

Oft with true sighes, oft with vncalled teares,
Now with slow words, now with dumbe eloquence
I *Stellas* eyes assaid, inuade her eares;
But this at last is her sweet breath'd defense:

That who indeed infelt affection beares,
So captiues to his Saint both soule and sence,
That wholly hers, all selfnesse he forbears,
Then his desires he learnes, his liues course thence.

Now since her chast mind hates this loue in me,
With chastned mind, I straight must shew that she
Shall quickly me from what she hates remoue.

Oh Doctor *Cupid*, thou for me reply,
Driu'n else to graunt by Angels sophistrie,
That I love not, without I leaue to loue.

Late tyr'd with wo, euen ready for to pine,
 With rage of *Loue*, I cald my Loue vnkind;
 She in whose eyes *Loue* though vnfelt doth shine,
 Sweet said that I true loue in her should find,

I ioyed, but straight thus watred was my wine,
 That loue she did, but loued a Loue not blind,
 Which would not let me, whom she loued, decline
 From nobler course, fit for my birth and mind:

And therefore by her Loues authority,
 Wild me these tempests of vaine loue to flie,
 And anchor fast my selfe on *Vertues* shore.

Alas, if this the only mettall be
 Of Loue, new-coind to helpe my beggery,
 Deare, loue me not, that ye may loue me more.

O Grammer rules, ô now your vertues show;
 So children still reade you with awfull eyes,
 As my young Doue may in your precepts wise
 Her graunt to me, by her own vertue know.

For late with heart most high, with eyes most low,
 I crau'd the thing which euer she denies:
 She lightning *Loue*, displaying *Venus* skies,
 Least once should not be heard, twise said, No, No.

Sing then my Muse, now *Io Pean* sing,
 Heau'ns enuy not at my high triumphing:
 But Grammers force with sweet successe confirme:

For Grammer sayes (ô this dear *Stella* nay,)
 For Grammer sayes (to Grammer who sayes nay)
 That in one speech two Negatiues affirme.

First song.

*Doubt you to whom my Muse these notes entendeth,
Which now my breast orecharg'd to Musick lendeth:
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only in you my song begins and endeth.*

*Who hath the eyes which marrie state with pleasure,
Who keeps the key of Natures chiefest treasure:
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only for you the heau'n forgat all measure.*

*Who hath the lips, where wit in fairnesse raigneth,
Who womankind at once both deckes and stayneth:
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only by you Cupid his crowne maintaineth.*

*Who hath the feet, whose step all sweetnesse planteth,
Who else for whom Fame worthy trumpets wanteth:
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only to you her Scepter Venus granteth.*

*Who hath the breast, whose milke doth passions nourish,
Whose grace is such, that when it chides doth cherish,
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only through you the tree of life doth flourish.*

*Who hath the hand which without stroke subdueth,
Who long dead beautie with increase reneweth:
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Onely to you all envie hopelesse rueth.*

*Who hath the hair which loosest fastest tieth,
Who makes a man liue then glad when he dieth:
To you, to you, all song of praise is due:
Only of you the flatterer neuer lieth.*

*Who hath the voyce, which soule from senses sunders,
Whose force but yours the bolts of beautie thunders:
To you, to you, all song of praise is due:
Only with you not miracles are wonders.*

*Doubt you to whom my Muse these notes intendeth,
Which now my breast orecharg'd to Musicke lendeth:
To you, to you, all song of praise is due:
Only in you my song begins and endeth.*

No more, my deare, no more these counsels trie,
O give my passions leaue to run their race:
Let Fortune lay on me her worst disgrace,
Let folke orecharg'd with braine against me crie.

Let clouds bedimme my face, breake in mine eye,
Let me no steps but of lost labour trace:
Let all the earth with scorne recount my case,
But do not will me from my *Loue* to flie.

I do not enuie *Aristotles* wit,
Nor do aspire to Cæsars bleeding fame;
Nor ought do care, though some about me sit:

Nor hope, nor with another course to frame,
But that which once may win thy cruell hart
Thou art my Wit, and thou my Vertue art.

Loue by sure prooffe I may call thee vnkind,
 That giu'st no better eare to my iust cries:
 Thou whom to me such my good turnes should bind,
 As I may well recount, but none can prize:

For when, nak'd boy, thou couldst no harbour find
 In this old world, growne now so too too wise:
 I lodg'd thee in my heart, and being blind
 By Nature borne, I gaue to thee mine eyes.

Mine eyes, my light, my heart, my life, alas,
 If so great seruices may scorned be:
 Yet let this thought thy Tygrish courage passe:

That I perhaps am somewhat kinne to thee;
 Since in thine armes, if learnd fame truth hath spread,
 Thou bear'st the arrow, I the arrow head.

And do I see some cause a hope to feede,
Or doth the tedious burd'n of long wo
In weakened minds, quicke apprehending breed,
Of euerie image, which may comfort show?

I cannot brag of word, much lesse of deed,
Fortunes wheelles still with me in one sort slow,
My wealth no more, and no whit lesse my need,
Desire still on the stilts of feare doth go.

And yet amid all feares a hope there is,
Stolne to my heart since last faire night, nay day,
Stellas eyes sent to me the beames of blisse,

Looking on me, while I lookt other way:
But when mine eyes backe to their heau'n did moue,
They fled with blush, which guiltie seem'd of loue.

Hope, art thou true, or doest thou flatter me?

Doth *Stella* now begin with piteous eye,

The ruines of her conquest to espie:

Will she take time, before all wracked be?

Her eyes-speech is translated thus by thee:

But failst thou not in phrase so heau'nly hie?

Looke on againe, the faire text better trie:

What blushing notes doest thou in margine see?

What sighes stolne out, or kild before full borne?

Hast thou found such and such like arguments?

Or art thou else to comfort me foresworne?

Well, how so thou interpret the contents,

I am resolu'd thy errour to maintaine,

Rather then by more truth to get more paine.

Stella, the onely Planet of my light,
Light of my life, and life of my desire,
Chiefe good, whereto my hope doth only aspire,
World of my wealth, and heau'n of my delight:

Why doest thou spend the treasures of thy sprite,
With voice more fit to wed *Amphions* lyre,
Seeking to quench in me the noble fire,
Fed by thy worth, and blinded by thy sight?

And all in vaine, for while thy breath most sweet,
With choicest words, thy words with reasons rare,
Thy reasons firmly set on *Vertues feet*,

Labour to kill in me this killing care:
O thinke I then, what paradise of ioy
It is, so faire a Vertue to enjoy.

O ioy, too high for my low stile to show:
 O blisse, fit for a nobler state then me:
 Envie, put out thine eyes, least thou do see
 What Oceans of delight in me do flow.

My friend, that oft saw through all maskes my wo,
 Come, come, and let me powre my selfe on thee;
 Gone is the winter of my miserie,
 My spring appeares, ô see what here doth grow.

For *Stella* hath with words where faith doth shine,
 Of her high heart giu'n me the monarchie:
 I, I, ô I may say, that she is mine,

And though she giue but thus conditionly
 This realme of blisse, while vertuous course I take,
 No kings be crown'd, but they some couenants make.

My Muse may well grudge at my heau'nly ioy,
 If still I force her in sad rimes to creepe:
 She oft hath drunke my teares, now hopes to enioy
 Nectar of Mirth, since I *Ioues* cup do keepe.

Sonets be not bound prentise to annoy:
 Trebles sing high, as well as basses deepe:
 Grief but *Loues* winter liuerie is, the Boy
 Hath cheekes to smile, as well as eyes to weepe.

Come then my Muse, shew thou height of delight
 In well raisde notes, my pen the best it may
 Shall paint out ioy, though but in blacke and white.

Cease eager Muse, peace pen, for my sake stay,
 I giue you here my hand for truth of this,
 Wise silence is best musicke vnto blisse.

[Original content ©2015 by Dirk Jol]