

[61]

Oft with true sighes, oft with vncalled teares,
Now with slow words, now with dumbe eloquence,
I *Stellas* eyes assailde, I closde *her* eares,
But this at last is *her* sweetest defence;
That who indeede a sound affection beares,
So captiues to his Saint both soule and mind,
That wholie *Hers*, all selfnes hee forbears.
Thence his desire he learnes, his liues course thence,
Now since this chast loue, hates this loue in mee;
With chastned minde I needes must shew, that shee
Shall quickly me from what she hates remoue.
O Doctor *Cupid*, thou for me reply:
Driuen els to graunt by Angell Sophistry,
That I loue not, without I leaue to loue.

[62]

LAtē tyr'd with woe, euen ready for to pine
 With rage of loue, I call my Loue vnkinde.
Shee in whose eyes, loues fyres vnfelt doe shine,
Sweetlie saide; I true loue in her shoulde finde.
I ioy, but straight thus watred was my wine:
That loue she did, but with a loue not blinde.
Which would not let me, whome she lou'd decline,
 From Nobler course, fit for my birth and minde.
And therefore by her loues Authoritie;
Wilde me these Tempests of vaine loue to flee:
And Anchor fast my selfe on vertues shore.
 Alas if this the onelie mettall be,
 Of loue newe coyn'd to helpe my beggery:
Deere, loue me not, that you may loue me more.

[63]

OH Grammer rules, oh now your vertues showe,
So Children still read you with awfull eyes,
As my younge Doue may in your precepts wise,
Her graunt to me by her owne vertue knowe.
For late with hart most hie, with eyes most lowe;
I crau'd the thing which euer she denies.
Shee lightening Loue, displaying *Venus* skyes,
Least one should not be heard twise, saide no no.
Harken Enuy not at my high triumphing:
But Grammers force with sweete successe confirme,
For Grammer sayes ah (this deere *Stella* way)
For Grammer sayes (to Grammer who sayes nay)
That in one speech, two negatiues affirme.

[64]

NO more my deere, no more these Counsels try,

O giue my passions leaue to runne their race:

Let Fortune lay on me her worst disgrace.

Let Folke orechargde with braine against me cry,

Let Cloudes be dimme, my fate bereaues myne eyes,

Let me no steps but of lost labour try,

Let all the earth in scorne recount my race;

But doe not will me from my loue to fly.

I doe not enuye *Aristotles* wit,

Nor doe aspire to *Caesars* bleeding fame:

Nor ought to care though some aboue me sit;

Nor hope nor wish an other course to frame:

But that which once may winne thy cruell hart,

Thou art my wit; and thou my vertue art.

[65]

LOue, by sure prooffe I may call thee vnkinde,

That giues no better eares to my iust cryes:

Thou whom to me, such my good turnes shouldst binde,
As I may well account, but cannot prise.

For when nak'd boy, thou couldst no harbour finde
In this olde world, (growne now so too too wise)
I lodg'de thee in my heart; and being blinde
By nature borne, I gaue to thee my eyes.

Mine eyes, my light, my life, my hart alas,
If so great seruices may scorned be:

Yet let this thought thy Tygirsh courage passe,
That I perhaps am somewhat kin to thee,

Since in thine armes, of Fame most truely spred,
Thou bearest the Arrowe, I the Arrowhed.

[66]

AND doe I see some cause of hope to finde?

Or doth the tedious burthen of long woe
In weakned mindes, quicke apprehension breede
Of euery Image which may comfort showe.

I cannot brag of word, much lesse of deede,
Fortunes windes still with me in one sorte blowe:
My wealth no more, and no whit lesse my neede,
Desier, still on stilts of feare doth goe.

And yet amidst all feares, a hope there is
Stolne to my hart: since last faire night (nay day)
Stellas eyes sent to me the beames of blisse,
Looking on mee, I looke an other way:

But when mine eyes blacke to their heauen did moue:
They fled with blush, which guiltie seem'd of loue.

[67]

HOpe art thou true or doost thou flatter me?

Doth *Stella* now beginne, vvith pitteous eye
The raigne of this her conquest to espie?
Will she take time before all wracked be?
Her eye speech is translated thus by thee.

But failste thou not in phrase so heauenly hye?

Looke ore againe, the faire text better prie;
What blushing notes dost thou in Margent see?
What sighes stolne out, or kild before full borne
Hast thou found such and such like arguments?
Or art thou els to comfort me forsworne?
Well how so ere thou doost interpret my contents,

I am resolu'd thy error to maintaine:

Rather than by more trueth to get more paine.

[68]

S*Tella*, the onely Plannet of my light,
Light of my life, and life of my desire,
Cheife good, vvereto my hope doth sole aspire;
World of my wealth and heauen of my delight.
Why doost thou spend the Treasure of thy sprite
With voice more fit to vved *Amphyons* Lyre?
Seeking to quench in me the noble fyre,
Set by thy wrath and kindled by thy sight.
And all in vaine, for while thy breath so sweete
With choisest words; thy wordes with reasons rare:
Thy reasons firmly set, are vertues feete,
Labour to kill in me this killing care
Oh thinke I then, what Paradise of ioy
It is, so faire a vertue to annoy.

[69]

OH ioy, too high for my Loue still to showe,
Oh blisse, fit for a nobler seat than mee,
Enuie put out thine eyes, least thou doe see
What *Ouans* of delight, in me doth flowe.
My friend that oft saw'st through all maskes, my woe,
Come, come, and let me poure my selfe in thee:
Gone is the winter of my miserie.
My Spring appeares, loe see what heere doth growe,
For *Stella* hath with wordes (where faith doth shine)
Of her high hart giuen me the Monarchie:
And *Io*, I may say that she is mine.
And though she giue but this conditionally,
This Realme of blisse, while vertues course I take;
No Kings be Crownd, but they some couenant make.

[70]

MY Muse may well grudge at my heauenly ioy,
Yf still I force her thus in woe to weepe:
She oft hath drunke my teares, now hopes t' enioy
Nectar of mirth; since I *Ioues Cupid* keepe.

Sonnets be not bound Prentice to annoy,
Trebbles sing high, so well as bases deepe:
Griefe but Loues winter liuerie, the boy
Hath cheekes to smile, so well as eyes to weepe.

Come then my Muse, shewe the force of delight
In well raisde noates; my pen the best it may
Shall paint out ioy, though but in blacke and white.
Cease eager Muse, peace pen, for my sake stay.

I giue you heere my hand, for truth of this:
Wise silence is best Musique vnto blisse.

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