

SONNET. XXI.

WAs it the worke of nature or of Art?
which tempred so the feature of her face:
that pride and meeknesse mixt by equall part,
doe both appeare t'adorne her beauties grace.
For with mild pleasance, which doth pride displace,
she to her loues doth lookers eyes allure:
& with sterne countenaunce back again doth chace
their looser lookes that stir vp lustes impure,
With such strange termes her eyes she doth inure,
that with one looke she doth my life dismay:
and with another doth it streight recure,
her smile me drawes, her frowne me driues away.
Thus doth she traine and teach me with her lookes,
such art of eyes I neuer read in bookes.

SONNET. XXII.

THis holy season fit to fast and pray,
Men to deuotion ought to be inclynd:
therefore, I lykewise on so holy day,
for my sweet Saynt some seruice fit will find,
Her temple fayre is built within my mind,
in which her glorious ymage placed is,
on which my thoughts doo day and night attend
lyke sacred priests that neuer thinke amisse.
There I to her as th'author of my blisse,
will bulde an altar to appease her yre:
and on the same my hart will sacrificise,
burning in flames of pure and chast desyre:
The which vouchsafe O goddesse to accept,
amongst thy deerest relicks to be kept.

SONNET. XXIII.

P*Enelope* for her *Viesses* sake,
Deuiz'd a Web her wooers to deceaue:
in which the worke that she all day did make
the same at night she did againe vnreaue.
Such subtile craft my Damzell doth conceaue,
th'importune suit of my desire to shonne:
for all that I in many dayes doo weaue,
in one short houre I find by her vndonne.
So when I thinke to end that I begonne,
I must begin and neuer bring to end:
for with one looke she spils that long I sponne,
& with one word my whole years work doth rend.
Such labour like the Spyders web I fynd,
whose fruitlesse worke is broken with least wynd.

SONNET. XXIII.

When I behold that beauties wonderment,
And rare perfection of each goodly part:
of natures skill the onely complement,
I honor and admire the makers art.
But when I feele the bitter balefull smart,
which her fayre eyes vnwares doe worke in mee:
that death out of theyr shiny beames doe dart,
I thinke that I a new *Pandora* see.
Whom all the Gods in councell did agree,
into this sinfull world from heauen to send:
that she to wicked men a scourge should bee,
for all their faults with which they did offend.
But since ye are my scourge I will intreat,
that for my faults ye will me gently beat.

SONNET. XXV.

How long shall this lyke dying lyfe endure,
And know no end of her owne mysery:
but wast and weare away in termes vnsure,
twixt feare and hope depending doubtfully.
Yet better were attonce to let me die,
and shew the last ensample of your pride:
then to torment me thus with cruelty,
to proue your powre, which I too wel haue tride.
But yet if in your hardned brest ye hide,
a close intent at last to shew me grace:
then all the woes and wrecks which I abide,
as meanes of blisse I gladly wil embrace.
And wish that more and greater they might be,
that greater meede at last may turne to mee.

SONNET. XXVI.

Sweet is the Rose, but growes vpon a brere;
Sweet is the Iunipere, but sharpe his bough;
sweet is the Eglantine, but pricketh nere;
sweet is the firbloome, but his braunches rough
Sweet is the Cypresse, but his rynd is tough,
sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill;
sweet is the broome-flowre, but yet sowre enough;
and sweet is Moly, but his root is ill.
So euery sweet with soure is tempred still,
that maketh it be coueted the more:
for easie things that may be got at will,
most sorts of men doe set but little store.
Why then should I accoumpt of little paine,
that endlesse pleasure shall vnto me gaine.

SONNET. XXVII.

Faire proud now tell me, why should faire be proud,
Sith all worlds glorie is but drosse vncleane:
and in the shade of death it selfe shall shroud,
how euer now thereof ye little weene.
That goodly Idoll now so gay beseene,
shall doffe her fleshes borowd fayre attyre:
and be forgot as it had neuer beene,
that many now much worship and admire.
Ne any then shall after it inquire,
ne any mention shall thereof remaine:
but what this verse, that neuer shall expyre,
shall to you purchas with her thankles paine.
Faire be no lenger proud of that shall perish,
but that which shal you make immortall, cherish.

SONNET. XXVIII.

THe laurell leafe, which you this day doe weare,
 guies me great hope of your relenting mynd:
 for since it is the badg which I doe beare,
 ye bearing it doe seeme to me inclind:
The powre thereof, which ofte in me I find,
 let it lykewise your gentle brest inspire
 with sweet infusion, and put you in mind
 of that proud mayd, whom now those leaues attyre.
Proud *Daphne* scorning Phoebus louely fyre,
 on the Thessalian shore from him did flie:
 for which the gods in theyr reuengefull yre
 did her transforme into a laurell tree.
Then fly no more fayre loue from Phebus chace,
 but in your brest his leafe and loue embrace.

SONNET. XXIX.

See how the stubborne damzell doth depraue
my simple meaning with disdaynfull scorne:
and by the bay which I vnto her gaue,
accoumpts my selfe her captiue quite forlorne.
The bay (quoth she) is of the victours borne,
yielded them by the vanquisht as theyr meeds,
and they therewith doe poetes heads adorne,
to sing the glory of their famous deedes.
But sith she will the conquest challeng needs
let her accept me as her faithfull thrall,
that her great triumph which my skill exceeds,
I may in trump of fame blaze ouer all.
Then would I decke her head with glorious bayes,
and fill the world with her victorious prayse.

SONNET. XXX.

MY loue is lyke to yse, and I to fyre;
how comes it then that this her cold so great
is not dissolu'd through my so hot desyre,
but harder growes the more I her intreat?
Or how comes it that my exceeding heat
is not delayd by her hart frosen cold:
but that I burne much more in boyling sweat,
and feel my flames augmented manifold?
What more miraculous thing may be told
that fire which all things melts, should harden yse:
and yse which is congeald with sencelesse cold,
should kindle fyre by wonderfull deuyse.
Such is the powre of loue in gentle mind,
that it can alter all the course of kynd.

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