AMORETTI

AND

Epithalamion.

Written not long since by Edmunde Spenser.

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SONNET. II.

VNQUIET thought, whom at the first I bred,
Of th' inward bale of my loue pined hart:
and sithens haue with sighes and sorrowes fed,
till greater then my wombe thou woxen art.
Breake forth at length out of the inner part,
in which thou lurkest lyke to vipers brood:
and seeke some succour both to ease my smart
and also to sustayne thy selfe with food.
But if in presence of that fayrest proud
thou chance to come, fall lowly at her feet:
and with meeke humblesse and afflicted mood,
pardon for thee, and grace for me intreat.
Which if she graunt, then liue and my loue cherish,
if not, die soone, and I with thee will perish.

SONNET, III.

THE souerayne beauty which I doo admyre, witnesse the world how worthy to be prayzed: the light wherof hath kindled heauenly fyre, in my fraile spirit by her from basenesse raysed. That being now with her huge brightnesse dazed, base thing I can no more endure to view: but looking still on her I stand amazed, at wondrous sight of so celestiall hew. So when my toung would speak her praises dew, it stopped is with thoughts astonishment: and when my pen would write her titles true, it rauisht is with fancies wonderment: Yet in my hart I then both speake and write, the wonder that my wit cannot endite.

SONNET. IIII.

NEW yeare forth looking out of Ianus gate,
Doth seeme to promise hope of new delight:
and bidding th' old Adieu, his passed date
bids all old thoughts to die in dumpish spright.
And calling forth out of sad Winters night,
fresh loue, that long hath slept in cheerlesse bower:
wils him awake, and soone about him dight
his wanton wings and darts of deadly power.
For lusty spring now in his timely howre,
is ready to come forth him to receiue:
and warnes the Earth with diuers colord flowre,
to decke hir selfe, and her faire mantle weaue.
Then you faire flowre, in whom fresh youth doth raine,
prepare your selfe new loue to entertaine.