

*SONNET. LI.*

DOe I not see that fayrest ymages  
Of hardest Marble are of purpose made?  
for that they should endure through many ages,  
ne let theyr famous monuments to fade.  
Why then doe I, vntrainde in louers trade,  
her hardnes blame which I should more commend  
sith neuer ought was excellent assayde,  
which was not hard t'atchiue and bring to end.  
Ne ought so hard, but he that would attend,  
mote soften it and to his will allure:  
so doe I hope her stubborne hart to bend,  
and that it then more stedfast will endure.  
Onely my paines wil be the more to get her,  
but hauing her, my ioy wil be the greater.

*SONNET. LII.*

**S**O oft as homeward I from her depart,  
I goe lyke one that hauing lost the field:  
is prisoner led away with heauy hart,  
despoyld of warlike armes and knowen shield.  
So doe I now my selfe a prisoner yeeld,  
to sorrow and to solitary paine:  
from presence of my dearest deare exylde  
longwhile alone in languor to remaine.  
There let no thought of ioy or pleasure vaine,  
dare to approch, that may my solace breed:  
but sudden dumps and drery sad disdayne,  
of all worlds gladnesse more my torment feed.  
So I her absens will my penaunce make,  
that of her presens I my need may take.

*SONNET. LIII.*

THE Panther knowing that his spotted hyde,  
Doth please all beasts but that his looks them fray:  
within a bush his dreadfull head doth hide,  
to let them gaze whylest he on them may pray.  
Right so my cruell fayre with me doth play,  
for with the goodly semblant of her hew:  
she doth allure me to mine owne decay,  
and then no mercy will vnto me shew.  
Great shame it is, thing so diuine in view,  
made for to be the worlds most ornament:  
to make the bayte her gazers to embrew,  
good shames to be to ill an instrument.  
But mercy doth with beautie beft agree,  
as in theyr maker ye them best may see.

*SONNET. LIIII.*

OF this worlds Theatre in which we stay,  
My loue lyke the Spectator ydly sits  
beholding me that all the pageants play,  
disguysing diuersly my troubled wits.  
Sometimes I ioy when glad occasion fits,  
and mask in myrth lyke to a Comedy:  
soone after when my ioy to sorrow flits,  
I waile and make my woes a Tragedy.  
Yet she beholding me with constant eye,  
delights not in my merth nor rues my smart:  
but when I laugh she mocks, and when I cry  
she laughes, and hardens euermore her hart.  
What then can moue her? if nor merth, nor mone,  
she is no woman, but a sencelesse stone.

*SONNET. LV.*

SO oft as I her beauty doe behold,  
And therewith doe her cruelty compare:  
I maruaile of what substance was the mould  
the which her made attonce so cruell faire.  
Not earth; for her high thoughts more heauenly are,  
not water; for her loue doth burne like fyre:  
not ayre; for she is not so light or rare:  
not fyre; for she doth friese with faint desire.  
Then needs another Element inquire  
whereof she mote be made; that is the skye.  
for to the heauen her haughty lookes aspire:  
and eke her mind is pure immortall hye.  
Then sith to heauen ye lykened are the best,  
be lyke in mercy as in all the rest.

*SONNET. LVI.*

FAYRE ye be sure, but cruell and vnkind,  
As is a Tygre that with greedinesse  
hunts after bloud, when he by chance doth find  
a feeble beast, doth felly him oppresse.  
Fayre be ye sure but proud and pittillesse,  
as is a storme, that all things doth prostrate:  
finding a tree alone all comfortlesse,  
beats on it strongly it to ruinate.  
Fayre be ye sure, but hard and obstinate,  
as is a rocke amidst the raging floods:  
gaynst which a ship of succour desolate,  
doth suffer wreck both of her selfe and goods.  
That ship, that tree, and that same beast am I,  
whom ye doe wreck, doe ruine, and destroy.

*SONNET. LVII.*

Sweet warrior when shall I haue peace with you?

High time it is, this warre now ended were:

which I no lenger can endure to sue,

ne your incessant battry more to beare:

So weake my powres, so sore my wounds appeare,

that wonder is how I should liue a iot,

seeing my hart through launched euery where

with thousand arrowes, which your eies haue shot:

Yet shoot ye sharpely still, and spare me not,

but glory thinke to make these cruel stoures.

ye cruell one, what glory can be got,

in slaying him that would liue gladly yours?

Make peace therefore, and graunt me timely grace.

that al my wounds wil heale in little space.

*SONNET. LVIII.*

*By her that is most assured to her selfe.*

**W**Eake is th'assurance that weake flesh reposeseth,  
In her owne powre and scorneth others ayde:  
that soonest fals when as she most supposeth,  
her selfe assur'd, and is of nought affrayd.  
All flesh is frayle, and all her strength vnstayd,  
like a vaine bubble blowen vp with ayre:  
deuouring tyme & changeful chance haue prayd,  
her glories pride that none may it repayre.  
Ne none so rich or wise, so strong or fayre,  
but fayleth trusting on his owne assurance:  
and he that standeth on the hyghest stayre  
fals lowest: for on earth nought hath enduraunce.  
Why then doe ye proud fayre, misdeeme so farre,  
that to your selfe ye most assured arre.

*SONNET. LIX.*

Thrise happie she, that is so well assured  
Vnto her selfe and setled so in hart:  
that nether will for better be allured,  
ne feard with worse to any chaunce to start,  
But like a stedy ship doth strongly part  
the raging waues, and keepes her course aright:  
ne ought for tempest doth from it depart,  
ne ought for fayrer weathers false delight.  
Such selfe assurance need not feare the spight,  
of grudging foes, ne fauour seek of friends:  
but in the stay of her owne stedfast might,  
nether to one her selfe nor other bends.  
Most happy she that most assured doth rest,  
but he most happy who such one loues best.

*SONNET. LX.*

They, that in course of heauenly spheares are skild,  
To euery planet point his sundry yeare:  
in which her circles voyage is fulfilled,  
as Mars in three score yeares doth run his spheare  
So since the winged God his planet cleare,  
began in me to moue, one yeare is spent:  
the which doth longer vnto me appeare,  
then al those forty which my life outwent.  
Then by that count, which louers books inuent,  
the spheare of Cupid forty yeares containes:  
which I haue wasted in long languishment,  
that seemd the longer for my greater paines.  
But let me loues fayre Planet short her wayes  
this yeare ensuing, or else short my dayes.

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