

The sixth Sonnet.

O You that heare this voice,
 O you that see this face,
Say whether of the choice,
Deserues the better place,
 Feare not to iudge this bate,
 For it is voide of hate.

2 This side doth Beautie take,
For that doth Musicke speake,
Fit Orators to make,
The strongest iudgements weake,
 The barre to plead the right,
 Is onely true delight.

3 Thus doth the voice and face,
The gentle Lawiers wage,
Like louing brothers case,
For Fathers heritage,
 That each while each contends,
 It selfe to other lends.

4 For Beautie beautifies
With heauenly view and grace,
The heauenly harmonies;
And in this faultles face
 The perfect beauties bee,
 A perfect harmonie.

5 Musicke more lustie swels
In speeches noblie placed,
Beautie as farre excels
In actions aptly graced.

A friend each partie drawes,
To countenance his cause.

6 Loue more affected seemes
To Beauties louely light,
And Wonder more esteemes
Of Musicks wondrous might;
But both to both so bent,
As both in both are spent.

7 Musicke doth witnes call
The eare, his truth to trie:
Beauty brings to the hall
The iudgement of the eie:
Both in their obiects such,
As no exceptions tuch.

8 The common Sense which might
Be arbitrer of this,
To be forsooth vpright,
To both sides partiall is:
He laies on this chiefe praise,
Chiefe praise on that he laies.

9 Then reason Princesse hie,
Whose throne is in the minde;
Which Musicke can in skie,
And hidden Beauties finde:
Say, whether thou wilt crowne
With limitlesse renowne.

The seuenth Sonnet.

WHose senses in so euill comfort their stepdame Nature laies,
That rauishing delight in them most sweete tunes doth not raise,
Or if they doe delight therein yet are so cloid with wit,
As with sententious lips to set a little vaine on it:
O let them hear these sacred tunes, & learn in wonders scholes,
To be (in things past bounds of wit) fooles, if they be not fooles.

VWho haue so leaden eyes, as not to see sweete Beauties showe:
Or seeing, haue so wooden wits as not that worth to knowe;
Or knowing, haue so muddie mindes, as not to be in loue;
Or louing, haue so frothie hearts, as easie thence to moue:
O, let them see these heauenly beames, and in faire letters reed
A lesson, fit both sight and skill, Loue & firme Loue to breed.

3 Hear then, but then with wonder hear; see, but admiring see;
No mortal gifts, no earthly frutes now here discerned bee:
See, doo you see this face: a face, nay image of the skyes,
Of which, the two life-giuing lights are figured in her eyes:
Heare you this soule-inuading voyce, & count it but a voyce,
The verie essence of their tunes, when Angels doo reoyce.

The eighth.

IN a groue most rich of shade;
Where birds wanton Musicke made:
Maie then young his pide weeds shewing,
New perfumes with flowrs fresh growing.

2 *Astrophel* with *Stella* sweete,
Did for mutual comfort meete:
Both within themselues oppressed,
But either in each other blessed.

3 Him great harmes had taught much care,
Her faire necke a foule yoke bare:
But hir sight his cares did banish,
In his sight hir yoke did vanish.

4 Wept they had, alas the while:
But now teares themselues did smile,
While their eyes by Loue directed,
Interchangeable reflected.

5 Sighd they had: but now betwixt
Sighs of woe were glad sighs mixt:
VVith armes crost, yet testifying
Restles rest, and liuing dying.

6 Their eares hungrie of each word
VVhich the deare tongue would afford,
But their tongues restrained from walking,
Till their harts had ended talking.

7 But when their tongues could not speak,
Loue it selfe did silence breake:
Loue did set his lips asunder
Thus to speake in loue and wonder.

8 *Stella*, Souereigne of my ioy,
Faire Triumphres in annoy:
Stella, Starre of heauenly fire,
Stella, loadstarre of desire.

9 *Stella*, in whose shining eyes
Are the lights of *Cupids* skyes,
VVhose beames where they are once darterd
Loue there with is straight imparted.

10 *Stella*, whose voyce when it speakes,
Senses all asunder breakes:
Stella, whose voyce when it singeth,
Angels to acquaintance bringeth.

11 *Stella*, in whose bodie is
Writ the characters of blis:
VVhose sweete face all beautie passeth,
Saeue the minde which it surpasseth.

12 Graunt, ô graunt, but speach (alas)
Failes me, fearing on to passe:
Graunt to me, what am I saying?
But no sinne there is in praying.

13 Graunt (ô Deare) on knees I pray
(Knees on ground he then did stay)
That not I, but since I proue you,
Time and place from me nere moue you.

14 Neuer season was more fit,
Neuer roome more apt for it:
Smiling aire allowes my reason:
These birds sing; now vse the season.

15 This small winde which so sweete is,
See how it the leaues doth kis;
Each tree in his best attyring,
Sense of Loue to Loue inspiring.

16 Loue makes earth the water drinke,
Loue to earth makes water sinke:
And if dumb things be so wittie,
Shall a heauenly Grace want pittie?

17 There his hands (in their speach) faine
Would haue made tongues language plaine:
But her hands his hands compelling,
Gae repulse, all grace expelling.

18 Therewithall, away she went,
Leauing him with passion rent,
VVith what she had done and spoken,
That therewith my song is broken.

The ninth Sonnet.

GOe my Flocke, goe get you hence,
 Seeke a better place of feeding,
VWhere you may haue some defence
 From the stormes in my breast bleeding,
 And showers from mine eyes proceeding.

2 Leauē a wretch in whom all woe,
 Can abide to keepe no measure;
Merrie Flocke, such one forgoe
 Vnto whom mirth is displeasure,
 Onely rich in measures treasure.

3 Yet alas before you goe,
 Heare your wofull Masters storie,
VWhich to stones I else would showe;
 Sorrow onely then hath glorie,
VWhen tis excellently sorie.

4 *Stella*, fairest Shepheardesse,
 Fairest, but yet cruelst euer;
Stella, whom the heauens still blesse,
 Though against me she perseuer,
 Though I blisse inherit neuer.

5 *Stella* hath refused mee,
 Stella, who more loue hath proued
In this caitiffe hart to bee,
 Than can in good to vs be moued
 Towards Lambkins best beloued,

6 *Stella* hath refused mee

Astrophel that so well serued.

60 In this pleasant Spring (Muse) see,
While in pride flowers be preserued,
Himselfe onely, winter starued.

7 Why (alas) then doth she sweare

That she loueth me so deerly;

Seeing me so long to beare

Coales of loue that burne so cleerly:

And yet leaue me hopelesse meerly.

8 Is that loue? forsooth I trow,

If I saw my good dogg griued,

And a helpe for him did know,

My loue should not be beleued,

But he were by me releued.

9 No, she hates me (welaway)

Faining loue, somewhat to please me;

Knowing, if she should display

All her hate, death soone would seaze me,

And of hideous torments ease me.

10 Then my deare Flocke now adieu:

But alas, if in your straying

Heauenly *Stella* meete with you,

Tell her in your piteous blaying

Her poore Slaues iust decaying.

The tenth Sonnet.

O Deere Life, when shall it bee,
That mine eyes thine eyes shall see,
And in them thy minde discover,
VVhether absence haue had force
Thy remembrance to diuorce
From the image of thy Louer?

2 O if I my selfe finde not
By thine absence oft forgot,
Nor debarred from Beauties treasure,
Let no tongue aspire to tell
In what high ioyes I shall dwell,
Onely thought aimes at the pleasure.

3 Thought therefore will I send thee
To take vp the place for mee,
Long I will not after tarrie:
There vnseene, thou maist be bold
Those faire wonders to behold,
VVhich in them my hopes doo carrie.

4 Thought, see thou no place forbear,
Enter brauely euerie where,
Seaze on all to her belonging:
But if thou wouldst garded bee,
Fearing her beames, take with thee
Strength of liking, rage of longing.

5 O my Thoughts, my Thoughts surcease,
Your delights my woes encrease,
My life fletes with too much thinking:
Thinke no more, but die in mee,
Till thou shalt receiued bee,
At her lips my *Nectar* drinking.

Finis Syr P.S.

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