

[101]

*S*tella is sicke, and in that sick-bed lyes

Sweetenes, that breathes and pants as oft as she:  
And Grace sicke too, such fine conclusions tries,  
That Sicknes brings it selfe best grac'd to bee.  
Beautie is sicke, but sicke in such faire guise,  
That in that palenes Beauties white we see,  
And Ioy which is vnseuer'd from those eyes.

*Stella* now learnes, (strange case) to weepe with me,  
Loue moues thy paine and like a faithful page,  
As thy looks sturre, runs vp and downe to make  
All folkes prest at thy wil thy paine to swage,  
Nature with care seeks for hir darlings sake,  
Knowing worlds passe, ere she enough can finde  
Of such heauen stuffe to cloath so heauenly minde.

[102]

WHere be those Roses, which so sweetned earst our eies?

VWhere be those red cheekes, which fair increase did frame  
No hight of honor in the kindly badge of shame,

VWho hath the crimson weeds stoln from the morning skies?

How doth the coullor fade of those vermillion eies,

VWhich Nature self did make and self engraue the same?

I would know by what right this palenes ouercame

That hue, whose force my heart in so great thraldome ties?

*Gallens* adopted sonnes, who by a beaten way

Their iudgements hackney on, the fault of sicknes lay:

But feeling prooffe makes me say, they mistake it sure,

It is but loue that makes this paper perfect white,

To write therein more fresh the storie of *Delight*,

VWhiles Beauties reddest incke *Venus* for him doth stir.

[103]

O Happie *Thames* that didst my *Stella* beare,  
I saw thee with full many a smiling line  
Vpon thy cheereful face Ioues Liury wear:  
VWhile those faire Plannets on thy streames did shine,  
The boat for ioy could not to dance forbear,  
VWhile wanton winds with beautie so diuine  
Rauisht, staid not, til in her golden haire  
They did themselues (ô sweetest prison) twine.  
But faine those friendly windes there would their stay  
Haue made, but forst by Nature still to flie,  
First did with puffing kisse those Lockes display:  
She so discovered, blusht. From window I  
with sight thereof cride out; Ah faire disgrace,  
Let honours selfe to thee graunt highest place.

[104]

ENuious wits what hath beene mine offence,  
That with such poisoned care my wits you marke,  
That to each word, nay sigh of mine you harke,  
As grudging me my sorrows eloquence?  
Ah, is it not enough, that I am thence:  
Thence, so farre thence, that scantly anie sparke  
Of comfort dare come to this dungeon darke  
VWhere rigorous exile lockes vp al my sense:  
But if I by a happie window passe,  
If I but Starres vpon mine Armour beare,  
Sicke, thirstie, glad (though but of empty glasse)  
Your morals note straight my hid meaning there,  
From out my ribs a whirlwind proues that I  
Doe *Stella* loue: fooles, who doth it denie?

[105]

VNhappie sight and hath shee vanisht by,  
So neere, in so good time so free a place,  
Dead glasse dost thou thine object so imbrace,  
As what my heart still sees thou canst not spie,  
I sweare by hir Loue and my lacke, that I  
Was not in fault that bent my dazling race  
Onely vnto the heauen of *Stellaes* face,  
Counting but dust that in hir way did lie:  
But cease mine eies, your teares doe witnes well,  
That you guiltles therefore your necklace mist,  
Curst be the Page from whom the bad torch fell,  
Curst be the night which did your will resist,  
Curst be the Cochman that did driue so fast,  
With no lesse curse then absence makes me tast.

[106]

O Absent presence *Stella* is not here,  
False flattering hope that with so faire a face,  
Bare me in hand that in this Orphane place,  
*Stella* I saw, my *Stella* should appeare,  
VWhat saist thou now, where is that dainty cleare  
Thou wouldst mine eies should helpe their famisht case:  
But how art thou? now that selfe felt disgrace  
Doth make me most to wish thy comfort nere.  
But heere I doe store of faire Ladies meete,  
VWho may with charme of conuersation sweete  
Make in my heauie mould new thoughts to grow:  
Sure they preuaile as much with me, as he  
That bad his friend but then new maimed to be  
Merrie with him, and so his forget woe.

[107]

*S*tella since thou so right a Princesse art

Of all the Powers which life bestowe on me,  
That ere by them ought vndertaken be,  
They first resort vnto that soueraigne part;  
Sweete for a time giue respite to my heart,

VVhich pants as though it stil should leape to thee:

And on my thought giue the Lieuetenancie  
To this great cause, which needes both wit and Art,  
And as a Queene who from hir presence sends  
VVhom shee emploies, dismisse from thee my wit,  
Still to haue wrought that thy owne will attends,  
For seruants shame of Maisters blame doth sit.

O let not Fooles in me thy works approue,

And scorning say, see what it is to loue.

[108]

When sorrow (vsing my owne Siers might)  
    Melts downe his lead into my boyling brest,  
Through that darke Furnace of my heart opprest,  
There shines a ioy from thee my onely light:  
But soone as thought of thee breeds my delight,  
    And my young soule once flutters to hir nest,  
    Most dead dispaire my daily vnbidden guest  
Clips strait my wings, strait wraps me in his night,  
And makes me then bow downe my head and say,  
Ah what doth *Phæbus* gold that wretch auaille  
VVhom Iron darts doth keepe from vse of daie,  
So strangely (alas) thy works on me preuaile,  
    That in my woes for thee, thou art my ioy;  
    And in my ioyes for thee, my onel'anoy.

[Original content ©2015 by Dirk Jol]