

SONNET. LXI.

THe glorious image of the makers beautie,
My souerayne saynt, the Idoll of my thought,
dare not henceforth aboue the bounds of dewtie,
t'accuse of pride, or rashly blame for ought.
For being as she is diuinely wrought,
and of the brood of Angels heuenly borne:
and with the crew of blessed Saynts vpbrought,
each of which did her with theyr guifts adorne;
The bud of ioy, the blossome of the morne,
the beame of light, whom mortal eyes admyre:
what reason is it then but she should scorne,
base things that to her loue too bold aspire?
Such heauenly formes ought rather worshipt be,
then dare be lou'd by men of meane degree.

SONNET. LXII.

THe weary yeare his race now hauing run,
The new begins his compast course anew:
with shew of morning mylde he hath begun,
betokening peace and plenty to ensew,
So let vs, which this chaunge of weather vew,
chaunge eeke our myndes and former liues amend
the old yeares sinnes forepast let vs eschew,
and fly the faults with which we did offend.
Then shall the new yeares ioy forth freshly send,
into the glooming world his gladsome ray:
and all these stormes which now his beauty blend,
shall turne to caulmes and tymely cleare away.
So likewise loue cheare you your heauy spright,
and chaunge old yeares annoy to new delight.

SONNET. LXIII.

AFTER long stormes and tempests sad assay,
Which hardly I endured heretofore:
in dread of death and daungerous dismay,
with which my silly barke was tossed sore.
I doe at length descry the happy shore,
in which I hope ere long for to arryue,
fayre soyle it seemes from far & fraught with store
of all that deare and daynty is alyue.
Most happy he that can at last atchyue,
the ioyous safety of so sweet a rest:
whose least delight sufficeth to depriue,
remembrance of all paines which him opprest.
All paines are nothing in respect of this,
all sorrowes short that gaine eternall blisse.

SONNET. LXIII.

Comming to kisse her lyps, (such grace I found)
Me seemd I smelt a gardin of sweet flowres:
that dainty odours from them threw around
for damzels fit to decke their louers bowres.
Her lips did smell lyke vnto Gillyflowers,
her ruddy cheekes, lyke vnto Roses red:
her snowy browes lyke budded Bellamoures,
her louely eyes lyke Pincks but newly spred,
Her goodly bosome lyke a Strawberry bed,
her neck lyke to a bounch of Cullambynes:
her brest lyke lillyes, ere theyr leaues be shed,
her nipples lyke yong blossomd Iessemynes,
Such fragrant flowres doe giue most odorous smell,
but her sweet odour did them all excell.

SONNET. LXV.

THe doubt which ye misdeeme, fayre loue, is vaine
That fondly feare to loose your liberty,
when loosing one, two liberties ye gayne,
and make him bond that bondage earst dyd fly.
Sweet be the bands, the which true loue doth tye,
without constraynt or dread of any ill:
the gentle birde feeles no captiuity
within her cage, but singes and feeds her fill.
There pride dare not approch, nor discord spill
the league twixt them, that loyal loue hath bound:
but simple truth and mutuall good will,
seekes with sweet peace to salue each others wound
There fayth doth fearlesse dwell in brasen towre,
and spotlesse pleasure builds her sacred bowre.

SONNET. LXVI.

To all those happy blessings which ye haue,
with plenteous hand by heauen vpon you thrown:
this one disparagement they to you gaue,
that ye your loue lent to so meane a one.
Yee whose high worths surpassing paragon,
could not on earth haue found one fit for mate,
ne but in heauen matchable to none,
why did ye stoup vnto so lowly state?
But ye thereby much greater glory gate,
then had ye sorted with a princes pere:
for now your light doth more it selfe dilate,
and in my darknesse greater doth appeare.
Yet since your light hath once enlumind me,
with my reflex yours shall encreased be.

SONNET. LXVII.

Lyke as a huntsman after weary chace,
 Seeing the game from him escapt away:
 sits downe to rest him in some shady place,
 with panting hounds beguiled of their pray.
So after long pursuit and vaine assay,
 when I all weary had the chace forsooke,
 the gentle deare returnd the selfe-same way,
 thinking to quench her thirst at the next brooke.
There she beholding me with mylder looke,
 sought not to fly, but fearelesse still did bide:
 till I in hand her yet halfe trembling tooke,
 and with her owne goodwill hir fymely tyde.
Strange thing me seemd to see a beast so w ld,
 so goodly wonne with her owne will beguyld.

SONNET. LXVIII.

MOst glorious Lord of lyfe that on this day,
Didst make thy triumph ouer death and sin:
and hauing harrowd hell didst bring away,
captiuity thence captiue vs to win.
This ioyous day, deare Lord, with ioy begin,
and grant that we for whom thou didest dye
being with thy deare blood clene washt from sin,
may liue foreuer in felicity.
And that thy loue we weighing worthily,
may likewise loue thee for the same againe:
and for thy sake that all lyke deare didst buy,
with loue may one another entertayne.
So let vs loue, deare loue, lyke as we ought,
loue is the lesson which the Lord vs taught.

SONNET. LXIX.

THe famous warriors of the anticke world,
Vsed Trophees to erect in stately wize:
in which they would the records haue enrold,
of their great deeds and valarous emprize.
What trophee then shall I most fit deuize,
in which I may record the memory
of my loues conquest, peerelesse beauties prise,
adorn'd with honour, loue, and chastity.
Euen this verse vowd to eternity,
shall be thereof immortall monument:
and tell her prayse to all posterity,
that may admire such worlds rare wonderment.
The happy purchase of my glorious spoile,
gotten at last with labour and long toyle.

SONNET. LXX.

Fresh spring the herald of loues mighty king,
In whose cote armour richly are displayd,
all sorts of flowers the which on earth do spring
in goodly colours gloriously arrayd.
Goe to my loue, where she is carelesse layd,
yet in her winters bowre not well awake:
tell her the ioyous time wil not be staid
vnlesse she doe him by the forelock take.
Bid her therefore her selfe soone ready make,
to wayt on loue amongst his louely crew:
where euery one, that misseth then her make,
shall be by him amearst with penance dew.
Make hast therefore sweet loue, whilest it is prime,
for none can call againe the passed time.

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