

O kisse, which doest those ruddie gems impart,
 Or gemmes, or frutes of new-found *Paradise*,
 Breathing all blisse and sweetning to the heart,
 Teaching dumbe lips a nobler exercise.

O kisse, which soules, euen soules together ties
 By linkes of *Loue*, and only Natures art:
 How faine would I paint thee to all mens eyes,
 Or of thy gifts at least shade out some part.

But she forbids, with blushing words, she sayes,
 She builds her fame on higher seated praise:
 But my heart burnes, I cannot silent be.

Then since (deare life) you faine would haue me peace,
 And I, mad with delight, want wit to cease,
 Stop you my mouth with still still kissing me.

Nymph of the gard'n where all beauties be:
 Beauties which do in excellencie passe:
 His who till death lookt in a watrie glasse,
 Or hers whom naked the *Trojan* boy did see.

Sweet gard'n Nymph, which keeps the Cherrie tree,
 Whose fruit doth farre th'*Esperian* tast surpasse;
 Most sweet-faire, most faire-sweet, do not alas,
 From comming neare those Cherries banish me:

For though full of desire, emptie of wit,
 Admitted late by your best-graced grace,
 I caught at one of them a hungrie bit;

Pardon that fault, once more graunt me the place,
 And I do sweare euen by the same delight,
 I will but kisse, I neuer more will bite.

Good, brother *Philip*, I haue borne you long,
 I was content you should in fauour creepe,
 While craftily you seem'd your cut to keepe,
 As though that faire soft hand did you great wrong.

I bare (with Enuie) yet I bare your song,
 When in her neck you did *Loue* ditties peepe;
 Nay, more foole I, oft suffered you to sleepe
 In Lillies neast, where *Loues* selfe lies along.

What, doth high place ambitious thoughts augment?
 Is sawcinesse reward of curtesie?
 Cannot such grace your silly selfe content,

But you must needs with those lips billing be?
 And through those lips drink Nectar from that toong;
 Leaue that sir *Phip*, least off your necke be wroong.

Third song.

*If Orpheus voyce had force to breathe such musickes loue
Through pores of sencelesse trees, as it could make them moue;
If stones good measure daunc'd, the Theban walles to build,
To cadence of the tunes, which Amphyons lyre did yeeld,
More cause a like effect at least wise bringeth:
O stones, ô trees, learne hearing, Stella singeth.*

*If Love might sweet'n so a boy of shepheard brood,
To make a Lyzard dull to taste Loues daintie food:
If eagle fierce could so in Grecian Mayd delight,
As his light was her eyes, her death his endlessse night:
Earth gaue that Loue, heau'n I trow Loue refineth:
O beasts, ô birds looke, Loue, lo, Stella, shineth.*

*The birds, beasts, stones and trees feele this, and feeling Loue:
And if the trees, nor stones stirre not the same to proue,
Nor beasts, nor birds do come vnto this blessed gaze,
Know, that small Loue is quicke, and great Loue doth amaze:
They are amaz'd, but you with reason armed,
O eyes, ô eares of men, how are you charmed!*

High way since you my chiefe *Parnassus* be,
And that my Muse to some eares not unsweet,
Tempers her words to trampling horses feet,
More oft then to a chamber melodie.

Now blessed you, beare onward blessed me
To her, where I my heart safelest shall meet,
My Muse and I must you of dutie greet
With thankes and wishes, wishing thankfully.

Be you still faire, honourd by publike heed,
By no encroachment wrongd, nor time forgot:
Nor blam'd for bloud, nor sham'd for sinfull deed.

And that you know, I enuy you no lot
Of highest wish, I wish you so much blisse,
Hundreds of yeares you *Stellas* feet may kisse.

I see the house, my heart thy selfe containe,
 Beware full sailes drowne not thy tottring barge:
 Least joy by Nature apt sprites to enlarge,
 Thee to thy wracke beyond thy limits straine.

Nor do like Lords, whose weake confused braine,
 Not pointing to fit folkes each vndercharge,
 While euerie office themselues will discharge,
 With doing all, leaue nothing done but paine.

But giue apt seruants their due place, let eyes
 See Beauties total summe summ'd in her face:
 Let eares heare speech, which wit to wonder ties.

Let breath sucke up those sweetes; let armes embrace
 The globe of weale, lips *Loues* indentures make:
 Thou but of all the kingly Tribute take.

Fourth song.

*Onely ioy, now here you are,
Fit to heare and ease my care:
Let my whispering voyce obtaine,
Sweet reward for sharpest paine:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.*

*Night hath closd all in her cloke,
Twinckling starres Loue-thoughts prouoke:
Danger hence good care doth keepe,
Iealousie it selfe doth sleepe:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.*

*Better place no wit can find,
Cupids yoke to loose or bind:
These sweet flowers on fine bed too,
Vs in their best language woo:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.*

*This small light the Moone bestowes,
Serues thy beames but to disclose,
So to raise my hap more hie;
Feare not else, none can vs spie:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.*

That you heard was but a Mouse,

*Dumbe sleepe holdeth all the house:
Yet a sleepe, me thinks they say,
Yong folkes, take time while you may:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.*

*Niggard Time threats, if we misse
This large offer of our blisse:
Long stay ere he graunt the same:
Sweet, then, while each thing doth frame:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.*

*You fair mother is a bed,
Candles out and curtaines spread:
She thinkes you do letters write:
Write, but let me first endite:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.*

*Sweet alas, why strive you thus?
Concord better fitteth vs:
Leaue to Mars the force of hands,
Your power in your beautie stands:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.*

*Vo to me, and do you sweare
Me to hate, but I forbear,
Cursed be my destines all,
That brought me so high to fall:*

Soon with my death I will please thee.

No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.

Alas, whence came this change of lookes? if I
 Haue chang'd desert, let mine owne conscience be
 A still felt plague, to selfe condemning me:
 Let wo gripe on my heart, shame loade mine eye.

But if all faith, like spotlesse Ermine ly
 Safe in my soule, which only doth to thee
 (As his sole object of felicitie)
 With wings of *Loue* in aire of wonder flie,

Oh ease your hand, treat not so hard your slaue:
 In iustice paines come not till faults do call,
 Or if I needs (sweet Iudge) must torments haue,

Vse something else to chast'n me withall,
 Then those blest eyes, where all my hopes do dwell,
 No doome should make once heau'n become his hell.

Fift song.

*While favour fed my hope, delight with hope was brought,
Thought waited on delight, and speech did follow thought:
Then grew my tongue and pen records vnto thy glory:
I thought all words were lost, that were not spent of thee:
I thought each place was darke but where thy lights would be,
And all eares worse then deafe, that heard not out thy storie.*

*I said, thou wert most faire, and so indeed thou art:
I said, thou art most sweet, sweet poison to my heart:
I said, my soule was thine (ô that I then had lyed)
I said, thine eyes were starres, thy breasts the milk'n way,
Thy fingers Cupids shafts, thy voyce the Angels lay:
And all I said so well, as no man it denied.*

*But now that hope is lost, vnkindnesse kils delight,
Yet thought and speech do liue, though metamorphosd quite:
For rage now rules the raines, which guided were by Pleasure.
I thinke now of thy faults, who late thought of thy praise,
That speech falles now to blame, which did thy honour raise,
The same key op'n can, which can locke up a treasure.*

*Thou then whom partiall heauens conspir'd in one to frame,
The prooffe of Beauties worth, th'etheritrix of fame,
The mansion seat of blisse, and iust excuse of Louers;
See now those feathers pluckt, wherewith thou flew most high:
See what clouds of reproch shall darke thy honours skie.
Whose owne fault casts him downe, hardly high seat recouers.*

And ô my Muse, though oft you luld her in your lap,

*And then a heau'nly child gaue her Ambrosian pap:
And to that braine of hers your hidnest gifts infused,
Since she disdainig me, doth you in me disdaine;
Suffer not her to laugh, while both we suffer paine:
Princes in subiects wrongd, must deeme themselues abused.*

*Your client poore my selfe, shall Stella handle so?
Reuenge, reuenge, my Muse. Defiance trumpet blow:
Threat'n what may be done, yet do more then you threat'n.
An, my sute granted is, I feele my breast doth swell:
Now child, a lesson new you shall begin to spell:
Sweet babes must babies haue, but shrewd gyrels must be beat'n.*

*Think now no more to heare of warme fine odour'd snow,
Nor blushing Lillies, nor pearles ruby-hidden row,
Nor of that golden sea, whose waues in curles are brok'n:
But of thy soule, so fraught with such vngratefulnessse,
As where thou soone mightst helpe most faith dost most oppresse,
Vngratefull who is cald, the worst of euils is spok'n:*

*Yet worse than worst, I say thou art a theefe, a thief?
Now God forbid. A thief, and of worst theeues the cheefe:
Theeves steal for need, & steale but goods, which paine recouers,
But thou rich in all ioyes, doest rob my ioyes from me,
Which cannot be restor'd by time nor industrie:
Of foes the spoile is euill, far worse of constant louers.*

*Yet gentle English theeues do rob, but will not slay;
Thou English murdring theefe, wilt have harts for thy pray:
The name of murdrer now on thy faire forehead sitteth:
And euen while I do speake, my death wounds bleeding be:*

*Which (I protest) proceed from only Cruell thee,
Who may and will not save, murder in truth committeth.*

*But murder priuate fault seemes but a toy to thee,
I lay then to thy charge vniustest tyrannie,
If Rule by force without all claime a Tyran showeth,
For thou doest lord my heart, who am not borne thy slaue,
And which is worse, makes me most guiltlesse torments haue,
A rightfull Prince by vnright deeds a Tyran groweth.*

*Lo you grow proud with this, for tyrans make folke bow:
Of foule rebellion then I do appeach thee now;
Rebell by Natures law, Rebell by law of reason,
Thou sweetest subiect, wert born in the realme of Loue,
And yet against thy Prince thy force dost dayly proue:
No vertue merits praise, once toucht with blot of Treason.*

*But valiant Rebels oft in fooles mouthes purchase fame:
I now then staine thy white with vagabunding shame,
Both Rebell to the Sunne, and Vagrant from the mother;
For wearing Venus badge, in euery part of thee,
Vnto Dianaes traine thou runaway didst flie:
VWho faileth one, is false, though trusty to another.*

*What, is not this enough? nay, farre worse commeth here;
A witch I say thou art, though thou so faire appeare;
For I protest, my sight neuer thy face enioyeth,
But I in me am chang'd, I am aliue and dead:
My feete are turn'd to rootes, my heart becommeth lead,
No witchcraft is so euill, as which mans mind destroyeth.*

*Yet witches may repent, thou art far worse then they,
Alas, that I am forst such euill of thee to say,
I say thou art a Deuill, though clothd in Angels shining:
For thy face tempts my soule to leave the heau'n for thee,
And thy words of refuse, do powre euen hell on mee:
Who tempt, and tempted plague, are Deuills in true defining.*

*You then vngratefull thiefe, you murdring Tyran you,
You Rebell run away, to Lord and Lady vntrue,
You witch, you Diuill (alas) you still of me beloued,
You see what I can say; mend yet your froward mind,
And such skill in my Muse you reconcil'd shall find,
That all these cruell words your praises shall be proued.*

Sixt song.

*Oh you that heare this voice,
Oh you that see this face,
Say whether of the choice
Deserues the former place:
Fear not to iudge this bate,
For it is void of hate.*

This side doth Beauty take,
For that doth Musike speake,
Fit oratours to make
The strongest iudgements weake:
The barre to plead their right,
Is only true delight.

Thus doth the voice and face,
These gentle Lawyers wage,
Like louing brothers case,
For fathers heritage.
That each while each contends,
It selfe to other lends.

For beautie beautifies,
VWith heauenly hew and grace,
The heauenly harmonies;
And in this faultlesse face,
The perfect beauties be
A perfect harmony.

Music more loftly swels

In speeches nobly placed:
Beauty as farre excels,
In action aptly graced:
A friend each party drawes
To countenance his cause:

Loue more affected seemes
To beauties louely light,
And Wonder more esteemes
Of Musike wondrous might:
But both to both so bent,
As both in both are spent.

Musike doth witsesse call
The eare, his truth to trie:
Beauty brings to the hall,
Eye-iudgement of the eye,
Both in their objects such,
As no exceptions tutch.

The common sence, which might
Be Arbiter of this,
To be forsooth vpriht,
To both sides partiall is:
He layes on this side chiefe praise,
Chief praise on that he laies.

Then reason Princesse hy,
Whose throne is in the mind,
Which Musicke can in sky
And hidden beauties find,

Say whether thou wilt crowne,
VVith limitlesse renowne.

Seuenth song.

*Whose senses in so euill consort, their stepdame Nature laies,
That rauishing delight in them most sweete tunes do not raise;
Or if they do delight therein, yet are so closde with wit,
As with sententious lips to set a title vaine on it:
O let them heare these sacred tunes, & learne in wonders schooles,
To be in things past bounds of wit fooles, if they be not fooles.*

*Who haue so leaden eyes, as not to see sweet beauties show,
Or seeing, have so wodden wits, as not that worth to know;
Or knowing, have so muddy minds, as not to be in loue;
Or louing, haue so frothy thoughts, as easily thence to moue:
O let them see these heauenly beames, and in faire letters reede
A lesson fit, both sight and skill, loue and firm loue to breede.*

*Heare then, but then with wonder heare; see, but adoring see:
No mortall gifts, no earthly frutes, now here descended be:
See, do you see this face? a face? nay image of the skies,
Of which the two life-giuing lights are figured in her eyes:
Heare you this soule-inuading voice, and count it but a voice?
The very essence of their tunes, when Angels do reioyce.*

Eight song.

*In a groue most rich of shade,
Where birds wanton musicke made,
May then yong his pide weedes showing,
New perfumed with flowers fresh growing,*

*Astrophel with Stella sweete,
Did for mutuall comfort meete,
Both within themselues oppressed,
But each in the other blessed.*

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

*Wept they had, alas the while,
But now teares themselues did smile,
While their eyes by loue directed,
Enterchangeably reflected.*

*Sigh they did, but now betwixt
Sighs of woes were glad sighs mixt,
With arms crost, yet testifying
Restlesse rest, and liuing dying.*

*Their eares hungry of each word,
VWhich the dear tongue would afford,
But their tongues restrained from walking,
Till their harts had ended talking.*

*But when their tongues could not speake,
Loue it selfe did silence breake;
Loue did set his lips a sunder,
Thus to speake in loue and wonder:*

*Stella souereigne of my ioy,
Faire triumpher of annoy,
Stella starre of heaunly fier,
Stella loadstar of desier.*

*Stella, in whose shining eyes,
Are the lights of Cupids skies,
Whose beames when they one are darted,
Loue therewith is streight imparted.*

*Stella, whose voice when it speakes,
Senses all a sunder breakes;
Stella, whose voice when it singeth,
Angels to acquaintance bringeth.*

*Stella, in whose body is
Writ each character of blisse,
Whose face all, all beauty passeth,
Saue thy mind which yet surpasseth.*

*Graunt, ô graunt, but speech alas,
Failes me, fearing on to passe,
Graunt, ô me, what am I saying?
But no fault there is in praying.*

*Graunt, ô deere, on knees I pray,
(Knees on ground he then did stay)
That not I, but since I loue you,
Time and place for me may moue you.*

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

*This small wind which so sweete is,
See how it the leaues doth kisse,
Ech tree in his best attiring,
Sense of loue to loue inspiring.*

*Loue makes earth the water drinke,
Loue to earth makes water sinke;
And if dumbe things be so witty,
Shall a heauenly grace want pittty?*

*There his hands in their speech, faine
VVould haue made tongues language plaine;
But her hands his hands repelling,
Gauere repulse all grace excelling.*

*Then she spake; her speech was such,
As not eares but hart did tuch:
VVhile such wise she loue denied,
As yet loue she signified.*

Astrophel sayd she, my loue

*Cease in these effects to proue:
Now be still, yet still beleeeve me,
Thy grieffe more then death would grieu me.*

*If that any thought in me,
Can tast comfort but of thee,
Let me fed with hellish anguish,
Ioylesse, hopelesse, endlesse languish.*

*If those eyes you praised, be
Half so deere as you to me,
Let me home returne, starke blinded
Of those eyes, and blinder minded.*

*If to secret of my hart,
I do any wish impart,
Where thou art not foremost placed,
Be both wish and I defaced.*

*If more may be sayd, I say,
All my bliss in thee I lay;
If thou loue, my loue content thee,
For all loue, all faith is meant thee.*

*Trust me while I thee deny,
In my selfe the smart I try,
Tyran, honor doth thus vse thee,
Stellas selfe might not refuse thee.*

*Therefore, Deere, this no more moue,
Least though I leaue not thy loue,*

*Which too deep in me is framed,
I should blush when thou art named.*

*Therewithal away she went,
Leaving him so passion rent,
With what she had done and spoken,
That therewith my song is broken.*

Ninth song.

*Go, my flock, go get you hence,
Seeke a better place of feeding,
VWhere you may haue some defence
Fro the stormes in my breast breeding,
And showers from my eyes proceeding.*

*Leaue a wretch, in whom all wo
Can abide to keepe no measure,
Merry flocke, such one forego,
Vnto whom mirth is displeasure,
Only rich in mischiefes treasure.*

*Yet alas, before you go,
Heare your wofull maisters story,
VWhich to stones I els would show,
Sorrow onely then hath glory:
VWhen tis excellently sory.*

*Stella fiercest shepherdesse,
Fiercest but yet fairest euer;
Stella whom ô heauens do blesse,
Tho against me shee perseuer,
Tho I blisse enherit neuer.*

*Stella hath refused me,
Stella who more loue hath proued
In this caitife hart to be,
Then can in good eawes be moued
Toward Lamkins best beloued.*

*Stella hath refused me,
Astrophel that so wel serued,
In this pleasant spring must see
VWhile in pride flowers be preserued,
Himselfe onely winter-sterued.*

*VWhy alas doth she then sweare,
That she loueth me so dearly,
Seeing me so long to beare
Coles of loue that burne so clearly;
And yet leaue me helplesse meerely?*

*Is that loue? forsooth, I trow,
If I saw my good dog griued,
And a helpe for him did know,
My loue should not be beleued,
But he were by me releued.*

*No, she hates me, wellaway,
Faining loue, somewhat to please me:
For she knowes, if she display
All her hate, death soone would seaze me,
And of hideous torments ease me.*

*Then adieu, deere flocke adieu:
But alas, if in your straying
Heauenly Stella meete with you,
Tell her in your piteous blaying,
Her poore slaues vniust decaying.*

When I was forst from *Stella* euer deere,
 Stella food of my thoughts, hart of my hart,
 Stella whose eyes make all my tempests cleere,
By iron lawes of duty to depart:

Alas I found that she with me did smart;
 I saw that teares did in her eyes appeare;
 I saw that sighes her sweetest lips did part,
And her sad words my saddest sence did heare.

For me, I wept to see pearles scattered so;
 I sighd her sighes, and wailed for her wo,
 Yet swam in ioy, such loue in her was seene.

Thus, while th'effect most bitter was to me,
 And nothing than the cause more sweet could be,
 I had bene vext, if vext I had not beene.

Out traytour absence, darest thou counsell me,
From my deare Captainesse to run away?
Because in braue array heere marcheth she,
That to win me, oft shewes a present pay?

Is faith so weake? or is such force in thee?
When Sun is hid, can starres such beames display?
Cannot heau'ns food once felt, keepe stomakes free,
From base desire on earthly cates to pray.

Tush absence, while thy mistes eclipse that light,
My Orphan sence flies to the inward sight,
Where memory sets foorth the beames of loue;

That where before hart loued and eyes did see,
In hart both sight and loue now coupled be;
Vnited powers make each the stronger proue.

Now that of absence the most irksome night,
With darkest shade doth ouercome my day;
Since *Stellas* eyes wont to giue me my day,
Leauing my Hemisphere, leaue me in night,

Each day seemes long, and longs for long-staid night;
The night as tedious, wooes th'approach of day;
Tired with the dusty toiles of busie day,
Languisht with horrors of the silent night;

Suffering the euils both of the day and night,
While no night is more darke then is my day,
Nor no day hath lesse quiet then my night:

With such bad mixture of my night and day,
That liuing thus in blackest winter night,
I feele the flames of hottest sommer day.

Stella thinke not that I by verse seeke fame,
Who seeke, who hope, who loue, who liue but thee;
Thine eyes my pride, thy lips mine history:
If thou praise not, all other praise is shame.

Nor so ambitious am I, as to frame
A nest for my yong praise in Lawrell tree:
In truth I sweare, I wish not there should be
Graued in mine Epitaph a Poets name:

Ne if I would, I could iust title make,
That any laud to me thereof should grow,
Without my plumes from others wings I take.

For nothing from my wit or will doth flow,
Since all my words thy beauty doth endite,
And loue doth hold my hand, and makes me write.

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