

Classic Poetry Series

Samuel Daniel
- poems -

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Samuel Daniel(1562 - 1620)

An English poet and historian, was the son of a music-master, and was born near Taunton, in Somersetshire, in 1562. Another son, John Daniel, was a musician, who held some offices at court, and was the author of *Songs for the Lute, Viol and Voice* (1606).

In 1579 Samuel was admitted a commoner of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, where he remained for about three years, and then gave himself up to the unrestrained study of poetry and philosophy. The name of Samuel Daniel is given as the servant of Lord Stafford, ambassador in France, in 1586, and probably refers to the poet. He was first encouraged and, if we may believe him, taught in verse, by the famous countess of Pembroke, whose honour he was never weary of proclaiming. He had entered her household as tutor to her son, William Herbert.

His first known work, a translation of Paulus Jovius, to which some original matter is appended, was printed in 1585. His first known volume of verse is dated 1592; it contains the cycle of sonnets to Delia and the romance called *The Complaint of Rosamond*. Twenty-seven of the sonnets had already been printed at the end of Sir Philip Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella* without the author's consent.

Several editions of *Delia* appeared in 1592, and they were very frequently reprinted during Daniel's lifetime. We learn by internal evidence that *Delia* lived on the banks of Shakespeare's river, the Avon, and that the sonnets to her were inspired by her memory when the poet was in Italy. To an edition of *Delia and Rosamond*, in 1594, was added the tragedy of *Cleopatra*, a severe study in the manner of the ancients, in alternately rhyming heroic verse, diversified by stiff choral interludes. *The First Four Books of the Civil Wars*, an historical poem in ottava rima, appeared in 1595. The bibliography of Daniel's works is attended with great difficulty, but as far as is known it was not until 1599 that there was published a volume entitled *Poetical Essays*, which contained, besides the "*Civil Wars*," "*Musophilus*," and "*A letter from Octavia to Marcus Antonius*," poems in Daniel's finest and most mature manner.

About this time he became tutor to Anne Clifford, daughter of the countess of Cumberland,. On the death of Spenser, in the same year, Daniel received the somewhat vague office of poet-laureate, which he seems, however to have shortly resigned in favour of Ben Jonson. Whether it was on this occasion is not known, but about this time, and at the recommendation of his brother-in-law, Giovanni Florio, he was taken into favour at court, and wrote a Panegyric Congratulatorie offered to the King at Burleigh Harrington in Rutlandshire, in ottava rima. In 1603 this poem was published, and in many cases copies

contained in addition his Poetical Epistles to his patrons and an elegant prose essay called *A Defence of Rime* (originally printed in 1602) in answer to Thomas Campion's *Observations on the Art of English Poesie*, in which it was contended that rhyme was unsuited to the genius of the English language.

In 1603, moreover, Daniel was appointed master of the queen's revels. In this capacity he brought out a series of masques and pastoral tragi-comedies,—of which were printed *A Vision of the Twelve Goddesses*, in 1604; *The Queen's Arcadia*, an adaptation of Guarini's *Pastor Fido*, in 1606; *Tethys Festival or the Queenes Wake*, written on the occasion of Prince Henry's becoming a Knight of the Bath, in 1610; and *Hymen's Triumph*, in honour of Lord Roxburgh's marriage in 1615. Meanwhile had appeared, in 1605, *Certain Small Poems*, with the tragedy of *Philotas*; the latter was a study, in the same style as *Cleopatra*, written some five years earlier. This drama brought its author into difficulties, as *Philotas*, with whom he expressed some sympathy, was taken to represent Essex.

In 1607, under the title of *Certaine small 14"orkes heretofore divulged by Samuel Daniel*, the poet issued a revised version of all his works except *Delia* and the *Civil Wars*. In 1609 the *Civil Wars* had been completed in eight books. In 1612 Daniel published a prose *History of England*, from the earliest times down to the end of the reign of Edward III. This work afterwards continued, and published in 1617, was very popular with Drayton's contemporaries. The section dealing with William the Conqueror was published in 1692 as being the work of Sir Walter Raleigh, apparently without sufficient grounds.

Daniel was made a gentleman-extraordinary and groom of the chamber to Queen Anne, sinecure offices which offered no hindrance to an active literary career. He was now acknowledged as one of the first writers of the time. Shakespeare, Selden and Chapman are named among the few intimates who were permitted to intrude upon the seclusion of a garden-house in Old Street, St Luke's, where, Fuller tells us, he would "lie hid for some months together, the more retiredly to enjoy the company of the Muses, and then would appear in public to converse with his friends." Late in life Daniel threw up his titular posts at court and retired to a farm called "The Ridge," which he rented at Beckington, near Devizes in, Wiltshire. Here he died on the 14th of October 1619.

The poetical writings of Daniel are very numerous, but in spite of the eulogies of all the best critics, they were long neglected. This is the more singular since, during the 18th century, when so little Elizabethan literature was read, Daniel retained his poetical prestige. In later times Coleridge, Charles Lamb and others expended some of their most genial criticisms on this poet. Of his multifarious works the sonnets are now, perhaps, most read. They depart from the Italian

sonnet form in closing with a couplet, as is the case with most of the sonnets of Surrey and Wyatt, but they have a grace and tenderness all their own. Of a higher order is *The Complaint of Rosainond*, a soliloquy in which the ghost of the murdered woman appears and bewails her fate in stanzas of exquisite pathos. Among the Epistles to Distinguished Persons will be found some of Daniel's noblest stanzas and most polished verse. The epistle to Lucy, countess of Bedford, is remarkable among those as being composed in genuine terza rima, till then not used in English. Daniel was particularly fond of a four-lined stanza of solemn alternately rhyming iambics, a form of verse distinctly misplaced in his dramas. These, inspired it would seem by like attempts of the countess of Pembroke's, are hard and frigid; his pastorals are far more pleasing; and *Hymen's Triumph* is perhaps the best of all his dramatic writing. An extract from this masque is given in Lamb's *Dramatic Poets*, and it was highly praised by Coleridge. In elegiac verse he always excelled, but most of all in his touching address *To the Angel Spirit of the Most Excellent Sir Philip Sidney*. We must not neglect to quote *Musophilus* among the most characteristic writings of Daniel. It is a dialogue between a courtier and a man of letters, and is a general defence of learning, and in particular of poetic learning as an instrument in the education of the perfect courtier or man of action. It is addressed to Fulke Greville, and written, with much sententious melody, in a sort of terza rima, or, more properly, ottava rima with the couplet omitted.

Daniel was a great reformer in verse, and the introducer of several valuable novelties. It may be broadly said of his style that it is full, easy and stately, without being very animated or splendid. It attains a high average of general excellence, and is content with level flights. As a gnomic writer Daniel approaches Chapman, but is far more musical and coherent. He is wanting in fire and passion, but he is preeminent in scholarly grace and tender, mournful reverie.

Are They Shadows That We See?

Are they shadows that we see?

And can shadows pleasure give?

Pleasures only shadows be

Cast by bodies we conceive,

And are made the things we deem,

In those figures which they seem.

But these pleasures vanish fast,

Which by shadows are exprest:

Pleasures are not, if they last,

In their passing, is their best.

Glory is most bright and gay

In a flash, and so away.

Feed apace then greedy eyes

On the wonder you behold.

Take it sudden as it flies

Though you yake it not to hold:

When your eyes have done their part,

Thought must length it in the heart.

Samuel Daniel

Glory doth follow, courage goes before;
And though th' event oft answers not the same--
Suffice that high attempts have never shame.
The mean observer, whom base safety keeps,
Lives without honour, dies without a name,
And in eternal darkness ever sleeps.--
 And therefore, Delia, 'tis to me no blot
 To have attempted, tho' attain'd thee not.

IV

When men shall find thy flow'r, thy glory, pass,
And thou with careful brow, sitting alone,
Received hast this message from thy glass,
That tells the truth and says that All is gone;
Fresh shalt thou see in me the wounds thou mad'st,
Though spent thy flame, in me the heat remaining:
I that have loved thee thus before thou fad'st--
My faith shall wax, when thou art in thy waning.
The world shall find this miracle in me,
That fire can burn when all the matter 's spent:
Then what my faith hath been thyself shalt see,
And that thou wast unkind thou may'st repent.--
 Thou may'st repent that thou hast scorn'd my tears,
 When Winter snows upon thy sable hairs.

V

Beauty, sweet Love, is like the morning dew,
Whose short refresh upon the tender green
Cheers for a time, but till the sun doth show,
And straight 'tis gone as it had never been.
Soon doth it fade that makes the fairest flourish,
Short is the glory of the blushing rose;
The hue which thou so carefully dost nourish,
Yet which at length thou must be forced to lose.
When thou, surcharged with burthen of thy years,
Shalt bend thy wrinkles homeward to the earth;
And that, in Beauty's Lease expired, appears
The Date of Age, the Calends of our Death--
 But ah, no more!--this must not be foretold,
 For women grieve to think they must be old.

VI

I must not grieve my Love, whose eyes would read
Lines of delight, whereon her youth might smile;
Flowers have time before they come to seed,
And she is young, and now must sport the while.
And sport, Sweet Maid, in season of these years,
And learn to gather flowers before they wither;
And where the sweetest blossom first appears,
Let Love and Youth conduct thy pleasures thither.
Lighten forth smiles to clear the clouded air,
And calm the tempest which my sighs do raise;
Pity and smiles do best become the fair;
Pity and smiles must only yield thee praise.
 Make me to say when all my griefs are gone,
 Happy the heart that sighed for such a one!

VII

Let others sing of Knights and Paladines
In aged accents and untimely words,
Paint shadows in imaginary lines,
Which well the reach of their high wit records:
But I must sing of thee, and those fair eyes
Authentic shall my verse in time to come;
When yet th' unborn shall say, Lo, where she lies!
Whose beauty made him speak, that else was dumb!
These are the arcs, the trophies I erect,
That fortify thy name against old age;
And these thy sacred virtues must protect
Against the Dark, and Time's consuming rage.
 Though th' error of my youth in them appear,
 Suffice, they show I lived, and loved thee dear.

Samuel Daniel

Delia Vi: Fair Is My Love, And Cruel As She's Fair

VI

Fair is my love, and cruel as she's fair:
Her brow shades frowns although her eyes are sunny,
Her smiles are lightning though her pride despair,
And her disdains are gall, her favours honey;
A modest maid, deck'd with a blush of honour,
Whose feet do tread green paths of youth and love,
The wonder of all eyes that look upon her:
Sacred on earth, design'd a saint above.
Chastity and beauty, which were deadly foes,
Live reconciled friends within her brow;
And had she pity to conjoin with those,
Then who had heard the plaints I utter now?
For had she not been fair and thus unkind,
My muse had slept, and none had known my mind.

Samuel Daniel

Delia Xlv: Care-Charmer Sleep, Son Of The Sable Night

XLV

Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night,
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born:
Relieve my languish, and restore the light,
With dark forgetting of my cares, return;
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-adventur'd youth:
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
Without the torment of the night's untruth.
Cease dreams, th' imagery of our day-desires,
To model forth the passions of the morrow;
Never let rising sun approve you liars,
To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow.
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain;
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

Samuel Daniel

Delia XLVI: Let Others Sing Of Knights And Paladines

XLVI

Let others sing of knights and paladines
In aged accents and untimely words;
Paint shadows in imaginary lines
Which well the reach of their high wits records:
But I must sing of thee, and those fair eyes
Authentic shall my verse in time to come,
When yet th' unborn shall say, "Lo where she lies
Whose beauty made him speak that else was dumb."
These are the arks, the trophies I erect,
That fortify thy name against old age;
And these thy sacred virtues must protect
Against the dark, and time's consuming rage.
Though th' error of my youth they shall discover,
Suffice they show I liv'd and was thy lover.

Samuel Daniel

Delia Xxxiii: When Men Shall Find Thy Flower, Thy Glory, Pa

XXXIII

When men shall find thy flower, thy glory, pass,
And thou with careful brow sitting alone
Received hast this message from thy glass,
That tells thee truth and says that all is gone:
Fresh shalt thou see in me the wounds thou madest,
Though spent thy flame, in me the heat remaining;
I that have lov'd thee thus before thou fadest,
My faith shall wax when thou art in thy waning.
The world shall find this miracle in me,
That fire can burn when all the matter's spent;
Then what my faith hath been thyself shall see,
And that thou wast unkind thou mayst repent.
Thou mayst repent that thou hast scorn'd my tears,
When winter snows upon thy golden hairs.

Samuel Daniel

Delia: Xxxi (1592 Version): Look, Delia, How We 'steem The

XXXI (

version)

Look, Delia, how we 'steem the half-blown rose,
The image of thy blush and summer's honour,
Whilst in her tender green she doth enclose
That pure sweet beauty time bestows upon her.
No sooner spreads her glory in the air
But straight her full-blown pride is in declining;
She then is scorn'd that late adorn'd the fair:
So clouds thy beauty after fairest shining.
No April can revive thy wither'd flowers,
Whose blooming grace adorns thy beauty now;
Swift speedy time, feather'd with flying hours,
Dissolves the beauty of the fairest brow.
O let not then such riches waste in vain,
But love whilst that thou mayst be lov'd again.

Samuel Daniel

Love Is A Sickness

LOVE is a sickness full of woes,
 All remedies refusing;
A plant that with most cutting grows,
 Most barren with best using.
 Why so?

More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries--
 Heigh ho!

Love is a torment of the mind,
 A tempest everlasting;
And Jove hath made it of a kind
 Not well, nor full nor fasting.
 Why so?

More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries--
 Heigh ho!

Samuel Daniel

Musophilus Containing A General Defence Of All Learning (Ex

Power above powers, O heavenly eloquence,
That with the strong rein of commanding words
Dost manage, guide, and master th' eminence
Of men's affections more than all their swords:
Shall we not offer to thy excellence
The richest treasure that our wit affords?
Thou that canst do much more with one poor pen
Than all the powers of princes can effect,
And draw, divert, dispose, and fashion men
Better than force or rigour can direct:
Should we this ornament of glory then,
As th' unmaterial fruits of shades, neglect?
Or should we, careless, come behind the rest
In power of words, that go before in worth?
Whenas our accents, equal to the best,
Is able greater wonders to bring forth;
When all that ever hotter spirits express'd,
Comes better'd by the patience of the north.
And who in time knows whither we may vent
The treasure of our tongue, to what strange shores
This gain of our best glory shall be sent
T' enrich unknowing nations with our stores?
What worlds in th' yet unformed occident
May come refin'd with th' accents that are ours?
Or who can tell for what great work in hand
The greatness of our style is now ordain'd?
What powers it shall bring in, what spirits command,
What thoughts let out, what humours keep restrain'd,
What mischief it may powerfully withstand,
And what fair ends may thereby be attain'd?

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet I: Unto The Boundless Ocean

Unto the boundless Ocean of thy beauty
Runs this poor river, charg'd with streams of zeal:
Returning thee the tribute of my duty,
Which here my love, my youth, my plaints reveal.
Here I unclasp the book of my charg'd soul,
Where I have cast th'accounts of all my care:
Here have I summ'd my sighs, here I enroll
How they were spent for thee; look what they are.
Look on the dear expences of my youth,
And see how just I reckon with thine eyes:
Examine well thy beauty in my truth,
And cross my cares ere greater sums arise.
Read it, sweet maid, though it be done but slightly;
Who can show all his love, doth love but lightly.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet II: Go, Wailing Verse

Go, wailing verse, the infants of my love,
Minerva-like, brought forth without a Mother:
Present the image of the cares I prove;
Witness your Father's grief exceeds all other.
Sigh out a story of her cruel deeds,
With interrupted accents of despair:
A monument that whosoever reads
May justly praise, and blame my loveless Fair.
Say her disdain hath dried up my blood,
And starved you, in succours still denying;
Press to her eyes, importune me some good;
Waken her sleeping pity with your crying.
Knock at that hard heart, beg till you have mov'd her,
And tell th'unkind how dearly I have lov'd her.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet Iii: If So It Hap

If so it hap this offspring of my care,
These fatal Anthems, sad and mournful Songs,
Come to their view, who like afflicted are;
Let them yet sigh their own, and moan my wrongs.
But untouch'd hearts, with unaffected eye,
Approach not to behold so great distress:
Clear-sighted you, soon note what is awry,
Whilst blinded ones mine errors never guess.
You blinded souls whom youth and errors lead,
You outcast Eaglets, dazzled with your sun:
Ah you, and none but you my sorrows read;
You best can judge the wrongs that she hath done.
That she hath done, the motive of my pain,
Who, whilst I love, doth kill me with disdain.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet Iv: These Plaintive Verses

These plaintive verses, the Posts of my desire,
Which haste for succour to her slow regard:
Bear not report of any slender fire,
Forging a grief to win a fame's reward.
Nor are my passions limn'd for outward hue,
For that no colors can depaint my sorrows;
Delia herself and all the world may view
Best in my face, how cares hath till'd deep furrows.
No Bays I seek to deck my mourning brow,
O clear-eyed Rector of the holy Hill;
My humble accents crave the Olive bough,
Of her mild pity and relenting will.
These lines I use t'unburden mine own heart;
My love affects no fame nor 'steems of art.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet IX: If This Be Love

If this be love, to draw a weary breath,
Paint on floods, till the shore, cry to th'air,
With downward looks still reading on the earth,
The sad memorials of my love's despair.
If this be love, to war against my soul,
Lie down to wail, rise up to sigh and grieve me,
The never-resting stone of care to roll,
Still to complain my griefs, and none relieve me.
If this be love, to clothe me with dark thoughts,
Haunting untrodden paths to wail apart,
My pleasures horror, music tragic notes,
Tears in my eyes, and sorrow at my heart.
If this be love, to live a living death,
O then love I and draw this weary breath.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet L: Beauty, Sweet Love

Beauty, sweet love, is like the morning dew
Whose short refresh upon the tender green
Cheers for a time but till the Sun doth show,
And straight 'tis gone as it had never been.
Soon doth it fade that makes the fairest flourish;
Short is the glory of the blushing Rose,
The hue which thou so carefully dost nourish
Yet which at length thou must be forc'd to lose.
When thou surcharg'd with burden of thy years
Shalt bend thy wrinkles homeward to the earth,
When Time hath made a passport for thy fears,
Dated in age the Kalends of our death--
But, ah, no more: this hath been often told,
And women grieve to think they must be old.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet Li: I Must Not Grieve My Love

I must not grieve my Love, whose eyes would read
Lines of delight, whereon her youth might smile;
Flowers have a time before they come to seed,
And she is young and now must sport the while.
Ah, sport, sweet Maid, in season of these years,
And learn to gather flowers before they wither;
And where the sweetest blossoms first appears,
Let love and youth conduct thy pleasures thither.
Lighten forth smiles to clear the clouded air
And calm the tempest which my sighs do raise;
Pity and smiles do best become the fair;
Pity and smiles shall yield thee lasting praise.
I hope to say, when all my griefs are gone,
Happy the heart that sigh'd for such a one.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet Lii: O Whether

At the Author's Going into Italy

O whether (poor forsaken) wilt thou go,
To go from sorrow and thine own distress,
When every place presents the face of woe,
And no remove can make thy sorrow less?
Yet go (forsaken), leave these woods, these plains;
Leave her and all, and all for her that leaves
Thee and thy love forlorn, and both disdains,
And of both wrongful deems and ill conceives.
Seek out some place, and see if any place
Give give the least release unto thy grief,
Convey thee from the thought of thy disgrace,
Steal from thyself, and be thy cares own thief.
But yet what comfort shall I hereby gain?
Bearing the wound, I needs must feel the pain.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet Liii: Drawn

Drawn by th'attractive virtue of her eyes,
My touch'd heart turns it to that happy coast;
My joyful North, where all my fortune lies,
The level of my hopes desired most.
There where my Delia , fairer than the Sun,
Deckt with her youth whereon the world smileth,
Joys in that honor which her beauty won,
Th'eternal volume which her fame compileth.
Flourish, fair Albion, glory of the North,
Neptune's darling held between his arms,
Divided from the world as better worth,
Kept for himself, defended from all harms.
Still let disarmed peace deck her and thee,
And Muse-foe Mars abroad far foster'd be.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet Liv: Care-Charmer Sleep

Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night,
Brother to death, in silent darkness born,
Relieve my languish and restore the light,
With dark forgetting of my cares' return.
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwrack of my ill-adventur'd youth;
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn
Without the torment of the night's untruth.
Cease Dreams, th'imagery of our day desires,
To model forth the passions of the morrow;
Never let the rising Sun approve you liars,
To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow.
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet Lix: Unhappy Pen

Unhappy pen and ill-accepted papers,
That intimate in vain my chaste desires,
My chaste desires, the ever-burning tapers
Enkindled by her eyes' celestial fires.
Celestial fires and unrespecting powers,
That deign not view the glory of your might
In humble lines, the work of carefull hours,
The sacrifice I offer to her sight.
But sith she scorns her own, this rests for me;
I'll moan myself and hide the wrong I have,
And so content me that her frowns should be
To my'infant style the cradle and the grave.
What though myself no honor get thereby,
Each bird sings t'herself, and so will I.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet Lv: Let Others Sing

Let others sing of Knights and Paladins
In aged accents and untimely words,
Paint shadows in imaginary lines
Which well the reach of their high wits records;
But I must sing of thee and those fair eyes;
Authentic shall my verse in time to come,
When yet th'unborn shall say, "Lo, where she lies
Whose beauty made him speak that else was dumb."
These are the Arks, the Trophies I erect
That fortify thy name against old age,
And these thy sacred virtues must protect
Against the dark and Time's consuming rage.
Though th'error of my youth they shall discover,
Suffice they show I liv'd and was thy lover.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet Lvi: As To The Roman

As to the Roman that would free his land,
His error was his honor and renown
And more the fame of his mistaking hand
Than if he had the tyrant overthrown,
So, Delia, hath mine error made me known,
And deceiv'd attempt deserv'd more fame
Than if I had the victory mine own,
And thy hard heart had yielded up the same.
And so, likewise, renowned is thy blame,
Thy cruelty, thy glory; O strange case,
That errors should be grac'd that merit shame
And sin of frowns bring honor to thy face.
Yet happy, Delia, that thou wast unkind,
But happier yet, if thou wouldst change thy mind.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet Lvii: Like As The Lute

Like as the lute that joys or else dislikes
As in his art that plays upon the same,
So sounds my Muse according as she strikes
On my heart strings high tun'd unto her fame.
Her touch doth cause the warble of the sound
Which here I yield in lamentable wise,
A wailing descant on the sweetest ground,
Whose due reports give honor to her eyes.
Else harsh my style, untunable my Muse,
Hoarse sounds the voice that praiseth not her name;
If any pleasing relish here I use,
Then judge the world her beauty gives the same.
O happy ground that makes the music such,
And blessed hand that gives so sweet a touch.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet Lviii: None Other Fame

None other fame mine unambitious Muse
Affected ever but t'eternize thee;
All other honors do my hopes refuse,
Which meaner priz'd and momentary be.
For God forbid I should my papers blot
With mercenary lines, with servile pen,
Praising virtues in them that have them not,
Basely attending on the hopes of men.
No, no, my verse respects nor Thames nor theaters,
Nor seeks it to be known unto the great;
But Avon rich in fame, though poor in waters,
Shall have my song, where Delia hath her seat.
Avon shall be my Thames, and she my song;
I'll sound her name the river all along.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet Lx: Lo, Here The Impost

Lo, here the impost of a faith unfeigning
That love hath paid, and her disdain extorted,
Behold the message of my just complaining
That shows the world how much my grief imported.
These tributary plaints fraught with desire,
I send those eyes the cabinets of love;
The Paradise whereto my hopes aspire
From out this hell, which mine afflictions prove.
Wherein I thus do live cast down from mirth,
Pensive alone, none but despair about me;
My joys abortive, perish'd at their birth,
My cares long liv'd and will not die without me.
This is my state, and Delia's heart is such;
I say no more; I fear I said too much.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet V: Whilst Youth And Error

Whilst youth and error led my wand'ring mind
And set my thoughts in heedless ways to range,
All unawares a goddess chaste I find,
Diana-like, to work my sudden change.
For her no sooner had my view bewray'd,
But with disdain to see me in that place;
With fairest hand, the sweet unkindest maid
Casts water-cold disdain upon my face.
Which turn'd my sport into a hart's despair,
Which still is chas'd, whilst I have any breath,
By mine own thoughts; set on me by my fair,
My thoughts like hounds, pursue me to my death.
Those that I foster'd of mine own accord,
Are made by her to murder thus their lord.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet Vi: Fair Is My Love

Fair is my love, and cruel as she's fair;
Her brow shades frowns, although her eyes are sunny;
Her smiles are lightning, though her pride despair;
And her disdains are gall, her favors honey.
A modest maid, deck'd with a blush of honor,
Whose feet do tread green paths of youth and love,
The wonder of all eyes that look upon her,
Sacred on earth, design'd a saint above.
Chastity and Beauty, which are deadly foes,
Live reconciled friends within her brow;
And had she pity to conjoin with those,
Then who had heard the plaints I utter now?
O had she not been fair and thus unkind,
My Muse had slept, and none had known my mind.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet VII: O Had She Not Been Fair

O had she not been fair and thus unkind,
Then had no finger pointed at my lightness;
The world had never known what I do find,
And clouds obscure had shaded still her brightness.
Then had no censor's eye these lines survey'd,
Nor graver brows have judg'd my Muse so vain;
No sun my blush and error had bewray'd,
Nor yet the world had heard of such disdain.
Then had I walk'd with bold erected face;
No downcast look had signified my miss;
But my degraded hopes, with such disgrace
Did force me groan out griefs and utter this.
For, being full, should not I then have spoken,
My sense oppress'd had fail'd, and heart had broken.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet VIII: Thou Poor Heart

Thou poor heart sacrific'd unto the fairest,
Hast sent the incense of thy sighs to heav'n;
And still against her frowns fresh vows repairest,
And made thy passions with her beauty ev'n.
And you mine eyes, the agents of my heart,
Told the dumb message of my hidden grief,
And oft with careful turns, with silent art,
Did treat the cruel Fair to yield relief.
And you my verse, the advocates of love,
Have follow'd hard the process of my case,
And urg'd that title which doth plainly prove
My faith should win, if justice might have place.
Yet though I see that nought we do can move her,
'Tis not disdain must make me leave to love her.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet X: O Then I Love

O then I love and draw this weary breath,
For her the cruel Fair, within whose brow
I written find the sentence of my death
In unkind letters, wrought she cares not how.
O thou that rul'st the confines of the night,
Laughter-loving Goddess, worldly pleasures' Queen,
Intenerate that heart that sets so light
The truest love that ever yet was seen.
And cause her leave to triumph in this wise
Upon the prostrate spoil of that poor heart
That serves a trophy to her conquering eyes
And music their glory to the world impart.
Once let her know, sh'hath done enough to prove me,
And let her pity if she cannot love me.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet Xi: Tears, Vows, And Prayers

Tears, vows, and prayers win the hardest heart:
Tears, vows, and prayers have I spent in vain;
Tears cannot soften flint, nor vows convert;
Prayers prevail not with a quaint disdain.
I lose my tears where I have lost my love;
I vow my faith where faith is not regarded;
I pray in vain a merciless to move;
So rare a faith ought better be rewarded.
Yet though I cannot win her will with tears,
Though my soul's idol scorneth all my vows,
Though all my prayers be to so deaf ears,
No favor though the cruel Fair allows.
Yet will I weep, vow, pray to cruel she;
Flint, frost, disdain wears, melts, and yields we see.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet Xii: My Spotless Love

My spotless love hovers with white wings
About the temple of the proudest frame,
Where blaze those lights fairest of earthly things
Which clear our clouded world with brightest flame.
M'ambitious thoughts confined in her face
Affect no honor, but what she can give me;
My hopes do rest in limits of her grace;
I weigh no comfort unless she relieve me.
For she that can my heart imparadize
Holds in her fairest hand what dearest is:
My Fortune's wheel, the circle of her eyes,
Whose rolling grace deign once a turn of bliss.
All my life's sweet consists in her alone,
So much I love the most unloving one.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet Xiii: Behold What Hap

Behold what hap Pygmalion had to frame
And carve his proper grief upon a stone;
My heavy fortune is much like the same:
I work on flint, and that's the cause I moan.
For hapless, lo, ev'n with mine own desires,
I figur'd on the table of my heart
The fairest form, the world's eye admires,
And so did perish by my proper art.
And still I toil, to change the marble breast
Of her, whose sweetest grace I do adore,
Yet cannot find her breath unto my rest:
Hard is her heart, and woe is me, therefore.
O happy he that joy'd his stone and art,
Unhappy I to love a stony heart.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet Xiv: Those Amber Locks

Those amber locks are those same nets, my dear,
Wherewith my liberty thou didst surprise;
Love was the flame that fired me so near;
The dart transpiercing were those crystal eyes.
Stong is the net, and fervent is the flame;
Deep is the wound, my sighs do well report;
Yet do I love, adore, and praise the same,
That holds, that burns, that wounds me in this sort.
And list not seek to break, to quench, to heal,
The bond, the flame, the wound which fest'reth so;
By knife, by liquor, or by salve to deal;
So much I please to perish in my woe.
Yet lest long travails be above my strength,
Good Delia loose, quench, heal me now at length.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet Xix: Restore Thy Tresses

Restore thy tresses to the golden ore,
Yield Citherea's son those arcs of love,
Bequeath the heav'ns the stars that I adore,
And to th'Orient do thy pearls remove.
Yield thy hands' pride unto th'ivory white,
T'Arabian odors give thy breathing sweet,
Restore thy blush unto Aurora bright,
To Thetis give the honor of thy feet.
Let Venus have thy graces, her resign'd,
And thy sweet voice give back unto the Spheres,
But yet restore thy fierce and cruel mind
To Hyrcan tigers and to ruthless bears.
Yield to the marble thy hard heart again;
So shalt thou cease to plague, and I to pain.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet XI: But Love

But love whilst that thou mayst be lov'd again,
Now whilst thy May hath fill'd thy lap with flowers;
Now, whilst thy beauty bears without a stain,
Now use thy Summer smiles ere Winter lours.
And whilst thou spread'st unto the rising sun,
The fairest flower that ever saw the light,
Now joy thy time before thy sweet be done;
And, Delia, think thy morning must have night,
And that thy brightness sets at length to west,
When thou wilt close up that which now thou showest,
And think the same becomes thy fading best
Which then shall hide it most and cover lowest.
Men do not weigh the stalk for that it was;
When once they find her flower, her glory pass.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet Xli: When Men Shall Find

When men shall find thy flower, thy glory pass,
And thou with carefull brow sitting alone,
Received hast this message from thy glass,
That tells thee truth, and says that all is gone,
Fresh shalt thou see in me the wounds thou madest;
Though spent thy flame, in me the heat remaining.
I that have lov'd thee thus before thou fadest,
My faith shall wax, when thou art in thy waning.
The world shall find this miracle in me,
That fire can burn, when all the matter's spent;
Then what my faith hath been thy self shalt see,
And that thou wast unkind thou mayst repent.
Thou mayst repent, that thou hast scorn'd my tears,
When Winter snows upon thy golden hairs.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet Xlii: When Winter Snows

When Winter snows upon thy golden hairs,
And frost of age hath nipt thy flowers near,
When dark shall seem thy day that never clears,
And all lies wither'd that was held so dear,
Then take this picture which I here present thee,
Limn'd with a pencil not all unworthy:
Here see the gifts that God and Nature lent thee;
Here read thy self, and what I suffer'd for thee.
This may remain thy lasting monument,
Which happily posterity may cherish;
These colors with thy fading are not spent;
These may remain, when thou and I shall perish.
If they remain, then thou shalt live thereby;
They will remain, and so thou canst not die.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet Xliii: Thou Canst Not Die

Thou canst not die whilst any zeal abound
In feeling hearts that can conceive these lines;
Though thou a Laura hast no Petrarch found,
In base attire, yet clearly Beauty shines.
And I, though born in a colder clime,
Do feel mine inward heat as great, I know it;
He never had more faith, although more rhyme;
I love as well, though he could better show it.
But I may add one feather to thy fame
To help her flight throughout the fairest isle,
And if my pen could more enlarge thy name,
Then shouldst thou live in an immortal style.
But though that Laura better limned be,
Suffice, thou shalt be lov'd as well as she.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet Xliv: O Be Not Griev'D

O be not griev'd that these my papers should
Betray unto the world how fair thou art,
Or that my wits have show'd the best they could
The chastest flame that ever warmed heart.
Think not, sweet Delia, this shall be thy shame,
My Muse should sound thy praise with mournful warble;
How many live, the glory of whose name
Shall rest in ice when thine is grav'd in marble?
Thou mayst in after ages live esteem'd,
Unburied in these lines reserv'd in pureness;
These shall entomb those eyes that have redeem'd
Me from the vulgar, thee from all obscureness.
Although my carefull accents ne'er mov'd thee,
Yet count it no disgrace that I have lov'd thee.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet Xlix: How Long

How long shall I in mine affliction mourn,
A burden to myself, distress'd in mind?
When shall my interdicted hopes return
From out despair wherein they live confin'd?
When shall her troubled brow charg'd with disdain
Reveal the treasure which her smiles impart?
When shall my faith the happiness attain
To break the ice that hath congeal'd her heart?
Unto herself, herself my love doth summon,
If love in her hath any power to move,
And let her tell me as she is a woman
Whether my faith hath not deserv'd her love.
I know she cannot but must needs confess it,
Yet deigns not with one simple sign t'express it.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet Xlv: Delia, These Eyes

Delia, these eyes that so admireth thine
Have seen those walls the which ambition rear'd
To check the world, how they entomb'd have lyen
Within themselves, and on them plows have ear'd.
Yet for all that no barbarous hand attain'd
The spoil of fame deserv'd by virtuous men,
Whose glorious actions luckily had gain'd
Th'eternal Annals of a happier pen.
Why then, though Delia fade, let that not move her,
Though Time do spoil her of the fairest veil
That ever yet mortality did cover,
Which shall enstar the needle and the trail.
That grace, that virtue all that serv'd t' enwoman
Doth her unto eternity assummon.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet XLvi: Fair And Lovely Maid

Fair and lovely maid, look from the shore,
See thy Leander striving in these waves,
Poor soul forespent, whose force can do no more:
Now send forth hopes, for now calm pity saves.
And waft him to thee with those lovely eyes,
A happy convoy to a holy land;
Now show thy power and where thy virtue lies;
To save thine own, stretch out the fairest hand.
Stretch out the fairest hand a pledge of peace,
That hand that darts so right and never misses;
I'll not revenge old wrongs; my wrath shall cease;
For that which gave me wounds, I'll give it kisses.
Once let the ocean of my cares find shore,
That thou be pleas'd, and I may sigh no more.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet Xlvii: Read In My Face

Read in my face a volume of despairs,
The wailing Iliads of my tragic woe,
Drawn with my blood and printed with my cares
Wrought by her hand, that I have honor'd so.
Who, whilst I burn, she sings at my soul's wrack,
Looking aloft from turret of her pride;
There my soul's tyrant joys her in the sack
Of her own seat, whereof I made her guide.
There do these smokes that from affliction rise,
Serve as an incense to a cruel Dame;
A sacrifice thrice grateful to her eyes,
Because their power serve to exact the same.
Thus ruins she, to satisfy her will,
The Temple where her name was honor'd still.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet Xlviii: My Cynthia

My Cynthia hath the waters of mine eyes
The ready handmaids on her grace attending
That never fall to ebb, nor ever dries,
For to their flow she never grants an ending.
Th'Ocean never did attend more dully
Upon his Sovereign's course, the night's pale Queen,
Nor paid the impost of his waves more truly,
Than mine to her in truth have ever been.
Yet nought the rock of that hard heart can move,
Where beat these tears with zeal, and fury driveth;
And yet I rather languish in her love
Than I would joy the fairest she that liveth.
I doubt to find such pleasure in my gaining
As now I taste in compass of complaining.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet Xv: If That A Loyal Heart

If that a loyal heart and faith unfeign'd,
If a sweet languish with a chaste desire,
If hunger-starven thought so long retain'd,
Fed but with smoke, and cherished but with fire,
And if a brow with care's characters painted
Bewrays my love, with broken words half spoken
To her that sits in my thought's temple sainted,
And lays to view my vulture-gnawn heart open,
If I have done due homage to her eyes,
And had my sighs still tending on her name,
If on her love my life and honor lies,
And she th'unkindest maid still scorns the same,
Let this suffice: the world yet may see
The fault is hers, though mine the hurt must be.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet Xvi: Happy In Sleep

Happy in sleep, waking content to languish,
Embracing clouds by night; in daytime, mourn;
All things I loath save her and mine own anguish,
Pleas'd in my hurt inured to live forlorn.
Nought do I crave but love, death, or my Lady,
Hoarse with crying mercy, mercy yet my merit;
So man vows and prayers e'er made I,
That now at length t'yield, mere pity were it.
But still the Hydra of my cares renewing,
Revives new sorrows of her fresh disdain;
Still must I go the summer winds pursuing,
Finding no end nor period of my paining.
Wail all my life, my griefs do touch so nearly,
And thus I live, because I love her dearly.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet XVII: Why Should I Sing In Verse

Why should I sing in verse, why should I frame
These sad neglected notes for her dear sake?
Why should I offer up onto her name
The sweetest sacrifice my youth can make?
Why should I strive to make her live for ever,
That never deigns to give me joy to live?
Why should m'afflicted Muse so much endeavor,
Such honor unto cruelty to give?
If her defects have purchas'd her this fame,
What should her virtues do, her smiles, her love?
If this her worst, how should her best enflame?
What passions would her milder favors move?
Favors (I think) would sense quite overcome,
And that makes happy Lovers ever dumb.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet XVIII: Since The First Look

Since the first look that led me to this error,
To this thought's-maze, to my confusion tending,
Still have I liv'd in grief, in hope, in terror,
The circle of my sorrows never ending.
Yet cannot leave her love that holds me hateful;
Her eyes exact it, though her heart disdains me;
See what reward he hath that serves th'ungrateful;
So true and loyal love no favors gains me.
Still must I whet my young desires abated,
Upon the flint of such a heart rebelling;
And all in vain, her pride is so innated,
She yields no place at all for pity's dwelling.
Oft have I told her that my soul did love her,
And that with tears, yet all this will not move her.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet Xx: What It Is To Breathe

What it is to breathe and live without life;
How to be pale with anguish, red with fear;
T'have peace abroad, and nought within but strife;
Wish to be present, and yet shun t'appear;
How to be bold far off, and bashful near;
How to think much, and have no words to speak;
To crave redress, yet hold affliction dear;
To have affection strong, a body weak;
Never to find, and evermore to seek;
And seek that which I dare not hope to find;
T'affect this life, and yet this life disleek;
Grateful t'another, to myself unkind:
This cruel knowledge of these contraries,
Delia, my heart hath learn'd out of those eyes.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet Xxi: If Beauty Thus Be Clouded

If Beauty thus be clouded with a frown,
That pity shines no comfort to my bliss,
And vapors of disdain so overfrown,
That my life's light thus wholly darken'd is,
Why should I more molest the world with cries,
The air with sighs, the earth below with tears?
Since I live hateful to those ruthless eyes,
Vexing with untun'd moan her dainty ears;
If I have lov'd her dearer than my breath,
My breath that calls the heav'ns to witness it,
And still must hold her dear till after death;
And if that all this cannot move a whit,
Yet let her say that she hath done me wrong,
To use me thus and know I lov'd so long.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet Xxii: Come Time

Come Time, the anchor-hold of my desire,
My last resort whereto my hopes appeal,
Cause once the date of her disdain t'expire;
Make her the sentence of her wrath repeal.
Rob her fair Brow, break in on Beauty, steal
Power from those eyes, which pity cannot spare;
Deal with those dainty cheeks as she doth deal
With this poor heart consumed with despair;
This heart made now the prospective of care,
By loving her, the cruelst Fair that lives,
The cruelst Fair that sees I pine for her,
And never mercy to my merit gives.
Let her not still triumph over the prize
Of mine affections taken by her eyes.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet Xxiii: Time, Cruel Time

Time, cruel Time, come and subdue that brow
Which conquers all but thee, and thee, too, stays
As if she were exempt from scythe or bow,
From love or years unsubject to decays.
Or art thou grown in league with those fair eyes
That they may help thee to consume our days?
Or dost thou spare her for her cruelties,
Being merciless like thee that no man weighs?
And yet thou seest thy power she disobeys,
Cares not for thee, but lets thee waste in vain,
And prodigal of hours and years betrays
Beauty and youth t'opinion and disdain.
Yet spare her, Time, let her exempted be,
She may become more kind to thee or me.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet Xxiv: These Sorrowing Sighs

These sorrowing sighs, the smokes of mine annoy;
These tears, which heat of sacred flame distills;
Are these due tributes that my faith doth pay
Unto the tyrant whose kindness kills.

I sacrifice my youth and blooming years
At her proud feet, and she respects it not;
My flower untimely's wither'd with my tears
And winter woes, for spring of youth unfit.
She thinks a look may recompence my care,
And so with looks prolongs my long-lookt ease;
As short that bliss, so is the comfort rare,
Yet must that bliss my hungry thoughts appease.
Thus she returns my hopes so fruitless ever;
Once let her love indeed, or eye me never.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet Xxix: Whilst By Her Eyes Pursu'D

Whilst by her eyes pursu'd, my poor heart flew it,
Into the sacred bosom of my dearest;
She there in that sweet sanctuary slew it,
Where it presum'd its safety to be nearest.
My priviledge of faith could not protect it,
That was with blood and three years' witness sign'd;
In all which time she never could suspect it,
For well she saw my love, and how I pin'd.
And yet no comfort would her brow reveal me,
No lightning look, which falling hopes erecteth.
What boots to laws of succour to appeal me?
Ladies and tyrants never laws respecteth.
Then there I die, where hop'd I to have liven,
And by that hand, which better might have given.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet Xxv: False Hope Prolongs

False hope prolongs my ever certain grief,
Trait'rous to me and faithful to my love;
A thousand times it promis'd me relief,
Yet never any true effect I prove.
Oft when I find in her no truth at all,
I banish her and blame her treachery;
Yet soon again I must her back recall,
As one that dies without her company.
Thus often as I chase my hope from me,
Straight way she hastes her unto Delia's eyes;
Fed with some pleasing look there shall she be,
And so sent back, and thus my fortune lies.
Looks feed my Hope, Hope fosters me in vain;
Hopes are unsure, when certain is my pain.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet Xxvi: Look In My Griefs

Look in my griefs, and blame me not to mourn,
From care to care that leads a life so bad;
Th'orphan of fortune, born to be her scorn,
Whose clouded brow doth make my days so sad.
Long are their nights whose cares do never sleep,
Loathsome their days whom no sun ever joy'd;
Her fairest eyes do penetrate so deep
That thus I live both day and night annoy'd.
But since the sweetest root doth yield thus much,
Her praise from my complaint I may not part;
I love th'effect for that the cause is such;
I'll praise her face and blame her flinty heart,
Whilst that we make the world admire at us,
Her for disdain, and me for longing thus.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet Xxvii: Oft And In Vain

Oft and in vain my rebel thoughts have ventur'd
To stop the passage of my vanquisht heart,
And shut those ways my friendly foe first enter'd,
Hoping thereby to free my better part.
And whilst I guard these windows of this fort
Where my heart's thief to vex me made her choice
And thither all my forces do transport,
Another passage opens at her voice.
Her voice betrays me to her hand and eye,
My freedom's tyrants conquering all by art;
But, ah, what glory can she get thereby,
With three such powers to plague one silly heart?
Yet my soul's sovereign, since I must resign,
Reign in my thoughts; my love and life are thine.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet Xxviii: Reign In My Thoughts

Reign in my thoughts, fair hand, sweet eye, rare voice:
Possess me whole, my heart's triumvirate;
Yet heavy heart to make so hard a choice,
Of such as spoil thy poor afflicted stated.
For whilst they strive which shall be Lord of all,
All my poor life by them is trodden down;
They all erect their Trophies on my fall,
And yield me nought that gives them their renown.
When back I look, I sigh my freedom past,
And wail the state wherein I present stand,
And see my fortune ever like to last,
Finding me reign'd with such a heavy hand.
What can I do by yield, and yield I do,
And serve all three, and yet they spoil me too.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet Xxx: Still In The Trace

Still in the trace of my tormented thought,
My ceaseless cares must march on to my death;
Thy least regard to dearly have i bought,
Who to my comfort never deign'st a breath.
Why should'st thou stop thine ears now to my cries,
Whose eyes were open ready to oppress me?
Why shut'st thou not the cause whence all did rise,
Or hear me now, and seek how to redress?
Injurious Delia, yet I'll love thee still,
Whilst that I breathe in sorrow of my smart;
I'll tell the world that I deserv'd but ill,
And blame myself for to excuse thy heart.
Then judge who sins the greater of us twain:
I in my love, or thou in thy disdain.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet Xxxi: Oft Do I Muse

Oft do I muse whether my Delia's eyes
Are eyes, or else two fair bright stars that shine;
For how could nature ever thus devise
Of earth on earth a substance so divine.
Stars sure they are, whose motions rule desires,
And calm and tempest follow their aspects;
Their sweet appearing still such power inspires
That makes the world admire so strange effects.
Yet whether fixt or wand'ring stars are they,
Whose influence rule the Orb of my poor heart;
Fixt sure they are, but wan'ring make me stray,
In endless errors whence I cannot part.
Stars then, not eyes, move yet with milder view
Your sweet aspect on him that honors you.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet Xxxii: Like As The Spotless Ermelin

To M. P.

Like as the spotless Ermelin distress'd,
Circumpass'd round with filth and loathsome mud,
Pines in her grief, imprison'd in her nest,
And cannot issue forth to seek her good,
So I environ'd with a hateful want
Look to the heav'ns, the heav'ns yield forth no grace;
I search the earth, the earth I find as scant;
I view my self, my self in woeful case.
Heav'n nor earth will not, my self cannot work
A way through want to free my soul from care;
But I must pine, and in my pining lurk,
Lest my sad looks bewray me how I fare.
My fortune mantled with a cloud s'obscure
Thus shades my life so long as wants endure.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet Xxxiii: My Cares Draw

My cares draw on mine everlasting night;
In horror's sable clouds sets my life's sun;
My life's sweet sun, my dearest comfort's light,
Will rise no more to me whose day is done.
I go before unto the Myrtle shades,
To attend the presence of my world's Dear,
And there prepare her flowers that never fades,
And all things fit against her coming there.
If any ask me why so soon I came,
I'll hide her sin, and say it was my lot;
In life and death I'll tender her good name;
My life nor death shall never be her blot.
Although this world may seem her deed to blame,
Th'Elisean ghosts shall never know the same.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet Xxxiv: The Star Of My Mishap

The star of my mishap impos'd this paining,
To spend the April of my years in wailing
That never found my fortune but in waning,
With still fresh cares my present woes assailing.
Yet her I blame not, though she might have blest me,
But my desire's wings, so high aspiring,
Now melted with the sun that hath possess'd me,
Down do I fall from off my high desiring,
And in my fall do cry for speedy speedy.
No pitying eye looks back upon my mourning,
No help I find when now most favor need I;
Th'ocean of my tears must drown me burning.
And this my death shall christen her anew,
And give the cruel Fair her title do.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet Xxxix: Look, Delia

Look, Delia, how we 'steem the half-blown Rose,
The image of thy blush and Summer's honor,
Whilst in her tender green she doth enclose
That pure sweet Beauty Time bestows upon her.
No sooner spreads her glory in the air,
But straight her full-blown pride is in declining;
She then is scorn'd that late adorn'd the Fair;
So clouds thy beauty after fairest shining.
No April can revive thy wither'd flowers,
Whose blooming grace adorns thy glory now;
Swift speedy Time, feather'd with flying hours,
Dissolves the beauty of the fairest brow.
O let not then such riches waste in vain,
But love whilst that thou mayst be lov'd again.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet Xxxv: And Yet I Cannot

And yet I cannot reprehend the flight,
Or blame th'attempt presuming so to soar;
The mounting venture for a high delight
Did make the honor of the fall the more.
For who gets wealth that puts not from the shore?
Danger hath honor, great designs their fame,
Glory doth follow, courage goes before.
And though th'event oft answers not the same,
Suffice that high attempts have never shame.
The mean observer (whom base Safety keeps),
Lives without honor, dies without a name,
And in eternal darkness ever sleeps.
And therefore, Delia, 'tis to me no blot
To have attempted, though attain'd thee not.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet Xxxvi: Raising My Hopes

Raising my hopes on hills of high desire,
Thinking to scale the heaven of her heart,
My slender means presum'd too high a part;
Her thunder of disdain forc'd me retire,
And threw me down to pain in all this fire
Where, lo, I languish in so heavy smart,
Because th'attempt was far above my art;
Her pride brook'd not poor souls should come so nigh her.
Yet I protest my high aspiring will
Was not to dispossess her of her right;
Her sovereignty should have remained still;
I only sought the bliss to have her sight.
Her sight contented thus to see me spill,
Fram'd my desires fit for her eyes to kill.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet Xxxvii: O Why Doth Delia

O why doth Delia credit so her glass,
Gazing her beauty deign'd her by the skies,
And doth not rather look on him (alas)
Whose state best shows the force of murd'ring eyes?
The broken tops of lofty trees declare
The fury of a mercy-wanting storm;
And of what force your wounding graces are,
Upon my self you best may find the form.
Then leave your glass, and gaze your self on me,
That Mirror shows what power is in your face;
To view your form too much may danger be:
Narcissus chang'd t'a flower in such a case.
And you are chang'd, but not t'a Hyacint;
I fear your eye hath turn'd your heart to flint.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnet Xxxviii: I Once May See

I once may see when years shall wreck my wrong,
When golden hairs shall change to silver wire,
And those bright rays that kindle all this fire
Shall fail in force, their working not so strong;
Then Beauty, now the burden of my song,
Whose glorious blaze the world doth so admire,
Must yield up all to tyrant Time's desire;
Then fade those flowers which deckt her pride so long.
When, if she grieve to gaze her in her glass
Which then presents her winter-wither'd hue,
Go you, my verse, go tell her what she was,
For what she was she best shall find in you.
Your fiery heat lets not her glory pass,
But, Phoenix-like, shall make her live anew.

Samuel Daniel

The Civil Wars (Excerpts)

XXXVI

The swift approach and unexpected speed
The king had made upon this new-rais'd force,
In the unconfirmed troops, much fear did breed,
Untimely hind'ring their intended course.
The joining with the Welsh they had decreed
Was hereby dash'd; which made their cause the worse.
Northumberland, with forces from the north,
Expected to be there, was not set forth.

XXXVII

And yet undaunted Hotspur, seeing the king
So near arriv'd, leaving the work in hand,
With forward speed his forces marshalling,
Sets forth his farther coming to withstand.
And with a cheerful voice encouraging
His well experienc'd and adventurous band,
Brings on his army, eager unto fight;
And plac'd the same before the king in sight.

XXXVIII

"This day," saith he, "my valiant trusty friends,
Whatever it doth give, shall glory give;
This day, with honour, frees our state, or ends
Our misery with fame, that still shall live.
And do but think, how well the same he spends,
Who spends his blood, his country to relieve.
What? have we hands, and shall we servile be?
Why were swords made, but to preserve men free.

XXXIX

"Besides, the assured hope of victory
Which we may even promise on our side,
Against this weak constrained company,
Whom force and fear, not will and love doth guide,
Against a prince, whose foul impiety
The heavens do hate, the earth cannot abide:

Our number being no less, our courage more,
No doubt we have it, if we work therefore."

XL

This said, and thus resolv'd, even bent to charge
Upon the king; who well their order view'd,
And wary noted all the course at large
Of their proceeding, and their multitude,
And deeming better, if he could discharge
The day with safety, and some peace conclude,
Great proffers sends of pardon and of grace
If they would yield, and quietness embrace.

XLI

Which though his fears might drive him to propose,
To time his business, for some other end;
Yet, sure, he could not mean t' have peace with those
Who did in that supreme degree offend.
Nor were they such, as would be won with shows;
Or breath of oaths, or vows could apprehend:
So that in honour the offers he doth make,
Were not for him to give nor them to take.

XLII

And yet this much his courses do approve,
He was not bloody in his natural;
And yield he did to more than might behove
His dignity to have dispens'd withal:
And, unto Worcester, he himself did move
A reconcilment to be made of all:
But Worcester, knowing it could not be secur'd,
His nephews onset, yet for all, procur'd.

XLIII

Which seeing, the king, with greater wrath incens'd,
Rage, against fury, doth with speed prepare.
"And though," said he, "I could have well dispens'd
With this day's blood, which I have sought to spare;

That greater glory might have recompens'd
The forward worth of these, that so much dare;
That we might good have had by th' overthrown,
And the wounds we make might not have been our own:

XLIV

"Yet, since that other men's iniquity
Calls on the sword of wrath, against my will;
And that themselves exact this cruelty,
And I constrained am this blood to spill;
Then on, brave followers, on courageously,
True-hearted subjects, against traitors ill;
And spare not them, who seek to spoil us all
Whose foul confused end, soon see you shall."

XLV

Forthwith, began these fury-moving sounds,
The notes of wrath, the music brought from Hell,
The rattling drums, which trumpets voice confounds
The cries, the encouragements, the shouting shrill;
That, all about, the beaten air rebounds
Confused thundering-murmurs horrible;
To rob all sense, except the sense to fight.
Well hands may work; the mind hath lost his sight.

XLVI

O war! begot in pride and luxury,
The child of malice, and revengeful hate;
Thou impious good, and good impiety,
That art the foul refiner of a state;
Unjust-just scourge of men's iniquity,
Sharp-easer of corruptions desperate;
Is there no means but that a sin-sick land
Must be let blood with such a boisterous hand?

XLVII

How well mightst thou have here been spar'd this day,
Had not wrong-counsell'd Percy been perverse?

Whose forward hand, inur'd to wounds, makes way
Upon the sharpest fronts of the most fierce:
Where now an equal fury thrusts to stay
And back-repel that force, and his disperse:
Then these assail, then those re-chase again,
Till stay'd with new-made hills of bodies slain.

XLVIII

There, lo that new-appearing glorious star,
Wonder of arms, the terror of the field,
Young Henry, labouring where the stoutest are,
And even the stoutest forced back to yield;
There is that hand bolden'd to blood and war,
That must the sword, in wondrous actions, wield:
Though better he had learn'd with others' blood;
A less expense to us, to him more good.

XLIX

Yet here had he not speedy succour lent
To his endanger'd father, near oppress'd,
That day had seen the full accomplishment
Of all his travails, and his final rest.
For, Mars-like Douglas all his forces bent
To encounter and to grapple with the best;
As if disdainning any other thing
To do, that day, but to subdue a king.

L

And three, with fiery courage, he assails;
Three, all as kings adorn'd in royal wise:
And each successive after other quails;
Still wond'ring whence so many kings should rise.
And, doubting lest his hand or eyesight fails,
In these confounded, on a fourth he flies,
And him unhorses too: whom had he sped,
He then all kings, in him, had vanquished.

LI

For Henry had divided, as it were,
 The person of himself into four parts;
 To be less known, and yet known everywhere,
 The more to animate his people's hearts;
 Who, cheered by his presence, would not spare
 To execute their best and worthiest parts.
 By which, two special things effected are:
 His safety, and his subjects' better care.

LII

And never worthy prince a day did quit
 With greater hazard, and with more renown
 Than thou didst, mighty Henry, in this fight;
 Which only made thee owner of thine own:
 Thou never prov'dst the tenure of thy right
 (How thou didst hold thy easy-gotten crown)
 Till now; and, now, thou shew'st thyself chief lord,
 By that especial right of kings: the sword.

LIII

And dear it cost, and much good blood is shed
 To purchase thee a saving victory:
 Great Stafford thy high constable lies dead,
 With Shorly, Clifton, Gawsell, Calverly,
 And many more; whose brave deaths witnessed
 Their noble valour and fidelity:
 And many more had left their dearest blood
 Behind, that day, had Hotspur longer stood.

LIV

But he, as Douglas, with his fury led,
 Rushing into the thickest woods of spears,
 And brakes of swords, still laying at the head

(The life of th' army) whiles he nothing fears
Or spares his own, comes all invironed
With multitude of power, that over-bears
His manly worth; who yields not, in his fall;
But fighting dies, and dying kills withal.

LV

What ark, what trophy, what magnificence
Of glory, Hotspur, had'st thou purchas'd here;
Could but thy cause as fair as thy pretence
Be made unto thy country to appear!
Had it been her protection and defence
(Not thy ambition) made thee sell so dear
Thyself this day, she must have here made good
An everlasting statue for thy blood.

LVI

Which thus mis-spent, thy army presently,
(As if they could not stand, when thou wert down)
Dispers'd in rout, betook them all to fly:
And Douglas, faint with wounds, and overthrown,
Was taken; who yet won the enemy
Which took him (by his noble valour shown,
In that day's mighty work) and was preserv'd
With all the grace, and honour he deserv'd.

...

Samuel Daniel

Ulysses And The Siren

Siren. COME, worthy Greek! Ulysses, come,
 Possess these shores with me:
The winds and seas are troublesome,
 And here we may be free.
Here may we sit and view their toil
 That travail in the deep,
And joy the day in mirth the while,
 And spend the night in sleep.

Ulysses. Fair Nymph, if fame or honour were
 To be attain'd with ease,
Then would I come and rest me there,
 And leave such toils as these.
But here it dwells, and here must I
 With danger seek it forth:
To spend the time luxuriously
 Becomes not men of worth.

Siren. Ulysses, O be not deceived
 With that unreal name;
This honour is a thing conceived,
 And rests on others' fame:
Begotten only to molest
 Our peace, and to beguile
The best thing of our life--our rest,
 And give us up to toil.

Ulysses. Delicious Nymph, suppose there were
 No honour nor report,
Yet manliness would scorn to wear
 The time in idle sport:
For toil doth give a better touch
 To make us feel our joy,
And ease finds tediousness as much
 As labour yields annoy.

Siren. Then pleasure likewise seems the shore
 Whereto tends all your toil,
Which you forgo to make it more,

 And perish oft the while.
Who may disport them diversely
 Find never tedious day,
And ease may have variety
 As well as action may.

Ulysses. But natures of the noblest frame
 These toils and dangers please;
And they take comfort in the same
 As much as you in ease;
And with the thought of actions past
 Are recreated still:
When Pleasure leaves a touch at last
 To show that it was ill.

Siren. That doth Opinion only cause
 That 's out of Custom bred,
Which makes us many other laws
 Than ever Nature did.
No widows wait for our delights,
 Our sports are without blood;
The world we see by warlike wights
 Receives more hurt than good.

Ulysses. But yet the state of things require
 These motions of unrest:
And these great Spirits of high desire
 Seem born to turn them best:
To purge the mischiefs that increase
 And all good order mar:
For oft we see a wicked peace
 To be well changed for war.

Siren. Well, well, Ulysses, then I see
 I shall not have thee here:
And therefore I will come to thee,
 And take my fortune there.
I must be won, that cannot win,
 Yet lost were I not won;
For beauty hath created been
 T' undo, or be undone.

