

John Attey

THE
FIRST BOOKE
OF
AYRES
OF FOVRE PARTS

1622

VII. Bright Starre of beauty, on whose Temples sit.

Bright Starre of beauty, on whose Temples sit,
Appolloes wisdom, and Dame *Pallas* wit,
O what faire garland, worthy is to fit,
Thy faire blest browes that compasse in all meritt ?

Thou shalt not Crowned be with vulgar Bayes,
Because for thee it is a Crowne too base :
Appolloes Tree can yeeld thee but small praise,
It is too stale a Vesture for that place.

The Birds, the Beasts, their Goddesses doe thee call.
Thou art their Keeper, Thou preserue'st them all :
Thy skill doth equall *Pallas*, not thy birth,
Shee to the Heavens yeelds Musicke, Thou to the Earth.