

Hauing this day my horse, my hand, my launce
 Guided so well, that I obtain'd the prize,
 Both by the iudgment of the English eyes,
 And of some sent from that sweetemie *Fraunce*.

Horsemen my skill in horsmanship aduance,
 Towne-folks my strength, a daintier iudge applies
 His praise to sleight, which from good vse doth rise:
 Some luckie wits impute it but to chaunce;

Others, because of both sides I do take
 My bloud from them, who did excell in this,
 Thinke Nature me a man of armes did make.

How farre they shot awrie? the true cause is,
Stella lookt on, and from her hau'nly face
 Sent forth the beames, which made so faire my race.

O eyes, which do the Spheares of beautie moue,
 Whose beames be ioyes, whose ioyes all vertues be,
 Who while they make *Loue* conquer, conquer *Loue*,
 The schooles where *Venus* hath learn'd Chastitie.

O eyes, whose humble lookes most glorious proue,
 Only lou'd tyrants, iust in cruelty,
 Do not, ô do not from poore me remoue,
 Keepe still my Zenith, euer shine on me.

For though I neuer see them, but straight wayes
 My life forgets to nourish languisht sprites;
 Yet still on me, ô eyes, dart downe your rayes:

And if from Maiestie of sacred lights,
 Oppressing mortall sense, my death proceed,
 Wrackes Triumphs be, which *Loue* (high set) doth breed.

Fair eyes, sweet lips, deare heart, that foolish I
 Could hope by *Cupids* helpe on you to pray;
 Since to himselfe he doth your gifts apply,
 As his maine force, choise sport, and easefull stay.

For when he will see who dare him gainsay,
 Then with those eyes he lookes, lo by and by
 Each soule doth at *Loues* feet his weapons lay,
 Glad if for her he giue them leaue to die.

When he will play, then in her lips he is,
 Where blushing red, that *Loues* selfe them doth loue,
 With either lip he doth the other kisse:

But when he will for quiets sake remoue
 From all the world, her heart is then his rome
 Where well he knowes, no man to him can come.

My words I know do well set forth my mind,
 My mind bemoanes his sense of inward smart;
 Such smart may pitie claime of any hart,
 Her heart, sweete heart, is of no Tygres kind:

And yet she heares, yet I no pitie find;
 But more I crie, lesse grace she doth impart,
 Alas, what cause is there so ouerthwart,
 That noblenesse it selfe makes thus vnkind?

I much do guesse, yet find no truth saue this,
 That when the breath of my complaints doth tuch
 Those dainty dores vnto the Court of blisse,

The heau'nly nature of that place is such,
 That once come there, the sobs of mine annoyes
 Are metamorphosd straight to tunes of ioyes.

Stella oft sees the very face of wo
Painted in my beclouded stormie face:
But cannot skill to pitie my disgrace,
Not though thereof the cause her selfe she know:

Yet hearing late a fable, which did show
Of Louers neuer knowne, a grieuous case,
Pitie thereof gate in her breast such place,
That from that sea deriu'd teares spring did flow.

Alas, if Fancy drawne by imag'd things,
Though false, yet with free scope more grace doth breed
Then seruants wracke, where new doubts honor brings;

Then thinke my deare, that you in me do reed
Of Louers ruine some sad Tragedie:
I am not I, pitie the tale of me.

I curst thee oft, I pitie now thy case,
 Blind-hitting boy, since she that thee and me
 Rules with a becke, so tyrannizeth thee,
 That thou must want or food, or dwelling place.

For she protests to banish thee her face.
 Her face? O *Loue*, a Rogue thou then shouldst be!
 If *Loue* learne not alone to loue and see,
 Without desire to feed of further grace.

Alas poore wag, that now a scholler art
 To such a schoole-mistresse, whose lessons new
 Thou needs must misse, and so thou needs must smart.

Yet Deare, let me his pardon get of you,
 So long (though he from book myche to desire)
 Till without fewell you can make hot fire.

What have I thus betrayed 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 tyranny?

Or want I sense to feele my miserie?

Or sprite, disdaine of such disdaine to haue,
 Who for long faith, tho dayly helpe I craue,
 May get no almes but scorne of beggerie?

Vertue awake, Beautie but beautie is;

I may, I must, I can, I will, I do
 Leaue following that, which it is gaine to misse.

Let her do: soft, but here she comes, go to,

Vnkind, I loue you not: O me, that eye
 Doth make my heart giue to my tongue the lie.

Soules joy, bend not those morning starres from me,
 Where Vertue is made strong by Beauties might,
 Where *Loue* is chastness, Paine doth learne delight,
 And Humblenesse growes one with Maiestie.

What euer may ensue, ô let me be
 Copartner of the riches of that sight:
 Let not mine eyes be hel-driu'n from that light:
 Oh looke, ô shine, ô let me die and see.

For though I oft my selfe of them bemone,
 That through my heart their beamie darts be gone:
 Whose curelesse wounds euen now most freshly bleed:

Yet since my death-wound is already got,
 Dear Killer, spare not thy sweet cruell shot:
 A kind of grace it is to slay with speed.

I on my horse, and *Loue* on me doth trie
 Our horsmanships, while by strange worke I proue
 A horsman to my horse, a horse to *Loue*;
 And now mans wrongs in me poore beast descrie.

The raine wherewith my Rider doth me tie,
 Are humbled thoughts, which bit of Reuerence moue,
 Curb'd in with feare, but with guilt bosse aboue
 Of Hope, which makes it seeme faire to the eye.

The Wand is Will, thou Fancie Saddle art,
 Girt fast by memorie, and while I spurre
 My horse, he spurres with sharpe desire my hart:

He sits me fast, how euer I do sturre:
 And now hath made me to his hand so right,
 That in the Manage myselfe takes delight.

Stella, the fulnesse of my thoughts of thee
Cannot be staid within my panting breast,
But they do swell and struggle forth of me,
Till that in words thy figure be exprest.

And yet as soone as they so formed be,
According to my Lord *Loues* owne behest:
With sad eyes I their weake proportion see,
To portrait that which in this world is best.

So that I cannot chuse but write my mind,
And cannot chuse but put out what I write,
While these poor babes their death in birth do find:

And now my pen these lines had dashed quite,
But that they stopt his furie from the same,
Because their forefront bare sweet *Stellas* name.

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