From Amoretti

Sonnet 15

Ye tradefull merchants, that with weary toyle
Do seeke most pretious things to make your gain,
And both the Indias\(^1\) of their treasures spoile,
What needeth you to seeke so farre in vaine?\(^5\)

For loe my love doth in her selfe containe
All this world’s riches that may farre\(^\circ\) be found.

If saphyres, loe her eyes be saphyres plaine;
If rubies, loe her lips be rubies sound;
If pearls, her teeth be pearls both pure and round;
If yvorie, her forhead yvory weene;\(^5\)
If gold, her locks are finest gold on ground;\(^\circ\)
If silver, her faire hands are silver sheene.
But that which fairest is, but few behold:
Her mind, adornd with vertues manifold.

Sonnet 35

My hungry eyes through greedy covetize,
Still to behold the object of their paine,
With no contentment can themselves suffize:
But having pine\(^\circ\) and having not complaine.

For lacking it they cannot lyfe sustayne,
And having it they gaze on it the more:
Whose eyes him starved: so plenty makes me poore.
Yet are mine eyes so filled with the store\(^\circ\)
Of that faire sight, that nothing else they brooke,
But lothe the things which they did like before,
All this worlds glory seemeth vayne to me,
And all their showes but shadowes, saving she.

Sonnet 37

What guyle is this, that those her golden tresses,
She doth attyre under a net of gold:
And with sly skill so cunningly them dresses,
That which is gold or heare, may scarce be told?

Is it that mens frayle eyes, which gaze too bold,
She may entangle in that golden snare:
And being caught may craftily enfold,
Theryr weaker harts, which are not wel aware?
Take heed therefore, myne eyes, how ye doe stare

Henceforth too rashly on that guilefull net,
In which if ever ye entrapped are,
Out of her bands ye by no means shall get.

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1. I.e., India and the West Indies.
2. The beautiful youth in mythology who fell in love with his own reflection.
Sonnet 59

Thrisse happie she, that is so well assured
Unto her selfe and setled so in hart:
That nether will for better be allured,
Ne feard with worse to any chaunce to start:
But like a steddy ship doth strongly part
The raging waves and keepes her course aright:
Ne oughte for tempest doth from it depart,
Ne ought for fayrer weathers false delight.
Such selfe assurance need not feare the spight
Of grudging foes, ne favour seek of friends:
But in the stay of her owne stedfast might,
Nether to one her self nor other bends.
Most happy she that most assured doth rest,
But he most happy who such one loves best.

Sonnet 65

The doubt which ye misdeeme, fayre love, is vaine,
That fondly feare to loose your liberty,
When loosing one, two liberties ye gayne,
And make him bond that bondage earst dyd fly.
Sweet be the bands, the which true love doth tye,
Without constraynt or dread of any ill:
The gentle birde feels no captivity
Within her cage, but singes and feeds her fill.
There pride dare not approach, nor discord spill
The league twixt them, that loyal love hath bound;
But simple truth and mutuall good will,
Seekes with sweet peace to salve each others wound.
There fayth doth fearlesse dwell in brasen towre,
And spotlesse pleasure builds her sacred bowre.

Sonnet 68

Most glorious Lord of lyfe, that on this day,
Didst make thy triumph over death and sin:
And having harrowed hell, didst bring away
Captivity thence captive us to win:
This joyous day, deare Lord, with joy begin,
And grant that we for whom thou diddest dye
Being with thy deare blood clene washt from sin,
May live for ever in felicity.
And that thy love we weighing worthily,
May likewise love thee for the same againe:
And for thy sake that all lyke deare didst buy,
With love may one another entertayne.
So let us love, deare love, lyke as we ought,
Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.