**John Milton, Sonnet VII, “On His Being Arrived to the Age of Twenty-three”**

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,   
Stolen on his wing my three and twentieth year!   
My hasting days fly on with full career,  
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.  
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,  
That I to manhood am arrived so near,  
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,  
That some more timely-happy spirits indu'th.  
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,  
It shall be still in strictest measure even  
To that same lot, however mean or high,  
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven.  
All is, if I have grace to use it so,  
As ever in my great Task-master's eye.

**William Shakespeare, Sonnet CXVI**

Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments. Love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove.  
  
O no, it is an ever fixed mark  
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;  
It is the star to every wand'ring barque,  
Whose worth's unknown although his height be taken.  
  
Love's not time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks  
Within his bending sickle's compass come;  
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.  
  
If this be error and upon me proved,  
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

**Thomas Wyatt, “Innocentia Veritas Viat Fides Circumdederunt me inimici mei”**

Who list his wealth and ease retain,  
Himself let him unknown contain.  
Press not too fast in at that gate  
Where the return stands by disdain,  
For sure, *circa Regna tonat.*

The high mountains are blasted oft  
When the low valley is mild and soft.  
Fortune with Health stands at debate;  
The fall is grievous from aloft,  
And sure, *circa Regna tonat.*

These bloody days have broken my heart.  
My lust, my youth did them depart,  
And blind desire of estate.  
Who hastes to climb seeks to revert.  
Of truth, *circa Regna tonat.*

The Bell Tower showed me such sight  
That in my head sticks day and night.  
There did I lean out of a grate,  
For all favour, glory, or might,  
That yet *circa Regna tonat.*

By proof, I say, there did I learn:  
Wit helpeth not defence too yern [eager],  
Of innocency to plead or prate.  
Bear low, therefore, give God the stern,  
For sure, circa *Regna tonat.*

**Thomas Wyatt, “My Lute Awake”**

My lute awake! perform the last  
Labour that thou and I shall waste,  
And end that I have now begun;  
For when this song is sung and past,  
My lute be still, for I have done.

As to be heard where ear is none,  
As lead to grave in marble stone,  
My song may pierce her heart as soon;  
Should we then sigh or sing or moan?  
No, no, my lute, for I have done.

The rocks do not so cruelly  
Repulse the waves continually,  
As she my suit and affection;  
So that I am past remedy,  
Whereby my lute and I have done.

Proud of the spoil that thou hast got  
Of simple hearts thorough Love's shot,  
By whom, unkind, thou hast them won,  
Think not he hath his bow forgot,  
Although my lute and I have done.

Vengeance shall fall on thy disdain  
That makest but game on earnest pain.  
Think not alone under the sun  
Unquit to cause thy lovers plain,  
Although my lute and I have done.

Perchance thee lie wethered and old  
The winter nights that are so cold,  
Plaining in vain unto the moon;  
Thy wishes then dare not be told;  
Care then who list, for I have done.

And then may chance thee to repent  
The time that thou hast lost and spent  
To cause thy lovers sigh and swoon;  
Then shalt thou know beauty but lent,  
And wish and want as I have done.

Now cease, my lute; this is the last  
Labour that thou and I shall waste,  
And ended is that we begun.  
Now is this song both sung and past:  
My lute be still, for I have done.

**Edmund Spenser, Sonnet LXXV, *Amoretti***

One day I wrote her name upon the strand,  
But came the waves and washed it away:  
Again I wrote it with a second hand,  
But came the tide, and made my pains his prey.

“Vain man,” said she, “that dost in vain assay,  
A mortal thing so to immortalize;  
For I myself shall like to this decay,  
And eke my name be wiped out likewise.”

“Not so,” (quod I) “let baser things devise  
To die in dust, but you shall live by fame:  
My verse your vertues rare shall eternize,  
And in the heavens write your glorious name:

Where whenas death shall all the world subdue,  
Our love shall live, and later life renew.”

**William Shakespeare, Sonnet XVIII**

Shall I compare thee to a summer’s day?  
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:  
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
And summer’s lease hath all too short a date;

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
And often is his gold complexion dimm’d;  
And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
By chance or nature’s changing course untrimm’d;

But thy eternal summer shall not fade,  
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow’st;  
Nor shall death brag thou wander’st in his shade,  
When in eternal lines to time thou grow’st:

So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,  
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

**Philip Sidney, *Astrophel and Stella***

**XXX**

Whether the Turkish new moone minded be  
To fill her hornes this yeere on Christian coast;  
How *Poles* right king means without leaue of host  
To warm with ill-made fire cold *Muscouy;*

If French can yet three parts in one agree:  
What now the Dutch in their full diets boast;  
How *Holland* hearts, now so good townes be lost,  
Trust in the shade of pleasant Orange-tree;

How Vlster likes of that same golden bit  
Wherewith my father once made it half tame;  
If in the Scotch Court be no weltring yet;  
These questions busy wits to me do frame:

I, cumbred with good manners, answer doe,  
But know not how; for still I thinke of you.

**XXXI**

With how sad steps, O Moone, thou climbst the skies!  
How silently, and with how wanne a face!  
What, may it be that euen in heau'nly place  
That busie archer his sharpe arrowes tries?

Sure, if that long-with-loue-acquainted eyes  
Can iudge of loue, thou feel'st a louers case,  
I reade it in thy lookes: thy languist grace,  
To me that feele the like, thy state discries.

Then, eu'n of fellowship, O Moone, tell me,  
Is constant loue deem'd there but want of wit?  
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?  
Do they aboue loue to be lou'd, and yet

Those louers scorn whom that loue doth possesse?  
Do they call vertue there vngratefulnesse?

**John Donne, Holy Sonnet X**

Death, be not proud, though some have called thee  
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;  
For those whom thou think’st thou dost overthrow  
Die not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou kill me.  
From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,  
Much pleasure; then from thee much more must flow,  
And soonest our best men with thee do go,  
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.  
Thou art slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,  
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,  
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well  
And better than thy stroke; why swell’st thou then?  
One short sleep past, we wake eternally  
And death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt die.