

[21]

YOur words my freends me causelesly doe blame,  
My young minde marde whom Loue doth menace so:  
That my owne writings like bad seruants shew  
My wits, quick in vaine thoughts, in vertue lame;  
That *Plato* I haue reade for nought, but if he tame  
Such coltish yeeres; that to my birth I owe  
Nobler desires: least els that to my foe  
Great expectation were a trayne of shame.  
For since mad *Mars* great promise made to me,  
If now the May or my yeeres much decline,  
What can be hop'd my haruest time will be,  
Well said, your wit in vertues golden myne  
Digs deepe with learnings spade: now tell me this,  
Hath this world ought so faire as *Stella* is?

[22]

*I*N highest way of heauen the Sunne did ride,  
    Progressing from fayre Twynns in golden place,  
Hauing no maske of Clowdes before his face,  
But streaming forth of his heate in chiefest pride,  
When some faire Ladies by hard promise tyde,  
    On horsebacke met him in his furious race,  
    Yet each prepar'de with Fannes well shading grace,  
From that foes wounds their tender skinnes to hide.  
*Stella* alone, with face vnarmed marcht,  
Either to doe like him, as carelesse showne:  
Or carelesse of the welth, because her owne.  
Yet were their hid and meaner beauties parcht,  
    Her daintiest bare went free; the cause was this,  
    The Sunne that others burnt, did her but kisse.

[23]

**T**He curious wits, seeing dull pensiuenes  
    Bewray it selfe in my long settled eyes:  
When these same fumes of mellancholie rise,  
With idle paines and missing paines doth gesse;  
Some that know how, my spring I did adresse,  
    Deeme that my Muse some fruite of knowledge plyes:  
    Others, because the Prince my seruice tryes,  
Thinke that I think, State errors to redresse;  
But harder Iudges, iudge ambitious rage,  
(Scourge of it selfe, till clyming slippery place)  
Holds my young braine captiu'd in golden cage.  
O fooles, farre otherwise alas the case;  
    For all my thoughts haue neither stop nor start,  
    But onely *Stellas* eyes, and *Stellas* hart.

[24]

**R**Ich fooles there be, whose base and filthy hart,  
Lyes hatching still the goods wherein they flow:  
Damning themselues to *Tantalus* his smart,  
Welth breeding want, more rich, more wretched grow.  
Yet to those fooles, heauen doth such wit impart,  
As what their hands doe hold, their heads doe know.  
And knowing loue, and louing lay apart,  
As scattered things, farre from all dangers show.

But that rich foole, whom by blinde Fortunes lot,  
The richest gem of loue and life enioyes,  
And can with foule abuse such beauties blot:  
Let him depriued of sweet, but vnfelt ioyes  
Exilde for aye, from those high treasures which  
He knowes not grow, in onely follie rich.

[25]

THE wisest scholler of the wight most wise,  
By *Phæbus* doome, with sugred sentence sayes:  
That vertue if it once meete our eyes,  
Strange flames of loue it in our soules would rayse.

But for that man with paine this truth discries,  
While he each thing in sences ballance wayes,  
And so, nor will nor can behold those skyes,  
Which inward Summe to heroicke minds displaies.

Vertue of late with vertuous care to stir  
Loue of himselfe, take *Stellas* shape, that hee  
To mortall eyes might sweetly shine in her.  
It is most true, for since I did her see,

Vertues great beautie in her face I proue,  
And finde defect; for I doe burne in loue.

[26]

**T**Hough duskie wits doe scorne Astrologie,  
And fooles can thinke those lampes of purest light,  
Whose number waies greatnes eternitie.  
Promising wondrous wonders to inuite,  
To haue for no cause birth-right in the skyes.  
But for to spangle the blacke weedes of Night,  
Or for some braue within that Chamber hie,  
They shold still daunce to please a gazers sight.  
For me I nature euery deale doe know,  
And know great causes, great effects procure,  
And know those bodies high, raigne on the low.  
And if these rules did fall, prooffe makes me sure,  
Who oft bewraies my after following case,  
By onely those two starres in *Stellas* face.

[27]

BEcause I oft in darke abstracted guise,  
    Seeme most alone in greatest company,  
With dearth of words, and aunswers quite awry,  
To them that would make naked speech arise;  
They deeme, and of their doome the rumor flies,  
    That poyson foule of bubling pride doth lie  
    So in my swelling brest, that onely I  
Faune on my selfe, all others doe dispise:  
Yet pride (I thinke) doth not my soule possesse,  
(Which looks too oft in this vnflattering glasse)  
But one worse fault, ambition I confesse,  
That makes me oft my best freendes ouer-passe,  
    Vnseene vnheard, while thought to highest place  
    Bends all his powers, euen vnto *Stellas* grace.

[28]

YOu that with allegories curious frame  
Of others children changlings vse to make,  
With me those paines for God-sake doe not take,  
I list not dig so deepe for brasen fame.  
When I see *Stella*, I doe meane the same  
Princesse of beautie, for whose onely sake,  
The raynes of loue I loue, though neuer slake;  
And ioy therin, though Nations count it shame:  
I begge no subiect to vse eloquence,  
Nor hidden waies to guide Philosophie,  
Looke at my hands for no such quintessence,  
But know that I in pure simplicitie,  
Breathe out the flames which burne within my hart,  
Loue onely leading me into this arte.



[29]

**L**Ike some weake Lords neighbours by mighty kings,  
To keepe themselues and their chiefe Citties free  
Doe easily yeelde, that all theyr coast may be  
Readie to serue their Campe of needfull things:  
So *Stellas* hart finding what power Loue brings,  
To keepe it selfe in life and libertie,  
Doth willing graunt that in the Frontire he  
Vse all to helpe his other conquerings.  
And thus her hart escapes, but thus her eyes  
Serue him with shot, her lips his Herralds are,  
Her brests his Tents, legges his tryumphall Chare,  
Herselfe his foode, her skin his Armor braue.  
But for because my chiefest prospect lyes  
Vpon the coast, I am giuen vp for a slaue.

[30]

Whether the Turkish new Moone minded be,  
To fill her hornes vppon the Christian coast,  
How Polands King mindes without leaue of hoast,  
To warme with ill made fire cold *Musconie*,  
If French can yet three parts in one agree,  
What now the Dutch in their full diets boast,  
How Holland harts, now so good Townes are lost,  
Wherewith my Father made it once halfe tame,  
If in the Scottish Court be weltering yet;  
These questions busie wits to me do frame:  
I combered with good manners, aunswere doe,  
But know not how, for still I thinke on *you*.

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