

## LOPE DE VEGA.

## SONNET ON THE SONNET.

To write a sonnet doth Juana press me,  
I've never found me in such stress or pain ;  
A sonnet numbers fourteen lines, 'tis plain,  
And three are gone, ere I can say, God bless me !  
I thought that spinning rhymes might sore oppress me,  
Yet here I'm midway in the last quatrain ;  
And if the foremost tercet I can gain,  
The quatrains need not any more distress me.  
To the first tercet I have got at last,  
And travel through it with such right good will,  
That with this line I've finished it, I ween ;  
I'm in the second now, and see how fast  
The thirteenth line runs tripping from my quill ;  
Hurrah, 'tis done ! Count if there be fourteen !

*James Y. Gibson.*