

Pardon mine eares, both I and they do pray,  
So may your tongue still fluently proceed,  
To them that do such entertainment need,  
So may you still haue somewhat new to say.

On silly me do not the burthen lay,  
Of all the graue conceits your braine doth breed;  
But find some *Hercules* to beare, in steed  
Of *Atlas* tyr'd, your wisdomes heau'nly sway.

For me, while you discourse of courtly tides,  
Of cunning fishers in most troubled streames,  
Of straying wayes, when valiant erruor guides:

Meane while my heart confers with *Stellas* beames,  
And is euen irkt that so sweet Comedie,  
By such vnsuted speech should hindred be.

A strife is growne betweene *Vertue* and *Loue*,  
 While each pretends that *Stella* must be his:  
 Her eyes, her lips, her all, saith *Loue* do this,  
 Since they do weare his badge, most firmly proue.

But *Vertue* thus that title doth disproue:  
 That *Stella* (ô deare name) that *Stella* is  
 That vertuous soule, sure heire of heau'nly blisse,  
 Not this faire outside, which our hearts doth moue.

And therefore, though her beautie and her grace  
 Be *Loues* indeed, in *Stellas* selfe he may  
 By no pretence claime any maner place.

Well *Loue*, since this demurre our sute doth stay,  
 Let *Vertue* haue that *Stellas* selfe; yet thus,  
 That *Vertue* but that body graunt to vs.

In Martiall sports I had my cunning tride,  
And yet to breake more staves did me addresse:  
While with the peoples shouts I must confesse,  
Youth, lucke, and praise, euen fild my veines with pride.

When *Cupid* hauing me his slaue descride,  
In *Marses* liuerie, prauncing in the presse:  
What now sir foole, said he, I would no lesse,  
Looke here, I say, I look'd and *Stella* spide:

Who hard by made a window send forth light,  
My heart then quak'd, then dazled were mine eyes,  
One hand forgat to rule, th'other to fight.

Nor trumpet's sound I heard, nor friendly cries;  
My Foe came on, and beat the aire for me,  
Till that her blush taught me my shame to see.

Because I breathe not loue to euerie one,  
 Nor do not vse set colours for to weare,  
 Nor nourish speciall lockes of vowed haire,  
 Nor giue each speech the full point of a grone.

The courtly Nymphs, acquainted with the mone  
 Of them, who in their lips *Loues* standerd beare;  
 What he? say they of me, now I dare sweare,  
 He cannot loue: no, no, let him alone.

And thinke so still, so *Stella* know my mind,  
 Professe in deed I do not *Cupids* art;  
 But you faire maides, at length this true shall find,

That his right badge is worne but in the hart;  
 Dumbe Swannes, not chatring Pies, do Louers proue;  
 They loue indeed, who quake to say they loue.

Muses, I oft inuoked your holy ayde,  
With choicest flowers my speech to engarland so;  
That it despise in true but naked shew,  
Might winne some grace in your sweet grace arraid.

And oft whole troupes of saddest words I staid,  
Striuing abroad a foraging to go;  
Until by your inspiring I might know  
How their blacke banner might be best displaid.

But now I meane no more your helpe to trie,  
Nor other sugring of my speech to proue,  
But on her name incessantly to crie:

For let me but name her whom I do loue  
So sweete sounds straight mine eare and heart do hit,  
That I well find no eloquence like it.

Fy schoole of Patience, Fy, your lesson is  
Far far too long to learne it without booke:  
What, a whole weeke without one peece of looke,  
And think I should not your large precepts misse?

When I might reade those letters faire of blisse,  
Which in her face teach vertue, I could brooke,  
Somewhat thy lead'n counsels, which I tooke,  
As of a friend that meant not much amisse:

But now that I alas do want her sight,  
What, dost thou thinke that I can euer take  
In thy cold stufte a flegmatike delight?

No Patience, if thou wilt my good, then make  
Her come, and heare with patience my desire,  
And then with patience bid me beare my fire.

Wo, hauing made with many fights his owne  
Each sence of mine, each gift, each power of mind,  
Growne now his slaues, he forst them out to find  
The thorowest words, fit for woes selfe to grone,

Hoping that when they might find *Stella* alone,  
Before she could prepare to be vnkind,  
Her soule arm'd but with such a dainty rind,  
Should soone be pierc'd with sharpnesse of the mone.

She heard my plaints, and did not only heare,  
But them (so sweete is she) most sweetly sing,  
With that faire breast making woes darknesse cleare:

A prety case I hoped her to bring  
To feele my griefes, and she with face and voice,  
So sweets my paines, that my paines me reioyce.

Doubt there hath bene when with his golden chaine,  
The Oratour so farre mens harts doth bind,  
That no pace else their guided steps can find,  
But as he them more short or slacke doth raine.

Whether with words this soueraignty he gaine,  
Cloth'd with fine tropes, with strongest reasons lin'd,  
Or else pronouncing grace, wherewith his mind  
Prints his owne liuely form in rudest braine:

Now judge by this, in piercing phrases late,  
The anatomy of all my woes I wrate,  
*Stellas* sweete breath the same to me did reed.

O voice, ô face, maugre my speeches might,  
Which wooed wo, most rauishing delight,  
Euen those sad words, euen in sad me did breed.



Deare, why make you more of a dog then me?  
 If he do loue, I burne, I burne in loue:  
 If he waite well, I never thence would moue:  
 If he be faire, yet but a dog can be.

Litle he is, so litle worth is he;  
 He barks, my songs thine owne voyce oft doth proue:  
 Bid'n perhaps he fetcheth thee a gloue,  
 But I vnbid, fetch euen my soule to thee.

Yet while I languish, him that bosome clips,  
 That lap doth lap, nay lets in spite of spite,  
 This sowrw-breath'd mate tast of those sugred lips.

Alas, if you graunt only such delight  
 To witlesse things, then *Loue*, I hope (since wit  
 Becomes a clog) will soone ease me of it.

When my good Angell guides me to the place,  
Where all my good I do in *Stella* see,  
That heau'n of ioyes throwes only downe on me  
Thundred disdaines and lightnings of disgrace:

But when the ruggedst step of Fortunes race  
Makes me fall from her sight, then sweetly she  
With words, wherein the Muses treasures be,  
Shewes loue and pitie to my absent case.

Now I wit-beaten long by hardest Fate,  
So dull am, that I cannot looke into  
The ground of this fierce *Loue* and louely hate:

Then some good body tell me how I do,  
Whose presence, absence, absence presence is;  
Blist in my curse, and cursed in my blisse.

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