

Sonnet 6 by Lady Mary Wroth – My paine still smother'd in my grieved brest

My paine still smother'd in my grieved brest,
Seekes for some ease, yet cannot passage finde,
To be discharged of this unwelcome guest,
When most I strive, more fast his burthens binde.

Like to a Ship on Goodwins cast by winde,
The more shee strive, more deepe in Sand is prest,
Till she be lost: so am I in this kind
Sunck, and devour'd, and swallow'd by unrest.

Lost, shipwrackt, spoyld, debar'd of smallest hope,
Nothing of pleasure left, save thoughts have scope,
Which wander may; goe then my thoughts and cry:

Hope's perish'd, Love tempest-beaten, Joy lost,
Killing Despaire hath all these blessings crost;
Yet Faith still cries, Love will not falsifie.

Line 5. Goodwins: Goodwin Sands, shifting sands at the mouth off the Strait of Dover, a common scene of shipwrecks.