

Sweet Warrior

(Amoretti Sonnet LVII)

--- Edmund Spenser

Sweet warrior when shall I have peace with you?
High time it is, this war now ended were:
Which I no longer can endure to sue,
Ne your incessant battery more to bear:
So weak my powers, so sore my wounds appear,
That wonder is how I should live a jot,
Seeing my hart through launched everywhere
With thousand arrows, which your eyes have shot:
Yet shoot ye sharply still, and spare me not,
But glory think to make these cruel stours.
Ye cruel one, what glory can be got,
In slaying him that would live gladly yours?
Make peace therefore, and grant me timely grace.
That all my wounds will heal in little space.

About the author



Edmund Spenser was born in London in the year 1552 or 1553. Little is known about his family or his childhood. He studied literature and religion at Cambridge University's Pembroke Hall, receiving a BA in 1573 and an MA in 1576.

Spenser published his first volume of poetry, *The Shepheardes Calender* (Hugh Singleton), in 1579, dedicating it to the poet Sir Philip Sidney. He was also the author of *The Faerie Queene* (William Ponsonby, 1596), a major English epic, and *Amoretti and Epithalamion* (William Ponsonby, 1595), a sonnet sequence dedicated to his second wife, Elizabeth Boyle.

Alongside his poetry, Spenser pursued a career in politics, serving as a secretary first for the Bishop of Rochester and then for the Earl of Leicester, who introduced him to other poets and artists in Queen Elizabeth's court. In 1580, he was appointed secretary to the Lord Deputy of Ireland; later, in 1596, he wrote an inflammatory pamphlet called *A View of the Present State of Ireland* (James Ware, 1633)

In 1598, during the Nine Years War, Spenser was driven from his home in Ireland. He died in London in 1599 and was buried in Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey.