

Sonnet .85

I see the house; my heart, thyself contain;
Beware full sails drown not thy tottering barge,
Lest joy, by nature apt sprites to enlarge,
Thee to thy wrack beyond thy limits strain;
Nor do like lords, whose weak confused brain,
Not pointing to fit folks each undercharge,
While every office themselves will discharge,
With doing all, leave nothing done but pain.
But give apt servants their due place; let eyes
See beauty's total sum summed in her face;
Let ears hear speech, which wit to wonder ties;
Let breath suck up those sweets; let arms embrace
The globe of weal, lips love's indentures make;
Thou but of all the kingly tribute take.

Fifth Song

While favor fed my hope, delight with hope was brought,
Thought waited on delight, and speech did follow thought;
Then drew my tongue and pen records unto thy glory:
I thought all words were lost, that were not spent of thee;
I thought each place was dark but where thy lights would be,
And all ears worse than deaf, that heard not out thy story.

I said thou wert most fair, and so indeed thou art;
I said thou wert most sweet, sweet poison to my heart;
I said my soul was thine (oh that I then had lied!)
I said thine eyes were stars, thy breasts the milk'n way;
Thy fingers Cupid's shafts, thy voice the angels' lay:
And all I said so well, as no man it denied.

But now that hope is lost, unkindness kills delight;
Yet thought and speech do live, though metamorphos'd quite:
For Rage now rules the reins, which guided were by Pleasure.
I think now of thy faults, who late thought of thy praise;
That speech falls now to blame, which did thy honor raise;
The same key open can, which can lock up a treasure.

Thou then whom partial heavens conspir'd in one to frame,
The proof of Beauty's worth, th'inheritrix of fame,
The mansion seat of bliss, and just excuse of lovers;
See now those feathers pluck'd, wherewith thou flewst most high:
See what clouds of reproach shall dark thy honor's sky.
Whose own fault casts him down, hardly hhigh seat recovers.

And oh, my Muse, though oft you lull'd her in your lap,
And then a heav'nly child gave her ambrosian pap,
And to that brain of hers your hidd'nest gifts infus'd,
Since she, disdainng me, doth you in me disdain,
Suffer not her to laugh, while both we suffer pain:
Princes in subjects wrong'd, must deem themselves abus'd.

Your client poor my self, shall Stella handle so?
Revenge, revenge, my Muse! Defiance' trumpet blow:
Threat'n what may be done, yet do more than you threat'n.
An, my suit granted is; I feel my breast doth swell.
Now child, a lesson new you shall begin to spell:
Sweet babes must babies have, but shrewd girls must be beaten.

Think now no more to hear of warm fine-odor'd snow,
Nor blushing lilies, nor pearls' ruby-hidden row,
Nor of that golden sea, whose waves in curls are broken:
But of thy soul, so fraught with such ungratefulness,
As where thou soon mightst help, most faith dost most oppress,
Ungrateful who is call'd, the worst of evils is spoken.

Yet worse than worst, I say thou art a thief. A thief?
Now God forbid. A thief, and of worst thieves the chief:
Thieves steal for need, and steal but goods, which pain recovers,

But thou rich in all joys, dost rob my joys from me,
Which cannot be restor'd by time nor industry:
Of foes the spoil is evil, far worse of constant lovers.

Yet gentle English thieves do rob, but will not slay;
Thou English murd'ring thief, wilt have hearts for thy prey:
The name of murd'rer now on thy fair forehead sitteth:
And ev'n while I do speak, my death wounds bleeding be,
Which (I protest) proceed from only cruel thee:
Who may and will not save, murder in truth committeth.

But murder, private fault, seems but a toy to thee.
I lay then to thy charge unjustest tyranny,
If rule by force without all claim a tyrant showeth;
For thou dost lord my heart, who am not born thy slave,
And, which is worse, makes me, most guiltless, torments have;
A rightful prince by unright deeds a tyrant groweth.

Lo, you grow proud with this, for tyrants make folk bow:
Of foul rebellion then I do appeach thee now;
Rebel by Nature's law, rebel by law of reason,
Thou, sweetest subject, wert born in the realm of Love,
And yet against thy prince thy force dost daily prove:
No virtue merits praise, once touch'd with blot of treason.

But valiant rebels oft in fools' mouths purchase fame:
I now then stain thy white with vagabonding shame,
Both rebel to the son, and vagrant from the mother;
For wearing Venus' badge in every part of thee,
Unot Diana's train thou runaway didst flee:
Who faileth one, if false, though trusty to another.

What, is not this enough? Nay, far worse cometh here;
A witch I say thou art, though thou so fair appear;
For I protest, my sight ne'er thy face enjoyeth,
But I in me am chang'd, I am alive and dead:
My feet are turn'd to roots; my heart becometh lead;
No witchcraft is so evil, as which man's mind destroyeth.

Yet witches may repent, thou art far worse than they.
Alas, that I am forc'd such evil of thee to say,
I say thou art a devil, though cloth'd in angel's shining:
For thy face tempts my soul to leave the heav'n for thee,
And thy words of refuse, do pour ev'n hell on me:
Who tempt, and tempted plague, are devils in true defining.

You then, ungrateful thief, you murd'ring tyrant you,
You rebel runaway, to lord and lady untrue,
You witch, you devil (alas) you still of me belov'd,
You see what I can say; mend yet your froward mind,
And such skill in my Muse you reconcil'd shall find,
That all these cruel words your praises shall be prov'd.

[All notes in this document adapted from Oxford World's Classics, Sir Philip Sidney
The Major Works,
notes for Fifth Song: line 46, "rich in all joys" a reference to Stella's real life married
name (Rich).]

Sonnet .98

Ah bed, the field where joy's peace some do see,
The field where all my thoughts to war be trained,
How is thy grace by my strange fortune stained!
How thy lee shores by my sighs stormed be!
With sweet soft shades thou oft invitest me
To steal some rest; but, wretch, I am constrained
(Spurr'd with love's spur, though galled and shortly reined
With care's hard hand) to turn and toss in thee,
While the black horrors of the silent night
Paint woe's black face so lively to my sight,
That tedious leisure marks each wrinkled line.
But when Aurora leads out Phoebus' dance,
Mine eyes then only wink, for spite perchance,
That worms should have their sun, and I want mine.

[note for Sonnet 98. line 4, "lee shores", shores where the wind is headed out to sea. line 11, "when Aurora leads out Phoebus' dance", when Aurora leads out the dawn. line 13, "wink" close.]

Sonnet .100

O tears, no tears, but rain from beauty's skies,
Making those lilies and those roses grow,
Which eye most fair, now more than most fair show,
While graceful pity beauty beautifies:
O honeyed sighs, which from that breast do rise,
Whose pants do make unspilling cream to flow,
Winged with whose breath, so pleasing zephyrs blow,
As can refresh the hell where my soul fries:
O plaints, conserved in such a sugared phrase
That eloquence itself envies your praise,
While sobbed-out words a perfect music give:
Such tears, sighs, plaints, no sorrow is but joy;
Or if such heavenly signs must prove annoy,
All mirth farewell, let me in sorrow live.