Classic Poetry Series

Sidney Godolphin

- 4 poems -

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Cloris, it is not thy disdaine

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Can ever cover with dispaire
Or in cold ashes hide that care
Which I have fedd with soe long paine,
I may perhaps myne eyes refraine 5
And fruiteless wordes noe more impart,
But yet still serve, still serve thee in my hearte.

What though I spend my haplesse dayes
In finding entertainements out,
Carelesse of what I goe about, 10
Or seeke my peace in skillfull wayes
Applying to my Eyes new rays
Of Beauty, and another flame
Unto my Heart, my heart is still the same.

Tis true that I could love noe face 15
Inhabited by cold disdayne,
Taking delight in others paine.
Thy lookes are full of native grace;
Since then by chance scorne there hath place,
Tis to be hop't I may remove 20
This scorne one day, one day by Endless Love.

Sidney Godolphin

Hymn

Lord when the wise men came from farr,
Led to thy Cradle by a Starr,
Then did the shepherds too rejoyce,
Instructed by thy Angells voyce:
Blest were the wisemen in their skill,
And shepherds in their harmlesse will.

Wisemen in tracing Natures lawes
Ascend unto the highest cause,
Shepheards with humble fearfulnesse
Walke safely, though their light be lesse:
Though wisemen better know the way
It seems noe honest heart can stray.

Ther is noe merrit in the wise
But love, (the shepheard sacrifice).
Wisemen all wayes of knowledge past,
To th'shepheards wonder come at last:
To know, can only wonder breede,
And not to know, is wonders seede.

A wiseman at the Altar bowes
And offers up his studied vowes
And is received; may not the teares,
Which spring too from a shepheards feares,
And sighs upon his fraylty spent,
Though not distinct, be eloquent?

'Tis true, the object sanctifies
All passions which within us rise,
But since noe creature comprehends
The cause of causes, end of ends,
Hee who himselfe vouchsafes to know
Best pleases his creator soe.

When then our sorrowes wee applye
To our owne wantes and poverty,
When wee looke up in all distresse
And our owne misery confesse,
Sending both thankes and prayers above,
Then though wee doe not know, we love.

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Noe more unto my thoughts appeare

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Att least appeare lesse fayre,
For crazy tempers justly feare
The goodnesse of the ayre;

Whilst your pure Image hath a place 5
In my impurer Mynde,
Your very shaddow is the glasse
Where my defects I finde.

Shall I not fly that brighter light
Which makes my fyres looke pale, 10
And put that vertue out of sight
Which makes myne none att all?

No, no, your picture doeth impart
Such valew I not wish
The native worth to any heart 15
That 's unadorn'd with this.

Though poorer in desert I make
My selfe whilst I admyre,
The fuell which from hope I take
I give to my desire. 20

If this flame lighted from your Eyes
The subject doe calcine,
A Heart may bee your sacrifice
Too weake to bee your shrine.

Sidney Godolphin