

Emund Spencer (1552 — 1599)

from *Amoretti*

IX

Long-while I sought to what I might compare
Those powerful eies, which lighten my dark spright,
Yet find I nought on earth to which I dare
Resemble th'ymage of their goodly light.
Not to the Sun: for they do shine by night;
Nor to the Moone: for they are changed never;
Nor to the Starres: for they have purer sight;
Nor to the fire: for they consume not ever;
Nor to the lightning: for they still persever;
Nor to the Diamond: for they are more tender;
Nor unto Christall: far nought may them sever;
Nor unto glasse: such basenesse mought offend her;
Then to the Maker selfe they likest be,
Whose light doth lighten all that here we see.

spright = soul

William Shakespeare (1564 — 1616)

from *The Sonnets*

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O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his fickle hour;
Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st
Thy lovers withering, as thy sweet self grow'st.
If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,
As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee back,
She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
May time disgrace and wretched minutes kill.
Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure!
She may detain, but not still keep, her treasure:
Her audit (though delayed) answered must be,
And her quietus is to render thee.