

Who will in fairest booke of Nature know,  
 How Vertue may best lodg'd in beautie be,  
 Let him but learne of *Loue* to reade in thee  
*Stella*, those faire lines which true goodnesse show.

There shall he find all vices ouerthrow,  
 Not by rude force, but sweetest soueraigntie  
 Of reason, from whose light those night-birds flie;  
 That inward sunne in thine eyes shineth so.

And not content to be Perfections heire  
 Thy selfe, doest striue all minds that way to moue,  
 Who marke in thee what is in thee most faire.

So while thy beautie drawes the heart to loue,  
 As fast thy Vertue bends that loue to good:  
 But ah, Desire still cries, giue me some food.

Desire, though thou my old companion art,  
And oft so clings to my pure Loue, that I  
One from the other scarcely can descric,  
While each doth blow the fier of my hart;

Now from thy fellowship I needs must part,  
*Venus* is taught with *Dians* wings to flie:  
I must no more in thy sweet passions lie;  
*Vertues* gold now must head my *Cupids* dart.

Seruice and Honor, wonder with delight,  
Feare to offend, will worthie to appeare,  
Care shining in mine eyes, faith in my sprite.

These things are left me by my only Deare;  
But thou Desire, because thou wouldst haue all,  
Now banisht art, but yet alas how shall?

Second song.

*Haue I caught my heau'nly jewell,  
Teaching sleepe most faire to be?  
Now will I teach her that she,  
VWhen she wakes, is too too cruel.*

*Since sweet sleep her eyes hath charmed,  
The two only darts of Loue:  
Now will I with that boy proue  
Some play, while he is disarmed.*

*Her tongue waking still refuseth,  
Giuing frankly niggard No:  
Now will I attempt to know  
What No her tongue sleeping useth.*

*See the hand which waking gardeth,  
Sleeping, grants a free resort:  
Now will I inuade the fort;  
Cowards Loue with losse rewardeth.*

*But ô foole, thinke of the danger,  
Of her iust and high disdain:  
Now will I alas refraine,  
Loue feares nothing else but anger.*

*Yet those lips so sweetly swelling,  
Do inuite a stealing kisse:  
Now will I but venture this,  
Who will read must first learne spelling.*

*Oh sweet kisse, but ah she is waking,  
Lowring beautie chastens me:  
Now will I away hence flee:  
Foole, more foole, for no more taking.*

*Loue* still a boy, and oft a wanton is,  
 School'd onely by his mothers tender eye:  
 What wonder then if he his lesson misse,  
 When for so soft a rod deare play he trie?

And yet my Starre, because a sugred kisse  
 In sport I suckt, while she asleepe did lie,  
 Doth lowre, nay, chide; nay, threat for only this.  
 Sweet, it was saucie *Loue*, not humble I.

But no scuse serves, she makes her wrath appeare  
 In Beauties throne, see now who dares come neare  
 Those scarlet iudges, threatning bloody paine?

Oh heau'nly foole, thy most kisse-worthie face,  
 Anger inuests with such a louely grace,  
 That Anger selfe I needs must kisse againe.

I neuer dranke of *Aganippe* well,  
Nor euer did in shade of *Tempe* sit:  
And Muses scorne with vulgar braines to dwell,  
Poor Layman I, for sacred rites vnfit.

Some do I heare of Poets furie tell,  
But (God wot) wot not what they meane by it:  
And this I sweare by blackest brooke of hell,  
I am no pick-purse of anothers wit.

How falles it then, that with so smooth an ease  
My thoughts I speake, and what I speake doth flow  
In verse, and that my verse best wits doth please?

Guesse we the cause, what is it thus? fie no:  
Or so? much lesse: how then? sure thus it is:  
My lips are sweet, inspired with *Stellas* kisse.

Of all the kings that euer here did raigne,  
    *Edward* named fourth, as first in praise I name,  
Not for his faire outside, nor well lined braine;  
Although lesse gifts impe feathers oft on Fame

Nor that he could young-wise, wise-valiant frame  
    His Sires reuenge, ioyn'd with a kingdomes gaine:  
And gain'd by *Mars*, could yet mad *Mars* so tame,  
That Ballance weigh'd what sword did late obtaine.

Nor that he made the Flouredeluce so fraid,  
    Though strongly hedg'd of bloody Lyons pawes,  
That wittie *Lewis* to him a tribute paid.

Nor this, nor that, nor any such small cause,  
    But only for this worthy knight durst proue  
To loose his Crowne, rather then faile his Loue.

She comes, and streight therewith her shining twins do moue  
 Their rayes to me, who in her tedious absence lay  
 Benighted in cold wo, but now appeares my day,  
 The onely light of joy, the onely warmth of *Loue*.

She comes with light and warmth, which like *Aurora* proue  
 Of gentle force, so that mine eyes dare gladly play  
 With such a rosie morn, whose beames most freshly gay  
 Scorch not, but onely do darke chilling sprites remoue.

But lo, while I do speake, it groweth noone with me,  
 Her flamie glistring lights increase with time and place;  
 My heart cries ah, it burnes, mine eyes now dazled be:

No wind, no shade can coole, what helpe then in my case,  
 But with short breath, long lookes, staid feet and walking hed,  
 Pray that my sunne go downe with meeker beames to bed.



Those lookes, whose beames be ioy, whose motion is delight,  
 That face, whose lecture shewes what perfect beautie is:  
 That presence, which doth giue darke hearts a liuing light:  
 That grace, which *Venus* weepes that she her selfe doth misse:

That hand, which without touch holds more then *Atlas* might;  
 Those lips, which make deaths pay a meane price for a kisse:  
 That skin, whose passe-praise hue scorns this poore terme of  
 white:  
 Those words, which do sublime the quintessence of blisse:

That voyce, which makes the soule plant himselfe in the eares:  
 That conuersation sweet, where such high comforts be,  
 As conserd in true speech, the name of heau'n it beares,

Makes me in my best thoughts and quietst iudgment see,  
 That in no more but these I might be fully blest:  
 Yet ah, my Mayd'n Muse doth blush to tell the best.

O how the pleasant aires of true loue be  
Infected by those vapours, which arise  
From out that noysome gulfe, which gaping lies  
Betweene the iawes of hellish Iealousie.

A monster, others harme, selfe-miserie,  
Beauties plague, Vertues scourge, succour of lies:  
Who his owne ioy to his owne hurt applies,  
And onely cherish doth with iniurie.

Who since he hath, by Natures speciall grace,  
So piercing pawes, as spoyle when they embrace,  
So nimble feet as stirre still, though on thornes:

So manie eyes ay seeking their owne woe,  
So ample eares as neuer good newes know:  
Is it not euill that such a Deuill wants hornes?

Sweet kises, thy sweets I faine would sweetly endite,  
 Which euen of sweetnesse sweetest sweetner art:  
 Pleasingst consort, where each sence holds a part,  
 Which coupling Doues guides *Venus* chariot right.

Best charge, and bravest retrait in *Cupids* fight,  
 A double key, which opens to the heart,  
 Most rich, when most his riches it impart:  
 Neast of young ioyes, schoolmaster of delight,

Teaching the meane, at once to take and giue  
 The friendly fray, where blowes both wound and heale,  
 The prettie death, while each in other liue.

Poor hopes first wealth, ostage of promist weale,  
 Breakefast of *Loue*, but lo, lo, where she is,  
 Cease we to praise, now pray we for a kisse.

Sweet swelling lip, well maist thou swell in pride,  
 Since best wits thinke it wit thee to admire;  
 Natures praise, Vertues stall, *Cupids* cold fire,  
 Whence words, not words, but heau'nly graces slide.

The new *Parnassus*, where the Muses bide,  
 Sweetner of musicke, wisdomes beautifier:  
 Breather of life, and fastner of desire,  
 Where Beauties blush in Honours grain is dide.

Thus much my heart compeld my mouth to say,  
 But now spite of my heart my mouth will stay,  
 Loathing all lies, doubting this Flatterie is:

And no spurre can his resty race renew,  
 Without how farre this praise is short of you,  
 Sweet lip, you teach my mouth with one sweet kisse.

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