

[31]

With how sad steps ô Moone thou clim'st the skyes,
How silently, and with how meane a face,
What may it be, that euen in heauenly place,
That busie Archer his sharpe Arrowes tryes?
Sure if that long with loue acquainted eyes
Can iudge of loue, thou feelst of Louers case,
I reade within thy lookes thy languisht grace.
To mee that feele the like, my state discries.
Then euen of fellowship ô Moone tell me,
Is constant loue deemde there but want of wit?
Are beauties there, as proude as heere there be?
Doe they aboue, loue to be lou'd, and yet
Those Louers scorne, whom that loue doth possesse?
Doe they call vertue there vngratefulness?

M*Orpheus* the liuely sonne of deadlie Sleepe,
 Witnes of life to them that liuing die:
A Prophet oft of hidden mysterie;
A Poet eake as humors flye and creepe:
Since thou in me so sure a hold doost keepe,
 That neuer I with clos'd vp sence doe lye,
 But by thy worke, my *Stella* I discry,
Teaching blind eyes both how to smile and weepe;
Vouchsafe of all acquaintance this to tell,
Whence hast thou Iuorie, Rubies, Pearle, and Golde,
To shew *her* skin, lips, teeth, and head so well?
(Foole aunswers he) no *Indes* such treasures hold,
 But from thy hart, while my Sire charmeth thee,
 Sweete *Stellas* Image I doe steale to me.

I Might, vnhappy word, (woe me) I might,
And then would not, or could not see my blisse:
Tyll now, wrapt in a most infernall Night,
I finde, how heauenly day (wretch) did I misse;
Hart rent thy selfe, thou doost thy selfe but right.
No louely *Paris* made thy *Helen* his,
No force, no fraude, robd thee of thy delight,
No Fortune of thy fortune Author is;
But to my selfe, my selfe did giue the blow,
While too much wit forsooth so troubled me,
That I respects for both our sakes must showe.
And could I not by rysing morne fore-see,
How faire a day was neere, (ô punisht eyes)
That I had beene more foolish, or more wise.

[34]

Come let me write, and to what end? to ease
A burthened hart, (how can words ease, which are
The glasses of thy daily vexing care?)
Oh, cruell fights well pictured forth doe please.
Art not asham'd to publish thy disease?
Nay, that may breede my fame, it is so rare,
But will not wise men thinke thy words fonde ware?
Then be they close, and they shall none displease,
What idler thing than speake and not be heard?
What harder thing than smart and not to speake?
Peace foolish wit, with wit my wit is marde;
Thus write I while I doubt to write, and wreake
My harmes in ynkes poore losse, perhaps some finde
Stellas great power, that so confus'd my minde.

[35]

What may words say? or what may words not say,
Where truth it selfe must speake like flattery?
Within what boundes can one his lyking stay,
Where Nature doth with excellence agree?
What *Nestors* counsell can my flames allay,
Since Reasons selfe doth blow the coles to me?
And ah, what hope that hope should once see day,
Where *Cupid* is sworne page to Chastitie;
Honour is honoured, that thou dost possesse
Him as thy slaue, and now long needie Fame
Doth euen grow rich, meaning my *Stellas* name;
Wit learnes in *thee* perfection to expresse,
Not *thou* by praise, but praise in *thee* is raised,
It is a praise, to praise where *thou* art prayed.

[36]

S*Tella*, whence doth these newe assaults arise,

A conquerd, yeelding, ransackt hart to win?

Whereto long since, through my long battred eyes,

Whole Armies of *thy* beauties entred in,

And there long since, Loue thy Lieuetenant lyes,

My forces raz'd, thy banners rais'd within;

Of conquest what doe these effects suffise,

But wilt new warre vppon thine owne begin,

With so sweet voyce, and by sweet nature so,

In sweetest strength, so sweetly skild withall,

In all sweet stratagemes sweete Arte can shew:

That not my soule which at thy foote did fall

Long sithence forst by thy beames; but stone nor tree

By sences priuiledge can scape from thee.

[37]

Sonnet 37 was omitted by the printer.

THus night while sleepe begins, with heauie wings
 To close mine eyes, and that my troubled thought
Doth fall to stray, and my chiefe powers are brought
To leaue the scepter of all subiect things,
The first that straight my fancies error brings
 Vnto my minde, is *Stellas* Image, wrought
 By Loues owne selfe, but with so curious draught,
That she mee thinks not onely shines but sings:
I start, looke hart, harke, but what inclos'd vp sence
Was helde, in open view it flyes away,
Leauing me nought but wayling eloquence.
I seeing bitter sights in sighes decay,
 Cald it anew, and woed Sleepe againe,
 But him her hoast her vnkind guest had slaine.

[39]

Come Sleepe, ô Sleepe, the certaine knot of peace,
The bathing place of wits, the balme of woe,
The poore mans wealth, the prysoners release,
The indifferent Iudge betweene the hie and lowe,
With shielde of prooffe, shielde me from out the presse
Of these fierce dartes, Dispayre at me doth throw;
O make in me those ciuill warres to cease:
I will good trybute pay if thou doe soe.
Take thou of me smooth pillowes, sweetest bed,
A chamber deafe of noyse, and blinde of light,
A rosie garland, and a wearie head.
And if these things (as being thine in right)
Mooue not thy heauie grace, thou shalt in mee
(Liuelier then els) rare *Stellas* Image see.

[40]

AS good to write, as for to lie and groane,
 O *Stella* deere, how much *thy* power hath wrought,
That hast my minde now of the basest brought,
My still kept course while others sleepe to moane;
Alas if *thou*, the height of Vertues throane,
 Canst but vouchsafe the influence of a thought,
 Vpon a wretch which long *thy* grace hath sought,
Way then by *thee* how I am ouerthrowne;
And then thinke thus, although *thy* beautie be
Made manifest, by such a victorie,
Yet noblest Conquerers doe wreake auoide;
 Since then *thou* hast so farre subdued me,
 That in my hart I offer still to *thee*,
O doe not let thy Temple be destroide.

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