

My galley chargèd with forgetfulness  
Thorough<sup>1</sup> sharp seas, in winter nights doth pass  
Tween rock and rock; and eke<sup>2</sup> mine enemy, alas,  
That is my lord, steereth with cruelty,  
And every oar a thought in readiness,  
As though that death were light in such a case.<sup>3</sup>  
An endless wind doth tear the sail apace  
Of forcèd sighs and trusty fearfulness.<sup>4</sup>  
A rain of tears, a cloud of dark disdain,  
Hath done the wearied cords great hinderance;  
Wreathèd with error and eke with ignorance.  
The stars be hid that led me to this pain.  
Drownèd is reason that should me consort,<sup>5</sup>  
And I remain despairing of the port.

Notes:

<sup>1</sup> Through.

<sup>2</sup> Also.

<sup>3</sup> As though my destruction would not matter much.

<sup>4</sup> Fear to trust.

<sup>5</sup> Accompany.

Sir Philip Sidney (1554-1586): Sonnet 3 from *Astrophil and Stella*

Let dainty wits cry on the sisters nine,<sup>1</sup>  
That, bravely masked, their fancies may be told;  
Or Pindar's apes<sup>2</sup> flaunt they in phrases fine,  
Enam'ling with pied flowers their thoughts of gold;  
Or else let them in statelier glory shine,  
Ennobling new-found tropes with problems old;  
Or with strange similes enrich each line,  
Of herbs or beasts with Ind or Afric hold.  
For me, in sooth, no Muse but one I know;  
Phrases and problems from my reach do grow,  
And strange things cost too dear for my poor sprites.  
How then? even thus,—in Stella's face I read  
What love and beauty be, then all my deed  
But copying is, what in her Nature writes.

Notes:

<sup>1</sup> The nine Muses.

<sup>2</sup> Poets who slavishly imitated the literary works of the Greek poet Pindar.

John Donne (1572-1631): "The Apparition"

When by thy scorn, O murd'ress, I am dead,  
And that thou thinkst thee free  
From all solicitation from me,  
Then shall my ghost come to thy bed,  
And thee, feign'd vestal,<sup>1</sup> in worse arms shall see :  
Then thy sick taper will begin to wink,  
And he, whose thou art then, being tired before,  
Will, if thou stir, or pinch to wake him, think  
    Thou call'st for more,  
And, in false sleep, will from thee shrink :  
And then, poor aspen<sup>2</sup> wretch, neglected thou  
Bathed in a cold quicksilver<sup>3</sup> sweat wilt lie,  
    A verier<sup>4</sup> ghost than I.  
What I will say, I will not tell thee now,  
Lest that preserve thee ; and since my love is spent,  
I'd rather thou shouldst painfully repent,  
Than by my threatenings rest still innocent.

Notes:

<sup>1</sup> Virgin priestess.

<sup>2</sup> Trembling like an aspen leaf in the wind.

<sup>3</sup> Liquid mercury, used to treat venereal disease.

<sup>4</sup> Truer.