SIR THOMAS WYATT THE ELDER

Like to These Unmeasurable Mountains

Like to these unmeasurable mountains,
Is my painful life the burden of ire;²
For of great height be they, and high is my desire;
And I of tears, and they be full of fountains;
Under craggy rocks they have full barren plains,
Hard thoughts in me my woeful mind doth tire;
Small fruit and many leaves their tops do attire,
Small effect with great trust in me remains.
The boisterous winds oft their high boughs do blast,
Hot sighs from me continually be shed;
Cattle in them, and in me love is fed;
Immovable am I, and they are full steadfast;
Of the restless birds they have the tune and note,
And I always plaints³ that pass through my throat.

Lux, My Fair Falcon

Lux, my fair falcon, and your fellows all,
How well pleasant it were your liberty!
Ye not forsake me that fair might ye befall.
But they that sometime liked my company,
Like lice away from dead bodies they crawl;
Lo, what a proof in light adversity!
But ye, my birds, I swear by all your bells,
Ye be my friends, and so be but few else.

1557

1. A translation from Sannazaro (1458–1530), Italian poet and pastoral writer. Tottel entitles this The Lover's Life Compared to the Alps.
2. Wrath, i.e., the lady's disdain.
3. Complaints.

1. "Lux" was named after the Latin word for "light." Hunting hawks are provided with bells, to help in tracing them down and to warn domestic animals of their presence.
Tangled I Was in Love’s Snare

Tangled I was in love’s snare,
Oppressed with pain, torment with care,
Of grief right sure, of joy full bare,
Clean in despair by cruelty—

But ha! ha! ha! full well is me,
For I am now at liberty.

The woeful day so full of pain,
The weary night all spent in vain,
The labor lost for so small gain,

To write them all it will not be.
But ha! ha! ha! full well is me,
For I am now at liberty.

Everything that fair doth show,
When proof is made it proveth not so,

But turneth mirth to bitter woe;
Which in this case full well I see.

But ha! ha! ha! full well is me,
For I am now at liberty.

Too great desire was my guide
And wanton will went by my side;
Hope ruled still, and made me bide
Of love’s craft th’ extremity.

But ha! ha! ha! full well is me,
For I am now at liberty.

With feignèd words which were but wind
To long delays I was assigned;
Her wily looks my wits did blind;
Thus as she would I did agree.

But ha! ha! ha! full well is me,
For I am now at liberty.

Was never bird tangled in lime
That brake away in better time
Than I, that rotten boughs did climb,
And had no hurt, but ’scapèd free.

Now ha! ha! ha! full well is me,
For I am now at liberty.

\[1. \text{A sticky substance made from holly bark, used to catch small birds.}\]
And wilt thou leave me thus?

And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay, say nay, for shame,
To save thee from the blame
Of all my grief and grame!

5 And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay, say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath loved thee so long
In wealth and woe among?

10 And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay, say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath given thee my heart
Never for to depart,
Neither for pain nor smart?
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay, say nay!

15 And wilt thou leave me thus,
And have no more pity
Of him that loveth thee?
Alas, thy cruelty!
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay, say nay!

20

D.M.S.

1. The Tagus River flows through Spain and Portugal. The poem was written at the poet's departure from Spain in 1539.
2. Toward.
3. The legendary founder of London, after whom Britain was supposedly named.
4. Crescent moon.