

[11]

*I*N truth oh Loue: with what a boyish kinde  
Thou doost proceede, in thy most serious waies;  
That when thy heauen to thee his best displaies,  
Yet of that best thou leau'st the best behinde.  
That like a Childe that some faire booke doth finde  
    With gilden leaues of colloured Velom, playes,  
    Or at the most on some faire picture staies,  
But neuer heedes the fruite of Writers minde.  
So when thou sawest in Natures cabinet,  
*Stella*, thou straight lokest babies in her eyes:  
In her chekes pit, thou didst thy pitfall set,  
And in her brest to peepe, a lowting lyes.  
    Playing and shining in each outward part:  
    But foole seekst not to get into her hart.

[12]

*C*Vpid because thou shin'st in *Stellas* eyes,

That from her lookes thy dimnesse nowe scapes free:

That those lips swelde so full of thee they be.

That sweet breath maketh oft the flames to rise,

That in her brest thy pap well sugred lyes,

That grace euen makes thy gracious wrongs; that she,

What word so ere shee speakes, perswades for thee:

That her cleere voice, lifteth the Sunne to Skyes.

Thou countest *Stella* thine, like those whose powres

Hauing got vp a breach, (by fighting well)

Cry victory, this happy day is ours:

Oh no, her heart is such a Cytadell.

So fortified with wit, stor'd with disdain:

That to winne it, is all the skill and paine.

[13]

*Phæbus* was Iudge, twixt *Ioue* and *Mars* in loue,  
Of those three Gods whose armes the fairest weare:  
*Ioues* golden shielde, did Eagle Sables beare.  
Whose talents holde young *Ganimede* aboute.  
But in verde fieldes, *Mars* beares a golden Speare,  
Which through a bleeding heart, his point did shoue:  
Each had his Crest, *Mars* carried *Venus* gloue.  
*Ioue* on his Helme the Thunder bolte did reare.  
*Cupid* then smiles, for on his crest there lyes  
*Stellas* fayre haire, her face he makes his shielde:  
Where Roses gules, are borne in siluer fielde.  
*Phæbus* drewe wide the Curtaine of the skyes  
To blase the last, and swore deuoutly then:  
The first thus macht, were scarcely Gentlemen.

[14]

ALas, haue I not paine enough my friend,  
Vppon whose breast, a fiercer gripe doth tyre,  
Than did on him, who first stole downe the fyre;  
While Loue on me, doth all his quiuer spend,  
But with your rubarbe wordes you must contend,  
To greeue me worse in saying, that desier  
Doth plunge my well form'd soule, euen in the mier  
Of sinfull thoughtes, which doe in ruine ende.  
If that be sinne which doth the manners frame,  
Well stayed with trueth, in worde and faith of deede,  
Readie of wit, and fearing nought but shame;  
If it be sin which in sixt hart dooth breede,  
A loathing of all loost true chastitie;  
Then loue is sin, and let me sinfull bee.

[15]

**Y**ou that doe search for euery purling spring,  
Which from the rybs of old *Pernassus* flowes,  
And euery flower (not sweete perhaps) which growes  
Neere there about, into your Poems wring.  
You that doe dictionary method bring  
Into your rymes, running in ratling rowes,  
You that old *Petrarchs* long deceased woes  
With new borne sighes, and wit disguised sing;  
You take wrong wayes, those far-fet helps be such,  
As doe bewray a want of inward tutch,  
And sure at length stolne goods doe come to light.  
But if both for your loue and skill you name,  
You seeke to nurse at fullest brest of Fame,  
*Stella* behold and then begin to write.

[16]

*I*N nature apt to like, when I did see

    Beauties which were of many Carrects fine,  
My boyling spirits did tether then incline,  
And Loue I thought that I was full of thee;  
But finding not those restles flames in me

    Which others said did make theyr soules to pyne,  
    I thought those babes of some pins hurt did whine:  
By my loue iudging what loues pains might be.  
But while I thus with this young Lyon plaid,  
Myne eyes (shall I say curst or blest) beheld  
*Stella*: now she is nam'de, neede more be sayd?  
In her sight I a lesson new haue speld.

    I now haue learnd loue right, and learnd euen so,  
    As they that beeing poysoned, poyson know.

[17]

**H**Is mother deere *Cupid* offended late,

Because that *Mars* grew slacker in her loue,

8With pricking shot he did not throughly moue

To keepe the place of their first louing state:

The boy refusde, for feare of *Marses* hate;

Who thretned stripes, if he his wrath did proue:

But she in chafe him from her lappe did shoue,

Broke bowe, broke shaftes, where *Cupid* weeping sate,

Till that his Grandam Nature pittying it,

Of *Stellas* browes, made him two better bowes:

And in her eyes of arrowes infinit.

O how for ioye he leapes, ô how he crowes;

And straight therewith, like waggis new got to play:

Falls to shrewde turnes, and I was in his way.

[18]

With what strange checkes I in my selfe am shent,

When into Reasons Audit I doe goe:

And by such counts my selfe a Banckerowt know

Of all those goods which heauen to me hath lent,

Vnable quite, to pay euen Natures rent,

Which vnto it by birth-right I doe owe:

And which is worse, no good excuse can showe,

But that my wealth I haue most idly spent,

My wit doth waste, my knowledge bringes forth toyes,

My wit doth striue, those passions to defende

With my rewarde, the spoile of vaine annoyes;

I see my course, to loose my selfe doth bende.

I see and yet no greater sorrowe take

Than that I loose no more for *Stellas* sake.



[19]

ON *Cupids* bowe, how are my hart strings bent?

That see my wracke, and yet imbrace the same:

When most I glory, then I feele most shame;

I willing run, yet when I runne repent;

My best wittes still their owne disgrace inuent,

My verie yncke, turnes straight to *Stellas* name:

And yet my wordes (as them my penne doth frame)

For though she passe all things, yet what is all

That vnto me, that fare like him that both

Lookes to the skyes and in a ditch doth fall,

O let me proue my mind yet in his grouth

And not in nature, for best fruites vnfit;

Scholler saith Loue bend hitherward thy wit.

[20]

**F**Ly, flye my friendes, I haue my deathes wound, flye;

See there that boy, that murthering boy I say,  
Who like a thiefe hid in a bush doth lye,  
Tyll bloody bullet get him wrongfull pray.

So, tyrant he no fitter place could spy,

Nor so farre leuell in so secrete stay:

As that sweete blacke which walles thy heauenly eye,

There he himselfe with his shot close doth laye.

Poore passenger, passe now thereby I did,

And staid to see the prospect of the place,  
While that black hue from me the bad guest hid,  
But straight I saw motions of lightnings grace,

And there discried the glisterings of his dart:

But ere I could flie thence, it pearst my hart.

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