

[41]

HAuing this day, my horse, my hand, my Launce
 Guided so well, that I obtained the prize,
Both by the iudgement of the English eyes,
And of some sent by that sweet enmie Fraunce,
Horsmen my skill in horsmanship aduaunce,
 Towne folke my strength: a daintier Iudge applies
 His praise to slight, which from good vse doth rise:
Some luckie wits, impute it but to chaunce:
Others, because from both sides I doe take
My blood, from them that doe excell in this,
Thinke Nature me a man at Armes did make.
How farre they shoote awry; the true cause is,
 Stella lookt on, and from her heauenly face,
 Sent forth her beames, which made so faire a race.

[42]

O Eyes, which doe the Spheres of beautie moue,
Whose beames all ioyes, whose ioyes all vertues be:
Who while they make Loue conquer, conquer Loue,
The Schooles where *Venus* hath learnd Chastitie;
O eyes, where humble lookes most glorious proue,
Onely loue tasting of your crueltie.
Doe not, doe not, from me, poore me, remoue,
Keepe still my Zenith, euer shine on me;
For thoughts eye neuer sees them, but straight waies
My life forgets to nourish languisht sprights:
Yet still on me (ô eyes) dart downe your rayes;
And if from Maiestie of sacred Lights
Oppressing mortall sence, my death proceede:
Wreckes tryumphs best, which Loue hie set doth breed.

[43]

Faire eyes, sweet lips, deere hart, that foolish I
 Could hope by *Cupids* helpe, on you to pray:
Since to himselfe he doth your gifts apply,
As his maine force, chiefe sport, and easefull stay.
 For when he will see who dare him gainesay,
 Then with those eyes he lookes, loe by and by,
Each soule doth at Loues feete his weapons lay,
Glad if for *her* he giue them leaue to die.
When he will play, then in *her* lips his eye,
Where blushing red, that Loues selfe them doe loue,
With either lip he doth the other kisse;
But when he will for quiets sake remoue
 From all the world, *her* hart is then his roome:
 Where well he knowes, no man to him can come.

[44]

MY words I know doe well sette forth my minde,
My minde, bemones his sence of inward smart:
Such smart may pittie claime of any hart;
Her hart, sweete hart, is of no Tygers kinde,
And yet *she* heares, and I no pittie finde,
But more I cry, lesse grace *she* doth impart;
Alas, what cause is there so ouerthwart,
That Noblenes it selfe makes thus vnkinde?
I much doe gesse, yet finde no truth but this,
That when the breath of my complaints doe touch
Those daintie doores vnto the Court of Blisse,
That once come there, the sobs of my annoyes,
Are metamorphos'd straight to tunes of ioyes.

[45]

*S*tella oft sees the very face of woes

Painted in my bewrinckled stormie face:

But cannot skill to pittie my disgrace;

No though the cause heereof *herselfe she* knowes.

Yet *Hermes* late, a Fable who did show,

Of Louers neuer knowne, (a pittious case)

Pittie thereof got in *her* breast such place,

As from *her* eyes, a Spring of teares did flow.

Alas, if Fancie drawne by fained things,

Though false, yet with free store more grace doth breede

Then Seruants wreck, where new doubt honor bringes,

Than thinke my *Deere*, that in me *you* doe reede

Of Louers ruine some sad Tragædie:

And if not me, pittie the tale of me.

[46]

I Curst thee oft, I pittie now thy case,
 Blinde hitting Boy, since *shee* that thee and me
Rules with a becke, so tyranniseth thee,
That thou must want or foode or dwelling place;
For *she* protests to bannish thee *her* face.
 Her face (ô Loue) a roge then should'st thou bee,
 If Loue learne not alone to loue and see,
Without desire to feede of further grace.
Alas poore wagge, that now a Scholler art
To such a Schoole-mistris, whose lessons new
Thou needes must misse, and so thou needes must smart;
Yet *deere*, let me this pardon get of *you*,
 That he so long may sport him with desire,
 Till without Fuell, *thou* can make hote fire.

[47]

What, haue I thus betraide my libertie,
Can those blacke beames, such burning markes engraue
In my free side, or am I borne a slaue,
Whose necke becomes such yoke of tyrannie?
Or want I sence to feele my miserie,
Or spirit, disdain of such disdain to haue,
Who for long faith some gentle pittie craue,
Yet get no almes, but scorne of beggerie.
Vertue awake, beautie but beautie is;
I may, I must, I can, I will, I doe
Leaue following that which it is gaine to misse,
Let her goe: soft, but there she comes, goe to,
Vnkind I loue you, not, (woe me) that I
Must make my hart thus giue my tongue the lye.

[48]

Soules ioy, bend not those morning starres from me,
Where vertue is made strong by beauties might,
Where loue is chastnes, scorning youthes delight,
And humblenes is linckt with maiestie;
What euer may ensue, ah let me be
Copartner of the ritches of that sight:
Let not mine eyes be blinded from that light;
Oh looke, oh shine, ô let me die and see,
For though I oft my selfe of them bemone,
That through my hart their beamie darts be gone,
Whose curelesse woundes euen nowe most freshly bleede;
Yet since my deaths wound is already got,
Deere killer, spare not *thy* sweete cruell shot,
A kinde of grace it is to kill with speede.

[49]

I On my horse, and Loue on me doth trie

Our horsmanship, while two strong works I proue,
A horsman to my horse, a horse to Loue;
And now mans wrongs in me poore beast discry.

The raines wherewith the ryder doth me tie

Are reuerent thoughts, which bit of reuerence moue,

Curbde in with feare, but with gilt bosse aboue

Of hope, which makes it seeme faire to the eye:

The wande is will, thou fancie saddle art,

Girt fast by memory; and while I spurre

My horse, he spurres with sharpe desires my hart,

He sits me fast how euer I doe sturre,

And now hath made me to his hand so right,

That in the manage I my selfe delight.

[50]

*S*Tella, the fulnes cannot staid be

Of hidden thoughts, within my panting brest:
But they doe swell and struggle forth of me,
Till that in words thy figure be exprest;
And yet as soone as they thus formed be,
According to my Lord Loues owne behest,
With sad eyes I their weake proportion see
To portract what within this world is blest.
So that I cannot chuse but write my minde,
And cannot chuse but put out that I write,
While those poore babes their death in birth doe find;
And now my penne these lynes had dashed quite,
But that they stop his furie from the same:
Because their fore-front beares sweet *Stellas* name.

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