

SONNET. XI.

DAyly when I do seeke and sew for peace,
And hostages doe offer for my truth:
she cruell Warriour doth her selfe addresse,
to battell, and the weary war renew'th.
Ne wilbe moou'd with reason or with rewth,
to graunt small respite to my restlesse toile:
but greedily her fell intent poursewth,
Of my poore life to make vnpiteid spoile.
Yet my poore life, all sorrowes to assoyle,
I would her yield, her wrath to pacify:
but then she seekes with torment and turmoyle,
to force me liue and will not let me dy.
All paine hath end and euery war hath peace,
but mine no price nor prayer may surcease.

SONNET. XII.

ONE day I sought with her hart-thrilling eies,
to make a truce and termes to entertaine:
all fearlesse then of so false enimies,
which sought me to entrap in treasons traine.
So as I then disarmed did remaine,
a wicked ambush which lay hidden long
in the close couert of her guilefull eyen,
thence breaking forth did thicke about me throng.
Too feeble I t'abide the brunt so strong,
was forst to yeeld my selfe into their hands:
who me captiuing streight with rigorous wrong,
haue euer since me kept in cruell bands.
So Ladie now to you I doo complaine,
against your eies that iustice I may gaine.

SONNET. XIII.

IN that proud port, which her so goodly graceth,
whiles her faire face she reares vp to the skie:
and to the ground her eie lids low embaseth,
most goodly temperature ye may descry,
Myld humblesse mixt with awfull maiesty,
for looking on the earth whence she was borne:
her minde remembreth her mortalitie,
what so is fayrest shall to earth returne.
But that same lofty countenance seemes to scorne
base thing, & thinke how she to heauen may clime:
treading downe earth as lothsome and forlorne,
that hinders heauenly thoughts with drossy slime.
Yet lowly still vouchsafe to looke on me,
such lowlinesse shall make you lofty be.

SONNET. XIII.

Retourne agayne my forces late dismayd,
Vnto the siege by you abandon'd quite,
great shame it is to leaue like one afrayd,
so fayre a peece for one repulse so light.
Gaynst such strong castles needeth greater might,
then those small forts which ye were wont belay,
such haughty myndes enur'd to hardy fight,
disdayne to yield vnto the first assay.
Bring therefore all the forces that ye may,
and lay incessant battery to her heart,
playnts, prayers, vowes, ruth, sorrow, and dismay,
those engins can the proudest loue conuert.
And if those fayle fall downe and dy before her,
so dying liue, and liuing do adore her.

SONNET. XV.

YE tradefull Merchants that with weary toyle,
do seeke most pretious things to make your gain:
and both the Indias of their treasures spoile,
what needeth you to seeke so farre in vaine?
For loe my loue doth in her selfe containe
all this worlds riches that may farre be found;
if Saphyres, loe her eies be Saphyres plaine,
if Rubies, loe hir lips be Rubies sound;
If Pearles, hir teeth be pearles both pure and round;
if Yuorie, her forehead yuory weene;
if Gold, her locks are finest gold on ground;
if siluer, her faire hands are siluer sheene,
But that which fairest is, but few behold,
her mind adornd with vertues manifold.

SONNET. XVI.

ONE day as I vnwarily did gaze
on those fayre eyes my loues immortall light:
the whiles my stonisht hart stood in amaze,
through sweet illusion of her lookes delight.
I mote perceiue how in her glauncing sight,
legions of loues with little wings did fly:
darting their deadly arrowes fyry bright,
at euery rash beholder passing by.
One of those archers closely I did spy,
ayming his arrow at my very hart:
when suddenly with twinkle of her eye,
the Damzell broke his misintended dart.
Had she not so doon, sure I had bene slayne,
yet as it was, I hardly scap't with paine.

SONNET. XVII.

THe glorious portraict of that Angels face,
 Made to amaze weake mens confused skil:
 and this worlds worthlesse glory to embase,
 what pen, what pencill can expresse her fill?
For though he colours could deuize at will,
 and eke his learned hand at pleasure guide:
 least trembling it his workmanship should spill,
 yet many wondrous things there are beside.
The sweet eye-glaunces, that like arrowes glide,
 the charming smiles, that rob sence from the hart:
 the louely pleasance and the lofty pride,
 cannot expressed be by any art.
A greater craftsmans hand thereto doth neede,
 that can expresse the life of things indeed.

SONNET. XVIII.

THe rolling wheele that runneth often round.
The hardest steele in tract of time doth teare:
and drizzling drops that often doe redound,
the firmest flint doth in continuance weare.
Yet cannot I with many a dropping teare,
and long intreaty soften her hard hart:
that she will once vouchsafe my plaint to heare,
or looke with pittie on my payneful smart.
But when I pleade, she bids me play my part,
and when I weep, she sayes teares are but water:
and when I sigh, she sayes I know the art,
and when I waile she turnes hir selfe to laughter.
So doe I weepe, and wayle, and pleade in vaine,
whiles she as steele and flint doth still remayne.

SONNET. XIX.

THe merry Cuckow, messenger of Spring,
His trumpet shrill hath thrise already sounded:
that warnes al louers wayt vpon their king,
who now is comming forth with girland crowned.
With noyse whereof the quyre of Byrds resounded
their anthemes sweet devized of loues prayse,
that all the woods theyr ecchoes back rebounded,
as if they knew the meaning of their layes.
But mongst them all, which did Loues honor rayse
no word was heard of her that most it ought,
but she his precept proudly disobayes,
and doth his ydle message set at nought.
Therefore O loue, vnlesse she turne to thee
ere Cuckow end, let her a rebell be.

SONNET. XX.

IN vaine I seeke and sew to her for grace,
and doe myne humbled hart before her poure:
the whiles her foot she in my necke doth place,
and tread my life downe in the lowly floure.
And yet the Lyon that is Lord of power,
and reigneth ouer euery beast in field:
in his most pride disdeigneth to deuoure
the silly lambe that to his might doth yield.
But she more cruell and more saluage wylde,
then either Lyon or the Lyonesse:
shames not to be with guiltlesse bloud defylde,
but taketh glory in her cruelnesse.
Fayrer then fayrest let none euer say,
that ye were blooded in a yeelded pray.

[Original content ©2015 by Dirk Jol]

