

Classic Poetry Series

**Sidney Godolphin**  
**- poems -**

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# Sidney Godolphin((-))

# Cloris, It Is Not Thy Disdaine

Cloris, it is not thy disdaine  
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 fruitless 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,  
Shepherds with humble fearfulness  
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 shepherd sacrifice).  
Wisemen all wayes of knowledge past,  
To th'shepherds 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 shepherds 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.

Sidney Godolphin

# Lord When The Wise Men Came From Farr

Lord when the wise men came from farr  
Ledd 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 harmelesse will.

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

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When wee looke up in all distresse  
And our owne misery confesse

Sending both thanks and prayers above,  
Then though we do not know, we love.

Sidney Godolphin

# Noe More Unto My Thoughts Appeare

Noe more unto my thoughts appeare,  
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 vales 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