

SONNET. LXXXI.

Fayre is my loue, when her fayre golden heares,
with the loose wynd ye wauing chance to marke:
fayre when the rose in her red cheekes appeares,
or in her eyes the fyre of loue does sparke.
Fayre when her brest lyke a rich laden barke,
with pretious merchandize she forth doth lay:
fayre when that cloud of pryde, which oft doth dark
her goodly light with smiles she driues away.
But fayrest she, when so she doth display,
the gate with pearles and rubyes richly dight:
throug which her words so wise do make their way
to beare the message of her gentle spright,
The rest be works of natures wonderment,
but this the worke of harts astonishment.

SONNET. LXXXII.

IOy of my life, full oft for louing you
I blesse my lot, that was so lucky placed:
but then the more your owne mishap I rew,
that are so much by so meane loue embased.
For had the equall heuens so much you graced
in this as in the rest, ye mote inuent
som heuenly wit, whose verse could haue enchased
your glorious name in golden monument.
But since ye deignd so goodly to relent
to me your thrall, in whom is little worth,
that little that I am, shall all be spent,
in setting your immortall prayses forth.
Whose lofty argument vplifting me,
shall lift you vp vnto an high degree.

SONNET. LXXXIII.

MY hungry eyes, through greedy couetize,
Still to behold the object of their payne:
with no contentment can themselves suffice,
but having pine, and having not complaine,
For lacking it, they cannot life sustayne,
and seeing it, they gaze on it the more:
in their amazement like Narcissus wayne
whose eyes him staru'd: so plenty makes me pore.
Yet are myne eyes so filled with the store
of that fayre sight, that nothing else they brooke:
but loath the things which they did like before,
and can no more endure on them to looke.
All this worlds glory seemeth wayne to me,
and all they shewes but shadowes sauing she.

SONNET. LXXXIII.

LEt not one sparke of filthy lustfull fyre
 breake out, that may her sacred peace molest:
 ne one light glance of sensuall desyre:
 Attempt to work her gentle mindes vnrest.
But pure affections bred in spotlesse brest,
 & modest thoughts breathd from wel tempred sprites
 goe visit her in her bowre of rest,
 accompanyde with angelick delightes.
There fill your selfe with those most ioyous sights,
 the which my selfe could neuer yet attayne:
 but speake no word to her of these sad plights,
 which her too constant stiffenesse doth constrayn.
Onely behold her rare perfection,
 and blesse your fortunes fayre election.

SONNET. LXXXV.

THe world that cannot deeme of worthy things,
when I doe praise her, say I doe but flatter:
so does the Cuckow, when the Mauis sings,
begin his witlesse note apace to clatter.
But they that skill not of so heauenly matter,
all that they know not, enuy or admyre,
rather then enuy let them wonder at her,
but not to deeme of her desert aspyre.
Deepe in the closet of my parts entyre,
her worth is written with a golden quill:
that me with heauenly fury doth inspire,
and my glad mouth with her sweet prayses fill.
Which when as fame in her shrill trump shal thunder
let the world chose to enuy or to wonder.

SONNET. LXXXVI.

VEnemous tounge tipt with vile adders sting,
Of that selfe kynd with which the Furies fell
theyr snaky heads doe combe, from which a spring
of poysoned words and spitefull speeches well.
Let all the plagues and horrid paines, of hell,
vpon thee fall for thine accursed hyre:
that with false forged lyes, which thou didst tel,
in my true loue did stirre vp coles of yre,
The sparkes whereof let kindle thine own fyre,
and, catching hold on thine owne wicked hed
consume thee quite, that didst with guile conspire
in my sweet peace such breaches to haue bred.
Shame be thy meed, and mischief thy reward.
dew to thy selfe that it for me prepard.

SONNET. LXXXVII.

SInce I did leaue the presence of my loue,
Many long weary dayes I haue outworne:
and many nights, that slowly seemd to moue,
theyr sad protract from euening vntill morne.
For when as day the heauen doth adorne,
I wish that night the noyous day would end:
and when as night hath vs of light forlorne,
I wish that day would shortly reascend.
Thus I the time with expectation spend,
and faine my grieffe with chaunges to beguile,
That further seemes his terme still to extend,
and maketh euery minute seeme a myle.
So sorrow still doth seeme too long to last,
but ioyous houres doo fly away too fast.

SONNET. LXXXVIII.

SInce I haue lackt the comfort of that light,
The which was wont to lead my thoughts astray:
I wander as in darkenesse of the night,
affrayd of euery daungers least dismay.
Ne ought I see, though in the clearest day,
when others gaze vpon theyr shadowes vayne:
but th'onely image of that heauenly ray,
whereof some glance doth in mine eie remayne.
Of which beholding th'Idæa playne,
throgh contemplation of my purest part:
with light thereof I doe my selfe sustayne,
and thereon feed my loue-affamisht hart.
But with such brightnesse whylest I fill my mind,
I starue my body and mine eyes doe blynd.

SONNET. LXXXIX.

LYke as the Culuer on the bared bough,
Sits mourning for the absence of her mate:
and in her songs sends many a wishfull vow,
for his returne that seemes to linger late.
So I alone now left disconsolate,
mourne to my selfe the absence of my loue:
and wandring here and there all desolate,
seek with my playnts to match that mournful doue
Ne ioy of ought that vnder heauen doth houe,
can comfort me, but her owne ioyous sight:
whose sweet aspect both God and man can moue,
in her vnspotted pleasauns to delight.
Dark is my day, whyles her fayre light I mis,
and dead my life that wants such liuely blis.

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