

SONNET. XXXI.

AH why hath nature to so hard a hart,
giuen so goodly giftes of beauties grace?
whose pryde depraues each other better part,
and all those pretious ornaments deface.
Sith to all other beastes of bloody race,
a dreadfull countenance she giuen hath:
that with theyr terrour al the rest may chace,
and warne to shun the daunger of theyr wrath.
But my proud one doth worke the greater scath,
through sweet allurement of her louely hew:
that she the better may in bloody bath,
of such poore thralls her cruell hands embrew.
But did she know how ill these two accord,
such cruelty she would haue soone abhord.

SONNET. XXXII.

The paynefull smith with force of feruent heat,
the hardest yron soone doth mollify:
that with his heauy sledge he can it beat,
and fashion to what he it list apply.
Yet cannot all these flames in which I fry,
her hart more harde then yron soft awhit:
ne all the playnts and prayers with which I
doe beat on th'anduyle of her stubberne wit:
But still the more she feruent sees my sit:
the more she frieseth in her wilfull pryde:
and harder growes the harder she is smit,
with all the playnts which to her be applyde.
What then remains but I to ashes burne,
and she to stones at length all frosen turne?

SONNET. XXXIII.

Great wrong I doe, I can it not deny,
to that most sacred Empresse my dear dred,
not finishing her Queene of faëry,
that mote enlarge her liuing prayses dead:
But lodwick, this of grace to me aread:
doe ye not thinck th'accomplishment of it,
sufficient worke for one mans simple head,
all were it as the rest, but rudely writ.
How then should I without another wit:
thinck euer to endure so tædious toyle,
sins that this one is tost with troublous fit,
of a proud loue, that doth my spirite spoyle.
Ceasse then, till she vouchsafe to grawnt me rest,
or lend you me another liuing brest.

SONNET. XXXIII.

Lyke as a ship that through the Ocean wyde,
by conduct of some star doth make her way.
whenas a storme hath dimd her trusty guyde,
out of her course doth wander far astray.
So I whose star, that wont with her bright ray,
me to direct, with cloudes is ouercast,
doe wander now in darknesse and dismay,
through hidden perils round about me plast.
Yet hope I well, that when this storme is past,
my *Helice* the lodestar of my lyfe
will shine again, and looke on me at last,
with louely light to cleare my cloudy grief,
Till then I wander carefull comfortlesse,
in secret sorow and sad pensiuenesse.

SONNET. XXXV.

MY hungry eyes through greedy couetize,
still to behold the obiect of their paine:
with no contentment can themselues suffize,
but hauing pine and hauing not complaine.
For lacking it they cannot lyfe sustayne,
and hauing it they gaze on it the more:
in their amazement lyke *Narcissus* vaine
whose eyes him staru'd: so plenty makes me poore
Yet are mine eyes so filled with the store
of that faire sight, that nothing else they brooke,
but lothe the things which they did like before,
and can no more endure on them to looke.
All this worlds glory seemeth vayne to me,
and all their showes but shadowes sauing she.

SONNET. XXXVI.

TELL me when shall these wearie woes haue end,
Or shall their ruthlesse torment neuer cease:
but al my dayes in pining languor spend,
without hope of aswagement or release.
Is there no meanes for me to purchase peace,
or make agreement with her thrilling eyes:
but that their cruelty doth still increace,
dayly more augment my miseryes.
But when ye haue shewed all extremityes,
then thinke how litle glory ye haue gayned:
by slaying him, whose lyfe though ye despyse,
mote haue your life in honour long maintayned.
But by his death which some perhaps will mone,
ye shall condemned be of many a one.

SONNET. XXXVII.

What guyle is this, that those her golden tresses,
She doth attyre vnder a net of gold:
and with sly skill so cunningly them dresses,
that which is gold or heare, may scarce be told?
Is it that mens frayle eyes, which gaze too bold,
she may entangle in that golden snare:
and being caught may craftily enfold,
theyr weaker harts, which are not wel aware?
Take heed therefore, myne eyes, how ye doe stare
henceforth too rashly on that guilefull net,
in which if euer ye entrapped are,
out of her bands ye by no meanes shall get.
Fondnesse it were for any being free,
to couet fetters, though they golden bee.

SONNET. XXXVIII.

ARion, when through tempests cruel wracke,
He forth was thrown into the greedy seas:
through the sweet musick which his harp did make
allu'rd a Dolphin him from death to ease.
But my rude musick, which was wont to please
some dainty eares, cannot with any skill,
the dreadfull tempest of her wrath appease,
nor moue the Dolphin from her stubborne will,
But in her pride she dooth perseuer still,
all carelesse how my life for her decayse:
yet with one word she can it saue or spill,
to spill were pittie, but to saue were prayse.
Chose rather to be prayisd for dooing good,
then to be blam'd for spilling guiltlesse blood.

SONNET. XXXIX.

Sweet smile, the daughter of the Queene of loue,
Expressing all thy mothers powrefull art:
with which she wonts to temper angry Ioue,
when all the gods he threats with thundring dart.
Sweet is thy vertue as thy selfe sweet art,
for when on me thou shinedst late in sadnesse:
a melting pleasance ran through euery part,
and me reuiued with hart robbing gladnesse.
Whylest rapt with ioy resembling heauenly madnes,
my soule was raiisht quite as in a traunce:
and feeling thence no more her sorowes sadnesse,
fed on the fulnesse of that chearefull glaunce,
More sweet than Nectar or Ambrosiall meat,
seemd euery bit, which thenceforth I did eat.

SONNET. XL.

MArk when she smiles with amiable cheare,
And tell me whereto can ye lyken it:
when on each eyelid sweetly doe appeare,
an hundred Graces as in shade to sit.
Lykest it seemeth in my simple wit
vnto the fayre sunshine in somers day:
that when a dreadfull storme away is flit,
through the broad world doth spred his goodly ray
At sight whereof each bird that sits on spray,
and euery beast that to his den was fled:
comes forth afresh out of their late dismay,
and to the light lift vp theyr drouping hed.
So my storme beaten hart likewise is cheared,
with that sunshine when cloudy looks are cleared.

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