nature thought good,
Fortune should euer dwell in Court where wits excell,
Loue keepe the wood.

So to the wood went I, with *Loue* to liue and die,
Fortune's forlorne:
Experience of my youth, made me thinke humble Truth
In desarts borne.

My Saint I keepe to mee, and *Ioane* her selfe is shee,
Ioane faire and true:
Shee that doth onely moue passions of loue with *Loue*:
Fortune adieu.

Finis E. O.

If flouds of teares could clense my follies past,
 And smokes of sighs might sacrifice for sin,
If groning cries might salue my fault at last,
Or endles mone for error pardon win;
 Then would I crie, weepe, sigh, and euer mone
 Mine error, fault, sins, follies past and gone.

I see my hopes must wither in their bud,
I see my faouours are no lasting flowers,
I see that words will breath no better good
Than losse of time, and lightning but at howers:
 Then when I see, then this I say therefore,
 That faouours, hopes, and words, can blinde no more.

FINIS.

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