

*SONNET. XLI.*

**I**S it her nature or is it her will,  
to be so cruell to an humbled foe:  
if nature, then she may it mend with skill,  
if will, then she at will may will forgoe.  
But if her nature and her wil be so,  
that she will plague the man that loues her most:  
and take delight t' encrease a wretches woe,  
then all her natures goodly guifts are lost  
And that same glorious beauties ydle boast,  
is but a bayt such wretches to beguile:  
as being long in her loues tempest tost,  
she meanes at last to make her piteous spoyle.  
O fayrest fayre let neuer it be named,  
that so fayre beauty was so fowly shamed.

*SONNET. XLII.*

**T**He loue which me so cruelly tormenteth,  
So pleasing is in my extreamest paine:  
that all the more my sorrow it augmenteth,  
the more I loue and doe embrace my bane.  
Ne doe I wish (for wishing were but vaine)  
to be acquit fro my continuall smart:  
but ioy her thrall for euer to remayne,  
and yield for pledge my poore captuyed hart  
The which that it from her may neuer start,  
let her, yf please her, bynd with adamant chayne:  
and from all wandring loues which mote peruart,  
his safe assurance strongly it restrayne.  
Onely let her abstaine from cruelty,  
and doe me not before my time to dy.

*SONNET. XLIII.*

**S**Hall I then silent be or shall I speake?

And if I speake, her wrath renew I shall:  
and if I silent be, my hart will breake,  
or choked be with ouerflowing gall.

What tyranny is this both my hart to thrall,  
and eke my tounge with proud restraint to tie?  
that nether I may speake nor thinke at all,  
but like a stupid stock in silence die.

Yet I my hart with silence secretly  
will teach to speak, and my iust cause to plead:  
and eke mine eyes with meeke humility,  
loue learned letters to her eyes to read.

Which her deep wit, that true harts thought can spel,  
wil soone conceiue, and learne to construe well.

*SONNET. XLIIII.*

When those renowned noble Peres of Greece,  
through stubborn pride amongst themselues did iar  
forgetfull of the famous golden fleece,  
then Orpheus with his harp theyr strife did bar.  
But this continuall cruell ciuill warre,  
the which my selfe against my selfe doe make:  
whilst my weak powres of passions warreid arre  
no skill can stint nor reason can aslake.  
But when in hand my tunelesse harp I take,  
then doe I more augment my foes despight:  
and grieffe renew, and passions doe awake,  
to battaile fresh against my selfe to fight.  
Mongst whome the more I seeke to settle peace,  
the more I fynd their malice to increace.

*SONNET. XLV.*

LEaue lady in your glasse of christall clene,  
Your goodly selfe for euermore to vew:  
and in my selfe, my inward selfe I meane,  
most liuely lyke behold your semblant trew.  
Within my hart, though hardly it can shew,  
thing so diuine to vew of earthly eye:  
the fayre Idea of your celestiall hew,  
and euery part remains immortally:  
And were it not that through your cruelty,  
with sorrow dimmed and deformd it were:  
the goodly ymage of your visnomy,  
clearer then christall would therein appere.  
But if your selfe in me ye playne will see,  
remoue the cause by which your fayre beames darkned be.

*SONNET. XLVI.*

When my abodes prefixed time is spent,  
My cruell fayre streight bids me wend my way:  
but then from heauen most hideous stormes are sent  
as willing me against her will to stay.  
Whom then shall I or heauen or her obey,  
the heuens know best what is the best for me:  
but as she will, whose will my life doth sway,  
my lower heauen, so it perforce must bee.  
But ye high heuens, that all this sorowe see,  
sith all your tempests cannot hold me backe:  
aswage your stormes, or else both you and she,  
will both together me too sorely wrack.  
Enough it is for one man to sustaine,  
the stormes, which she alone on me doth raine.

*SONNET. XLVII.*

**T**Rust not the treason of those smyling lookes,  
vntill ye haue theyr guylefull traynes well tryde:  
for they are lyke but vnto golden hookes,  
that from the foolish fish theyr bayts doe hyde:  
So she with flattering smyles weake harts doth guyde,  
vnto her loue and tempte to theyr decay,  
whome being caught she kills with cruell pryde,  
and feeds at pleasure on the wretched pray:  
Yet euen whylst her bloody hands them slay,  
her eyes looke louely and vpon them smyle:  
that they take pleasure in her cruell play,  
and dying doe them selues of payne beguyle.  
O mighty charm which makes men loue theyr bane,  
and thinck they dy with pleasure, liue with payne.

*SONNET. XLVIII.*

Innocent paper whom too cruell hand,  
Did make the matter to auenge her yre:  
and ere she could thy cause wel vnderstand,  
did sacrificize vnto the greedy fyre.  
Well worthy thou to haue found better hyre,  
then so bad end for hereticks ordayned:  
yet heresy nor treason didst conspire,  
but plead thy maisters cause vniustly payned.  
Whom all the carelesse of his grieffe constrayned  
to vtter forth th'anguish of his hart:  
and would not heare, when he to her complayned,  
the piteous passion of his dying smart.  
Yet liue for euer, though against her will,  
and speake her good, though she requite it ill.



*SONNET. XLIX.*

Fayre cruell, why are ye so fierce and cruell?  
Is it because your eyes haue powre to kill?  
then know, that mercy is the mighties iewell,  
and greater glory thinke to saue, then spill.  
But if it be your pleasure and proud will,  
to shew the powre of your imperious eyes:  
then not on him that neuer thought you ill,  
but bend your force against your enemyes.  
Let them feele th'vtmost of your crueltyes,  
and kill, with looks as Cockatrices doo:  
but him that at your footstoole humbled lies,  
with mercifull regard, giue mercy too.  
Such mercy shal you make admyred to be,  
so shall you liue by giuing life to me.

*SONNET. L.*

**L**ong languishing in double malady,  
of my harts wound and of my bodies greife:  
there came to me a leach that would apply  
fit medicines for my bodies best reliefe.  
Wayne man (quod I) that hast but little priefe:  
in deep discouery of the mynds disease,  
is not the hart of all the body chiefe?  
and rules the members as it selfe doth please.  
Then with some cordialls seeke first to appease,  
the inward languour of my wounded hart,  
and then my body shall haue shortly ease:  
but such sweet cordialls passe Physitions art.  
Then my lyfes Leach doe you your skill reueale,  
and with one salue both hart and body heale.

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