

**AMORETTI.  
WRITTEN NOT  
LONG SINCE**

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Amoretti. Written Not Long Since by Edmund Spenser

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**EDMUND SPENSER**

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**BY**

**EDMUNDE SPENSER**

**NEW YORK  
THE LAUREL PRESS  
MCM I**

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFULL SIR  
ROBART NEEDHAM, KNIGHT

**S**IR, to gratulate your safe return from Ireland, I had nothing so readie, nor thought any thing so meete, as these sweete conceited Sonets, the deede of that wel deserving gentleman, maister Edmond Spenser: whose name sufficiently warranting the worthinesse of the work, I do more confidently presume to publish it in his absence, under your name, to whom (in my poore opinion) the patronage therof doth in some respectes properly appertaine. For, besides your judgement and delighte in learned poesie, this gentle Muse, for her former perfection long wished for in Englande, nowe at the length crossing the Seas in your happy companye, (though to your selfe unknowne) seemeth to make choyse of you, as meetest to give her deserved countenance, after her retourne: entertaine her, then, (Right worshipfull) in sorte best beseeeming your gentle minde, and her merite, and take in worth my good will herein, who seeke no more but to shew my selfe yours in all dutifull affection.

W. P.

### TO THE AUTHOR

**D**ARKE is the day, when Phœbus face is  
shrowded,  
And weaker sights may wander soone astray :  
But, when they see his glorious raies un-  
clouded,  
With stedly steps they keepe the perfect way :  
So, while this Muse in forraine landes doth stay,  
Invention weepes, and pens are cast aside ;  
The time, like night, deprivd of chearefull day ;  
And few do write, but (ah !) too soone may slide.  
Then, hie thee home, that art our perfect guide,  
And with thy wit illustrate Englands fame,  
Dawnting thereby our neighboures auncient  
pride,  
That do, for poesie, challenge cheefest name :  
So we that live, and ages that succede,  
With great applause thy learned works shall  
reede.

G. W. SENIOR.

## TO THE AUTHOR

**A**H! Colin, whether on the lowly plaine,  
Pyping to shepherds thy sweete rounde-  
laies :

Or whether singing, in some lofty vaine,  
Heroick deedes of past or present daies ;  
Or whether in thy lovely mistris praise,  
Thou list to exercise thy learned quill ;  
Thy muse hath got such grace and power to  
please,

With rare invention, bewtified by skill,  
As who therein can ever joy their fill !  
O! therefore let that happy muse proceede  
To clime the height of Vertues sacred hill,  
Where endles honour shall be made thy meede :  
Because no malice of succeeding daies  
Can rase those records of thy lasting praise.

G. W. I.°



## AMORETTI

**H**APPY, ye leaves! when as  
those lilly hands,  
Which hold my life in their  
dead-doing might,  
Shall handle you, and hold in  
loves soft bands,  
Lyke captives trembling at the  
victors sight.

And happy lines! on which, with starry light,  
Those lamping eyes will deigne sometimes to  
look,

And reade the sorrowes of my dying spright,  
Written with teares in harts close-bleeding booke.  
And happy rymes! bath'd in the sacred brooke  
Of Helicon, whence she derived is;

When ye behold that Angels blessed looke,  
My soules long-lacked foode, my heavens blis;  
Leaves, lines, and rymes, seeke her to please  
alone,

Whom if ye please, I care for other none!

**U**NQUIET thought! whom at  
the first I bred  
Of th' inward bale of my love-  
pined hart;  
And sithens have with sighes  
and sorrowes fed,  
Till greater then my wombe  
thou woxen art:

Breake forth at length out of the inner part,  
In which thou lurkest lyke to vipers brood;  
And seeke some succour both to ease my smart,  
And also to sustayne thy selfe with food.  
But, if in presence of that fayrest proud  
Thou chance to come, fall lowly at her feet;  
And, with meeke humblesse and afflicted mood,  
Pardon for thee, and grace for me, intreat:

Which, if she graunt, then live, and my love  
cherish:

If not, die soone; and I with thee will perish.