

AMORETTI

AND

Epithalamion.

Written not long since

by Edmund

Spenser.

Printed for William

Ponsonby. 1595.

To the Right Worshipfull

Sir Robart Needham Knight

Sir, to gratulate your safe return from Ireland, I had nothing so readie, nor thought any thing so meete, as these sweete conceited Sonets, the deede of that weldeseruing gentleman, maister Edmond Spenser: whose name sufficiently warranting the werthinesse of the work: I do more confidently presume to publish it in his absence, vnder your name to whom (in my poore opinion) the patronage therof, doth in some respectes properly appertaine. For, besides your iudgement and delighte in learned poesie: This gentle Muse for her former perfection long wished for in Englande, nowe at the length crossing the Seas in your happy companie, (though to your selfe vnknowne) seemeth to make choyse of you, as meetest to giue her deserued countenance, after her retourne: entertaine her, then, (Right worshipfull) in sorte best beseeming your gentle minde, and her merite, and take in worth my good will herein, who seeke no more, but to shew my selfe yours in all dutifull affection.

W. P.

G: W. senior, to the Author

DArke is the day, when *Phæbus* face is shrowded,
and weaker sights may wander soone astray;
but when they see his glorious raies vnclowded,
with stedy steps they keepe the perfect way,
So while this Muse in forraine landes doth stay,
invention weepes, and pens are cast aside,
the time like night, depriud of chearefull day,
and few do write, but (ah) too soone may slide.
Then, hie thee home, that art our perfect guide,
and with thy wit illustrate Englands fame,
dawnting thereby our neighboures auncient pride,
that do for poesie, challenge cheefest name.
So we that liue, and ages that succede,
with great applause thy learned works shall reede.

Ah Colin, whether on the lowly plaine.
pyping to shepherds thy sweete roudelaies:
or whether singing in some lofty vaine,
heroick deedes, of past, or present daies.
Or whether in thy louely mistris praise,
thou list to exercise thy learned quill.
thy muse hath got such grace, and power to please,
with rare inuention bewtified by skill.
As who therein can euer ioy their fill.
O therefore let that happy muse proceede
to clime the height of vertues sacred hill,
where endles honor shall be made thy meede.
Because no malice of succeeding daies,
can rase those records of thy lasting praise.
G. W. I.

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