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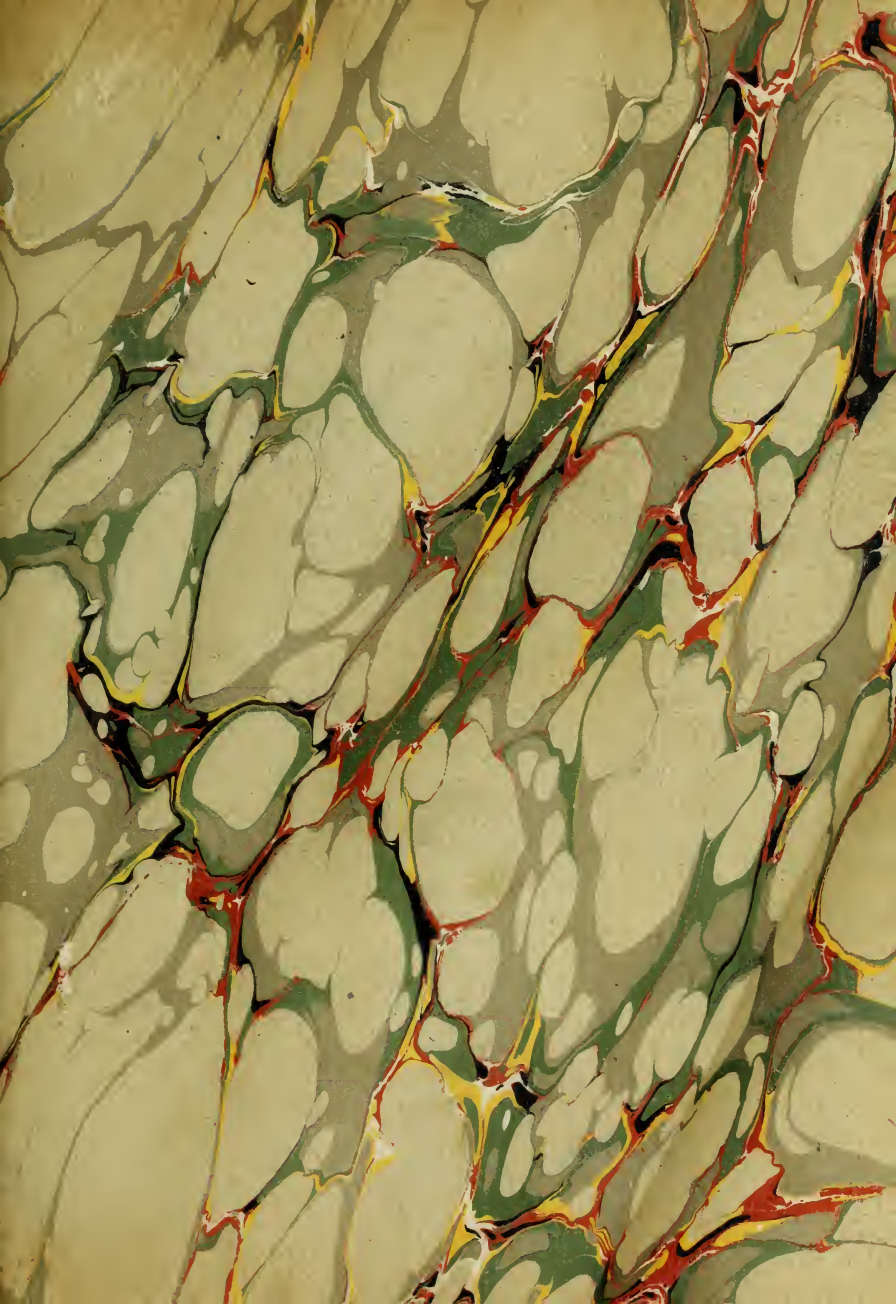


Thomas Pennant Barton.

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AVRORA.

Containing the first fan c i e s of the
Authors youth,

WWilliam Alexander of Menstrie:



LONDON,
Printed by RICHARD FIELD
for *Edward Blount.*

1604.

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1910



TO THE RIGHT HO-
NORABLE AND VERTVOVS
Lady, the Lady Agnes Dowglas
Countesse of Argyle.

MADAME, when I remember the
manie obligations which I owe
to your manifold merits, I often-
times accuse my selfe to my self,
of forgetfulnes, and yet I am to
be excused: for how can I satisfie
so infinit a debt, since whilst I go to disengage my
self in some measure, by giuing you the patronage
of these vnpolished lines (which indeed for their
manie errors, had need of a respected Sanctuary)
I but engage my self further, while as you take the
patronage of so vnpolished lines. Yet this shal not
discourage me, for alwayes I carie this aduantage,
that as they were the fruits of beautie, so shal they
be sacrificed as oblations to beautie. And to a
beautie, though of it selfe most happie, yet more
happie in this, that it is thought worthie (and can
be no more then worthy) to be the outward couer

of so many inward perfections . So assuring my
selfe, that as no darknesse can abide before the
Sunne, so no deformitie can be found in
those papers, ouer which your eyes
haue once shined. I rest

Your Honors most humbly

deuoted,

William Alexander.

A V R O R A.





AVRORA.

Sonet 1.

VHil'ft charming fancies moue me to reueale
The idle rauings of my brain-ficke youth,
My heart doth pant within, to heare my mouth
Vnfold the follies which it would conceale:
Yet bitter *Criticke*s may mistake my mind;
Not beautie, no, but vertue raifd my fires,
Whose sacred flame did cherish chafte defires,
And through my cloudie fortune clearely shin'd.
But had not others otherwife aduifd,
My cabinet should yet thefe fcrolls containe,
This childish birth of a conceitie braine,
Which I had ftill as trifling toyes defpifd:
Pardon thofe errorrs of mine vnripe age;
My tender Mufe by time may grow more fage.

Sonet 2.

AS yet threelufers were not quite expir'd,
Since I had bene a partner of the light,
When I beheld a face, a face more bright
Then gliftring *Phæbus* when the fields are fir'd:
Long time amaz'd rare beautie I admir'd,
The beames reflecting on my captiu'd fight,
Till that surpriz'd (I wot not by what flight)
More then I could conceiue my foule defir'd,
My takers ftate I long'd for to comprife.

A V R O R A.

For still I doubted who had made the rape,
 If 'twas a bodie or an airie shape,
 With fain'd perfections for to mocke the eyes:
 At last I knew 'twas a most diuine creature,
 The Crowne of th'Earth, th'excellencie of Nature.

Son. 3.

THat subtile Greeke who for t'aduance his art,
 Shap'd Beauties Goddesse with so sweet a grace,
 And with a learned pen fill limn'd her face,
 Till all the world admir'd the workmans part.
 Of such whom Fame did most accomplish'd call
 The naked snowes he seuerally perceiued,
 Then drew th'*Idea* which his soule conceiued,
 Of that which was most exquisite in all:
 But had thy forme his fancie first possesst,
 If worldly knowledge could so high attaine,
 Thou mightst haue spar'd the curious Painters paine,
 And satisfide him more then all the rest.
 O if he had all thy perfections noted,
 The Painter with his Picture straight had doted.

Song. 1.

O Would to God a way were found,
 That by some secret sympathic vnknowne,
 My Faire my fancies depth might sound,
 And know my state as clearly as her owne.
 Then blest, most blest were I,
 No doubt beneath the skie
 I were the happiest wight:
 For if my state they knew,
 It ruthlesse rockes would rue,
 And mend me if they might.

A V R O R A.

But as the babe before the wand,
Whose faultlesse part his parents will not trust,
For very feare doth trembling stand,
And quakes to speake although his cause be iust:

So set before her face,
Though bent to pleade for grace,

I wot not how I faile:
Yet minding to say much,
That string I neuer touch,

But stand dismaid and pale.

The deepest riuers make least din,
The silent soule doth most abound in care:

Then might my brest be read within,
A thousand volumes would be written there.

Might silence shew my mind,
Sighes tell how I were pin'd,
Or lookes my woes relate;

Then any pregnant wit,
That well remarked it,

Would soone discern my state.

No fauour yet my Faire affoords,
But looking haughtie, though with humble eyes,
Doth quite confound my staggering words;
And as not spying that thing which she spies.

A mirror makes of me,
Where she her selfe may see:

And what she brings to passe,
I trembling too for feare,
Moue neither eye nor eare,
As if I were her glasse.

Whilst in this manner I remaine,
Like to the statue of some one that's dead,
Strange tyrants in my bosome raigne,
A field of fancies fights within my head:

Yet if the tongue were true,
 We boldly might pursue
 That Diamantine hart.

But when that it's restrained,
 As doom'd to be disdaind,
 My sighes shew how I smart.

No wonder then although I wracke,
 By them betrayd in whom I did confide,
 Since tongue, heart, eyes and all gaue backe,
 She iustly may my childishnesse deride.

Yet that which I conceale,
 May serue for to reueale
 My seruencie in loue.

My passions were too great,
 For words t'expresse my state,
 As to my paines I proue.

Oft those that do deserue disdaine,
 For forging fancies get the best reward:
 Where I who feele what they do faine,
 For too much loue am had in no regard.

Behold by prooffe we see
 The gallant liuing free,
 His fancies doth extend:

Where he that is orecome,
 Rain'd with respects stands dumbe,
 Still fearing to offend.

My bashfulnesse when she beholds,
 Or rather my affection out of bounds,
 Although my face my state vnfolde,
 And in my hew discouers hidden wounds:

Yet ieasting at my wo,
 She doubts if it be so,
 As she could not conceiue it.

This grieues me most of all,

She triumphs in my fall,
 Not seeming to perceiue it.
 Then since in vaine I plaints impart
 To scornfull eares, in a contemned scroule;
 And since my toung betrayes my hart,
 And cannot tell the anguish of my soule:
 Hencefoorth Ile hide my losses,
 And not recompt the crosses
 That do my ioyes orethrow:
 At least to senselesse things,
 Mounts, vales, woods, fouds, and springs,
 I shall them onely show.
 Ah vnaffected lines,
 True models of my heart,
 The world may see, that in you shines
 The power of passion more then art.

Son. 4.

ONce to debate my cause whilst I drew neere,
 My staggering toung against me did conspire,
 And whilst it should haue charg'd, it did retire,
 A certaine signe of loue that was sincere:
 I saw her heauenly vertues shine so cleere,
 That I was forc'd for to conceale my fire,
 And with respects euen bridling my desire.
 More then my life I held her honour deere,
 And though I burn'd with all the flames of loue,
 Yet frozen with a reuerent kind of feares,
 I durst not poure my passions in her eares;
 Lest so I might the hope I had remoue.
 Thus Loue mar'd loue, Desire desire restrain'd,
 Of mind to moue a world, I dumbe remain'd.

Son. 5.

NO wonder though that this my blisse dismaies,
 Whilst rendred vp to neuer-pleas'd desires,
 I burne, and yet must couer cursed fires,
 Whose flame it selfe against my will bewrayes.
 Sometimes my faire to launce my wound assayes,
 And with th'occasion as it seemes conspires,
 And indirectly oft my state inquires,
 Which I would hide whilst it it selfe betrayes.
 If that a guiltie gesture did disclose
 The hideous horrors that my soule contain'd,
 Or wandring words deriu'd from inward woes,
 Did tell my state, their treason I disdain'd:
 And I could wish to be but as I am,
 If that she knew how I conceale the same.

Sonet 6.

HVge hosts of thoughts imbattled in my brest,
 Are euer busied with intestine warres,
 And like to *Cadmus* earth-borne troupes at iarres,
 Haue spoild my soule of peace, themselues of rest.
 Thus forc'd to reape such seed as I haue sowne,
 I(hauing interest in this doubtfull strife)
 Hope much, feare more, doubt most, vnhappie life.
 What euer side preuaile, I'm still orethrowne:
 O neither life nor death! ô both, but bad
 Imparadiz'd, whiles in mine owne conceit,
 My fancies straight againe imbroyle my state,
 And in a moment make me glad and sad.
 Thus neither yeelding quite to this nor that,
 I liue, I die, I do I wot not what.

Son. 7.

A Flame of loue that glaunceth in those eyes,
 Where maiestie with sweetnesse mixt remaines,
 Doth poure so sweet a poyson in the veines,
 That who them views straight wounded wondring dyes.
 But yet who would not looke on those cleare skies,
 And loue to perish with so pleasant paines,
 While as those lights of loue hide beauties traine
 With iuorie Orbes, where still two starres arise:
 When as those christall Comets whiles appeare,
 Eye-rauish'd I go gazing on their rayes,
 Whilst they enrich'd with many princely prayes,
 Ore hosts of hearts triumphing still retire:
 Those planets when they shine in their owne kinds,
 Do boast t'orethrow whole monarchies of minds.

Son. 8.

A H what disastrous fortune haue I had!
 Lo still in league with all that may annoy,
 And entred in enimitie with Ioy,
 I entertaine all things that make me sad,
 With many miseries almost gone mad:
 To purchase paines I all my paines employ,
 And vse all meanes my selfe for to destroy,
 The tenour of my starre hath bene so bad.
 And though my state a thousand times were worse,
 As it is else past bounds of all beleeve:
 Yet all *Pandora's* plagues could not haue force,
 To aggrauate the burthen of my griefe:
 Th'Occasion might moue mountaines to remorse:
 I hate all helpe, and hope for no reliefe.

Son. 9.

ALthough that words chain'd with affection faile,
 As that which makes me burst abasht t'vnfold,
 Yet Lines (dumbe Orators) ye may be bold,
 Th'inke will not blush, though paper doth looke pale,
 Ye of my state the secrets did containe,
 That then through clouds of darke inuentions shin'd:
 Whilst I disclos'd, yet not disclos'd my mind,
 Obscure to others, but to one ore plaine.
 And yet that one did whiles (as th'end may proue)
 Not marke, not vnderstand, or else despise,
 That (though misterious) language of mine eyes,
 Which might haue bene interpreted by loue.
 Thus she, what I discouered, yet conceal'd:
 Knowes, and not knowes; both hid, and both reueal'd.

Elegie I.

EVEN as the dying Swan almost bereft of breath,
 Sounds dolefull notes and drearie songs, a presage of her
 So since my date of life almost expir'd I find, (death:
 My obsequies I sadly sing, as sorrow tunes my mind,
 And as the rarest Bird a pile of wood doth frame,
 Which being fir'd by *Phæbus* rayes, she falls into the flame:
 So by two sunnie eyes I giue my fancies fire,
 And burne my selfe with beauties raies, euen by mine owne
 Thus th'angry Gods atlength begin for to relent, (desire.
 And once to end my deathfull life, for pitie are content.
 For if th'infernall powers, the damned souls would pine,
 Then let thē send them to the light, to leade a life like mine.
 O if I could recount the crosses and the cares,
 That frō my cradle to my Beare conduct me with despairs;
 Then

Then hungrie *Tantalus* pleas'd with his lot would stand:
 I famish for a sweeter food, which still is rest my hand,
 Like *Ixions* restlesse wheele my fancies rowle about;
 And like his guest that stole heau'ns fires, they teare my bow-
 I worke an endles task and loose my labor still: (els out.
 Euen as the bloudie sisters do, that emptie as they fill,
 As *Sisiph's* stone returnes his guiltie ghost t'appall,
 I euer raise my hopes so high, they bruise me with their fall.
 And if I could in summe my feuerall griefes relate,
 All would forget their proper harms, & only waile my state.
 So grieuous is my paine, so painfull is my grieve,
 That death which doth the world affright, wold yeeld to me
 I haue mishaps so long, as in a habit had, (releefe.
 I thinke I looke not like my selfe, but when that I am sad.
 As birds flie but in th'aire, fishes in seas do diue,
 So sorrow is as th'Element by which I onely liue:
 Yet this may be admir'd as more then strange in me,
 Although in all my Horoscope not one cleare point I see.
 Against my knowledge, yet I many a time rebell,
 And seeke to gather grounds of hope, a heau'n amidst a hell.
 O poyson of the mind, that doest the wits bereaue:
 And shrouded with a cloke of loue dost al the world deceiue.
 Thou art the rocke on which my comforts ship did dash,
 It's thou that daily in my wounds thy hooked heades dost wash.
 Blind Tyrant it is thou by whom my hopes lye dead:
 That whiles throwes forth a dart of gold, & whiles a lumpe of lead.
 Thus oft thou woundest two, but in two diffrent states,
 Which through a strange antipathy, th'one loues, & th'other
 O but I erre I grant, I should not thee vpbraid, (hates.
 It's I to passions tyrannie that haue my selfe betraid:
 And yet this cannot be, my iudgements aymes amisse:
 Ah deare *Aurora* it is thou that ruin'd hast my blisse:
 A fault that by thy sexe may partly be excus'd,
 Which stil doth loath what proferd is, affects what is refus'd.

A V R O R A.

Whilst my distracted thoughts I striu'd for to controule,
 And with fain'd gestures did disguise the anguish of my soule,
 Then with inuiting lookes and accents stamp't with loue,
 The mask that was vpon my mind thou labordst to remoue.

And when that once ensnar'd thou in those nets me spide,
 Thy similes were shadow'd with disdaines, thy beauties cloth'd with
 To reattaine thy grace I wot not how to go: (pride.
 Shall I once fold before thy feete, to pleade for fauour so?

No, no, Ile proudly go my wrath for to asswage,
 And liberally at last enlarge the raines vnto my rage.

Ile tell what we were once, our chaste (yet feruent) loues,
 Whilst in effect thou seem'd t'affect that which thou didst dis-

Whilst once t'engraue thy name vpon a rock I sat, (proue.
 Thou vow'd to write mine in a mind, more firme by far then that:

The marble stone once stamp't retaines that name of thine:
 But ah, thy more then marble mind, it did not so with mine:

So that which thral'd me first, shall set me free againe,
 Those flames to which thy loue gaue life, shall die with thy dis-

But ah, where am I now, how is my iudgment lost! (daine.
 I speak as it were in my power, like one that's free to boast:

Haue I not sold my selfe to be thy beauties slaue? (gaue.
 And when thou tak'st all hope from me, thou tak'st but what thou

That former loue of thine, did so possesse my mind,
 That for to harbor other thoughts, no roome remains behind,

And th'only means by which I mind t'auenge this wrong,
 It is, by making of thy praise the burden of my song.

Then why shouldst thou such spite for my goodwil returne?
 Was euer god as yet so mad to make his temple burne?

My brest the temple was, whence incense thou receiu'd,
 And yet thou set'st the same a fire, which others would haue sau'd.

But why should I accuse *Aurora* in this wise?
 She is as faultlesse as shee's faire, as innocent as wise.

It's but through my mis-lucke, if any fault there be:
 For she who was of nature mild, was cruell made by me.

And

And since my fortune is, in wo to be bewrapt,
 Ile honour her as oft before, and hate mine owne mishap.

Her rigorous course shall serue my loyall part to proue,
 And as a touch-stone for to trie the vertue of my loue.

Which when her beautie fades, shall be as cleare as now,
 My constancie it shall be known, whē wrinkled is her brow:

So that such two againe, shall in no age be found,
 She for her face, I for my faith, both worthy to be crownd.

Madrig. 1.

WHen in her face mine eyes I fixe,
 A fearefull boldnesse takes my mind,

Sweet hony loue with gall doth mixe,

And is vnkindly kind:

It seemes to breed,

And is indeed

A speciall pleasure to be pin'd.

No danger then I dread:

For though I went a thousand times to Stix,

I know she can reuiue me with her eye;

As many lookes, as many liues to me:

And yet had I a thousand harts,

As many lookes as many darts,

Might make them all to die.

Sestin. 1.

Hard is my fortune, stormie is my state,

And as inconstant as the wauing sea,

Whose course doth still depend vpon the winds:

For lo, my life in danger euery houre,

And though euen at the point for to be lost,

Can find no comfort but a flying show.

A V R O R A.

And yet I take such pleasure in this show,
 That still I stand contented with my state,
 Although that others thinke me to be lost:
 And whilst I swim amidst a dangerous sea,
 Twixt feare and hope, are looking for the houre,
 When my last breath should glide amongst the winds.

Lo to the sea-man beaten with the winds,
 Sometimes the heau'ns a smiling face will show,
 So that to rest himselfe he finds some houre.
 But nought (ay me) can euer calme my state,
 Who with my teares as I would make a sea,
 Am flying *Silla* in *Charibdis* lost.

The Pilote that was likely to be lost,
 When he hath scap'd the furour of the winds,
 Doth straight forget the dangers of the sea.
 But I vnhappy I, can neuer show,
 No kind of token of a quiet state,
 And am tormented still from houre to houre.

O shall I neuer see that happie houre,
 When I (whose hopes once vterly were lost)
 May find a meanes to re-crect my state,
 And leaue for to breath foorth such dolorous winds,
 Whilst I my selfe in constancie do show
 A rocke against the waues amidst the sea.

As many waters make in end a sea,
 As many minutes make in end an houre:
 And still what went before th'effect doth show:
 So all the labours that I long haue lost,
 As one that was but wrestling with the winds,
 May once in end concurre to blesse my state.

And once my storme-stead state sau'd from the sea,
 In spite of aduerse winds, may in one houre
 Pay all my labors lost, at least in show.

Song 2.

WHil'ft I by wailing fought
 T'haue in some fort affwag'd my grieſe,
 I found that rage gaue no reliefe,
 And carefulneſſe did but increaſe my feares:
 Then now Ile mourne for nought,
 But in my ſecret thought,
 Will theſaurize all my miſchiefe.
 For long experienc'd wo well witneſſe beares,
 That teares cannot quench ſighes, nor ſighs drie teares.

To calme a ſtormie brow,
 The world doth know how I did ſmart,
 Yet could not moue that marble hart,
 Which was too much to crueltie inclin'd:
 But to her rigour now,
 I liſt my hands and bow,
 And in her grace will claime no part:
 I take great paines of purpoſe to be pin'd,
 And onely mourne to ſatiſfie my mind.

How I my dayes haue ſpent,
 The hea'ns aboue no doubt they know;
 The world hath likewiſe ſeene below,
 Whil'ft with my ſighes I poyſon'd al the ayre:
 Thoſe ſtreames which I augment,
 Thoſe woods where I lament,
 I thinke my ſtate could clearly ſhow:
 By thoſe the ſame reſts regiſtred as rare,
 That ſuch like monſtrous things vs'd to declare.

The trees where I did bide,
 Seem'd for to chide my froward fate:
 Then whiſling wail'd my wretched ſtate,
 And bowing whiles to heare my wofull ſong:

A V R O R A.

They spred their branches wide,
 Of purpose me to hide:
 Then of their leaues did make my seate :
 And if they reason had as they are strong,
 No doubt but they would ioyne t'auenge my wrong.
 The beasts in euery glen,
 Which first to kill me had ordain'd,
 Were by my priuiledge restrain'd,
 Who indenized was within those bounds:
 I harbor'd in a den,
 I fled the sight of men,
 No signe of reason I retain'd.
 The beasts they flie not when the hunter sounds,
 As I at mine owne thoughts when *Cupid* hounds.
 This moues me, my distresse
 And sorrowes sometime to conceale,
 Lest that the torments which I feele,
 Might likewise my concitizens annoy.
 And partly I confesse,
 Because the meanes grow lesse
 By which I should such harmes reueale:
 Which I protest, doth but preiudge my ioy,
 That still do striue my selfe for to destroy.
 All comfort I despight,
 And willingly with wo comport,
 My passions do appeare a sport;
 I take a speciall pleasure to complaine :
 All things that moue delight,
 I with disdain acquite.
 Small ease seemes much, long trauels short,
 A world of pleasure is not worth my paine,
 I will not change my losse with others gaine.
 Here rob'd of all repose,
 Not interrupted by repaire,

A V R O R A.

My fancies freely I declare:
 And counting all my crosses one by one,
 I daily do disclose
 To woods and vales my woes.

And as I saw *Aurora* there,
 I thinke to her that I my state bemoane,
 When in effect it is but to a stone.

This my most monstrous ill,
 Compassion moues in euery thing:
 When as I shout the Forrests ring;
 When I begin to grone, the beasts they bray:
 The trees they teares distill,
 The riuers all stand still,

The birds my Tragedie they sing;
 The wofull Eccho waites vpon my way,
 Prompt to resound my accents when I stay.

When wearied I remaine,
 That sighs, teares, voice, and all do faile,
 Discolour'd, bloudlesse, and growne pale,
 Vpon the earth my bodie I distend:

And then orecome with paine,
 I agonize againe:
 And passions do so farre preuaile,
 That though I want the meanes my woes to spend,
 A mournfull meaning neuer hath an end.

My child in deserts borne,
 For grieue-tun'd eares thy accents frame,
 And tell to those thy plaints that scorne,
 Thou plead'st for pitie, not for fame.

Son. 10.

I Swear *Aurora*, by thy starrie eyes,
 And by those golden lockes whose locke none slips,
 And

And by the Corall of thy rosie lippes,
 And by the naked snowes which beautie dies,
 I swear by all the iewels of thy mind,
 Whose like yet neuer worldly treasure bought,
 Thy solide iudgement and thy generous thought,
 Which in this darkened age haue clearly shin'd:
 I swear by those, and by my spotlesse loue,
 And by my secret, yet most feruent fires,
 That I haue neuer nurc'd but chaste desires,
 And such as modestie might well approue.

Then since I loue those vertuous parts in thee,
 Shouldst thou not loue this vertuous mind in me?

Son. II.

AH that it was my fortune to be borne,
 Now in the time of this degener'd age,
 When some, in whom impietie doth rage,
 Do all the rest discredit whilst they scorne.
 And this is growne to such a custome now,
 That those are thought to haue the brauest spirits,
 Who can faine fancies and imagine merits:
 As who but for their lusts of loue allow.
 And yet in this I had good hap, I find,
 That chanc'd to chaine my thoughts to such an one,
 Whose iudgement is so cleare, that she anone
 Can by the outward gestures iudge the mind.
 Yet wit and fortune rarely waite on one,
 She knowes the best, yet can make choice of none.

Son. 12.

Sweet blushing goddesse of the golden morning,
 Faire patronesse of all the worlds affaires,

Thou

AVRORA.

Thou art become so carelesse of my cares,
 That I must name thee goddesse of my mourning.
 Lo how the Sunne part of thy burthen beares,
 And whilest thou doest in pearly drops regrate,
 As t'were to pitie thy distressed state,
 Exhales the Christall of thy glistring teares;
 But I poure forth my vowes before thy shrine,
 And whilst thou dost my louing zeale despise,
 Do drowne my heart in th'ocean of mine eyes;
 Yet daign'st thou not to drie these teares of mine,
 Vnlesse it be with th'*Ætna* of desires,
 Which euen amidst those floods doth foster fires.

Son. 13.

LO how that Time doth still disturbe my peace,
 And hath his course to my confusion bent;
 For when th'Occasion kindly giues consent,
 That I should feed vpon *Auroraes* face:
 Then mounted on the chariot of the Sunne,
 That tyrant Time doth post so fast away,
 That whilst I but aduise what I should say,
 I'm forc'd to end ere I haue well begun:
 And then againe it doth so slowly flie,
 Whilst I leaue her whom I hold onely deare,
 Each minute makes an houre, each houre a yeare,
 Yeares lusters seeme, one luster ten to me.
 Thus changing course to change my state I know,
 In presence time proues swift, in absence slow.

Son. 14.

WHen first I view'd that ey-enchanting face,
 Which for the world chiefe treasure was esteem'd,
 I iudge-

A V R O R A.

I iudging simply all things as they seem'd,
 Thought humble lookes had promist pitie place;
 Yet were they but ambushments, to deceiue
 My ouer-rash heart that fear'd no secret fires:
 Thy bashfulnesse emboldned my desires,
 Which seem'd to offer what I was to craue.
 Can crueltie then borrow beauties shaper
 And pride so decke it selfe with modest lookes?
 Too pleasant baites to hide such poison'd hookes,
 Whose vn suspected flight none can escape.
 VVho can escape this more then diuellish art;
 VVhen golden haire disguise a brazen heart?

Son. 15.

STay blubring pen to spot one that's so pure;
 She is my loue, although she be vnkind,
 I must admire that diamantine mind,
 And praise those eyes that do my death procure:
 Nor will I willingly those thoughts endure,
 That are to such apostasie inclin'd.
 Shall she, euen she in whom all vertue shin'd,
 Be wrong'd by me? shall I her worth iniure?
 No, rather let me die, and die disdain'd,
 Long ere I thinke, much lesse I speake the thing,
 That may disgrace vnto her beautie bring,
 VVho ore my fancies hath so sweetly raign'd.
 If any pitying me will damne her part,
 I'll make th'amends, and for her error smart.

Son. 16.

LOue so engag'd my fancies to that faire,
 That whilst I liue I shall aduance her name,

And

AVRORA.

And imping stately fethers in her fame,
 May make it glide more glorious through the aire:
 So she in beauties right shall haue her share,
 And I who striue her praises to proclaime,
 Encourag'd with so excellent a theame,
 May rest inrold amongst those that were rare.
 O if my wit were equall with her worth!
 Th' *Antipodes* all rauish'd by report,
 From regions most remou'd should here resort,
 To gaze vpon the face which I set forth:
 Or were my wit but equall with my will,
 I with her praise both *Titans* bowers should fill.

Son. 17.

I Saw sixe gallant Nymphes, I saw but one,
 One stain'd them all, one did them onely grace;
 And with the shining of her beauteous face,
 Gawe to the world new light when it had none.
 Then when the god that guides the light was gone,
 And ore the hills directed had his race,
 A brighter farre then he supplide his place,
 And lightned our horizon here anone.
 The rest pale Moones were bettered by this Sunne,
 They borrowed beames from her star-staining eyes:
 Still when she sets her lights, their shining dies,
 And at their opening is againe begun:
Phœbus all day I would be bard thy light,
 For to be shin'd on by this Sunne at night.

Son. 18.

Praise-worthy part where praises praise is plac'd,
 As th' Oracle of th' Earth beleeu'd below.

AVRORA.

Ile to the world thy beauties wonders show,
 O vnstain'd Rose, with Lillies interlac'd:
 But what a labour hath my Muse imbrac'd?
 Shall I commend the corall, or the snow,
 Which such a sweet embalmed breath did blow,
 That th'orientall odours are disgrac'd?
 Mouth moistned with celestiall Nectar still,
 Whose musicke oft my famish'd eares hath fed,
 With softned sounds in sugred speeches spred,
 Whilst pearles and rubies did vnfold thy will.
 I wish that thy last kisse might stop my breath,
 Then I would thinke I died a happie death.

Son. 19.

LEt some bewitch'd with a deceitfull show,
 Loue earthly things vnworthily esteem'd;
 And losing that which cannot be redeem'd,
 Pay backe with paine according as they ow:
 But I disdain to cast mine eyes so low,
 That for my thoughts ouer base a subiect seem'd,
 Which still the vulgar course too beaten deem'd;
 And loftier things delighted for to know,
 Though presently this plague me but with paine,
 And vex the world with wondring at my woes:
 Yet hauing gain'd that long desir'd repose,
 My mirth may more miraculous remaine.
 That for the which long languishing I pine,
 It is a show, but yet a show diuine.

Song 3.

When as my fancies first began to flie,
 Which youth had but enlarg'd of late,
 Enamour'd

Enamour'd of mine owne conceit,
 I sported with my thoughts that then were free;
 And neuer thought to see
 No such mishap at all,
 As might haue made them thrall.
 VVhen lo, euen then my fate
 Was laboring to orethrow my prosprous state:
 For *Cupid* did conspire my fall,
 And with my honie mixt his gall,
 Long ere I thought that such a thing could be.

Loue after many stratagemes were tride,
 His griefe t'his mother did impart,
 And praid her to find out some art,
 By which he might haue meanes t'abate my pride.
 And she by chance espide
 VVhere beauties beautie straid,
 Like whom straight wayes arraid,
 She tooke a powerfull dart,
 VVhich had the force t'nflame an icie hart:
 And when she had this slight assaid,
 The time no longer she delaid,
 But made an arrow through my bowels glide.

Then when I had receiu'd the deadly wound,
 And that the goddesse fled my sight,
 Inueigled with her beauties light:
 First hauing followed ore the stable ground,
 Vnto the deepe profound,
 My course I next did hold,
 In hope the truth t'vnfold.
 If *Thetis* by her might,
 Or some sea-nymph had vs'd the fatall flight:
 In th'Hauen I did a barke behold,
 VVith sailes of silke, and oares of gold,
 VVhich being richly deckt, did seeme most sound,

A V R O R A.

In this imbark'd when from the port I past,
 Faire gales at first my sailes did greete,
 And all seem'd for the voyage meete;
 But yet I sail'd not long, when lo a blast
 Did quite oreturne my mast;
 Which being once throwne downe,
 Still looking for to drowne,
 And striken off my feete,
 Betwixt two rockes I did with danger fleete:
 Whilst seas their waues with clouds did crowne,
 Yet with much toile I got a towne,
 Whereas I saw her whom I sought at last.

What were my ioyes then scarcely can be thought;
 When in distresse she did me spie,
 My mind with fortunes best to trie,
 She to a chamber made of pearle me brought,
 Where whilst I proudly fought,
 In state with *Ioue* to striue;
 A flame which did arriue
 In twinckling of an eye,
 The chamber burn'd, and left me like to die:
 For after that, how could I liue,
 That in the depth of woes did diue,
 To see my glorie to confusion brought?

But with prosperitie yet once againe,
 (To trie what was within my mind)
 She on my backe two wings did bind,
 Like to *Ioues* birds, and I who did disdain
 On th'earth for to remaine,
 Since I might soare ore all,
 Did th'airie sprites appall,
 Till through fierce flying blind,
 I was encountred with a mightie wind,
 With which through th'aire tofs'd like a ball,

Euen as a starre from heauen doth fall,
I glided to the ground almost quite flaine.

Then (as it seem'd) growne kinder then before,
This Ladie for to cure my wounds,
Did seeke ore all the nearest bounds,
To trie what might my wonted state restore,
And still her care grew more;
Of flowers she made my bed,
With *Nectar* I was fed,
And with most sugred sounds,
Oft luld asleepe betwixt two yuorie rounds,
Whose daintie turrets all were cled
With Lillies white, and Roses red,
The leaues of which could onely ease my sore.

When I was cur'd of euery thing faue care,
She whom I name (without a name)
Did leade me forth t'a mightie frame,
A curious building that was wondrous faire,
A labyrinth most rare,
All made of precious stones:
That which in Candie once
Did hide *Pasiphaes* shame,
Was not so large, though more enlarg'd by fame:
There whilst none listned to their mones,
A world of men shed weightie grones,
That tortur'd were with th'engines of despaire.

As *Forth at Sterling*, glides as t'were in doubt,
What way she should direct her course;
If to the sea, or to the source,
And sporting with her selfe, her selfe doth flout:
So wandred I about
In th'intricated way,
Where whilst I did still stray,
With an abrupt discourse,

And with a courtesie, I must say course,
 My beauteous guide fled quite away,
 And would not do so much as stay,
 To lend me first a thread to leade me out:
 Through many a corner whilst I staggring went,
 VVhich in the darke I did embrace,
 A nymph like th'other in the face,
 But whose affections were more mildly bent,
 Spying my breath neare spent,
 Plaid *Ariadnes* part,
 And led me by the heart
 Out of the guilefull place.
 And like th'vngratefull *Thesews* in this case,
 I made not my deliuerer smart:
 Thus oft affraid my panting hart,
 Can yet scarce trust t'haue scap'd some bad euent.

If any muse misterious song,
 At those strange things that thou hast showne,
 And wot not what to deeme;
 Tell that they do me wrong,
 I am my selfe, what ere I seeme,
 And must go mask'd, that I may not be knowne.

Son. 20.

V Nhappie ghost go waile thy grieffe below,
 VVhere neuer soule but endlesse horror sees,
 Dismaske thy mind amongst the mirtle trees,
 Which here I see thou art asham'd to show;
 This breast that such a fierie breath doth blow,
 Must haue of force some flood those flames to freeze.
 And ô that drownsie *Lethe* best agrees,
 To quench these euils that come, because I know
 Since she whom I haue harbour'd in my heart,

But furnish'd trophées for t'adorne thy pride,
 That in the fornace of those troubles tride
 The temper of my loue, whose flame I find
 Fin'd and refin'd too oft, but faintles flashes,
 And must within short time fall downe in ashes.

Son. 23.

EArst stately *Iuno* in a great disdaine,
 Her beautie by ones iudgement but iniur'd,
 T'auenge on a whole nation oft procur'd,
 And for ones fault saw many thousands slaine:
 But she whom I would to the world preferre,
 Although I spend my sp'rit to praise her name,
 She in a rage, as if I sought her shame,
 Thirsts for my bloud, and saith I wrong her farre.
 Thus ruthlesse tyrants that are bent to kill,
 Of all occasions procreate a cause:
 How can she hate me now (this makes me pause)
 When yet I cannot but commend her still:
 For this her fault comes of a modest mind,
 Where fond ambition made the goddesse blind.

Sonet 24.

ACountrie Swaine while as he lay at rest,
 Neare dead for cold a serpent did perceiue,
 And through preposterous pitie straight would saue
 That vipers life, whose death had bene his best:
 For being by his bosomes heate reuiu'd,
 O vile ingratitude! a monstrous thing,
 Not thinking how he strengthened had her sting,
 She kild the courteous Clowne by whom she liu'd.
 I in this maner harbour'd in my hart

A speechlesse picture, destitute of force,
 And lo attracted with a vaine remorse,
 I gaue it life, and fostred it with art;
 But like that poisonous viper being strong,
 She burn'd the brest where she had lodg'd so long.

Son. 25.

CLeare mouing cristall, pure as the Sunne beames,
 Which had the honor for to be the glasse,
 Of the most daintie beautie euer was;
 And with her shadow did enrich thy streames,
 Thy treasures now cannot be bought for monie,
 Whilst she dranke thee, thou drank'st thy fill of loue,
 And of those roses didst the sweetnes proue,
 From which the Bees of loue do gather honie:
 Th'ambrosian liquor that he sips aboue,
 Whom th'Eagle rauish'd from th'inferior round,
 It is not like this Nectar (though renown'd)
 Which thou didst tast, whilst she her lips did moue:
 But yet beware lest burning with desires,
 That all thy waters cannot quench thy fires.

Son. 26.

ILe giue thee leaue my loue, in beauties field
 To reare red colours whiles, and bend thine eyes;
 Those that are bashfull still, I quite despise
 Such simple soules are too soone mou'd to yeeld:
 Let maiestie arm'd in thy count'nance sit,
 As that which will no iniurie receiue;
 And Ile not hate thee, whiles although thou haue
 A sparke of pride, so it be rul'd by wit.
 This is to chastitie a powerfull guard,

VVhilst haughtie thoughts all seruile things eschue,
 That sparke hath power the passions to subdue,
 And would of glorie challenge a reward:
 But do not fall in loue with thine owne selfe;
Narcissus earst was lost on such a shelve.

Son.27.

THe thoughts of those I cannot but disproue,
 VVho basely lost their thraldome must bemonc:
 If corne to yeeld my selfe to such a one,
 VVhose birth and vertue is not worth my loue.
 No, since it is my fortune to be thrall,
 I must be fettred with a golden band;
 And if I die, ile die by *Hectors* hand:
 So may the victors fame excuse my fall;
 And if by any meanes I must be blind,
 Then it shall be by gazing on the Sunne;
 Oft by those meanes the greatest haue bene wonne,
 Who must like best of such a generous mind:
 At least by this I haue allow'd of fame,
 Much honour if I winne, if lose, no shame.

Son.28.

Then whilst that *Lathmos* did containe her blisse,
 Chast *Phæbe* left her Church so much admir'd,
 And when her brother from that bounds retir'd,
 Would of the sleepe shepheard steale a kisse,
 But to no greater grace I craue to clime,
 Then of my goddesse whiles whilst she reposes,
 That I might kisse the stil-selfekissing roses,
 And steale of her that which was stolne of him;
 And though I know that this would onely proue,

A V R O R A.

A maim'd delight, whereof th'one halfe would want,
 Yet whil'st the light did *Morpheus* power supplant:
 If that my theft did her displeasure moue,
 I render would all that I rob'd againe,
 And for each kisse I take would giue her twaine.

Son. 29.

I Enuie not *Endimion* now no more,
 Nor all the happineffe his sleepe did yeeld,
 While as *Diana* straying through the field,
 Suck'd from his sleep-seal'd lippes balme for her sore:
 Whil'st I embrac'd the shadow of my death,
 I dreaming did farre greater pleasure proue,
 And quaff'd with *Cupid* sugred draughts of loue,
 Then *Ioue*-like feeding on a Nectar'd breath:
 Now iudge which of vs two might be most prou'd;
 He got a kisse yet not enioy'd it right,
 And I got none, yet tasted that delight
 Which *Venus* on *Adonis* once bestow'd:
 He onely got the bodie of a kisse,
 And I the soule of it, which he did misse.

Son. 30.

A Spiring Sprite, flie low, yet flie despaire,
 Thy haughtie thoughts the heau'nly powers despise.
 Thus ballanc'd lo betwixt the earth and th'aire,
 I wot not whether for to fall or rise;
 Through desperate dangers whiles I scale the skies,
 As if that nought my courage could restraine,
 When lo, anon downe in the Center lies
 That restless mind, which th'heau'ns did once containe;
 I toyle for that which I cannot attaine:

Yet fortune nought but ficklenesse affords:
 Where I haue bene, I hope to be againe;
 She once must change, her common course records.
 Although my hap be hard, my heart is hie,
 And it must mount, or else my bodie die.

Elegie 2.

L Et not the world belecue th'accusing of my fate
 Tends to allure it to condole with me my tragick state:
 Nor that I haue sent forth these stormie teares of rage,
 So by disburding of my brest, my sorrowes to assuage.
 No, no, that serues for nought, I craue no such reliefe,
 Nor will I yeeld that any should be partners of my griefe.
 My fantasie to feed I only spend those teares:
 My plaints please me, no musicke sounds so sweetly in my eares,
 I wish that from my birth I had acquainted bene
 Still with mishaps, and neuer had but woes and horrors seene:
 Then ignorant of Ioyes, lamenting as I do,
 As thinking all men did the like, I might content me too.
 But ah, my fate was worse: for it (as in a glasse)
 Shew'd me through litle blinkes of blisse, the state wherin I was.
 Which vnperfected ioyes, scarce constant for an houre,
 Was like but to a watrie Sunne, that shines before a shoure.
 For if I euer thought or rather dream'd of Ioyes,
 That litle lightning but foreshew'd a thunder of annoyes:
 It was but like the fruit that *Tantalus* torments,
 Which while he sees & nought attains, his hunger but augmēt.
 For so the shadow of that but imagin'd mirth,
 Cal'd all the crosses to record, I suffer'd since my birth,
 Which are to be bewail'd, but hard to be redrest:
 Whose strange effects may well be felt, but cannot be exprest.
 Iudge what the feeling was, when thinking on things past,
 I tremble at the torment yet, and stand a time agast.

Yet do I not repent, but will with patience pine :
 For though I mourne, I murmure not, like men that do repine.
 I graunt I waile my lot, yet I approue her will;
 What my soules oracle thinks good, I neuer shall thinke ill.
 If I had onely sought a salue to ease my paines,
 Long since I had bewail'd my lot alongst th' *Elysian* plaines :
 Yet mind I not in this selfe-louer-like to die,
 As one that car'd not for her losse, so I my selfe were free.
 No; may ten nights annoyes make her one night secure,
 A day of dolors vnto her a moments mirth procure:
 Or may a yeares laments reioyce her halfe an houre,
 May seuen years sorrows make her glad, I shal not think thē soure.
 And if she do delight to heare of my disease,
 Then ô blest I, who so may haue th' occasion her to please:
 For now the cause I liue, is not for loue of life,
 But onely for to honour her that holds me in this strife.
 And ere those vowes I make do vnperform'd escape,
 This world shal once againe renuerst resume her shapelesse shape.
 But what? what haue I vow'd, my passions were too strong,
 As if the mildest of the world delighted to do wrong:
 As she whom I adore with so deuote a mind,
 Could rest content to see me sterue, be glad to see me pin'd.
 No, no, she wailes my state, and would appease my cares,
 Yet interdited to the fates, conformes her will to theirs.
 Then ô unhappie man, whom euen thy Saint would saue,
 And yet thy cruell destinie doth damne thee to the graue.
 This sentence then may serue for to confound my feares,
 Why burst I not my brest with sighs, & drowne mine eyes with
 Ah, I haue mourn'd so much, that I may mourn no more, (tears?
 My miseries passe numbring now, plaints perish in their store.
 The meanes t'vnloade my brest doth quite begin to faile;
 For being drunke with too much dole, I wot not how to waile.
 And since I want a way my anguish to reuale,
 Offorce contented with my Fate, Ile suffer and conceale.

And for to vse the world, euen as my loue vs'd me.
 Ile vse a count'nance like to one, whose mind frō grief were free.
 For when she did disdain, she shew'd a smiling face,
 Euen then when she denounc'd my death, she seem'd to promise
 So shall I seeme in show my thoughts for to repose, (grace.
 Yet in the center of my soule shall shroud a world of woes:
 Then wofull brest and eyes your restlesse course controule,
 And with no outward signes betray the anguish of my soule.
 Eyes raine your shoures within, arrowze the Earth nō more,
 Passe drowne with a deluge of teares the brest ye burnt before:
 Brest arme your selfe with sighes, if ore weake to defend,
 Then perish by your proper fires, and make an honest end.

Song 4.

O Bitter time that dost begin the year,
 And dost begin each bitter thing to breed!
 O season sowre, that season'st so with gall
 Each kind of *thing*, in thee that life doth take,
 Yet cloak'st thy sowrenesse with a sweet-like hew,
 And for my *share* dost make me still to pine,
 As one that's rob'd of rest.
 Now when through all the earth the basest brire,
 In signe of ioy is cloath'd with Sommers weed,
 Euen now when as hils, herbes, woods, vales and all,
 Begin to *spring*, and off th'old ruines shake,
 Thou but begin'st mine anguish to renew;
 O rigour *rare*, to banish me from mine,
 When birds do build their nest.
 By these thy fierce effects it may appeare,
 That with the Bull the Sunne so iournes indeed.
 What sauage Bull disbanded from his stall,
 Of wrath a *Signe* more inhumane could make?
 Ore all the Earth thou powr'st downe pleasant dew:

But with *despaire* dost all my hopes confine,
With teares to bath my brest.

Now when the time t'increase is drawing neare,
Thou in my brest of sorrow sow'st the seed,
And those old griefes thou goest for to recall,
That fading *hing* and would the stalke forsake.
Thus how can I some huge mishap eschew,
Who kil'd with *care*, all comfort must resigne,
And yeeld to th'amorous pest ?

The heau'n of my estate growes neuer cleare,
I many torments feele, yet worse do dread:
Mishaps haue me inuiron'd with a wall,
And my heart *sting* with paines that neuer slake:
Yet to the end Ile to my Deare be true;
So this sharpe *aire* my constancie shall fine,
Which may come for the best.

Ile write my woes vpon this Pine-tree here,
That passengers such rarities may reade,
Who when they thinke of this my wretched fall,
With sighes may *sing* those euils that make me quake,
And for compassion waile, while as they view,
How that I *there* with such a sauage line,
A tyrants Trophees drest.

This time desir'd of all Ile to hold deare,
And as that all things now to flourish speed:
So mouing on this sea-inuiron'd ball,
Foordh teares to *bring* mine eyes shall euer wake:
And whilst euen senselesse things my sorrowes rue,
I shall not *spare* no part of my ingine,
My selfe for to molest.

The sourest hearbes shall be my sweetest cheare,
Since to prolong my paines I onely feed;
Some dungeon darke shall serue me for a hall,
And like a *king* I shall companions lake.

Though neuer Enuie do my state pursue,
 Of wormwood *bare* I mind to make my wine,
 Thus shall I be distrest.

For since my *Faire* doth not vpon me rue,
 My hopes set in the west.

Son. 31.

MY fairest *Faire* aduise thee with thy heart,
 And tell in time if that thou think'st to loue me,
 Lest that I perish whil'st thou think'st to proue me,
 And so thou want the meanes to act thy part:
 For I account my selfe so done accurst,
 That from despaires refuge I scarce refraine.
 The daintiest colours do the soonest staine,
 And the most noble minds do soonest burst.
 Why shouldst thou thus thy rarest treasure venter?
 Lo, all the waightie thoughts, the burd'nous cares,
 And euery horror that the health impaires,
 Draw to the heart, as to the bodies Center:
 And it ore-ballanc'd with so great a waight,
 Doth boast to yeeld vnto the burthen straight.

Son. 32.

THe turret of my hope which neuer falles,
 Did at the first all *Cupids* power despise:
 But it t'orethrow while as thou arm'd thine eyes,
 Thy lookes were Canons, thy disdaines their balles:
 I brau'd thy beauties in a gallant fort,
 And did resist all thy assaults a time:
 But ah, I find in end, (my wrack thy crime)
 That treason enters in the strongest fort.
 Thou seeing thou wast like to lose the field,

AVRORA.

Vnto my thoughts some fauour didst impart,
 Which like brib'd Orators inform'd the hart,
 The victor would prouekind, if I could yeeld:
 And ô, what can this grace thy beauties straines?
 T'is no true victorie that treason gaines.

Son. 33.

O If thou knew'st how thou thy selfe dost harme,
 And dost preiudge thy blisse, and spoile my rest:
 Then thou would'st melt the yce out of thy brest,
 And thy relenting heart would kindly warme.
 O if thy pride did not our ioyes controule,
 What world of louing wonders should'st thou see!
 For if I saw thee once transform'd in me,
 Then in thy bosome I would poure my soule,
 Then all thy thoughts should in my visage shine.
 And if that ought mischanc'd thou should'st not mone,
 Nor beare the burthen of thy griefes alone;
 No, I would haue my share in what were thine.
 And whil'st we thus should make our sorrowes one,
 This happie harmonie would make them none.

Son. 34.

W Hat vncouth motion makes my mirth decay?
 Is this the thing poore martyr'd men call Loue?
 And whil'st their torment doth their wits dismay,
 As those that raue, do for a god approue?
 Although he bring his greatnesse from aboue,
 And rule the world according to his will,
 Yet doth he euen from those all rest remoue,
 That were deuoted to his deitie still.
 Can that which is th'originall of ill,

AVRORA.

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Of wormwood *bare* I mind to make my wine,
Thus shall I be distrest.

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 Then thou would'st melt the yce out of thy brest,
 And thy relenting heart would kindly warme.
 O if thy pride did not our ioyes controule,
 What world of louing wonders should'st thou see!
 For if I saw thee once transform'd in me,
 Then in thy bosome I would poure my soule,
 Then all thy thoughts should in my visage shine.
 And if that ought mischanc'd thou should'st not mone,
 Nor beare the burthen of thy griefes alone;
 No, I would haue my share in what were thine.
 And whil'st we thus should make our sorrowes one,
 This happie harmonie would make them none.

Son. 34.

W^Hat vncouth motion makes my mirth decay?
 Is this the thing poore martyr'd men call Loue?
 And whil'st their torment doth their wits disinay,
 As those that raue, do for a god approue?
 Although he bring his greatnesse from aboue,
 And rule the world according to his will,
 Yet doth he euen from those all rest remoue,
 That were deuoted to his deitie still.
 Can that which is th'originall of ill,

Sonet 36.

Loyr, witnesse thou what was my spotlesse part,
 Whilst thou amaz'd to see thy Nymphes so faire,
 As loth to part thence where they did repaire,
 Still murm'ring did thy plaints t'each stone impart:
 Then did mine eyes betake them to my hart,
 As scorning to behold all those, though rare,
 And gaz'd vpon her beauties image there,
 Whose eyes haue furnish'd *Cupid* many a dart:
 And as deuoted only vnto her,
 They did disdain for to bestow their light,
 For to be entertain'd with any sight,
 Saue onely that which made them first to erre.
 Then famous riuer through the Ocean glide,
 And tell my loue how constant I abide.

Son. 37.

I Cannot comprehend how this doth come,
 Thou whose affections neuer yet were warme,
 Which cold disdain with leaden thoughts doth arme:
 Though in thy selfe still cold, yet burn't thou some.
 Euen as the Sunne (as th' *Astrologian* dreames)
 In th' airie region where it selfe doth moue,
 Is neuer hote, yet darting from aboue,
 Doth parch all things that repercusse his beames:
 So thou that in thy selfe from fires art free,
 Who eye's indifferent still, as *Titans* staves,
 Whilst I am th' obiect that reflect thy rayes:
 That which thou neuer hadst, thou workst in me.
 Since but below thou shew'st that power of thine,
 I would the *Zodiacke* be whence thou dost shine.

Son. 38.

MY teares might all the parched sands haue drench'd,
 Though *Phaeton* had vndone the liquide frame:
 Ile furnish *Vulcans* fornace with a flame,
 That like the *Vestals* fire was neuer quenck'd.
 And though th'infecte'd aire turmoil'd remaine,
 It by my sighes and cries may be refin'd:
 And if the bodie answer to the mind,
 If no earth were, mine might make th'earth againe:
 Though all the sauage flockes lay dead in heapes,
 With which th'*Arabian* desarts are best stor'd,
 My brest might many a fiercer beast affoord,
 If like themselues all cloath'd with monstrous shapes:
 And thus within my selfe I create so,
 A world with all the Elements of wo.

Son. 39.

MVst I attend an vnrelenting will,
 Which neuer any signe of fauour shew?
 Ah, why should'st thou *Aurora* thus pursue
 An innocent, that neuer did thee ill?
 I did not with the Greeke conspire to kill
 Thy sonne, for whom thou shed'st such flouds of dew:
 But I as one that yet his destine rue,
 For to condole with thee, huge teares distill;
 And like the louing birds that came each yeare,
 Vpon his tombe to offer vp their blood:
 So shall I too powre foorth a skarlet floud,
 And sacrificize a heart that holds thee deare:
 That since my life to make thee loue lacks force,
 At least my death may moue thee to remorse.

Son. 40.

THy cruelties (fierce Faire) may be excus'd:
 For it was I that gaue thy beantie powre,
 And taught thee when to smile, and when to lowre,
 Which thou hast since still to my ruine vs'd:
 As he that others purpos'd was to pine,
 And for his brasen Bull a guerdon claim'd,
 Was tortur'd first with that which he had fram'd,
 And made th'experience of his curst engine:
 So in this manner dost thou me torment,
 Who told thee first the force of thy disdaines:
 But ah, I suffer many greater paines,
 Then the *Sicilian* tyrants could invent:
 And yet this grieues me most that thou disgrac'd,
 Art in the rancke with such like tyrants plac'd.

Son. 41.

IF that so many braue men leauing *Greece*,
 Durst earst aduenter through the raging depth,
 And all to get the spoiles of a poore sheepe,
 That had bene famous for his golden fleece.
 O then for that pure gold what should be sought,
 Of which each haire is worth a thousand such!
 No doubt for it one cannot do too much.
 Why should not precious things be dearely bought?
 And so they are, for in the *Colchik* guise,
 This treasure many a danger doth defend:
 Of which, when I haue brought some one to end,
 Straight out of that a number doth arise:
 Euen as the Dragons teeth bred men at armes,
 Which (a h) t'orethrow, I want *Medeas* charmes.

Son. 42.

Oft with that mirror would I change my shape,
 From which my Faire askes counsell euery day,
 How she th'vntainted beauties should array,
 To th'end their fierce assaults no soule may scape.
 Then in my bosome I behoou'd t'imbrace
 That which I loue, and whilst on me she gaz'd,
 In her sweet eyes I many a time amaz'd,
 Would woo my selfe, and borrow thence a grace.
 But ah, I seeke that which I haue, and more,
 She but too oft in me her picture spies,
 And I but gaze too oft on those faire eyes,
 Whence I the humor draw that makes mine sore.
 Well may my loue come glasse her selfe in me,
 In whom all what she is, the world may see.

Son. 43.

Now when the *Syren* sings, as one dismaid,
 I straight with waxe begin to stop mine eares;
 And when the *Crocodile* doth shed fourth teares,
 I flie away, for feare to be betraid.
 I know when as thou seem'st to waile my state,
 Thy face is no true table of thy mind:
 And thou wouldst neuer shew thy selfe so kind,
 Wert not thy thoughts are hatching some deceit:
 Whilst with vaine hopes thou go'st about to fill me.
 I wot whereto those drams of fauour tend;
 Lest by my death thy cruelties should end,
 Thou think'st by giuing life againe to kill me:
 No, no, thou shalt not thus thy greatnesse raise;
 Ile breake the trumpet that proclaim'd thy praise.

Son. 44.

O Now I thinke, and do not thinke amisse,
 That th'old Philosophers were all but fooles,
 Who vs'd such curious questions in their schooles,
 Yet could not apprehend the highest Blisse.
 Lo, I haue learn'd in th'Academe of Loue,
 A Maxime which they neuer vnderstood:
 To loue and be belou'd, this is the good,
 Which for most sou'raigne all the world will proue,
 That which delights vs most must be our treasure:
 And to what greater ioy can one aspire,
 Then to possesse all that he doth desire,
 Whil'st two vnited soules do melt in pleasure:
 This is the greatest good can be inuented,
 That is so great it cannot be augmented.

Son. 45.

I Wonder not at *Procris* raging fits,
 Who was affraid of thy entangling grace:
 O there be many forcerers in thy face,
 Whose Magicke may enchaunt the rarest wits.
 To *Cephalus* what would thy lookes haue bred;
 When thou while as the world thy sight pursude,
 As blushing of so many to be viewd,
 A vale of roses ore thy beauties spred:
 Then euer gazing on thine yuorie browes,
 He wounded with thy Christall-pointed eyes,
 Had rear'd a Trophee to the morning skies,
 Not mindfull of his *Hymenean* vows.
 But I am glad it chanc'd not to be so,
 Least I had partner bene of *Procris* wo.

Son. 46.

Loue swore by *Styx* whilst all the depths did tremble,
 That he would be aueng'd of my proud hart,
 Who to his Deitie durst base styles impart,
 And would in that *Latona's* impe resemble:
 Then straight denounc'd his rebell, in a rage
 He labour'd by all meanes for to betray me,
 And gaue full leaue to any for to slay me,
 That he might by my wracke his wrath asswage:
 A Nymph that long'd to finish *Cupids* toyles,
 Chanc'd once to spie me come in beauties bounds,
 And straight orethrew me with a world of wounds,
 Then vnto *Paphos* did transport my spoiles.

Thus, thus I see, that all must fall in end,
 That with a greater then themselues contend.

Song 7.

Alongst the borders of a pleasant plaine,
 The sad *Alexis* did his garments teare,
 And though alone, yet fearing to be plaine,
 Did maime his words with many a sigh and teare:
 For whilst he lean'd him downe vpon a greene,
 His wounds againe began for to grow greene.
 At last in show as one whose hopes were light,
 From fainting breath he forc'd those words to part:
 O deare *Aurora*, dearer then the light,
 Of all the worlds delights mine onely part:
 How long shall I in barren fields thus care,
 Whilst to my sad laments thou lend'st no care!
 O what a rage doth boyle in euery vaine,
 Which shewes the world my better part's not found:

And

And yet thou let'st me spend those plaints in vaine,
T'amaze the world with many a mournfull sound :

And whilst that I to griefe enlarge the raines,
A shoure of sorrow ore my visage raines.

Ah, what haue I whereon my hopes to found,
That hop'd t'haue had repose within thine arme,
Yet haue not any signe of fauour found,
Thy marble mind such frozen fancies arme:

For when in humble sort for grace I pray,

Thou triumph'st ore me, as thy beauties pray.

I that transported once was neare gone wood,
Now with long trauels growing faint and leane,
Whileas I wander through the desert wood,
My wearied bodie on each tree must leane:

And whilst my heart is with strange *Harpies* rent,

I pay to sorrow the accustom'd rent.

And whilst I wander like the wounded Deere,
That seekes for *Dittamne* to recure his scarre,
And come to thee whom I hold onely deere,
Thou dost (fierce Faire) at my disaster scarre:

And mak'st me from all kind of comfort barr'd,

Liue in the deserts like a raging *Bard*.

Ah, be there now no meanes t'vndo the band,
That thou hast fram'd of those thy golden lockes !

Ilrange my fancies in a desperate band,
And burst asunder all thy beauties lockes:

Then to thy brest those firie troupes will lead,

There from about thy heart to melt the lead.

But ah, I boast in vaine, this cannot be,

Although my selfe to many shapes I turne:

I onely labour like the restlesse Bee,

That toyles in vaine to serue anothers turne.

My hopes which once wing'd with thy fauours rose,

Are falling now, as doth the blasted rose.

That those my torments cannot long time last,
 In my declining eyes the world may reade,
 Lo wounded with thy pride I fall at last,
 As doth before the winds a beaten reed:
 And this my death with shame thy cheekes may die,
 Since sacrific'd to thy disdain I die.

Son. 47.

WHen whiles I heare some gallants to giue forth,
 That those whom they adore are onely faire,
 With whom they thinke none other can compare;
 The beautie of beautie, and the height of worth,
 Then Iealousie doth all my ioyes controule,
 For ô I thinke, who can accomplish'd be,
 (There is no Sunne but one) saue onely she
 Whom I haue made the idole of my soule;
 And this suspicion wounds my better parts:
 I rage to haue a riual in my light,
 And yet would rage farre more, if any might
 Giue her their eyes, and yet hold backe their hearts;
 Too great affection doth those passions moue,
 I may not trust my shadow with my loue.

Son. 48.

WHen as I come to thy respected sight,
 Thy lookes are all so chaste, thy words so graue,
 That my affections do the foile receaue,
 And like to darknes yeeld vnto the light;
 Still vertue holds the ballance of thy wit,
 In which great reason ponders euery thought,
 And thou deare Ladie neuer staine in ought,
 Thus ore thy selfe dost as an Empresse sit.

AVRORA.

O what is beautie if not free from blame,
 It haue the soule as white as is the skinne,
 The froth of vanitie, the dregs of sinne,
 A wracke to others, to it selfe a shame;
 And as it is most precious if kept pure,
 It is as much abhorr'd if once impure.

Song 6.

WHEN silence luls the world asleepe,
 And starres do glance in th' Azure field,
 The mountaines making shadowes ore the plaines,
 All creatures then betake themselues to rest,
 And to the law of nature yeeld,
 Saue I, who no good order keepe,
 That then begin to feele my paines;
 For in the Zodiacke of my brest,
 The Sunne that I adore her light reuiues,
 Whilst wearied *Phæbus* in the Ocean diues.

The worlds cleare day was night to me,
 Who seem'd asleepe still in a trance,
 And all my words were spoken through a dreame:
 But then when th'earth puts on th' vmbrious maske,
 My passions do themselues aduance,
 And from those outward lets set free,
 That had them earst restrain'd with shame,
 Do set me to my wofull taske:
 Then from the night her priuiledge I take,
 And in dispight of *Morpheus* I will wake.

But straight the Sunne that giues me light,
 With many duskyish vapors cled,
 Doth seeme to boast me with some feareful storme;
 And whilst I gaze vpon the glorious beames,
 Lo metamorphos'd in my bed,

I lose at once my shaper sight;
 And taking on another forme,
 Am all dissolu'd in bitter streames,
 Where many monsters bathe themselues anone,
 At which strange sight the Faunes and Satyres mone.

But whilst I seeke no springs t'assemble,
 My waters are dride vp againe,
 And as the mightie Giant that *Ioue* tames:
 I wot not whether, if thundred or thundring,
 Against the heau'ns smokes forth disdain,
 And makes mount *Ætna* tremble.
 So I send forth a flood of flames,
 Which makes the world for to stand wondring,
 And neuer did the Lemnian fornace burne,
 As then my brest, whilst all to fire I turne.

At last no constancie below,
 Thus plagued in two diuers shapes,
 I'm turn'd into my selfe, and then I quake,
 For this I haue by prooffe found worst of all:
 Then do my hopes fall dead in heapes,
 And to b'aueng'd of their ouerthrow,
 Strange troupes of thoughts their musters make,
 Which tosse my fancie like a ball:
 Thus one mishap doth come as th'other's past,
 And still the greatest crosse comes euer last.

To tell the starres my night I passe,
 And much conclude, yet questions do arise;
 I harregues make though dumbe, and see though blind,
 And though alone, am hem'd about with bands:
 I build great castels in the skies,
 Whose tender turrets but of glasse,
 Are straight oreturn'd with euery wind,
 And rear'd and raz'd, yet without hands;
 I in this state strange miseries detect,

And more deuise then thousands can effect.

My Sunne whilst thus I stand perplex'd,
The darknesse doth againe controule,
And then I gaze vpon that diuine grace,
Which as that I had view'd *Medusaes* head,
Transform'd me once; and my sad soule,
That thus hath bene so strangely vext,
Doth from her seate those troubles chase,
The which before dispaire had made,
And all her pow'r vpon contentment feeds,
No ioy to that which after wo succeeds.

And yet those dainties of my ioyes,
Are still confected with some feares,
That well accustom'd with my cruell fate,
Can neuer trust the gift that th'emie giues,
And onely th'end true witnessle beares:
For whilst my soule her pow'r imployes,
To surfet in this happie state,
The heau'n againe my wracke contriues,
And the worlds Sunne enuying this of mine,
To darken my loues world begins to shine.

Son. 49.

I thinke that *Cipris* in a high disdaine,
Barr'd by the barb'rous Turkes that conquer'd seate,
To re-erect the ruines of her state,
Comes ore their bounds t'establish beauties raigne;
And whilst her greatnesse doth begin to rise,
As sdaining temples built of baser frame,
She in those rosie snowes t'enstall her name,
Reares stately altars in thy starrie eyes,
Before whose sacred shrine deuinely faire,
Breasts boyling still with generous desires,

Fall sacrific'd with memorable fires;
 The incense of whose sighes endeers the aire,
 In which thy fame vnparagond doth flee,
 Whilst thou by beautie, beautie liues by thee.

Son. 50.

ONce *Cupid* had compassion of my state,
 And wounded with a wonderfull remorse,
 Vow'd that he would my cruell faire enforce,
 To melt the rigor of her cold conceit:
 But when he came his purpose to fulfill,
 And shot at her a volly from the skies,
 She did receiue the darts within her eyes;
 Then in those cristall quiuers kept them still.
 Who vaunt before they win, oft lose the game;
 And the presumptuous mind gets maniest foiles.
 Lo he that thought t'haue triumph'd ore her spoiles,
 But come with pride, and went away with shame:
 And where he hop'd t'haue help'd me by this strife,
 He brought her armes wherewith to take my life.

Son. 51.

IDream'd, the Nymph that ore my fancie raignes,
 Came to a part whereas I paus'd alone;
 Then said, what needs you in such sort to mone?
 Haue I not power to recompence your paines?
 Lo I coniure you by that loyall loue,
 Which you professe, to cast those griefes apart,
 It's long deare loue since that you had my hart,
 Yet I was coy your constancie to proue,
 But hauing had a prooffe, Ile now be free:
 I am the Eccho that your sighes resounds,

Your woes are mine, I suffer in your wounds,
 Your passions all they sympathize in me:
 Thus whilst for kindnesse both began to weepe,
 My happinesse euaniſh'd with the ſleepe.

Son. 52.

SOME men delight huge buildings to behold,
 Some theaters, mountaines, floods, and famous ſprings;
 Some monuments of Monarkes, and ſuch things
 As in the bookes of fame haue bene inrol'd:
 Thoſe ſtately townes that to the ſtarres were rais'd,
 Some would their ruines ſee (their beautie's gone)
 Of which the worlds three parts, each boſts of one,
 For *Ceſar*, *Hanniball*, and *Hector* prais'd:
 Though none of thoſe, I loue a ſight as rare,
 Euen her that ore my life as Queene doth ſit,
Iuno in maieſtie, *Pallas* in wit;
 As *Phæbe* chaſt, then *Venus* farre more faire:
 And though her lookes euen threaten death to me.
 Their threatnings are ſo ſweet I cannot flie.

Son. 53.

I F now cleare Po, that pittie be not ſpent,
 Which for to quench his flames did once thee moue,
 Whom the great thunderer thundred from aboue,
 And to thy ſiluer boſome burning ſent,
 To pitie his coequall be content;
 That in effect doth the like fortune proue,
 Throwne headlong from the higheſt heau'ns of loue:
 Here burning on thy borders I lament,
 The ſucceſſe did not ſecond my diſſigne,
 Yet muſt I like my generous intent,

Which

Which cannot be condemn'd by the euent,
 That fault was fortunes, though the losse be mine;
 And by my fall I shall be honor'd oft,
 My fall doth witnesse I was once aloft.

Son. 54.

Great God that guides the Dolphin through the deepe,
 Looke now as thou didst then with smiling grace,
 When seeking once her beauties to embrace,
 Thou forc'd the faire *Amimone* to weepe:
 The liquid monarchie thou canst not keepe,
 If thus the blustering God vsurp thy place;
 Rise and against his blasts erect thy face;
 Let *Tritons* trumpet sound the seas asleepe,
 With thine owne armes the wind thy bosome wounds,
 And whilst that it thy followers fall contriues,
 Thy Trident to indanger dayly striues,
 And desolate would render all thy bounds:
 Then if thou think'st for to preferue thy state,
 Let not such stormes disturb thy watrie seate.

Son. 55.

Ennie *Neptune* oft, not that his hands
 I did build that loftie Ilions stately towers,
 Nor that he Emperour of the liquid pow'rs,
 Doth brooke a place amongst the 'immortall bands,
 But that embracing her whom I loue best,
 As *Achilous* with *Alcides* once,
 Still wrestling with the riual earth he grones,
 For earnestnes t'ouerflow her happie nest:
 Thus would he barre me from her presence still,
 For when I come afield, he faun'd my sailes,

With

A V R O R A.

With mild *Zephiroes* faire yet prosperous gales,
 And like t'*Vlysses* gaue me wind at will:
 But when I would returne, O what deceit
 With tumbling waues thou barr'ft the glaffie gate!

Son. 56.

LO, now reuiuing my difast'rous stile,
 I prosecute the tenor of my fate,
 And follow forth at dangers highest rate,
 In forraine Realmes my fortune for a while:
 I might haue learn'd this by my last exile,
 That change of countries cannot change my state:
 Where euer that my bodie seeke a seate,
 I leaue my heart in Albions glorious yle;
 And since then banisht from a louely sight,
 I married haue my mind to sad conceits,
 Though to the furthest part that fame dilates,
 I might on *Pegasus* addresse my flight;
 Yet should I still whilst I might breath or moue,
 Remaine the monster of mishap and loue.

Sonet. 57.

WHilst th'*Apenin* seems cloth'd with snows to vaunt,
 As if that their pure white all hues did staine,
 I match them with thy matchlesse faire againe,
 Whose lillies haue a luster, that they want:
 But when some die, train'd with a pleasant show,
 In their plaine-seeming depths, as many do,
 Then I remember how *Aurora* too,
 With louely rigor thousands doth orethrow.
 Thus is it fatall by th'effects we know,
 That beautie must do harme, more then delight:

For lo the snow, the whitest of the white,
 Comes from the clouds, 't'engender yce below:
 So she with whom for beautie none compares,
 From clouds of cold disdain, raines downe despair.

Sonet. 58.

F Eare not, my Faire, that euer any chaunce
 So shake the resolutions of my mind,
 That like *Demophon* changing with the wind,
 I thy fames rent not labor to enhaunce:
 The ring which thou in signe of fauour gaue,
 Shall from fine gold transforme it selfe in glasse:
 The Diamond which then so solid was,
 Soft like the waxe, each image shall receiue:
 First shall each riuer turne vnto the spring,
 The tallest Oke stand trembling like a reed,
 Harts in the aire, Whales on the mountaines feed,
 And foule confusions seaze on euery thing;
 Before that I begin to change in ought,
 Or on another but bestow one thought.

Son. 59.

W Hilst euery youth to entertaine his loue,
 Did straine his wits as farre as they might reach,
 And arming passions with a pow'rfull speach,
 Vsde each patheticke phrase that seru'd to moue:
 Then to some corner still retir'd alone,
 I, whom melancholly from mirth did leade,
 As hauing view'd *Medusaes* snakie head,
 Seem'd metamorphos'd in a marble stone:
 And as that wretched mirrour of mischiefe,
 Whom earst *Apollo* spoil'd, doth still shed teares,

A V R O R A.

And in a stone the badge of sorrow beares,
 While as a humid vapor shewes her griefe:
 So whilst transform'd as in a stone I stay,
 A fire smoke doth blow my griefe away.

Son. 60.

THe heauens beheld that all men did despise,
 That which the owner from the graue acquites,
 That sleepe, the belly, and some base delights,
 Had banish'd vertue from beneath the skies;
 Which to the world againe for to restore,
 The gods did one of theirs, to th'earth transferre,
 And with as many blessings following her,
 As earst *Pandora* kept of plagues in store.
 She since she came within this wretched vale,
 Doth in each mind a loue of glorie breed;
 Bettering the better parts that haue most need,
 And shewes how worldlings to the clouds may scale:
 She clears the world, but ah hath darkned me,
 Made blind by her, my selfe I cannot see.

Son. 61.

How long shall I bestow my time in vaine,
 And sound the praises of that spitefull boy;
 Who whilst that I for him my paines imploy,
 Doth guerdon me with bondage and disdain:
 O, but for this I must his glorie raise,
 Since one thats worthie triumphs of my fall;
 Where great men oft to such haue bene made thrall,
 Whose birth was base, whose beautie without praise.
 And yet in this his hatred doth appeare,
 For otherwise I might my losse repaire.

But being as she is exceeding faire,
 I'm forc'd to hold one that's vngratefull deare:
 These euerchanging thoughts which nought can bind,
 May well beare witnessse of a troubled mind.

Son. 62.

WHen as the Sunne doth drinke vp all the streames,
 And with a feruent heate the flowres doth kill;
 The shadow of a wood, or of a hill,
 Doth serue vs for a targe against his beames:
 But ah, those eyes that burne me with desire,
 And seeke to parch the substance of my soule,
 The ardour of their rayes for to controule,
 I wot not where my selfe for to retire:
 Twixt them and me, to haue procur'd some ease,
 Iinterpos'd the seas, woods, hills, and riuers;
 And yet am of those neuer emptied quiuers,
 The obiect still, and burne, be where I please:
 But of the cause I need not for to doubt,
 Within my brest I beare the fire about.

Son. 63.

Oft haue I heard, which now I must deny,
 That nought can last if that it be extreame;
 Times dayly change, and we likewise in them,
 Things out of sight do straight forgotten die:
 There is nothing more vehement then loue,
 And yet I burne, and burne still with one flame.
 Times oft haue chang'd, yet I remaine the same,
 Nought from my mind her image can remoue:
 The greatnesse of my loue aspires to ruth,
 Time vowes to crowne my constancie in th'end,

And absence doth my fancies but extend;
 Thus I perceiue the Poet spake the truth,
 That who to see strange countries were inclin'd,
 Might change the aire, but neuer change the mind.

Son. 64.

I Wot not what strange things I haue design'd,
 But all my gestures do presage no good;
 My lookes are gastly-like, thoughts are my food,
 A silent pausing shewes my troubled mind:
 Huge hosts of thoughts are mustring in my brest,
 Whose strongest are conducted by despaire,
 Which haue inuolu'd my hopes in such a snare,
 That I by death would seeke an endles rest.
 What Furie in my brest strange cares enroules,
 And in the same would reare sterne *Plutoes* seate!
 Go get you hence to the Tartarian gate,
 And breed such terrors in the damned soules:
 Too many grieuous plagues my state extorfe,
 Though apprehended horrors boft not worse.

Song 7.

O Memorable day, that chanc'd to see
 A world of louing wonders strangely wrought,
 Deepe in my brest engraue'd by many a thought,
 Thou shalt be celebrated still by me:
 And if that *Phæbus* so benigne will be,
 That happie happie place,
 Whereas that diuine face
 Did distribute such grace,
 By pilgrims once as sacred shall be sought.
 When she whom I a long time haue affected,

Amongst

Amongst the flowres went forth to take the aire;
 They being proud of such a guests repaire,
 Though by her garments diuers times deiected,
 To gaze on her againe themselves erected;
 Then softly seem'd to say:
 O happie we this day,
 Our worthlesse dew it may,
 Washing her feete with *Nectar* now compare.
 The Roses did the rosie hue enuy,
 Of those sweet lips that did the Bees deceaue,
 That colour oft the Lillies wish'd to haue,
 Which did the Alabaster piller die,
 On which all beauties glorie did rely;
 Her breath so sweetly smell'd,
 The Violets as excell'd,
 To looke downe were compell'd;
 And so confest what foile they did receaue.
 I heard at last, loue made it so appeare,
 The fether'd flockes her praises did proclaime:
 She whom the tyrant *Tereus* put to shame,
 Did leaue sad plaints, and learn'd to praise my deare:
 To ioyne with her sweet breath the winds drew neare;
 They were in loue no doubt,
 For circling her about,
 Their fancies bursted out,
 Whilst all their sounds seem'd but to sound her name.
 There I mine eyes with pleasant sights did cloy,
 Whose feuerall parts in vaine I striue t'vnfold;
 My faire was fairer many a thousand fold
 Then *Venus*, when she woo'd the bashfull boy:
 This I remember both with grieffe and ioy,
 Each of her lookes a dart,
 Might well haue kill'd a hart:
 Mine from my brest did part,

And thence retir'd it to a sweeter hold.
 Whilst in her bosome whiles she plac'd a flowre,
 Straight of the same I enuy would the case,
 And wish'd my hand a flowre t'haue found like grace;
 Then when on her it rain'd some hapning howre,
 I wish'd like *Ioue* t'haue falne downe in a showre:
 But when the flowres she spred,
 To make her selfe a bed,
 And with her gowne them cled,
 A thousand times I wish'd t'haue had their place.
 Thus whilst that senselesse things that blisse attain'd,
 Which vnto me good iustice would adiudge,
 Behind a little bush (O poore refuge)
 Fed with her face, I Lizard-like remain'd:
 Then from her eyes so sweet a poison rain'd,
 That gladly drinking death,
 I was not mou'd to wrath,
 Though like t'haue lost my breath,
 Drown'd with the streames of that most sweet deluge.
 And might that happinesse continue still,
 Which did content me with so pleasant sights,
 My soule then rauish'd with most rare delights,
 With Ambrosie and Nectar I might fill:
 VWhich ah I feare, I surfeiting would kill.
 VWho would leaue off to thinke,
 To moue, to breath, or winke,
 But neuer irke to drinke
 The sugred liquor that transports my sprites:

Son. 65.

MY face the colours whiles of death displays,
 And I who at my wretched state repine,
 This mortall vaile would willingly resigne,

A V R O R A.

And end my dole together with my dayes;
 But *Cupid* whom my danger most dismayes,
 As loth to lose one that decores his shrine,
 Straight in my brest doth make *Aurora* shine,
 And by this stratageme my dying stayes.
 Then in mine eares he sounds th' Angelike voice,
 And to my sight presents the beauteous face,
 And cals to mind that more then diuine grace,
 VVhich made me first for to confirme my choice:
 And I who all those slights haue oft perceiu'd,
 Yet thus content my selfe to be deceiu'd.

Sonet. 66.

B. **G**O get thee heart from hence, for thou hast prou'd
 The hatefull traitor that procur'd my fall.
 H. May I not yet once satisfie for all,
 VVhose loyaltie may make thee to be lou'd?
 B. Ile neuer trust one that hath once betraid me:
 For once a traitor, and then neuer true.
 H. Yet would my wracke but make thee first to rue,
 That could trust none if thou hadst once dismaid me.
 B. How euer others make me for to smart,
 I scorne to haue an enemie in my brest.
 H. VVell, if that thou spoile me, Ile spoile thy rest,
 VVant I a bodie, thou shalt want a heart:
 Thus do th'vnhappie still augment their harmes,
 And thou hast kild thy selfe with thine owne armes.

Son. 67.

A. **W**Hat art thou, in such sort that wail'st thy fall,
 And comes surcharg'd with an excessiue grieffe?
 H. A wofull wretch, that comes to craue releeffe,

And

And was his heart that now hath none at all.

A. Why dost thou thus to me vnfold thy state,
As if with thy mishaps I would imbroile me,

H. Because the loue I bare to you did spoile me,
And was the instrument of my hard fate:

A. And dare so base a wretch so high aspire,
As for to pleade for interest in my grace?

Go get thee hence; or if thou do not cease,
I vow to burne thee with a greater fire:

H. Ah, ah, this great vnkindnes stops my breath,
Since those that I loue best procure my death.

Son. 68.

I Hope, I feare, resolu'd, and yet I doubt,
I'm cold as yce, and yet I burne as fire;

I wot not what, and yet I much desire,

And trembling too, am desperately stout:

Though melancholious wonders I deuise,

And compasse much, yet nothing can embrace;

And walke ore all, yet stand still in one place,

And bound on th'earth, do soare aboue the skies:

I beg for life, and yet I bray for death,

And haue a mightie courage, yet dispaire;

I euer muse, yet am without all care,

And shout aloud, yet neuer straine my breath:

I change as oft as any wind can do,

Yet for all this am euer constant too.

Son. 69.

What wonder though my count'nance be not bright,
And that I looke as one with clouds inclos'd?

A great part of the earth is interpos'd

Betwixt the Sunne and me that giues me light:
 Ah (since sequestred from that diuine face)
 I find my selfe more sluggishly dispos'd:
 Nor whilst on such a patterne I repos'd,
 That put my inward darknesse to the flight.
 No more then can the Sunne shine without beames,
 Can she vncompas'd with her vertues liue,
 Which to the world an euidence do giue
 Of that rare worth which many a mouth proclaimes:
 And which sometime did purifie my mind,
 That by the want thereof is now made blind.

Son. 70.

Some gallant sprites whose waies none yet dare trace,
 To shew the world the wonders of their wit,
 Did (as their tossed fancies thought most fit)
 Forme rare *Ideas* of a diuine face.
 Yet neuer Art to that true worth attain'd,
 Which Nature now growne prodigall, imparts
 To one, deare one, whose sacred seuerall parts,
 Are more admir'd then all that Poets fain'd.
 Those bordring climes that boast of beauties shrine,
 If once thy sight enrich'd their soiles (my loue:)
 Then all with one consent behou'd t' approue,
 That *Calidon* doth beauties best confine.
 But ah, the heau'n on this my ruine sounds,
 The more her worth, the deeper are my wounds.

Son. 71.

For eyes that are deliuer'd of their birth,
 And hearts that can complaine, none needs to care:
 I pitie not their sighes that pierce the ayre,

A V R O R A.

To weepe at will were a degree of mirth:
 But he (ay me) is to be pitied most,
 Whose sorrowes haue attain'd to that degree,
 That they are past expressing, and can be
 Onely imagin'd by a man that's lost.
 The teares that would burst out yet are restrain'd,
 Th'imprison'd plaints that perish without fame,
 Sighs form'd and smoothen'd ere they get a name,
 Those to be pitied are (ô griefe vnfaïn'd)
 Whilst sighes the voice, the voice the sighs confounds,
 Then teares marre both, and all are out of bounds.

Son. 72.

O My Desire, if thou tookst time to marke,
 When I against my will thy sight forsooke:
 How that mine eyes with many an earnest looke,
 Did in thy beauties depth themselues embarke:
 And when our lippes did seale the last farewell,
 How loth were mine from those delights to part.
 For what was purpos'd by the panting heart,
 My tounge cleau'd to the throat, and could not tell.
 Then when to sorrow I the raines enlarg'd,
 Whil'st being spoil'd of comfort and of might,
 As forc'd for to forgo thy beauties light,
 Of burning sighs a volley I discharg'd:
 No doubt then when thou spid'st what I did proue,
 Thou saidst within thy selfe, *This man doth loue.*

Madr. 2.

BEheld'st thou me looke backe at our goodnight:
 O no good night,
 Dismall, obscure and blacke:

Mine eyes then in their language spake,
 And would haue thus complain'd:
 Thou leau'ft the hart, makes vs depart;
 Curft is our part,
 And hard to be sustain'd.
 O happie heart that was retain'd:
 Alas, to leaue vs too, there is no Art:
 It in her bosome now should nightly sleepe,
 And we exil'd, still for her absence weepe.

Son. 73.

WHen whiles thy daintie hand doth crosse my light,
 It seemes an yuorie table for Loues storie,
 On which th'impearled pillars, beauties glorie,
 Are rear'd betwixt the Sunne and my weake sight.
 Though this would great humanitie appeare,
 Which for a litle while my flame allayes,
 And saues me vnconsum'd with beauties rayes,
 I rather die, then buy my life so deare.
 Oft haue I wish'd whil't in this state I was,
 That th'Alablaster bulwarke might transpare,
 And that the pillars rarer then they are,
 Might whiles permit some hapning rayes to passe:
 But if Eclips'd thy beauties Sunne must stand,
 Then be it with the moone of thine owne hand.

Son. 74.

LO, in my Faire each of the Planets raignes:
 She is as *Saturne*, euer graue and wise,
 And as *Ioues* thunderbolts, her thundring eyes
 Do plague the pride of men with endlesse paines:
 Her voyce is as *Apollo's*, and her head

Is euer garnish'd with his golden beames,
 And ô her heart, which neuer fancie tames:
 More fierce then *Mars* makes thousands to lie dead.
 From *Mercurie* her eloquence proceeds,
 Of *Venus* she the sweetnesse doth retaine,
 Her face still full doth *Phæbe's* lightnesse staine,
 Whom likewise she in Chastitie exceeds.

No wonder then though this in me doth moue,
 To such a diuine soule, a diuine loue.

Son. 75.

MY faithfull thoughts no dutie do omit;
 But being fraughted with most zealous cares,
 Are euer buffed for my loues affaires,
 And in my brest as Senators do sit,
 To my hearts famine yeelding pleasant food.
 They sugred fancies in my bosome breed,
 And would haue all so well for to succeed,
 That through excessiue care they nought conclude:
 But ah, I feare that their affections trie
 In end like th'Apes, that whilst he seekes to proue
 The powrefull motions of a parents loue,
 Doth oft embrace his young ones till they die:
 So to my heart my thoughts do cleaue so fast,
 That ô, I feare they make it burst at last.

Son. 76.

WHat fortune strange', what strange misfortune erst
 Did toss me with a thousand things in vaine,
 Whiles sad despaires confounded did remaine?
 Whiles all my hopes were to the winds disperst:
 Erected whiles, and whiles againe renuerst?

Whiles nurc'd with smiles, whiles murther'd with disdain,
 Whiles borne aloft; whiles laid as low againe?
 And with what state haue I not once bene verst?
 But yet my constant mind which vertue binds,
 From the first course no new occurrence draws:
 Still like a rocke by sea against the waues,
 Or like a hill by land against the winds:
 So all the world that viewes that which I find,
 May damne my destinie, but not my mind.

Son. 77.

I Long to see this Pilgrimage expire,
 That makes the eyes for to enuie the mind,
 Whose sight with absence cannot be confin'd,
 But warmes it selfe still at thy beauties fire.
 Loue in my bosome did thy image sinke
 So deeply once, it cannot be worne out:
 Yet once the eyes may haue their course about,
 And see farre more, then now the mind can thinke.
 Ile once retire in time before I die,
 There where thou first my libertie didst spoile:
 For otherwise dead in a forraine soile,
 Still with my selfe entomb'd my faith shall lie.
 No, no, Ile rather die once in thy sight,
 Then in this state die ten times in one night.

Son. 78.

I Chanc'd my deare to come vpon a day,
 Whil'ft thou wast but arising from thy bed,
 And the warme snowes with comely garments cled,
 More rich then glorious, and more fine then gay:
 Then blushing to be seene in such a case,

O how thy curled lockes mine eyes did please,
 And well become those waues, thy beauties seas,
 Which by thy haire were fram'd vpon thy face:
 Such was *Diana* once when being spide
 By rash *Acteon*, she was much commou'd:
 Yet more discreet then th'angrie goddesse prou'd,
 Thou knew'st I came through error, not of pride:
 And thought the wounds I got by thy sweet sight,
 Were too great scourges for a fault so light.

Madr. 3.

I Saw my Loue like *Cupids* mother,
 Her tresses sporting with her face,
 Which being proud of such a grace;
 Whiles kist th'one cheeke, and whiles the other:
 Her eyes glad such a meanes t'embrace,
 Whereby they might haue me betrayd,
 Themselues they in ambushment laid,
 Behind the treasures of her haire,
 And wounded me so deadly there:
 That doubtlesse I had dead remain'd,
 Were not the treason she disdain'd;
 And with her lippes sweet balme my health procur'd:
 I would be wounded oft to be so cur'd.

Madr. 4.

O Nce for her face, I saw my Faire
 Did of her haire a shadow make:
 Or rather wandring hearts to take.
 She stented had those nets of gold,
 Sure by this meanes all men t'ensnare,
 She tofs'd the streamers with her breath,

AVRORA.

And seem'd to boast a world with death:
 But when I did the sleight behold,
 I to the shadow did repaire,
 To flie the burning of thine eyes;
 O happie he, by such a sleight that dies.

Son. 79.

THe most refreshing waters come from rockes,
 Some bitter rootes oft send foorth daintie flowres,
 The growing greenes are cherished with showres,
 And pleasant stemmes spring from deformed stockes:
 The hardest hills do feed the fairest flockes:
 All greatest sweetes were sugred first with sowres,
 The headlesse course of vncontrolled houres,
 To all difficulties a way vnlocks.
 I hope to haue a heauen within thine armes,
 And quiet calmes when all these stormes are past,
 Which coming vnexpected at the last,
 May burie in Obluion by-gone harmes.
 To suffer first, to sorrow, sigh, and smart,
 Endeeres the conquest of a cruell hart.

Son. 80.

When Loue spide death like to triumph ore me,
 That had bene such a pillar of his throne;
 And that all *Æsculapius* hopes were gone,
 Whose drugs had not the force to set me free,
 He labour'd to reduce the Fates decree,
 And thus bespake the tyrant that spares none:
 Thou that wast neuer mou'd with worldlings mone,
 To saue this man for my request agree:
 And I protest that he shall dearely buy

The short prolonging of a wretched life:
 For it shall be inuolu'd in such a strife;
 That he shall neuer liue, but euer die.

O what a cruell kindnesse *Cupid* crau'd,
 Who for to kill me oft, my life once sau'd.

Son. 81.

Oft haue I vow'd of none t'attend reliefe,
 Whose ardour was not equall vnto mine,
 And in whose face there did not clearly shine,
 The very image of their inward greefe:
 But so the dest'nies do my thoughts dispose,
 I wot not what a fatall force ordaines,
 That I abase my selfe to beare disdaines,
 And honour one that ruines my repose.
 Oft haue I vow'd no more to be othrowne,
 But still retaining my affections free,
 To fancie none, but them that fancied me:
 But now I see my will is not mine owne.

Then ah, may you bewitch my iudgement so,
 That I must loue, although my heart say no!

Son. 82.

IRage to see some in the scroules of fame,
 Whose louers wits more rare then their deserts;
 Do make them prais'd for many gallant parts,
 The which doth make themselues to blush for shame:
 Where thou whom euen thine enemies cannot blame,
 Though famous in the center of all hearts;
 Yet to the world thy worth no pen imparts:
 Which iustly might those wrong-spent praises claime.
 But what vaine pen so fondly durst aspire,

To paint that worth which soares aboue each wit,
 Which hardly highest apprehensions hit,
 Not to be told, but thought of with desire:
 For where the subiect doth surmount the sence,
 We best by silence shew a great pretence.

Song. 8.

I would thy beauties wonders show,
 Which none can tell, yet all do know:
 Thou borrowes nought to moue delight,
 Thy beauties (Deare) are all perfite.
 And at the head Ile first begin,
 Most rich without, more rich within:
 Within a place *Minerua* claimes,
 Without, *Apollo's* golden beames,
 Whose smiling waues those seas may scorne,
 Where Beauties goddesse earst was borne:
 And yet do boast a world with death,
 If tols'd with gales of thy sweet breath.
 I for two crescents take thy browes,
 Or rather for two bended bowes,
 Whose archer loue, whose white mens harts,
 Thy frownes, no, smiles, smiles are thy darts;
 Which to my ruine euer bent,
 Are oft discharg'd but neuer spent.
 Thy sunnes, I dare not say, thine eyes,
 Which oft do set, and oft do rise:
 Whilst in thy faces heau'n they moue,
 Giue light to all the world of loue:
 And yet do whiles defraud our sight,
 Whilst two white clouds eclipsc their light.
 The laborinthes of thine cares,
 VVhere Beautie both her colours reares,

Are lawne laid on a scarlet ground,
 Whereas Loues ecchoes euer sound:
 Thy cheekes, strawberries dipt in milke,
 As white as snow, as soft as silke;
 Gardens of lillies and of roses,
 Where *Cupid* still himselve reposes,
 And on their daintie rounds he sits,
 When he would charme the rarest wits.
 Those swelling vales which beautie owes,
 Are parted with a dike of snowes:
 The line that still is stretch'd out euen,
 And doth deuide thy faces heauen:
 It hath the prospect of those lippes,
 From which no word vnballanc'd slippes:
 There is a grot by Nature fram'd,
 Which Art to follow is asham'd:
 All those whom fame for rare giues foorth,
 Compar'd with this are litle woorth,
 T'is all with pearles and rubies set;
 But I the best almost forget,
 There do the gods (as I haue tride)
 Their *Ambrosie* and *Nectar* hide.
 The daintie pot that's in thy chin,
 Makes many a heart for to fall in,
 Whereas they boyle with pleasant fires,
 Whose fuell is inflam'd Desires.
 T'is eminent in Beauties field,
 As that which threatens all to yeeld.
 T'vphold those treasures vndefac'd,
 There is an yuorie pillar plac'd,
 Which like to *Maias* sonne doth proue,
 For to beare vp this world of loue:
 In it some branched veines arise,

A V R O R A.

As th'azure pure would braue the skies.
 I see whiles as I downward moue,
 Two litle globes, two worlds of loue,
 Which vndiscouer'd, vndistressed,
 Were neuer with no burden pressed:
 Nor will for Lord acknowledge none,
 To be enstal'd in Beauties throne:
 As barren yet so were they bare,
 O happie he that might dwell there.
 And now my Muse we must make hast,
 To it that's iustly cal'd the wast,
 That wasts my heart with hopes and feares,
 My breath with sighes, mine eyes with teares:
 Yet I to it for all those harmes,
 Would make a girdle of mine armes.
 There is below which no man knowes,
 A mountaine made of naked snowes;
 Amidst the which is Loues great seale,
 To which for helpe I oft appeale,
 And if by it my right were past,
 I should brooke beautie still at last.
 But ah, my Muse will lose the Crowne,
 I dare not go no further downe,
 Which doth discourage me so much,
 That I no other thing will touch.
 No not those litle daintie feet,
 Which *Thetis* staine, for *Venus* meet:
 Thus wading through the depths of Beautie,
 I would haue faine discharg'd my dutie:
 Yet doth thy worth so passe my skill,
 That I shew nothing but good will.

She so her grieve delates,
 O fauor'd by the fates,
 About the happiest states,
 Who art of one so worthie well belou'd.
 This is not she that onely shines by night,
 No borrow'd beame doth beautifie thy Faire:
 But this is she, whose beauties more then rare,
 Come crown'd with roses to restore the light,
 When *Phæbe* pitch'd her pitchie pauilion out,
 The world with weeping told,
 How happie it would hold
 It selfe, but to behold
 The azure pale that compas'd her about.
 Whil'st like a palide half-imprison'd rose,
 Whose naked white doth but to blush begin,
 A litle scarlet deckes the yuorie skinne,
 Which still doth glance transparent as she goes:
 The beemie god comes burning with desire;
 And when he finds her gone,
 With many a grieuous grone,
 Enrag'd, remounts anone,
 And threatneth all our Hemi-sphære with fire.
 Lift vp thine eyes and but behold thy blisse,
 Th'heau'ns raine their riches on thee whil'st thou sleep'st:
 Thinke what a matchlesse treasure that thou keep'st,
 When thou hast all that any else can wish.
 Those Sunnes which daily dazle thy dim eyes,
 Might with one beame or so,
 Which thou might'st well forgo,
 Straight banish all my wo,
 And make me all the world for to despise.
 But Sun-parch'd people loath the precious stones,
 And through abundance vilifie the gold;
 All dis-esteeme the treasures that they hold,

AVRORA.

And thinke not things posselt (as they thought) once.
 Who surfet oft on such excessiue ioyes,
 Can neuer pleasure prize,
 But building on the skies,
 All present things despise,
 And like their treasure lesse, then others toyes.
 I enuie not thy blisse, so heau'n hath doom'd;
 And yet I cannot but lament mine owne,
 Whose hopes hard at the haruest were orethrowne,
 And blisse halfe ripe, with frosts of feare consum'd:
 Faire blossomes, which of fairer fruites did boast,
 Were blasted in the flowers,
 With eye-exacted showers,
 Whose sweet-supposed sowers
 Of preconceited pleasures grieu'd me most.
 And what a griefe is this (as chance effects)
 To see the rarest beauties worst bestow'd?
 Ah, why should halting *Vulcan* be made proud
 Of that great beautie which sterne *Mars* affects?
 And why should *Tithon* thus, whose day growes late,
 Enjoy the mornings loue?
 Which though that I disproue,
 Yet will I too approue,
 Since that it is her will, and my hard fate.

An Eccho.

AH, will no foule giue eare vnto my mone?	<i>one</i>
Who answers thus so kindly when I crie?	<i>I</i>
What fostred thee that pities my despaire?	<i>aire</i>
Thou blabbing gueft, what know'st thou of my fall?	<i>all</i>
What did I when I first my Faire disclos'd?	<i>los'd</i>
Where was my reason, that it would not doubt?	<i>out</i>
What canst thou tell me of my Ladies will?	<i>ill</i>

Where-

AVRORA.

VVherewith can she acquit my loyall part?	<i>art</i>
VVhat hath she then with me to disguise?	<i>a guise</i>
VVhat haue I done, since she gainst loue repin'd?	<i>pin'd</i>
VVhat did I when I her to life prefer'd?	<i>er'd</i>
What did mine eyes, whil'ſt ſhe my heart reſtrain'd?	<i>rain'd</i>
VVhat did ſhe whil'ſt my muſe her praiſe proclaim'd?	<i>claim'd</i>
And what? and how? this doth me moſt affright.	<i>of right</i>
VVhat if I neuer ſue to her againe?	<i>gaine</i>
And what when all my paſſions are repreſt?	<i>reſt</i>
But what thing will beſt ſerue t' aſſwage deſire?	<i>ire</i>
And what will ſerue to mitigate my rage?	<i>age</i>
I ſee the Sunne begins for to deſcend.	<i>end</i>

Son. 87.

NO wonder, thou endang'ring liues with looks,
 And doſt bewitch the boſome by the eare:
 VVhat hoſtes of hearts, that no ſuch ſleight did feare,
 Are now entangled by thy beauties hookes?
 But if ſo many to the world approue,
 Thoſe princely vertues that enrich thy mind,
 And hold thee for the honour of thy kind,
 Yea though diſdain'd, yet deſperatly loue:
 O what a world of hapleſſe louers liue,
 That like a treaſure entertaine their thought,
 And ſeeme in ſhow as if affecting nought,
 And in their breaſt t'entombe their fancies ſtriuē:
 Yet let not this with pride thy heart poſſeſſe;
 The Sun being mounted high, doth ſeeme the leſſe.

Son. 88.

THoſe beauties (Deare) which all thy ſexe enuies,
 As grieu'd men ſhould ſuch ſacred wonders view:
 For pompe apparell'd in a purple hue,

Do whiles disdaine the pride of mortall eyes,
 VWhich ah attempting farre about their might,
 Do gaze vpon the glorie of those Sunnes,
 Whilst many a ray that from their brightnesse runnes,
 Doth dazle all that dare looke on their light:-
 Or was it this, which ô I feare me most,
 That cled with scarlet, so thy purest parts,
 Thy face it hauing wounded worlds of harts,
 Would die her Lillies with the bloud they lost:
 Thus ere thy cruelties were long conceal'd,
 They by thy guiltie blush would be reueal'd.

Son. 89.

Small comfort might my banish'd hopes recall,
 When whiles my daintie faire I sighing see;
 If I could thinke that one were shed for me,
 It were a guerdon great enough for all:
 Or would she let one teare of pittie fall,
 That seem'd dismist from a remorsefull eye,
 I could content my selfe vngrieu'd to die,
 And nothing might my constancie appall,
 The onely sound of that sweet word of loue,
 Prest twixt those lips that do my doome containe,
 Were I imbarc'd, might me backe againe
 From death to life, and make me breath and moue.
 Strange crueltie, that neuer can afford
 So much as once one sigh, one teare, one word.

Son. 90.

IWot not what transported hath my mind,
 That I in armes against a goddesse stand;
 Yet though I sue t'one of th'immortall band,

The like before was prosp'rously design'd.
 To loue *Anchises Venus* thought no scorne,
 And *Thetis* earst was with a mortall match'd,
 Whom if th'aspiring *Peleus* had not catch'd,
 The great *Achilles* neuer had bene borne.
 Thus flatter I my selfe whilst nought confines,
 My wandring fancies that strange wayes do trace;
 He that embrac'd a cloud in *Iunoes* place,
 May be a terror to the like designs:

But fame in end th'aduentrer euer crownes,
 Whom either th'issue or th'attempt renownes.

Son. 91.

AND must I lose in vaine so great a loue,
 And build thy glorie on my ruin'd state?
 And can a heauenly brest contract such hate?
 And is the mildest sexe so hard to moue?
 Haue all my offerings had no greater force,
 The which so oft haue made thine altars smoke?
 Well, if that thou haue vow'd not to reuoke
 The fatall doome that's farre from all remorse,
 For the last sacrifice my selfe shall smart,
 My bloud must quench my vehement desires;
 And let thine eyes drinke vp my funerall fires,
 And with my ashes glut thy Tygrish heart:

So though thou at my wonted flames didst spurne,
 Thou must trust those, when as thou seest me burne.

Son. 92.

I Wot not which to chalenge for my death,
 Of those thy beauties that my ruine seekes,
 The pure white fingers or the daintie cheekes,

The golden tresses, or the Nectard breath:
 Ah they be all too guiltie of my fall,
 All wounded me though I their glorie rais'd;
 Although I graunt they need not to be prais'd,
 It may suffice they be *Auroraes* all:
 Yet for all this, O most ingratefull woman,
 Thou shalt not scape the scourge of iust disdain;
 I gaue thee gifts thou shouldst haue giuen againe,
 It's shame to be in thy inferiors common:
 I gaue all what I held most deare to thee,
 Yet to this houre thou neuer guerdon'd me.

Son. 93.

WHilst carelesse swimming in thy beauties seas,
 I wondring was at that bewitching grace,
 Thou painted pitie on a cruell face,
 And angled so my iudgement by mine eyes:
 But now begun to triumph in my scorie,
 When I cannot retire my steps againe,
 Thou arm'st thine eyes with enuy and disdain,
 To murder my abortiue hopes halfe borne:
 Whilst like to end this long continued strife,
 My paleness shewes I perish in dispaire;
 Thou loth to lose one that esteemes thee faire,
 With some sweete word or looke prolongst my life:
 And so each day in doubt redact'st my state,
 Deare do not so, once either loue or hate.

Son. 94.

MINE eyes would euer on thy beauties gaze,
 Mine eares are euer greedie of thy fame,
 My heart is euer musing on the same,

My tongue would still be busied with thy praise:
 I would mine eyes were blind and could not see,
 I would mine eares were deafe and would not heare,
 I would my heart would neuer hold thee deare,
 I would my tongue all such reports would flee:
 Th'eyes in their circles do thy picture hold,
 Th'eares conducts, keepe still ecchoes of thy worth,
 The heart can neuer barre sweet fancies forth,
 The tongue that which I thinke must still vnfold:
 Thy beauties then from which I would rebell, (tell.
 Th'eyes see, th'eares heare, th'heart thinks, and tong must

Son. 95.

WHile as th'undanted squadrons of my mind,
 On mountaines of deserts reard high desires,
 And my proud heart that euermore aspires,
 To scale the heauen of beautie had design'd:
 The faire fac'd goddesse of that stately frame,
 Look'd on my haughtie thoughts with scorne a space;
 Then thundred all that proud Gigantike race,
 And from her lightning lights throw'd many a flame.
 Then quite for to confound my loftie cares,
 Euen at the first encounter as it chanc'd,
 Th'ouer-daring heart that to th'assault aduanc'd,
 Was cou'ed with a weight of huge dispaire,
 Beneath the which the wretch doth still remaine,
 Casting forth flames of furie and disdaine.

Son. 96.

FAire Tygresse tell, contents it not thy sight,
 To see me die each day a thousand times?
 O how could I commit such monstrous crimes,

As merit to this martirdome by night:
 Not onely hath thy wrath adiudg'd to paine,
 This earthly prifon that thy picture keeps,
 But doth the foule while as the bodie fleepes,
 With many fearefull dreames from reft reftreine.

Lo thus I wafte to worke a tyrants will,
 My dayes in torment, and my nights in terror,
 And here confin'd within an endleffe error,
 Without repentance do perfeuer ftill:

That it is hard to iudge though both be loft,
 Whofe conftancie or crueltie is moft.

Son. 97.

Looke to a tyrant what it is to yeeld,
 Who printing ftill to publifh my difgrace,
 The ftorie of my ouerthrow in my face,
 Erects pale Trophees in that bloudleffe field:

The world that viewes this ftrange triumphall arke,
 Reads in my lookes as lines thy beauties deeds,
 Which in each mind fo great amazement breeds,
 That I am made of many eyes the marke:

But what auailles this Tygreffe triumph, O
 And couldft thou not be cruell if not knowne,
 But in this meager map it muft be showne,
 That thou infulft to fee thy fubiefts fo:

And my difgrace it grieues me not fo much,
 As that it fhould be faid that thou art fuch.

Son. 98.

LEt others of the worlds decaying tell,
 I enuy not thofe of the golden age,
 That did their careleffe thoughts for nought engage,

But cloyd with all delights, liu'd long and well:
 And as for me, I mind t'applaud my fate;
 Though I was long in comming to the light,
 Yet may I mount to fortunes highest hight,
 So great a good could neuer come too late;
 I'm glad that it was not my chance to liue,
 Till as that heavenly creature first was borne,
 Who as an Angell doth the earth adorne,
 And buried vertue in the tombe reuiue:
 For vice ouerflows the world with such a flood,
 That in it all faue she there is no good.

Sonet. 99.

WHilst curiously I gaz'd on beauties skies,
 My soule in litle liquid ruslets runne,
 Like snowie mountaines melted with the Sunne,
 Was liquified through force of two faire eyes,
 Thence sprang pure springs and neuer-tainted streames,
 In which a Nymph her image did behold,
 And cruell she (ah that it should be told)
 VWhiles daign'd to grace them with some chearfull beames,
 Till once beholding that her shadow so,
 Made those poore waters partners of her praise,
 She by abstracting of her beauties rayes,
 VWith griefe congeal'd the source from whence they flow:
 But through the yce of that vniust disdain,
 Yet still transpires her picture and my paine.

Son. 100.

AVrorra now haue I not cause to rage,
 Since all thy fishing but a frog hath catch'd:
 May I not mourne to see the morning match'd,

VWith

VVith one that's in the euening of his age:
 Should hoary lockes sad messengers of death,
 Sport with thy golden haire in beauties Inne:
 And should that furrow'd face foyle thy smooth skinne,
 And bath it selfe in th'Ambrosie of thy breath:
 More then mine owne I lament thy mishaps;
 Must he who iealous through his owne defects,
 Thy beauties vnstaind treasure still suspects,
 Sleepe on the snow-swolne pillowes of thy paps,
 VVhile as a lothed burthen in thine armes,
 Doth make thee out of time waile curelesse harmes.

Son. 101.

ALL that behold me on thy beauties shelve,
 To cast my selfe away tofs'd with conceit,
 Since thou wilt haue no pitie of my state,
 VVould that I tooke some pitie of my selfe:
 For what, say they, though she disdaine to bow,
 And takes a pleasure for to see thee sad,
 Yet there be many a one that would be glad,
 To boist themselues of such a one as thou.
 But ah their counsell of small knowledge fauours,
 For O poore fooles, they see not what I see,
 Thy frownes are sweeter then their smiles can be,
 The worst of thy disdaines worth all their fauours:
 I rather (deare) of thine one looke to haue,
 Then of another all that I would craue.

Son. 102.

WHen as that louely tent of beautie dies,
 And that thou as thine enimie fleest thy glasse,
 And doest with grieve remember what it was,

That

That to betray my heart allur'd mine eyes:
 Then hauing bought experience with great paines,
 Thou shalt (although too late) thine error find,
 Whilst thou reuolu'st in a digested mind,
 My faithfull loue, and thy vnkind disdaines:
 And if that former times might be recald,
 VWhile as thou sadly sitst retir'd alone,
 Then thou wouldst satisfie for all that's gone,
 And I in thy hearts throne would be instald:
 Deare, if I know thee of this mind at last,
 Ile thinke my selfe aueng'd of all that's past.

Elegie 3.

IN silent horrors here, where neuer mirth remaines,
 I do retire my selfe apart, as rage and grieffe constraines:
 So may I sigh vnknowne, whilst other comfort failes,
 An infranchis'd citizen of solitarie vales;
 Her priuiledge to plain, since nought but plaints cā please,
 My sad conceptions I disclose, diseas'd at my ease.
 No barren pitie here my passions doth increase,
 Nor no detracter here resorts, deriding my distresse:
 But wandring through the world, a vagabonding guest,
 Acquiring most contentment then when I am rest of rest.
 Against those froward fates, that did my blisse controule,
 I thunder forth a thousand threats in th'anguish of my soule.
 And lo lunaticke-like do dash on euery shelve,
 And conuocate a court of cares for to condemne my selfe:
 My fancies which in end time doth fantasticke try,
 I figure forth essentially in all the obiects by:
 In euery corner where my recklesse eye repaires,
 I reade great volumes of mishaps, memorials of despair: |
 All things that I behold, vpbraid me my estate,
 And oft I blush within my brest, asham'd of my conceit.

Those branches broken downe with mercie-wanting
 Obiect me my deiected state, that greater fury finds: (winds,
 Their winter-beaten weed disperst vpon the plaine,
 Are like to my renounced hopes, all scattred with disdain.

Lo wondring at my state the strongest torrent staves,
 And turning and returning oft, would scorne my crooked
 In end I find my fate ouer all before my face, (wayes.
 Enregistred eternally in th' annales of disgrace.

Those crosses out of count might make the rockes to riue,
 That this small remanent of life for to extinguish striue:

And yet my rockie heart so hardned with mishaps,
 Now by no meanes can be cōmou'd, not with *Ioues* thunder
 But in huge woes inuolu'd with intricating art, (claps:
 Surcharg'd with sorowes I succomb and senselessly do smart;
 And in this labyrinth exil'd from all repose,

I consecrate this cursed corpes a sacrifice to woes: (breath,
 Whilst many a furious plaint my smoaking breast shall
 Ecclips'd with many a cloudie thought, aggrieu'd vnto the

With th'eccho plac'd beside some solitary fourse, (death:
 Disastruous accidents shall be the ground of our discourse.

Her maimed words shal shew how my hurt hart half dies,
 Consum'd with corrosiues of care, caractred in mine eyes.

My Muse shall now no more transported with respects,
 Exalt that euill deseruing one as fancie still directs:

Nor yet no partiall pen shall spot her spotlesse fame,
 Vnhonestly dishonoring an honorable name.

But I shall sadly sing, too tragickly inclin'd,
 Some subiect sympathizing with my melancholious mind.

Nor will I more describe my dayly deadly strife, (life:
 My publike wrongs, my priuate woes, mislucks in loue and

That would but vex the world for to extend my toiles,
 In painting forth particularly my many formes of foiles.

No, none in speciall I purpose to bewray,
 But one as all, and all as one, I mind to mourne for ay.

For being iustly weigh'd, the least that I lament,
 Deserues indeed to be bewail'd, til th' vse of th' eyes be spent;
 And since I should the least perpetually deplore,
 The most again though maruellous, cā be bemon'd no more

Son. 103.

TO yeeld to those I cannot but disdain,
 Whose face doth but entangle foolish hearts;
 It is the beautie of the better parts,
 With which I mind my fancies for to chaine.
 Those that haue nought wherewith mens minds to gaine,
 But onely curled lockes and wanton lookes,
 Are but like fleeting baites that haue no hookes,
 Which may well take, but cannot well retaine:
 He that began to yeeld to th' outward grace,
 And then the treasures of the mind doth proue:
 He, who as t'were was with the maske in loue,
 What doth he thinke when as he sees the face?
 No doubt being lim'd by th' outward colours so,
 That inward worth would neuer let him go.

Son. 104.

Long time I did thy cruelties detest,
 And blaz'd thy rigor in a thousand lines;
 But now through my complaints thy vertue shines,
 That was but working all things for the best:
 Thou of my rash affections held'st the raines,
 And spying dangerous sparkes come from my fires,
 Didst wisely temper my inflam'd desires,
 With some chaste fauours, mixt with sweet disdain:
 And when thou saw'st I did all hope despise,
 And look'd like one that wrestled with despair,

Then

Then of my safetie thy exceeding care,
 Shew'd that I kept thine heart, thou but thine eyes:
 For whilst thy reason did thy fancies tame,
 I saw the smoke, although thou hidst the flame.

Son. 105.

Should I the treasure of my life betake,
 To thought-tos'd breath whose babbling might it marre,
 VVords with affection wing'd might flee too farre,
 And once sent forth can neuer be brought backe:
 Nor will I trust mine eyes, whose partiall looks
 Haue oft conspir'd for to betray my mind,
 And would their light still to one obiect bind,
 VVhile as the fornace of my bosome smokes:
 No, no, my loue, and that which makes me thrall,
 Shall onely be entrusted to my soule,
 So may I stray, yet none my course controule,
 VVhilst though o'rethrowne, none triumphs for my fall:
 My thoughts while as confin'd within my brest,
 Shall onely priuie to my passions rest.

Son. 106.

A Wake my Muse, and leaue to dreame of loues,
 Shake off soft fancies chaines, I must be free,
 Ile parch no more, vpon the mirtle tree,
 Nor glide through th'aire with beauties sacred doues;
 But with *Ioues* stately bird Ile leaue my nest,
 And trie my sight against *Apolloes* raies:
 Then if that ought my ventrous course dismaies,
 Vpon the Oliues boughes Ile light and rest:
 Ile tune my accents to a trumpet now,
 And seeke the *Laurell* in another field,

Thus I that once, as Beautie meanes did yeeld,
 Did diuers garments on my thoughts bestow:
 Like *Icarus* I feare, vnwisely bold,
 Am purpos'd others passions now t'vnfold.

Song. 10.

FArewell sweet fancies, and once deare delights,
 The treasures of my life, which made me proue
 That vnaccomplish'd ioy that charm'd the sprights,
 And whilst by it I onely seem'd to moue,

Did hold my rauish'd soule, big with desire,
 That tasting those, to greater did aspire.

Farewell free thraldome, freedome that was thrall,
 While as I led a solitary life,

Yet neuer lesse alone, whilst arm'd for all,

My thoughts were busied with an endlesse strife:

For then not hauing bound my selfe to any,

I being bound to none, was bound to many.

Great God that tam'd the gods old-witted child,
 Whose temples breasts, whose altars are mens hearts,

From my hearts fort thy legions are exild,

And *Hymens* torch hath burn'd out all thy darts:

Since I in end haue bound my selfe to one,

That by this meanes I may be bound to none.

Thou daintie goddesse with the soft white skinne,

To whom so many offrings dayly smoke,

Were beauties processe yet for to begin,

That sentence I would labour to reuoke:

Which on mount *Ida* as thy smiles did charme,

The *Phrigian* shepheard gaue to his owne harme.

And if the question were referd to mee,

On whom I would bestow the ball of gold,

I feare me *Venus* should be last of three,

A V R O R A.

For with the Thunderers sister I would hold,
 Whose honest flames pent in a lawfull bounds,
 No feare disturbs, nor yet no shame confounds.

I mind to speake no more of beauties Doue,
 The Peacocke is the bird whose fame Ile raise;
 Not that I *Argos* need to watch my loue,
 But so his mistris *Iuno* for to praise:

And if I wish his eyes, then it shall be,
 That I with many eyes my loue may see.

Then farewell crossing ioyes, and ioyfull crosses,
 Most bitter sweets, and yet most sugred sowers,
 Most hurtfull gaines, yet most commodious losses,
 That made my yeares to flee away like howers,
 And spent the spring time of mine age in vaine,
 Which now my summer must redeeme againe.

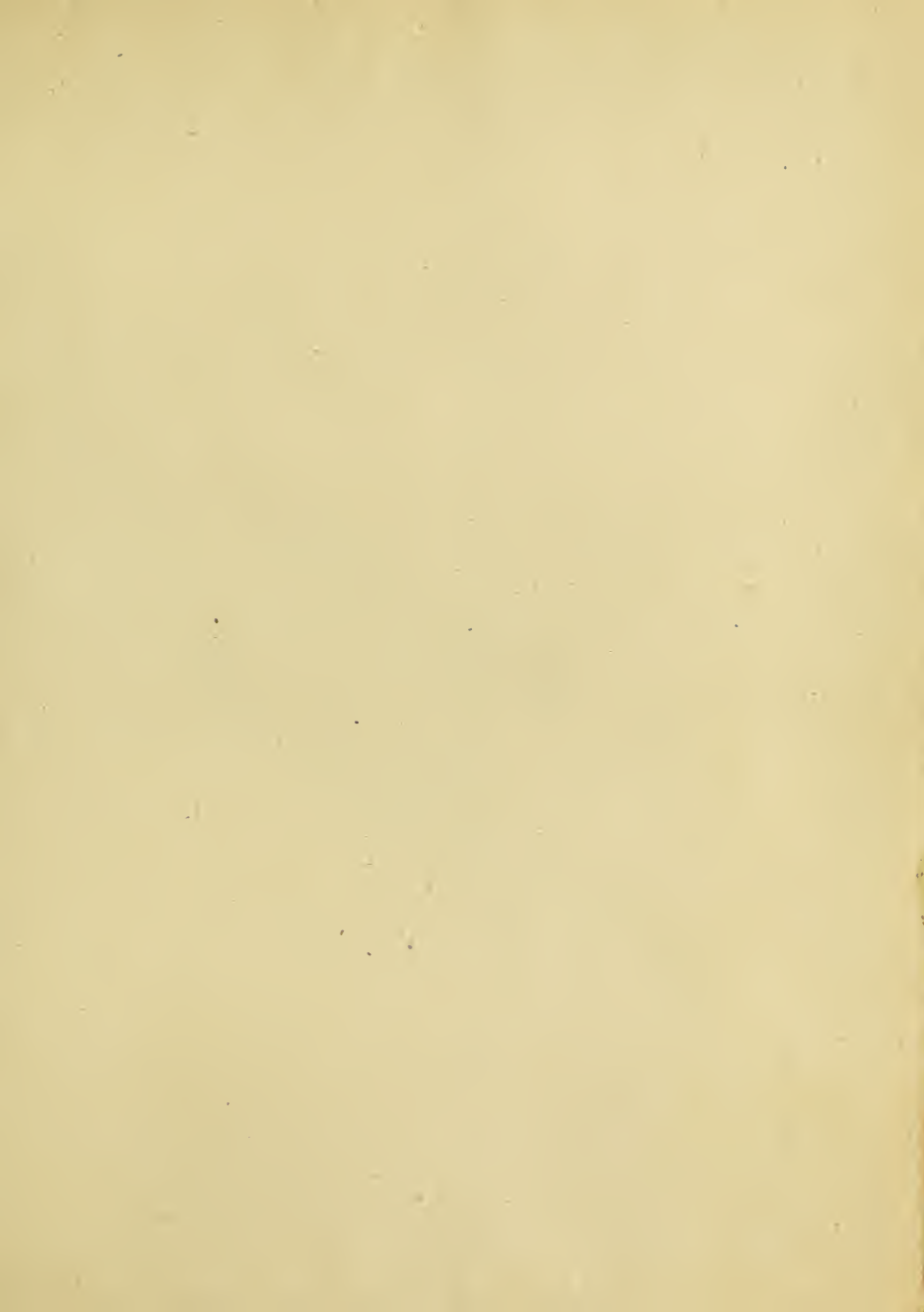
O welcome easie yoke, sweet bondage come,
 I seeke not from thy toiles for to be shielded,
 But I am well content to be orecome,
 Since that I must commaund when I haue yeilded:

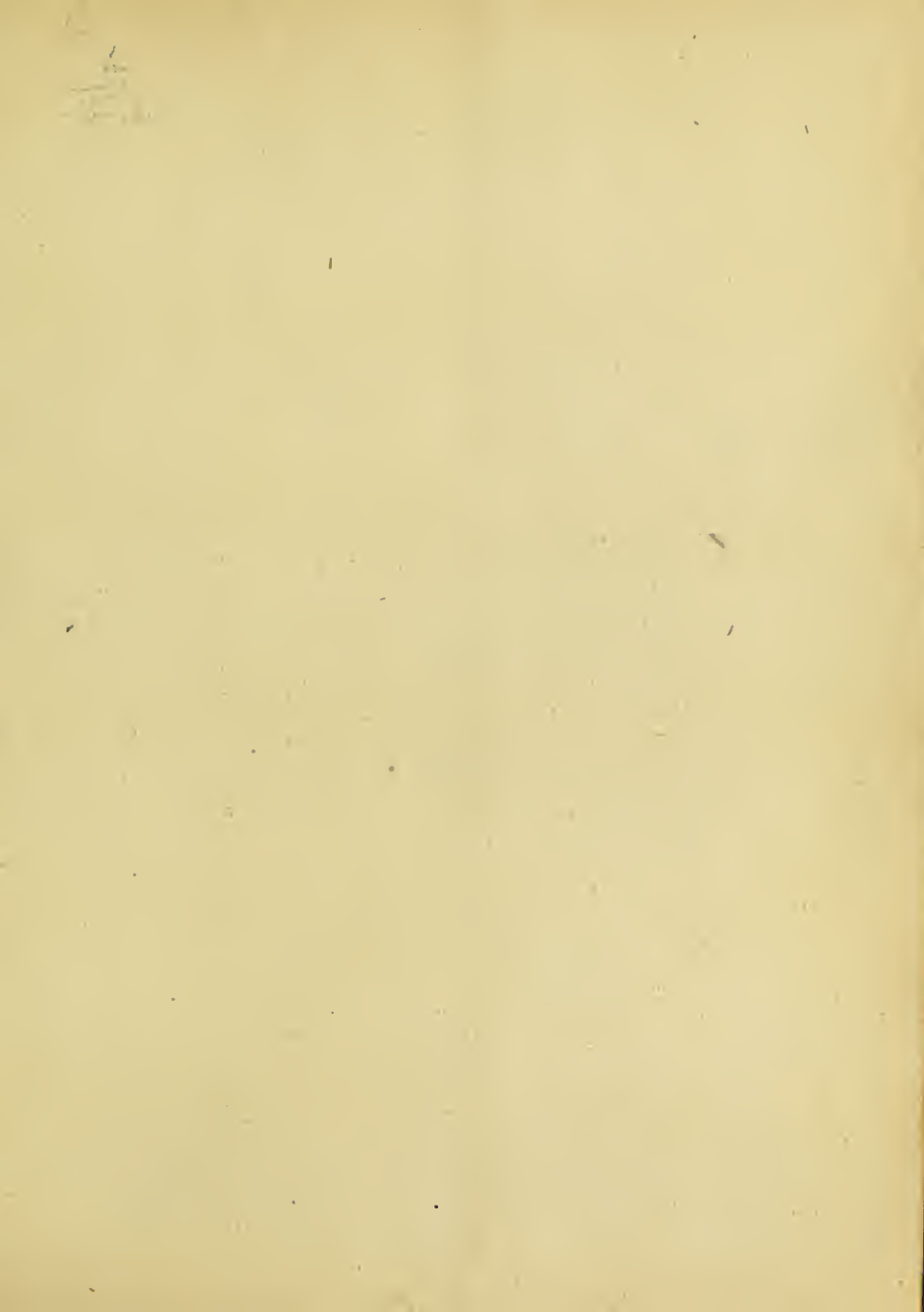
Then here I quit both *Cupid* and his mother,
 And do resigne my selfe to obtaine another.

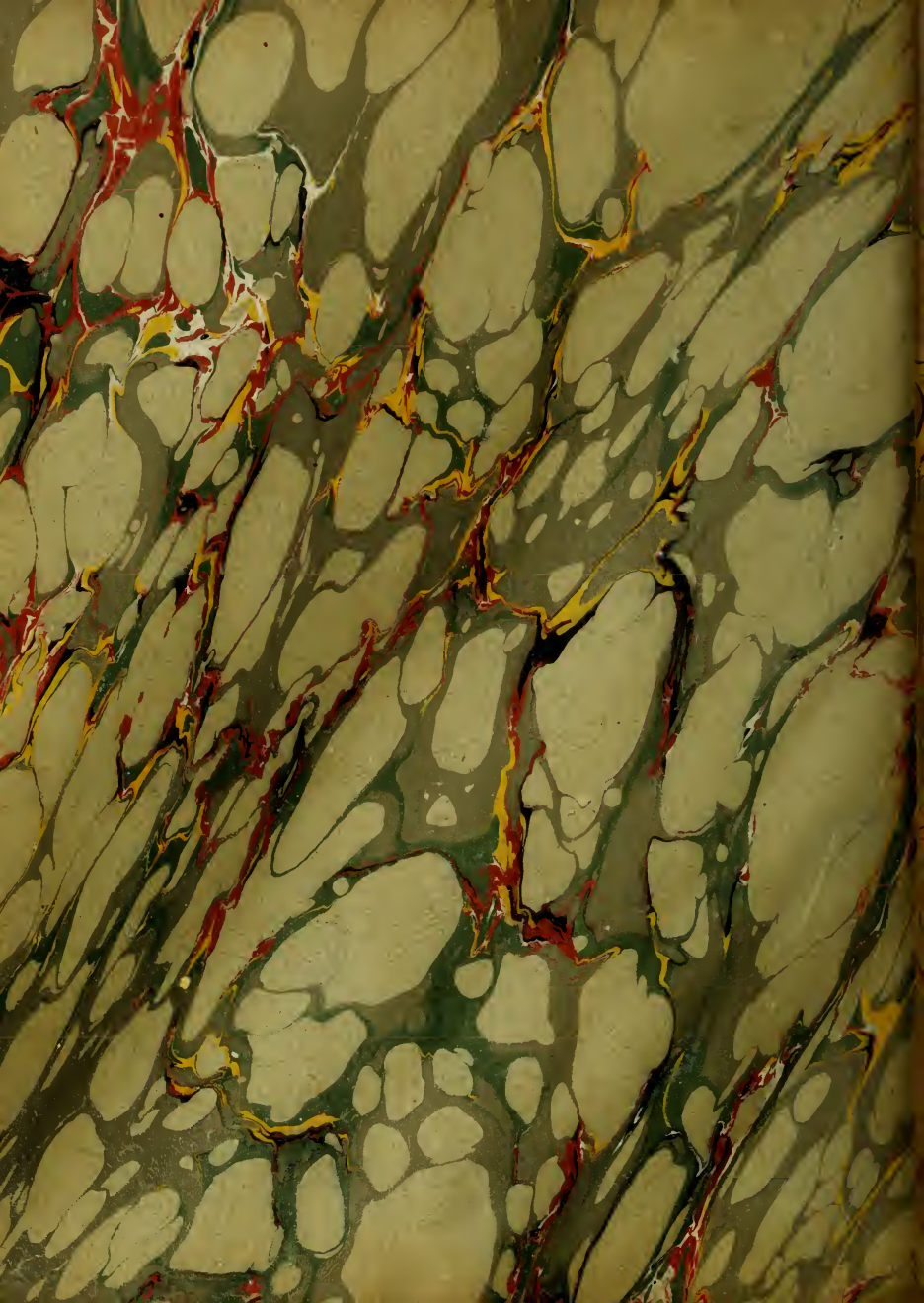
FINIS.

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