

[51]

PArdon mine eares, both I and they doe pray,
So may *your* tongue still flauntingly proceede,
To them that doe such entertainments neede;
So may *you* still haue something new to say
On sillie me, doe not *your* burthen lay
Of all the graue conceipts *your* braine doth breede:
But find some *Hercules*, to beare (in steede
Of *Atlas* tyrde) *your* wisedomes heauenly sway,
For me while you discourse of courtly tydes,
Of cunningst Fishers in most troubled streames,
Of straying waues when valiant errorr guides;
Meane while my hart confers with *Stellas* beames,
As pittie tis so sweete a Comedie,
By such vnfitted speech, should hindered be.

A Strife is growne betweene Vertue and Loue,
While each pretends, that *Stella* may be his:
Her eyes, her lips, Loue saith that he owes this,
Since they doe weare his badge, most firmly proue;
But Vertue thus, that title doth disproue.

That *Stella*, (ô deere name) that *Stella* is,
That vertuous Soule, sure heyre of heauenly Blisse:
Not this faire outside, which our hart doth moue;
And therefore, though *her* beauty and *her* grace,
Be Loues indeede, in *Stellas* selfe he may
By no pretence claime any manner place.
VVell Loue, since this Demurre our sute doth staie,
Let Vertue haue that *Stellas* selfe, yet thus,
That Vertue but that body graunt to vs.

IN Martiall sports I had my cunning tryde,
And yet to breake more Staues I did adresse
VWhile people shoutes: indeede I must confesse,
Youth, luck, and praise, filled my vaines with pride;
When *Cupid* hauing me his slaue discride,
In *Mars* his liuerie, prauncing in the presse,
Now what sir foole said he (I would no lesse)
Looke heere I say, I lookt, and *Stella* spide:
Who hard by, through a window sent her light;
My hart then quakt, then daz'led were my eyes,
One hand forgot to rule, th'other to fight,
No Trumpet sound I heard, nor freendly cries;
My foe came on, and beate the ayre for mee,
Till that her blush, taught me my shame to see.

BEcause I breathe not loue to euery one,
Nor doe not vse sette Colours for to weare:
Nor nourish speciall locks with vowed haire,
Nor giue each speech a full point of a grone,
The Courtly Nymphes acquainted with the mone
Of them, which in their lips Loues Standard beare:
What he, (say they of me) no I dare sweare,
He cannot loue: no, no, let him alone.
And thinke so still, so *Stella* know my minde.
Protest indeede, I know not *Cupids* dart:
But how faire Maides, at length this true shall find,
That his right badge, is learned in the hart.
Dumbe Swans, not chattering Pyes doe Louers proue,
They loue indeede, who dare not say they loue.

[56]

FIE schoole of Patience, fie, your Lesson is

Far far too long, to learne it without booke:

What, a whole weeke, and get not halfe a looke?

And thinke I should not your large precepts misse,

VWhen I might reade these Letters fayre of blisse,

VWithin *her* face each vertue I could brooke,

From what the leaden counsels that I tooke:

As of a freende which meant not much amisse.

But now alas, that I doe want *her* sight,

What doost thou thinke that I can euertake,

In thy colde strife, a phlegmatick delight?

No Patience, if thou wilt my good, then make

Her come, and heere with patience my desire:

And then with patience bid me beare my fire.

MVses, I oft haue crau'd your holy ayde,
With choisest flowres, my speech t'engarland so,
That it disguisde, in true (but naked) show,
Might winne some grace in your sweet skill arraide;
And oft whole troupes of saddest words I said,
Striuing abroade, a forraging to goe,
Vntill by your inspiring I might know,
How the blacke banners might be best displaid.
But I meane now no more your helpe to proue.
No other sugering of speech to try,
But on *her* name vncessantly to cry.
For let me but name *her* whom I doe loue,
So sweete sounde straight my eares and hart doe hit,
That I well finde no eloquence to it.

[57]

Woe hauing made with many sighs his owne
Each sence of mine; each gift, each power of minde
Growth now his slaues, he forst them out to finde
The throwest words, fit for Woes selfe to grone
Hoping that when they might finde *Stella* alone,
Before *she* could prepare to be vnkind,
Her soule (armed with such a daintie rinde,)
Should soone be hurt with sharpnes of the mone.
She heard my plaints, and did not onely heare,
But them so sweet, *she* did most sweetly sing,
With that faire brest, making Woes darknes cleere,
My priuie cares I holpe to her to bring,
To tell my grieffe, and she with face and voice,
So sweetes my paines, that my paines me reioyce.

[58]

DOubt there hath beene, when with his golden chaine

The Orator so farre mens harts doth bind:

That no place els their giddie steps could find;

But as he them more slacker short did raine,

Whether with words his sou'raightie he gaine,

Clothed with fine tropes as his strongest linde,

Or els pronouncing grace, wherewith his minde

Prints his owne forme liuely, in rudest braine.

Now iudge by this, in pearcing phrases late

The Anatomie of all my woes I wrate,

Stellas sweete breath the same to me did reede.

Oh voyce, oh face, mauger my speeches might,

With wooed words, most rauishing delight,

Euen those sad words a ioy to me did breede.

[59]

DEere, why make you more of a dogge than me?

 If he doe loue, alas I burne in loue;

If he waite well, I neuer thence would moue;

If he be faire, yet but a dogge can be;

Little he is, so little worth is he:

 He barks, my songs in one voice oft doth proue;

 Bidden, (perhaps) he fetcheth *thee* a gloue;

But I vnbid, fetch euen my soule to *thee*.

Yet while I languish, him that bosome clips,

That lap doth lap, nay lets in spight of spight

This fauning mate tast of those sugred lips;

Alas, if *you* graunt onely such delight

 To witles things, then Loue I hope, (since wit

 Becomes a clogge) will soone ease me of it.

[60]

When my good Angell guides me to the place
Where's al my good; I doe in *Stella* see,
That Heauenly ioyes throwes onely downe on me
Thundred disdaines, and Lightning of disgrace;
But when the ruggedst step of Fortunes race
Makes me fall from *her* sight, then sweetly *she*
With words, wherein the *Muses* Treasures be,
Shewes loue and pittie to my absent case.
Now I (with beating long, by hardest fate)
So dull am, that I cannot looke into
The ground of this fierce loue, and louing hate;
Then some good body tell me how to do,
Whose presence absence, absence presence is:
Blest in my curse, and curssed in my blisse.

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