

*Stella*, while now by honours cruell might,  
 I am from you, light of my life mis-led,  
 And that faire you my Sunne, thus ouerspred,  
 With absence Vaile, I liue in Sorowes night.

If this darke place yet shew like candle light,  
 Some beauties peece as amber colourd hed,  
 Milke hands, rose cheeks, or lips more sweet, more red,  
 Or seeing gets blacke, but in blacknesse bright.

They please I do confesse, they please mine eyes,  
 But why? because of you they models be,  
 Models such be wood-globes of glistring skies.

Deere, therefore be not iealous ouer me,  
 If you heare that they seeme my hart to moue,  
 Not them, ô no, but you in them I loue.

Be your words made (good Sir) of Indian ware,  
That you allow me them by so small rate?  
Or do you cutted Spartanes imitate,  
Or do you meane my tender eares to spare?

That to my questions you so totall are,  
When I demaund of *Phenix Stellas* state,  
You say forsooth, you left her well of late,  
O God, thinke you that satisfies my care?

I would know whether she sit or walke,  
How cloth'd, how waited on, sighd she or smilde,  
Whereof, with whom, how often did she talke,

With what pastime, times iourney she beguilde,  
If her lips daignd to sweeten my poore name,  
Say all, and all, well sayd, still say the same.

Tenth song.

*Oh deare life, when shall it be,  
That mine eyes thine eyes may see?  
And in them thy mind discover,  
Whether absence haue had force  
Thy remembrance to diuorce,  
From the image of thy louer?*

*Or if I me selfe find not,  
After parting, ought forgot,  
Nor debarred from beauties treasure,  
Let no tongue aspire to tell,  
In what high ioyes I shall dwell,  
Only thought aymes at the pleasure.*

*Thought, therefore I will send thee,  
To take vp the place for me;  
Long I will not after tary.  
There vnseene thou maist be bold,  
Those faire wonders to behold,  
Which in them my hopes do cary.*

*Thought, see thou no place forbear,  
Enter brauely euery where,  
Seaze on all to her belonging;  
But if thou wouldst garded be,  
Fearing her beames, take with thee  
Strength of liking, rage of longing.*

*Thinke of that most gratefull time,*

*When my leaping hart will clime,  
In her lips to haue his biding:  
There those roses for to kisse,  
Which do breath a sugred blisse,  
Opening rubies, pearles deuiding.*

*Thinke of my most Princely power,  
When I blessed shall deuower,  
With my greedy licorous sences,  
Beauty, musicke, sweetnesse, loue  
While she doth against me proue  
Her strong darts but weake defences.*

*Thinke, thinke of those dalyings,  
When with Douelike murmurings,  
With glad moning passed anguish,  
We change eyes, and hart for hart,  
Each to other do depart,  
Ioying till ioy make vs languish.*

*O my thought my thoughts surcease,  
Thy delights my woes increase,  
My life melts with too much thinking;  
Thinke no more but die in me,  
Till thou shalt reuiued be,  
At her lips my Nectar drinking.*

O fate, ô fault, ô curse, child of my blisse,  
 What sobs can giue words grace my griefe to show?  
 What inke is blacke inough to paint my wo?  
 Through me, wretch me, euen *Stella* vexed is.

Yet Truth (if Caitifs breath may call thee) this  
 Witnesse with me, that my foule stumbling so,  
 From carelesnesse did in no maner grow,  
 But wit confus'd with too much care did misse.

And do I then my selfe this vaine scuse giue?  
 I haue (liue I and know this) harmed thee,  
 Tho worlds quite me, shall I me selfe forgiue?

Only with paines my paines thus eased be,  
 That all thy hurts in my harts wracke I reede;  
 I cry thy sighs; my deere, thy teares I bleede.

Griefe find the words, for thou hast made my braine  
So darke with misty vapors, which arise  
From out thy heauy mould, that inbent eyes  
Can scarce discerne the shape of mine owne paine.

Do thou then (for thou canst) do thou complaine,  
For my poore soule, which now that sicknesse tries,  
Which euen to sence, sence of it selfe denies,  
Though harbengers of death lodge there his traine.

Or if thy loue of plaint yet mine forbears,  
As of a caitife worthy so to die,  
Yet waile thy selfe, and waile with causefull teares,

That though in wretchednesse thy life doth lie,  
Yet growest more wretched than thy nature beares,  
By being placed in such a wretch as I.

Yet sighs, deere sighs, indeede true friends you are,  
That do not leaue your left friend at the wurst,  
But as you with my breast I oft haue nurst,  
So gratefull now you waite vpon my care.

Faint coward ioy no longer tarry dare,  
Seeing hope yeeld when this wo strake him furst:  
Delight protests he is not for the accurst,  
Though oft himselfe my mate in arme he sware.

Nay sorrow comes with such maine rage, that he  
Kils his owne children, teares finding that they  
By loue were made apt to consort with me.

Only true sighs, you do not go away,  
Thanke may you haue for such a thankfull part,  
Thanke-worthiest yet when you shall breake my hart.

Thought with good cause thou likest so well the night,  
 Since kind or chance giues both one liuerie,  
 Both sadly blacke, both blackly darkned be,  
 Night bard from Sun, thou from thy owne Sun light;

Silence in both displaies his sullen might,  
 Slow heauiness in both holds one degree,  
 That full of doubts, thou of perplexity;  
 Thy teares expresse nights natiue moisture right.

In both amazefull solitarinesse:  
 In night of sprites the gastly powers to stur,  
 In thee or sprites or sprited gastlinesse:

But but (alas) nights side the ods hath fur,  
 For that at length yet doth inuite some rest,  
 Thou though still tired, yet still doost it detest.



*Dian* that faine would cheare her friend the Night,  
 Shewes her oft at the full her fairest face,  
 Bringing with her those starry Nymphs, whose chace  
 From heauenly standing hits each mortall wight.

But ah poore Night in loue with Phœbus light,  
 And endlesly despairing of his grace,  
 Her selfe (to shew no other ioy hath place)  
 Silent and sad in mourning weedes doth dight:

Euen so (alas) a Lady *Dians* peere,  
 With choise delights and rarest company,  
 Would faine driue cloudes from out my heauy cheere.

But wo is me, though ioy it selfe were she,  
 She could not shew my blind braine waies of ioy,  
 While I dispaire my Sunnes sight to enioy.

Ah bed, the field where ioyes peace some do see,  
 The field where all my thoughts to warre be traird,  
 How is thy grace by my strange fortune staird!  
 How thy lee shores by my sighes storm'd be!

With sweete soft shades thou oft inuitest me  
 To steale some rest, but wretch I am constraind,  
 (Spurd with loues spur, though gall'd and shortly raind  
 With cares hard hand) to turne and tosse in thee.

While the blacke horrors of the silent night,  
 Paint woes blacke face so liuely to my sight,  
 That tedious leasure makes each wrinckled line:

But when *Aurora* leades out *Phæbus* daunce,  
 Mine eyes then only winke, for spite perchance,  
 That wormes should have their Sun, and I want mine.

When far spent night perswades each mortall eye,  
To whom nor art nor nature graunteth light,  
To lay his then marke wanting shafts of sight,  
Clos'd with their quiuers, in sleeps armory;

With windows ope then most my mind doth lie,  
Viewing the shape of darknesse and delight,  
Takes in that sad hue, which th'inward night,  
Of his mazde powers keepes perfit harmony:

But when birds charme, and that sweete aire, which is  
Mornes messenger, with rose enameld skies  
Cals each wight to salute the floure of blisse;

In tombe of lids then buried are mine eyes,  
Forst by their Lord, who is asham'd to find  
Such light in sense, with such a darkned mind.

O teares, no teares, but raine from beauties skies,  
 Making those Lillies and those Roses grow,  
 Which aye most faire, now more then most faire show,  
 While gracefull pittie beauty beautifies.

O honied sighs, which from that breast do rise,  
 Whose pants do make vnspringing creame to flow,  
 Wing'd with whose breath, so pleasing *Zephiroes* blow,  
 As can refresh the hell where my soule fries.

Oh plaints conseru'd in such a surged phraise,  
 That eloquence it selfe enuies your praise,  
 While sobd out words a perfect Musike giue.

Such teares, sighs, plaints, no sorrow is, but ioy:  
 Or if such heauenly signes must proue annoy,  
 All mirth farewell, let me in sorrow liue.

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