

[81]

O Kisse which doth those ruddie gems impart,  
Or ioyes or fruits of new found Parradise,  
Breathing all blisse and sweetnes to the hart,  
Teaching dumbe lips a nobler exercise.  
O kisse which soules euen soules together ties  
By linkes of loue, and onely natures Art,  
How faine would I paint thee to all mens eies,  
Or of thy gifts at least set out some part?  
But shee forbids, with blushing words shee saies,  
Shee builds hir fame on higher seated praise:  
But my heart burnes, I cannot silent be,  
Then since deare kisse you faine would haue me peace,  
And I (mad with delight) want wit to cease,  
Stop you my mouth with still still kissing me.

[82]

Nymph of the garden where all beauties be,  
    Beauties which doe in excellence surpasse,  
His whose till death lockt in a watry glasse,  
Or hir whom nak'd the Troian boy did see.  
Sweete garden Nymph which keepes the Cherry tree,  
    Whose fruit doth far the Hesperian tast surpasse,  
    Most sweete faire, most faire sweete, doe not alasse  
From comming neere these Cherries banish mee,  
For though full of desire, emptie of wit,  
Admitted late by your best graced grace,  
I caught at one of them a hungry bit,  
Pardon that fault, once more graunt me the place,  
    And so I swear by the selfe same delite,  
    I will but kisse, I neuer more will bite,

GOod brother *Phillip* I haue forborne you long,  
I was content you should in fauour creepe,  
While craftely you seemed your Cut to keepe,  
As though that faire soft hand did you great wrong,  
I beare with enuy, yet I heare your song,  
When in hir necke you did loue ditties peepe,  
Nay, (more foole I) oft suffred you to sleepe,  
In lillies nest where Loues selfe lies along,  
What? doth high place ambitious thoughts augment?  
Is saucines reward of curtesie?  
Cannot such grace your silly selfe content,  
But you must needes with those lips billing be?  
And through those lips drinke Nectar from that tung,  
Leaue that *Syr Phillip* lest your necke be wrung.

**H**igh way since you my chiefe *Pernassus* be,  
 And that my Muse to some eares not vnmeete,  
 Tempers hir words to trampling horses feete,  
 More often than a Chamber mellodie,  
 Now blessed you beare onwards blessed me,  
 To hir where my heart safeliest shall meete,  
 My Muse and I must you of duety greete,  
 With thanks and wishes wishing thankfully;  
 Be you still carefull kept by publike heede,  
 By no encroachment wrongd, nor time forgot,  
 Nor blam'd for bloud, nor sham'd for sinfull deede,  
 And that you know I enuie you no whit,  
 Of highest wish, I wish you so much blisse,  
 Hundreds of yeares you *Stellas* feete may kisse.

[85]

**B**Ehold my heart the house that thee contains,  
    Beware full Sailes drown not thy tottering Barge,  
Least ioy by nature apt (spirites to enlarge)  
Thee to thy wracke beyond thy limits straines,  
Nor doe like Lords whose weake confused braines,  
    Not pointing to fit folks each vndercharge,  
    Striue in themselues each office to discharge,  
With doing all leaue nothing done but paine,  
But giue apt seruants their due place; let eies  
See beauties totall sum found in their face,  
    Let eares heare speach which will to wonder tyes,  
    Let breath suck vp those sweets, let armes imbrace.

[86]

ALas whence comes this change of lookes? If I  
    haue chang'd deserts, let mine owne conscience be  
a still felt plague to selfe condemning mee.  
Let woe grype on my heart, shame load mine eyes:  
But if all faith like spotles *Ermine* lye  
Safe in my soule (which onely doth to thee  
    As his sole obiect to felicitie  
    VVith wings of Loue in aire of wonder flie.)  
Cease your hard hand, threat not so hard your slaue,  
In Iustice, paines come not till faults do call:  
Or if I needes (sweet Iudge) must torments haue,  
Seeke some thing else to chasten mee withall,  
    Than those blest eyes where all my hopes do dwell,  
    No doome shall make ones Heauen become his Hell.

[87]

When I was forst from *Stella* euer deare,  
    *Stella*, foode of my thoughts, hurt of my heart:  
*Stella*, whose eyes make all my temples cleare,  
By *Stellaes* lawes, of duetie to impart,  
Alas I found that shee with mee did smart:  
    I sawe that teares did in her eyes appeare:  
    I sawe that sighes her sweetest lips did part:  
And her sad wordes my sad deare sense did heare.  
For mee, I weepe to see Pearles scattered so:  
I sighd her sighes, and wailed for her woe:  
Yet swamme in ioy such loue in her was seene.  
    Thus while the effect most bitter was to mee,  
    And than the cause nothing more sweet could be,  
I had beene vext, if vext I had not beene.

Ovt Traytour absence dar'st thou counsell mee

From my deare Conquerour to runne awaie,  
Because in braue arraye here marcheth shee  
That to entice mee profers present paye.

Is Faith so weake, or is such force in thee?

VVhen Sunne is hid, can Starres such beames displaie?  
Cannot Heauens foode once felt keepe stomacks free  
From base desire on earthly cates to praie?

VVhen absence with her mistes obscures her light,  
My Orphan sense slides to the inward sight:

VVhere memorie feeds forth the beames of Loue,

That where before heart lou'd and eyes did see,  
In heart my sight and Loue both coupled be,  
Vnited powres make eche the stronger proue.



Now that of absence the most yrksome night,  
    VWith darkest shade doth ouercome the daie:  
Since *Stellaes* eyes that wont giue mee my daie,  
Leauing my *Hemisphere* o'recast with night,  
Each day seemes long, and longs for long staied night,  
The night as tedious, wooes th'approch of day:  
Toyled with dustie toyles of busie day,  
    Languisht with horrors of the silent night,  
    Suffering the euils both of daie and night,  
VWhile no night is more darke than is my daie,  
Nor no daie hath lesse quiet than my night:  
VWith such bad mixture of my night and daie,  
    That liuing thus in blackest VVinter night,  
    I feele the gleames of hottest Sommers daie.

[90]

**S***Tella*, thinke not that I by verse seeke fame,  
    VVho seeke, who hope, who loue, who like, but thee:  
Thine eyes my pride, thy lips my historie,  
If thou praise mee, all other praise is shame.  
Nor so ambitious am I, as to frame  
    A nest for my yong praise in Lawrell tree,  
    In trueth I sweare, I wish not there should be  
    graued in my Epitaph a Poets name.  
Nor if I would could I iust title make  
That anie laud thereof to me should growe  
Without my Payns from others wings I take;  
For nothing from my wit or will doth flowe:  
    Since all my wordes thy beautie doth indite,  
    And Loue doth hold my hand, & makes me write.

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