

In leaden contemplation have found out
 Such fiery notions as the prompting eyes
 Of beauteous tutors have enrich'd you with?
 Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;
 And therefore finding barren practisers,
 Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil.
 But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
 Lives not alone immured in the brain:
 But, with the motion of all elements,
 Courses as swift as thought in every power,
 And gives to every power a double power,
 Above their functions and their offices.
 It adds a precious seeing to the eye:
 A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind:
 A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
 When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd.
 Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,
 Than are the tender horns of cockled snails.
 Love's tongue proves dainty *Bacchus* gross in taste;
 For valour, is not love a *Hercules*,
 Still climbing trees in the *Hesperides*?
 Subtle as *Sphinx*, as sweet and musical
 As bright *Apollo's* lute, strung with his hair?
 And, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
 Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
 Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
 Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs;
 O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
 And plant in tyrants mild humility.
 From womens eyes this doctrine I derive:
 They sparkle still the right *Promethean* fire,
 They are the books, the arts, the academes,
 That show, contain, and nourish all the world;
 Else, none at all in ought proves excellent.
 Then fools you were, these women to forswear:
 Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.

For