

[71]

Who will in fayrest booke of nature knowe,
How Vertue may best lodgde in Beautie bee,
Let him but learne of loue to read in thee
Stella those faire lines which true Beautie showe.
There shall he finde all vices ouerthrowe;
Not by rude force, but sweetest soueraigntie
Of reason, from whose light, the night birdes flie;
That inward Sunne in thine eyes shineth so.
And not content to be perfections heir,
Thy selfe dost striue all mindes that way to moue:
Who marking thee, which art indeede most faire,
See while thy beautie driues my hart to loue,
As fast thy vertue bends that loue to good:
But ah, Desire still cries, giue me some food.

[72]

DEsire, though thou my olde commpanion art,
And oft so clinges to my pure Loue; that I
One from the other scarcely can discry:
While each doe blowe the fier of my hart;
Novv from thy fellovvship I needes must part.
 Venus is taught vvith *Dians* vvings to flye,
 I must no more in thy sweet passions lye:
Vertues golde now, must head my *Cupids* dart,
Seruice and honour wonder vvith delight,
Feare to offend, well worthy to appeare:
Care shining in mine eyes, faith in my spright,
These thinges are left me by my onely deare.
 But thou Desire, because thou vvouldst haue all:
 Now banisht art, but yet within my call.

[73]

LOue still a Boy, and oft a vvanton is,

Schoolde only by his Mothers tender eye:

What vvonder then if he his lesson misse,

When for so soft a rod deare play he trye.

And yet my starre, because a sugred kisse,

In sport I sucke, while she a sleepe doth lye:

Doth lowre, naye chide, nay threat for onely this:

Sweet it was saucy loue, that prest so nye.

But no scuse serues, she makes her vvyrath appeare

In Beauties throne, see now who dares come neere

Those scarlet Iudges, threatning blooddie paine.

O heauenly Foole, thy most kisse worthy face

Anger invests with such a louely grace,

That Angers selfe I needes must kisse againe.

[74]

I Neuer dranke of *Aganippe* well,
Nor neuer did in shade of *Tempe* sit:
And Muses scorne with vulgar braines to dwell,
Poore Lay-man I, for sarcred rites vnfit.

Some doe I heare of Poets fury tell,
But God wot, wot not what they meane by it:
And this I sweare by blackest brooke of hell,
I am no Pickepurse of an others wit.

How fals it than, that with so smooth an ease
My thoughts I speake? And what I speake I showe
In verse; and that my verse best wittes doth please,
Gesse we the cause. What is it this? fie no.

Or so? much lesse. How then? sure thus it is;
My Lips are sure inspir'd with *Stellas* kisse.

[75]

OF all the Kings that euer heere did raigne,

Edward namde fourth, as first in praise I name:

Not for his faire outside, nor well linde braine,

Although lesse guift, are fethers of high fame.

Nor that he could young wise, wise valliant frame

His Syres reuenge, ioynde with a kingdomes gaine:

And gaind by *Mars*, could yet make *Mars* so tame,

That ballance waide what sword did late obtaine.

Nor that he made the Flower deluce so fraide,

Though strongly hedgd of bloody Lyons pawes:

That wittie *Lewes* to him a tribuite paide;

Nor this nor that, nor any such small cause,

But onely, for this worthy King durst proue,

To loose his Crowne, rather then loose his Loue.

[76]

*S*hee comes, and straight therewith her shining twins do moue

 Their raies to me: who in her tedious absence lay

Bath'de in cold woe; but now appears my shining day,

The onely light of ioy, the onely warmth of Loue.

*S*hee comes with light and warmth, which like *Aurora* proue;

 Of gentle face, so that my eyes dare gladly play

 With such a rosy Morne: whose beames both fresh and gay

Scorch not; but onely doe darke chillinge spirits remoue.

But loe, while I doe speake it groweth noone with me,

Her flamy glittering lights increase with time and place:

My heart cryes oh it burnes, mine eyes now dazled be:

No winde, no shade, no coole: what helpe then in my case?

 But with short breath, long lookes, staide feete, and waking hed,

 Pray that my Sunne goe downe with meeke beames to bed.

[77]

Those lookes, whose beames my ioy, whose motion is delight,
That face whose lecture shewes what perfect Beautie is:
That presence which doth giue darke hearts a liuing light,
That grace, which *Venus* weepes that she her selfe did misse.
That hand, which without touch, holdes more than *Atlas* might,
Those lips, which makes deathes pay a meane prise for a kisse:
That skin, whose passing hue scornes this poore tearme of white,
Those words that doe sublime the quintessence of blisse.
That voice which makes the soule plant himselfe in the eares,
That conuersation sweet, where such high comforts be:
As constru'd in true speech, the name of heauen it beares.
Makes me in my best thoughts, and quiet iudgements see,
That in no more but this I mightt be fully blest:
Yet ah, my mayden Muse doth blush to tell the best.

[78]

OH how the pleasant ayres, of true Loue bee
 Infected by those vapours, which arise
From out that noysome gulfe: which gaping lies
Betweene the iawes of hellish Ielousey.
A Monster, others harmes, selfe misery.
 Beauties plague, Vertues scurdge, succour of lyes:
 Who his owne ioy to his owne heart applyes,
 And onely cherrish doth with iniuries:
Who since he hath by natures speciall grace,
So pearing pawes as spoyle when they embrace,
So nimble feete as stirre though still on thornes,
 So manie eyes as seeking their owne woe.
 So ample eares, that neuer good newes knowe,
Is it not ill that such a beast wants hornes?

[79]

SWeete kisse, thy sweetes I faine would sweetely indite,
Which euen of sweetnes, sweetell sweeter art;
Pleasing consort, where each sense holdeth part,
With coopling Doues guides *Venus* chariot right,
Best charge and brau'st retraite in *Cupids* sight,
A double key which openeth to the harts,
Most ritche when most his ritches it impartes.
Nest of yong ioyes, Scholemaster of delight,
Teaching the meanes at once to take and giue,
The friendly fray where blows do wound and heale,
The prettie death while each in other liue,
Poore haps first wealth a pledge of promised weale,
Breakfast of loue, but loe, loe where shee is,
Cease we to praise, now praie wee for a kisse.

[80]

Sweet swelling lip well maist thou swell in pride,
Since best wittes thinke it best thee to admire,
Natures praise, vertues stall, *Cupids* cold fire,
Whence words, not words but heauenly graces slyde,
The newe *Pernassus* where the Graces byde:
Sweetnes of Musique, Wisedomes beautifier,
Breather of life, and fastnesse of desire,
Where Beauties blush in Honors graine is dyde.
Thus much my heart my mouth compeld to say:
But now, spite of my heart my tongue will stay,
Loathing all lyes, doubting this flattrie is,
And no spurre can this restie race refraine;
Wherefore to trie if that I said be true,
How can I better proue then with a kisse?

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