

♠ SIR P. S. HIS  
ASTROPHEL AND  
STELLA.

[1]

LOuing in trueth, and fayne my loue in verse to show,  
That the deere *Shee*, might take some pleasure of my paine:  
Pleasure might cause her reade, reading might make her  
know,  
Knowledge might pittie winne, and pittie grace obtaine.  
I sought fit wordes, to paint the blackest face of woe,  
Studying inuentions fine, her wittes to entertaine,  
Oft turning others leaues, to see if thence would flowe,  
Some fresh and fruitfull showre, vpon my Sunne-burnt braine.  
But wordes came halting out, wanting inuentions stay,  
Inuention Natures childe, fledde Stepdames studies blowes:  
And others feete, still seem'de but straungers in my way,  
Thus great with Childe to speake, and helplesse in my throwes,  
Byting my tongue and penne, beating my selfe for spite:  
Foole saide My muse to mee, looke in thy heart and write.

[2]

NOt at first sight, nor with a dribbing shot,

Loue gaue the wound, which while I breath will bleede:

But knowne, worth did in tract of time proceede,

Till by degrees it had full conquest got.

I sawe and lik'd, I lik'd but loued not,

I lou'd, but did not straight what Loue decreede:

At length to Loues decrees, I first agreede.

Yet with repining at so partiall lot.

Now euen that foot-steppe of lost libertie

Is gone, and now like slaue borne Muscouite:

I call it praise to suffer tyrannie,

And nowe imploy the remnant of my wit

To make my selfe beleeeue that all is well,

While with a feling skill I paint my hell.

[3]

LEt Dainty wittes cry, on the Sisters nine,  
That brauely maskt, their fancies may be tolde:  
Or Pinders Apes flaunt in their phrases fine,  
Enameling their pride with flowers of golde.

Or els let them in stately glorie shine,  
Ennobling new founde tropes, with problemes old:  
Or with straunge similes, inricht each line,  
Of hearbes or beasts, which *Inde* or *Affricke* hold.

For me in sooth, no Muse but one I know,  
Phrases and Problemes from my reach doe growe,  
And straunge things cost too deere for my poore sprites,

How then? euen thus, in *Stellas* face I reede,

What loue and beauty be, then all my deede.

But copying is, what in her nature writes.

[4]

Virtue (alas) now let me take some rest,  
Thou set'st a bate betweene my loue and me:  
If vaine loue haue my simple soule opprest,  
Leaue what thou lik'st, and deale thou not with it.

Thy Scepter vse in some olde *Catoes* brest,  
Churches and Schooles are for thy seat most fit:  
I doe confes, (pardon a fault confest,)  
My mouth too tender is for thy hard bit.

But if that needes, thou wilt vsurping bee  
That little reason that is left in mee.  
And still the effect of thy perswasions prooue,  
I sweare, my heart such one shall shew to thee,  
That shrines in flesh so true a deitie.  
That Vertue, thou thy selfe shalt be in loue.

[5]

It is most true, what wee call *Cupids* dart,  
An Image is, which for our selues we carue:  
And fooles adore, in Temple of our hart,  
Till that good God make church and Churh-men starue.

It is most true, that eyes are bound to serue  
The inward part: and that the heauenly part  
Ought to be King, from whose rules who doth swerue,  
Rebels to nature, striue for their owne smart.

True that true beautie vertue is indeede,  
Whereof this beautie can but be a shade,  
Which Elements with mortall mixture breede,  
True that on earth we are but Pilgrimes made.

And should in soule, vp to our Country moue:  
True and most true, that I must *Stella* loue.

[6]

Some Louers speake, when they their Muses entertaine  
Of hopes begott, by feare, of wot not what desires,  
Of force of heauenly beames, infusing hellish paine;  
Of lyuing deathes deere woundes, faire stormes and flashing fyres.  
Some one his songes in *Ioue* and *Ioues* straunge tales attyres,  
Bordered with Bulles and Swannes, powdered with golden raine:  
An other humbler witte to shepheards pipe retyres,  
Yet hiding royall blood, full oft in Rurall vaine.  
To some a sweetest plaint a sweetest stile affordes,  
Whiles teares poure out his inke, and sighes breath out his  
wordes.  
His paper pale despaire, and paine his penne doth moue.  
I can speake what I feele, and feele as much as they,  
But thinke that all the mappe of my state, I display.  
When trembling voice bringes foorth, that I do *Stella* loue.

[7]

When nature made her chiefe worke, *Stellas* eyes,  
    In collour blacke, why wrapt she beames so bright?  
Would she in beamy blacke like Painter wise,  
Frame daintiest lustre mixte with shaddowes light?  
    Or did she els that sober hewe devise,  
In obiect best, to strength and knitt our sight:  
Least if no vaile these braue beames did disguise,  
They Sun-like would more dazell than delight.  
    Or would she her miraculous power shewe,  
That whereas blacke seemes Beauties contrarie,  
Shee euen in blacke doth make all Beauties flowe:  
But so and thus, she minding Loue should bee  
    Plaste euer there, gaue him this mourning weede:  
    To honour all their deathes, who for her bleede.

[8]

Loue borne in *Greece*, of late fled from his natiue place,  
Forst by a tedious prooffe, that Turkish hardned harts  
Were no fit markes, to pearce with his fine pointed darts:  
And pleasd with our soft peace, staide here his fleeting race.  
But finding these colde climes, too coldlie him imbrace,  
Not vsde to frosen lippes, he straue to finde some part  
Where with most ease and warmth, he might imploy his art.  
At length himselfe he pearch'd in *Stellas* face,  
Whose faire skinne, beemie eyes, like morning Sunne in snowe:  
Deceiu'd the quaking boy, who thought from so pure light,  
Effects of liuelie heate in nature needes must growe.  
But she most faire, most colde; made him there take his flight  
To my close hart; where while some fire brands he did lay,  
He burnt vnwares his winges, and cannot fly away.



[9]

QVeene Vertues Court, which some call *Stellas* face,  
Prepar'd by Natures cheefest furniture:  
Hath his front built of Alablaster pure,  
Golde is the couering of that statelie place.  
The doore, by which sometimes runnes forth her grace  
Red Porphire is, which locke of Pearle makes sure:  
Whose Porches rich, with name of chekes indure,  
Marble mixt red and white, doe enterlace.  
The Windowes now, through which this heauenly guest  
Lookes on the world, and can finde nothing such,  
Which dare claime from those sightes the name of best,  
Of touch they are, that without touch doe touch,  
Which Cupids selfe, from Beauties mine did drawe:  
Of touch they are, and poore I am their strawe.

[10]

**R**Eason, in faith thou art well seru'd, that still

Would'st bragging be, with sence and loue in me:

I rather wish thee climbe the Muses hill,

Or reach the fruite of Natures chieftest tree;

Or seeke heauens course, or heauens vnusde to thee:

Why should'st thou toyle, our thornie grounde to till?

Leaue sence and those that sences obiectes be,

Deale thou with powers, of thoughts leaue thou to will.

But thou wouldst needes fight both with Loue and sence,

With sworde of witte, giuing woundes of dispraise:

Till downe right blowes did foyle thy cunning fence,

So soone as they strake thee with *Stellas* rayes.

Reason, thou knewst, and offered straight to proue

By reason good, good reason her to loue.

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