

Your words my friend (right healthfull caustiks) blame
My young mind marde, whom *Loue* doth windlas so,
That mine own writings like bad servants show
My wits, quicke in vaine thoughts, in vertue lame;

That *Plato* I read for nought, but if he tame
Such coltish yeeres, that to my birth I owe
Nobler desires, least else that friendly foe,
Great expectation, weare a traine of shame.

For since mad March great promise made of me,
If now the May of my yeares much decline,
What can be hoped my haruest time will be?

Sure you say well, your wisdomes golden mine,
Dig deepe with learnings spade, now tell me this,
Hath this world ought so faire as *Stella* is?

In highest way of heau'n the Sunne did ride,
 Progressing then from faire twinnes gold'n place:
 Hauing no scarfe of clouds before his face,
 But shining forth of heatw in his chiefw pride;

When some fairw Ladies by hard promise tied,
 On horsebacke met him in his furious race,
 Yet each prepar'd with fannes well-shading grace,
 From that foes wounds their tender skinnes to hide.

Stella alone with face vnarmed marcht,
 Either to do like him which open shone,
 Or carelesse of the wealth because her owne:

Yet were the hid and meaner beauties parcht,
 Her daintiest bare went free; the cause was this,
 The Sunne which others burn'd, did her but kisse.

The curious wits seeing dull pensiveness
 Bewray it selfe in my long setled eyes,
 Whence those same fumes of melancholy rise,
 With idle paines, and missing ayme, do guesse.

Some that know how my spring I did addresse,
 Deeme that my Muse some fruit of knowledge plies:
 Others, because the Prince my seruice tries,
 Thinke that I thinke state errours to redresse.

But harder Iudges iudge ambitions rage,
 Scourge of it selfe, still climbing slipprie place,
 Holds my young braine captiu'd in golden cage.

O fooles, or ouer-wise, alas the race
 Of all my thoughts hath neither stop nor start,
 But only *Stellas* eyes and *Stellas* heart.

Rich fooles there be, whose base and filthy hart
 Lies hatching still the goods wherein they flow:
 And damning their owne selues to *Tantals* smart,
 Wealth breeding want, more blist, more wretched grow.

Yet to those fooles heau'n such wit doth impart,
 As what their hands do hold, their heads do know,
 And knowing *Loue*, and louing lay apart,
 As sacred things, far from all daungers show.

But that rich foole who by blind Fortunes lot,
 The richest gemme of Loue and life enioyes,
 And can with foule abuse such beauties blot;

Let him depriued of sweet but vnfelt ioyes,
 (Exil'd for ay from those high treasures, which
 He knowes not) grow in only follie rich.

The wisest scholler of the wight most wise
 By *Phæbus* doome, with sugred sentence sayes,
 That Vertue if it once met with our eyes,
 Strange flames of *Loue* it in our soules would raise.

But for that man with paine his truth descries,
 Whiles he each thing in senses ballance wayes,
 And so nor will, nor can behold those skies,
 Which inward sunne to *Heroicke* minde displaies.

Vertue of late with vertuous care to ster
Loue of her selfe, tooke *Stellas* shape, that she
 To mortall eyes might sweetly shine in her.

It is most true, for since I her did see,
 Vertues great beautie in that face I proue,
 And find th'effect, for I do burne in loue.

Though dusty wits dare scorne Astrologie,
 And fooles can thinke those Lampes of purest light,
 Whose numbers weighs greatnesse eternitie,
 Promising wonders, wonder do inuite:

To have for no cause birthright in the skie,
 But for to spangle the blacke weeds of night:
 Or for some brawle, which in that chamber hie,
 They should still daunce to please a gazer's sight.

For me, I do Nature vnidle know,
 And know great causes, great effects procure:
 And know those Bodies high raigne on the low.

And if these rules did faile, prooffe makes me sure,
 Who oft fore-iudge my after-following race,
 By only those two starres in *Stellas* face.

Because I oft in darke abstracted guise,
 Seem most alone in greatest companie:
 With dearth of words, or answers quite awrie,
 To them that would make speech of speech arise.

They deeme, and of their doome the rumour flies,
 That poison foule of bubling pride doth lie:
 So in my swelling breast that only I
 Fawne on me selfe, and others do despise:

Yet pride I thinke doth not my soule possesse,
 Which lookes too oft in his vnflattering glasse:
 But one worse fault *Ambition* I confesse,

That makes me oft my best friends ouerpasse,
 Vnseene, vnheard, while thought to highest place
 Bends all his powers, euen vnto *Stellas* grace.

You that with allegories curious frame,
Of others children changelings vse to make,
With me those paines for Gods sake do not take:
I list not dig so deepe for brasen fame.

When I say, *Stella*, I do meane the same
Princesse of Beautie, for whose only sake,
The raines of *Loue* I loue, though never slake,
And ioy therein, though Nations count it shame.

I beg no subiect to vse eloquence,
Nor in hid wayes do guide Philosophie:
Looke at my hands for no such quintessence;

But know that I in pure simplicitie,
Breathe out the flames which burne within my heart,
Loue only reading vnto me this art.

Like some weake Lords, neighbord by mighty kings,
 To keep themselues and their chiefe cities free,
 Do easly yeeld, that all their coasts may be
 Ready to store their campes of needfull things:

So *Stellas* heart finding what power *Loue* brings,
 To keep it selfe in life and liberty,
 Doth willing graunt, that in the frontiers he
 Vse all to helpe his other conquerings:

And thus her heart escapes, but thus her eyes
 Serue him with shot, her lips his heralds arre:
 Her breasts his tents, legs his triumphall carre;

Her flesh his food, her skin his armour braue,
 And I, but for because my prospect lies
 Vpon that coast, am giu'n vp for a slave.

Whether the Turkish new-moone minded be
To fill his hornes this year on Christian coast:
How *Poles* right king meanes with leaue of hoast,
To warme with ill-made fire cold *Moscouy*.

If French can yet three parts in one agree,
What now the Dutch in their full diets boast,
How *Holland* hearts, now so good townes be lost,
Trust in the shade of pleasing *Orange* tree.

How Vlster likes of that same golden bit,
Wherewith my father once made it halfe tame,
If in the *Scotch* Court be no weltring yet.

These questions busie wits to me do frame;
I cumbred with good manners, answer do,
But know not how, for still I thinke of you.