

[91]

*S*Tella, while now by honours cruell might,

I am from you (light of my light) misled,
And whiles faire you, my Sunne thus ouerspred
With absence vale I liue in sorrowes night.

If this darke place yet shewe by candle light

Some Beauties peece, as amber collourd hed,

Milke hands, rose cheekes, or lips more sweet more red,

Or seeming iett black, yet in blacknes bright.

They please I do confesse, they please mine eyes,

But whie? because of you they moddels be;

Moddels such be wood globes of glistening skyes:

Deare therefore be not iealous ouer me,

If you heare that they seeme my heart to moue,

Not them, no no, but you in them I loue.

BE your wordes made (good sir) of *Indian* ware,

That you allowe them mee by so small rate,

Or do you the *Caconians* imitate,

Or do you meane my tender eares to spare,

That to my questions you so totall are?

When I demaund of Phœnix *Stellæes* state,

You saie (forsooth) you left her well too late.

O God, thinke you that satisfies my care?

I would know whether shee did sit or walke:

How cloathd: how waited on: sighd shee or smilde:

VWhereof: with whome: how often did shee talke:

VWith what pastimes, times iorneys shee beguild?

If her lips daine to sweeten my poore name?

Saie all: and all well said: saie still the same.

[93]

O Fate or fault, O curst child of my blisse,
 VWhat sobs can giue wordes grace my griefe to show?
VWhat inke is black enough to paint my woe?
Through mee, wretch mee, euen *Stella* vexed is:
Yet Trueth, if Caitiues brath might call thee his,
VVitnes with mee, that I foole stumbling fell:
 For carelesnes did in no manner growe,
 But wit confusd with too much care did misse.
And do I then my selfe this vaine scuse giue:
I do sweete Loue, and knowe this harmed thee.
The world quit mee, shal I my selfe forgiue?
Onely with paines thy paines thus eased be:
 That all thy hurtes in my hearts wracke I reed
 I crye thy sighs (my deare) thy teares I bleed.

[94]

GReefe find the words, for thou hast made my vaine
So darke with mistie vapours which arise
From out thy heauie mould, that euen mine eyes
Can scarce discern the shape of mine owne paine:
Do thou then (for thou canst) do thou complaine
For my poore soule which wit that sicknes tries,
VVhich euen to sense, sense of it selfe denies.
Though harbengers of death and of his traine,
The execution of my fate forbears,
As of a Caitife not vouchsaft to die:
Yet shewe thy hate of life in liuing teares:
That though in wretchednes thy life doth lie,
Thou maist more wretched be than nature beares,
As being plast in such a wretch as I.

YEt sighes, deare sighes, indeede true friends you are,
That do not leaue your best friend at the wurst;
But as you with my brest I oft haue nurst:
So gratefull now you wait vpon my care.
Faint coward Ioye, no longer tarrie dare,
Seeing hope did yeeld when this woe strake him first,
Delight exclaims is for my fault curst,
Although my mate in Armes himselfe he sware,
Nay Sorrow in as great a rage as hee,
Kills his owne children Teares, finding that they
By Loue were made apt to consort with mee,
Onely true Sighes, you do not go away:
Thank may you haue for such a thankfull part:
Thank worthiest yet, when you shall breake my heart.

[96]

THOUGH with good cause thou lik'st so well the night,
 Since kind or chaunce giues both one libertie,
Both sadly blacke, both blackly darkned be:
Night bard from Sunne, thou from thine own Sunnes light
Silence in both displaies his sullen might:
 Slowe Heauens in both do hold the one degree,
 That full of doubts, thou of perplexitie:
Thy teares expresse nights natiue moysture right,
In both a wofull solitarines:
In night of Spirits the gastly power sturr,
And in our sprites are Spirits gastlines:
But but (alas) nights sights the ods hath furr.
 For that at length inuites vs to some rest,
 Thou though still tyr'd, yet still dost it detest.

[97]

D*Ian* that faine would cheare her friend the Night,
Doth shewe her oft at full her fairest face,
Bringing with her those starrie Nymphs, whose chace
From heauenly standing hurts eche mortall wight.
But ah poore Night in loue with *Phæbus* light,
And endlesly despairing of his grace,
Her selfe to shewe no other ioy hath place,
Sylent and sad in moorning weeds doth dight:
Euen so (alas) a Ladie *Dians* peere,
VVith choise delight and rarest company,
VVould faine driue clouds from out my heauie cheere:
But woe is mee, though ioy her selfe were shee,
Shee could not shewe my blind braine waies of ioy
While I dispaire my Sunnes light to enioy.

[98]

AH bed the feeld where ioyes peace some do see:

The feeld where al my thoughts to war be traind,

How is thy grace by my strange fortune staind?

How thy low shrowdes by my sighs stormd be?

With sweet soft shades thou oft inuitest mee

To steale some rest, but wretch I am constrained,

Spurd with Loues spurr, this held & shortly rained

With Cares hard hand, to turne and tosse in thee,

VVhile the black horrors of the silent night,

Paint VVoes black face so liuely in my sight,

That tedious leasure markes eche wrinckled line:

But when *Aurora* leades out *Phæbus* daunce,

Mine eyes then onely winke for spite perchaunce,

That wormes should haue their Sunne & I want mine.

[99]

When farre spent night perswades each mortal eie
 To whome nor Art nor Nature graunted light:
To laye his then marke wanting shaftes of sight,
Clos'd with their quiuers in Sleeps armorie;
VVith windowes ope then most my heart doth lye
 Viewing the shape of darknes and delight,
 And takes that sad hue, with which inward might
Of his mazde powres he keepes iust harmony:
But when birds chirpe aire, and sweete aire which is
Mornes messenger with rose enameld skyes
Calls each wight to salute the heauen of blisse;
Intombd of lids then buried are mine eies,
 Forst by their Lord who is ashamd to find
 Such light in sense with such a darkned mind.

[100]

OH teares, no teares, but shoures from beauties skies,
 Making those Lilies and those Roses growe,
VWhich aie most faire now fairer needs must show,
VWhile grateful pittie Beauty beautifies,
Oh minded sighs that from that breast doe rise,
 VVhose pants doe make vnspilling Creame to slow,
 VVinged with woes breath so doth *Zephire* blow
As might refresh the hel where my soule fries,
Oh plaints conseru'd in such a sugred phrase,
That eloquence enuies, and yet doth praise,
VWhile sightd out words a perfect musicke giue:
 Such teares, sighs, plaints, no sorrow is, but ioy:
 Or if such heauenly sighs must proue annoy,
All mirth farewell, let me in sorrow liue.

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