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William Charles De Meuron. Earl Fitzwilliam.

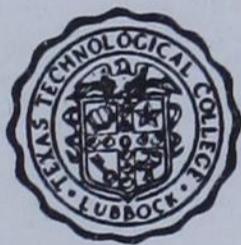
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Faint handwritten text, possibly "First Collection" and "Fall 1894"

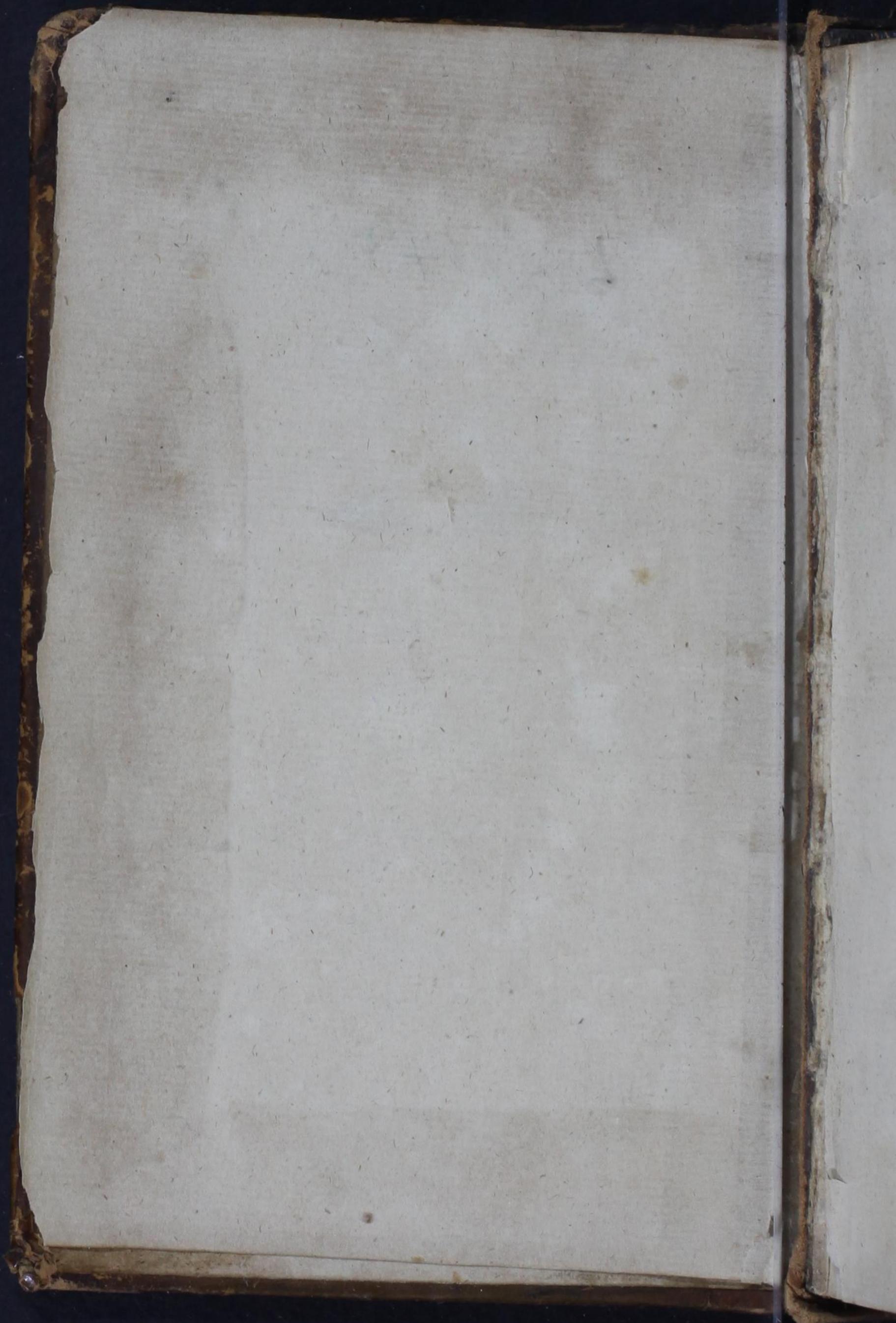
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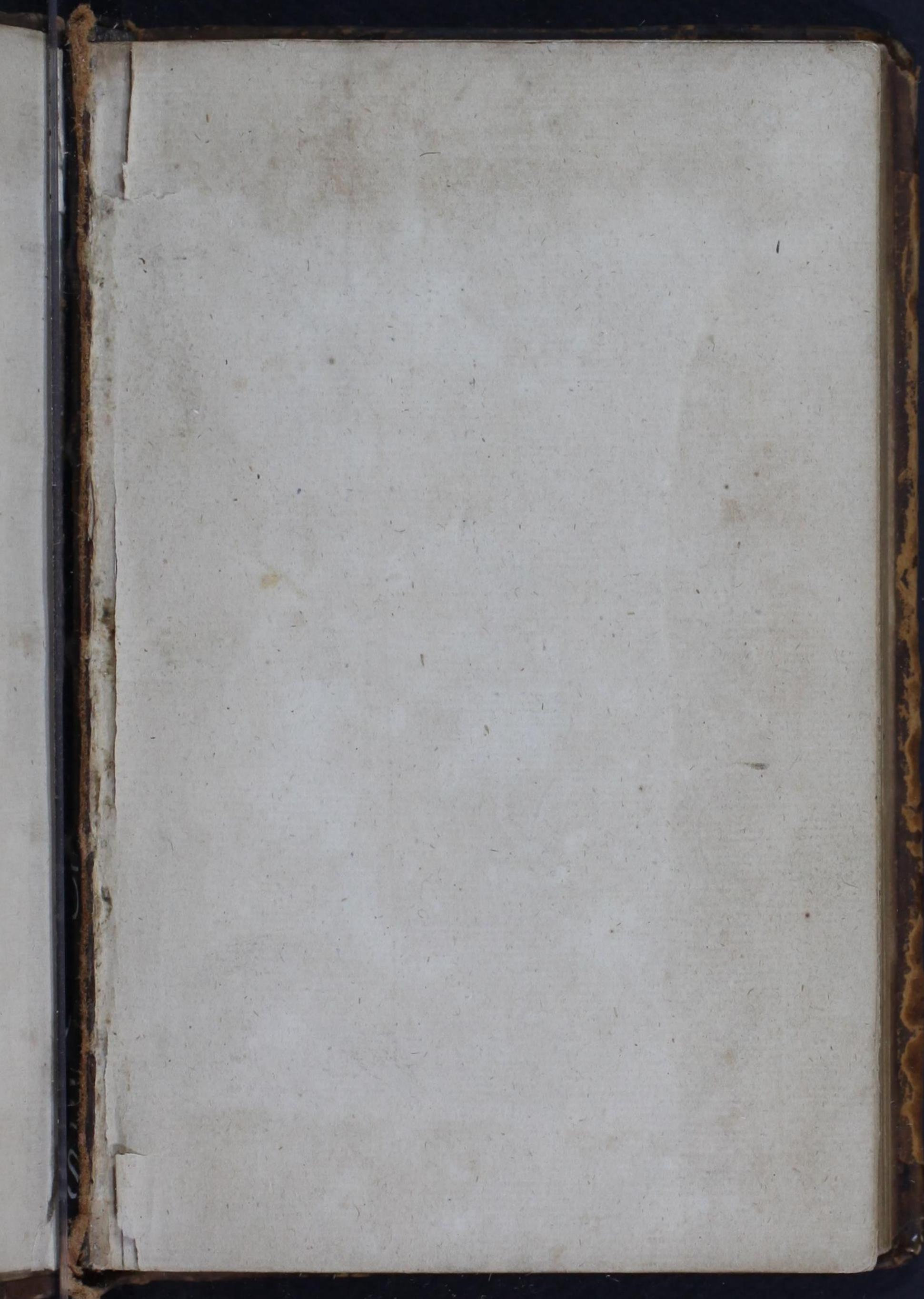
RARE BOOKS

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Printed by
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POEMS, &c.

BY

JOHN DONNE,

late Dean of St. Pauls.

WITH

ELEGIES

ON THE

AUTHORS DEATH.

To which is added

Divers Copies under his own hand,

Never before Printed.

In the SAVOY,

Printed by T. N. for Henry Herringman, at the sign of
the *Anchor*, in the lower-walk of the
New Exchange. 1669.

OCT 31 1958

THE
LITTLE
BOOK OF
DEATH

TEXAS TECH
LIBRARY

My Lo
M
may proce
Printer, or
adding some
sacred fire



TO
The Right Honourable
W I L L I A M
Lord *Craven* Baron of
Hamsted-Marsham.

My Lord,



Any of these Poems have, for several impressions, wandered up and down trusting (as well they might) upon the Authours reputation; neither do they now complain of any injury but what may proceed either from the kindness of the Printer, or the curtesy of the Reader; the one by adding something too much, lest any spark of this sacred fire might perish undiscerned, the other by
A 3 putting

The Epistle

putting such an estimation upon the wit and fancy they find here, that they are content to use it as their own: as if a man should dig out the stones of a royal Amphitheatre to build a stage for a country show. Amongst all the monsters this unlucky age has teemed with, I finde none so prodigious, as the Poets of these later times, wherein men as if they would level understandings too as well as estates, acknowledging no inequality of parts and Judgments, pretend as indifferently to the chair of wit as to the Pulpit, and conceive themselves no less inspired with the spirit of Poetry than with that of Religion: so it is not onely the noise of Drums and Trumpets which have drowned the Muses harmony, or the fear that the Churches ruin will destroy their Priests likewise, that now frights them from this Countrey, where they have been so ingeniously received, but these rude pretenders to excellencies they unjustly own who profanely rushing into *Minerva's* Temple, with noisom Airs blast the lawrel which thunder cannot hurt. In this sad condition these learned sisters are fled over to beg your Lordships protection, who have been so certain a patron both to arts and arms, and who in this general confusion have so intirely preserved your Honour, that in your Lordship we may still read a most perfect character of what *England* was in all her pomp and greatness, so that although these Poems were formerly written upon several occasions to several persons, they now unite themselves
and

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statue upo
Apollo the
Poets now
fording yo
ted only fo

Dedicatory.

and are become one Pyramid to set your Lordships
statue upon, where you may stand like Armed
Apollo the defendor of the Muses, encouraging the
Poets now alive to celebrate your great Acts by af-
fording your countenance to his Poems that wan-
ted only so noble a subject.

My Lord,

Your most humble servant

JOHN DONNE,

Hexasti-

Hexasticon Bibliopolæ.

I See in his last preach't, and printed Book,
His Picture in a sheet; in Pauls I look,
And see his stature in a sheet of stone,
And sure his body in the grave hath one :
Those sheets present him dead, these if you buy,
You have him living to Eternity.

Jo Mar.

Hexasticon ad Bibliopolam. Incerti.

IN thy Impression of Donnes Poems rare,
For his Eternity thou hast ta'ne care :
'Twas well, and pious : And for ever may
He live : Yet shew I thee a better Way ;
Print but his Sermons, and if those we buy,
He, we, and Thou shall live i' Eternity.

To JOHN DONNE.

Donne, the delight of Phœbus, and each Muse,
Who, to thy one, all other braines refuse ;
Whose every work, of thy most early wit,
Came forth example, and remain so, yet :
Longer a knowing, than most wits do live ;
And which no n affection praise enough can give !
To it, thy language, letters, arts, best life,
Which might with half mankind maintain a strife ;
All which I mean to praise, and yet, I would ;
But leave, because I cannot as I should !

Ben. Johnf.

SONG



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Confess it.
A sin, or th
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Oh stay, th
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S O N G S

AND

S O N E T S.

The Flea.

MARK but this Flea, and mark in this,
 How little that which thou deny'st me is;
 Me it suck'd first, and now it sucks thee,
 And in this Flea, our two blouds mingled be;
 Confess it. This cannot be said
 A sin, or shame, or loss of Maidenhead,
 Yet this enjoys before it wooe,
 And pamper'd swels with one bloud made of two,
 And this, alas, is more then we could do.

Oh stay, three lives in one Flea spare,
 Where we almost, nay, more then marry'd are,
 This Flea is you and I, and this
 Our marriage bed, and marriage temple is;
 Though Parents grudge, and you, w'are met,
 And cloyster'd in these living walls of Jer.
 Though use make you apt to kill me,
 Let not to that, self-murder added be,
 And sacriledge, three sins in killing three.

B

Cruell

Cruel and sodain, hast thou since
 Purpled thy Nayl in bloud of innocence ?
 Wherein could this Flea guilty be,
 Except in that bloud which it suck'd from thee ?
 Yet thou triumph'st, and saist that thou
 Find'st not thy self, nor me the weaker now ;
 'Tis true ; then learn how false, fears be ;
 Just so much honour, when thou yeeldst to mee,
 Will wast, as this Flea's death took life from thee.

The Good-morrow.

I wonder, by my troth, what thou, and I
 Did, till we lov'd ? were we not wean'd till then,
 But suck'd on childish pleasures seelily ?
 Or slumbred we in the seven-sleepers den ?
 'Twas so ; but as all pleasures fancies be,
 If ever any beauty I did see,
 Which I desir'd, and got, 'twas but a dream of thee.

And now good-morrow to our waking souls,
 Which watch not one another out of fear ;
 For love all love of other sights controuls,
 And makes one little room, an every where.
 Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone,
 Let Maps to other worlds our world have shown,
 Let us possess one world, each hath one, and is one.

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appears,
 And true plain hearts do in the faces rest ;
 Where can we find two siter hemisphears
 Without sharp North, without declining West ?

What

What ever
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 Love just a

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What ever dies is not mixt equally;
 If our two loves be one, both thou and I
 Love just alike in all, none of these loves can die.

Song.

GOe, and catch a falling starre,
 Get with child a mandrake root;
 Tell me where all times past are,
 Or who cleft the devils foot.
 Teach me to hear Mermaids singing,
 Or to keep off envies stinging,
 And find
 What wind
 Serves to advance an honest mind.
 If thou be'st born to strange sights,
 Things invisible go see,
 Ride ten thousand dayes and nights,
 Till age snow white hairs on thee:
 Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me
 All strange wonders that befell thee;
 And swear
 No where
 Lives a woman true, and faire.

If thou find'st one, let me know;
 Such a Pilgrimage were sweet;
 Yet do not, I would not go,
 Though at next door we might meet;
 Though she were true when you met her,
 And last, till you write your letter,

Yet she
Will be
False, ere she come to two or three.

Womans Constancy.

NOW thou hast lov'd me one whole day,
To morrow when thou leav'st, what wilt thou say?
Wilt thou then Antidate some new made vow?

Or say that now

We are not just those persons which we were?

Or, that oaths made in reverential fear
Of love, and his wrath, any may forswear?

Or, as true deaths true marriages untie,
So Lovers contracts, images of those,
Bind but till sleep, deaths image, them unloose?

Or, your own end to justify,

For having purpos'd change, and falsehood, you
Can have no way but falsehood to be true?

Vain lunatique, against these scapes I could
Dispute, and conquer, if I would,
Which I abstain to doe,

For by to morrow, I may think so too.

The Undertaking.

I Have done one braver thing
Than all the *Worthies* did,
And yet a braver thence doth spring,
Which is, to keep that hid.

It were but madnes now t'impart
The skill of specular stone,
When he, which can have learn'd the art
To cut it, can find none.

So, if I now should utter this,
Others (because no more
Such stuffe to work upon, there is)
Would love but as before :

But he who loveliness within
Hath found, all outward loathes,
For he who colour loves, and kin,
Loves but their oldest clothes.

If, as I have, you also do
Virtue in woman see,
And dare love that, and say so too,
And forget the He and She ;

And if this love, though placed so
From prophane men you hide,
Which will no faith on this bestow,
Or, if they do, deride :

Then you have done a braver thing
Then all the *Worthies* did,
And a braver thence will spring,
Which is, to keep that hid,

The Sun Rising.

BUse old fool, unruly Sun,
 Why dost thou thus,
 Through windows, and through curtains look on us?
 Must to thy motions Lovers seasons run?
 Sawcy pedantique wretch, goe chide
 Late School-boyes, or sowe prentices,
 Go tell Court-huntsmen, that the King will ride,
 Call Country Ants to harvest offices;
 Love, all alike, no season knows nor clime,
 Nor hours, dayes, months, which are the rags of time,

 Thy beams so reverend, and strong
 Dost thou not think
 I could eclipse and cloud them with a wink,
 But that I would not lose her sight so long?
 If her eyes have not blinded thine,
 Look, and to morrow late, tell me,
 Whether both th'India's of space and Myne
 Be where thou left them, or lie here with me,
 Ask for those Kings whom thou saw'st yesterday,
 And thou shalt hear, All here in one bed lay.

 She's all States, and all Princes, I,
 Nothing else is.
 Princes do but play us; compar'd to this,
 All honour's mimique; All wealth Alchymy;
 Thou Sun art half as happy'as we,
 In that the world's contracted thus.
 Thine age asks ease, and since thy duties be
 To warme the world, that's done in warming us,

Shine.

Shine here
 This bed t

I Can lov
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 Her whom
 Her who b
 Her who st
 And her w
 I can love
 I can love

Will no o
 Will it not
 Or have y
 Or doth a
 Oh we are
 Let me; a
 Rob me, b
 Must, I, w
 Grow you

Venus hear
 And by Lo
 She heard
 She went,
 And said,
 Poor Here
 Which thi

Shine here to us, and thou art every where,
This bed thy center is, these walls thy sphear.

The Indifferent.

I Can love both fair and brown, (trayes-
Her whom abundance melts, and her whom want be-
Her who loves lovers best, and her who sports and playes,
Her whom the country form'd, and whom the Town,
Her who believes, and her who tries ;
Her who still weeps with spungie eyes,
And her who is dry Cork, and never cries ;
I can love her, and her, and you and you,
I can love any, so she be not true.

Will no other vice content you ?

Will it not serve your turn to do, as did your mothers ?

Or have you all old vices worn, and now would find out o-

Or doth a fear, that men are true, torment you ? (thers ?

Oh we are not, be not you so,

Let me ; and do you, twenty know.

Rob me, but bind me not, and let me go,

Must, I, who came to travel thorow you,

Grow your fixt subject, because you are true ?

Venus heard me sing this song,

And by Loves sweetest sweet, Variety, she swore,

She heard not this till now ; it should be so no more.

She went, examin'd, and return'd ere long,

And said, alas, Some two or three

Poor Heretiques in love there be,

Which think to stablsh dangerous constancy,

But I have told them, since you will be true,
You shall be true to them who're false to you,

Loves Usury.

FOr every hour that thou wilt spare me now,
I will allow,
Usurious God of Love, twenty to thee,
When with my brown, my gray hairs equal be;
Till then, Love, let my body range, and let
Me travail, sojourn, snatch, plot, have, forget,
Resume my last years relique: think that yet
We had never met.

Let me think any rivals letter mine,
And at next nine
Keep midnights promise; mistake by the way
The Maid, and tell the Lady of her delay;
Only let me love none, no not the sport;
From Country gras to comeasures of Court,
Or Cities Quelque-chofes, let report
My mind transport.

This bargain's good; if when I'am old, I be
Inflam'd by thee,
If thine own honour, or my shame or pain,
Thou covet most, at that age thou shalt gain;
Do thy will then, then subject and degree,
And fruit of love, Love I submit to thee,
Spare me till then, I'll bear it, though she be
One that loves me.

Canonization.

FOR GO
Or ch
My five gray
With we
Take you
Observe
Or the King
Contempl
So you wil

Alas, alas, w
What Me
Who saies m
When did
When did
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Souldiers find
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Call's what y
Call her on
W'are Tapers
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By us, we tr
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We dye and
Mysterious

Canonization.

FOR Godfake hold your tongue, and let me love,
 Or chide my palse, or my gour,
 My five gray hairs, or ruin'd fortunes flout,
 With wealth your state, your mind with Arts improve,
 Take you a course, get you a place,
 Observe his honour or his grace,
 Or the Kings real, or his stamped face
 Contemplate; what you will approve,
 So you will let me love.

Alas, alas, who's injur'd by my love;
 What Merchants ships have my sighs drown'd?
 Who saies my tears have overflow'd his ground;
 When did my colds a forward spring remove?
 When did the heats which my reynes fill
 Adde one man to the plaguy Bill?
 Souldiers find wars, and Lawyers finde out still
 Litigious men, whom quarrels move,
 While she and I do love.

Call's what you will, we are made such by love;
 Call her one, me another flie,
 W'are Tapers too, and at our own cost die,
 And we in us find th' Eagle and the Dove,
 The Phoenix riddle hath more wit
 By us, we two being one, are it.
 So to one neutral thing both sexes fit,
 We dye and rise the same, and prove
 Mysterious by this love.

We can dye by it, if not live by love,
 And if unfit for tomb or hearse
 Our legend be, it will be fit for verse;
 And if no peece of Chronicle we prove,
 Wee'l build in sonets pretty roomes.
 As well a well wrought urne becomes
 The greatest ashes, as half-acre tombes,
 And by those hymnes all shall approve
 Us *Canoniz'd* for love :

And thus invoke us; you whom reverend love
 Made one anothers hermitage;
 You to whom love was peace, that now is rage,
 Who did the whole worlds soul contract, and drove
 Into the glasses of your eyes
 So made such mirrours, and such spies,
 That they did all to you epitomize,
 Countries, Towns, Courts Beg from above
 A patern of your love.

The Triple Fool.

I Am two fooles, I know,
 For loving and for saying so
 In whining Poetry,
 But where's the wiser man, That would not be I,
 If she would not deny?
 Then as th' earths inward narrow crooked lanes
 Do purge sea waters fretful salt away,
 I thought, if I could draw my paines,
 Through Rhimes vexation, I should them allay.
 Grief brought to number cannot be so fierce,
 For, He tames it, that fetters it in verse.

But

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 Grief,
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Or, if then
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 New love c
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But when I have done so,
Some man his art or voice to show,
Doth Set and sing my pain,
And, by delighting many, frees again
Grief, which Verſe did reſtain.

To love, and grief tribute of Verſe belongs,
But not of ſuch as pleaſes when 'tis read,

Both are increaſed by ſuch ſongs:
For both their triumphs ſo are publiſhed,
And I, which was two fools, do ſo grow three,
Who are a little wiſe, the beſt fools be.

Lovers Inſiniteneſs.

IF yet I have not all thy love,
Dear, I ſhall never have it all,
I cannot breath one other ſigh to move;
Nor can intreat one other tear to fall;
And all my treaſure which ſhould purchaſe thee,
Sighs, tears, and oaths, and letters I have ſpent,
Yet no more can be due to me,
Then at the bargain made was ment:
If then thy gift of love was partial,
That ſome to me, ſome ſhould to others fall,
Dear, I ſhall never have it All.

Or, if then thou giv'ſt me All,
All was but All, which thou haſt then:
But if in thy heart, ſince, there be or ſhall,
New love created be by other men,
Which have their ſtocks intire, and can in tears,
In ſighs, in oaths, in letters outbid me,
This new love may beget new fears,

For

For this love was not vowed by thee.
 And yet it was thy gift being general,
 The ground, thy heart is mine, what ever shall
 Grow there, dear, I should have it all.

Yet, I would not have all yet,
 He that hath all can have no more,
 And since my love doth every day admit
 New growth, thou shouldst have new rewards in store;
 Thou canst not every day give me thy heart,
 If thou canst give it, then thou never gav'st it:
 Loves riddles are, that though thy heart depart,
 It staves at home, and thou with losing sav'st it:
 But we will love a way more liberal,
 Then changing hearts, to joyn us, so we shall
 Be one, and one anothers All.

Song.

Sweetest Love, I doe not goe,
 For weariness of thee,
 Nor in hope the world can show
 A fitter Love for me;
 But since that I
 Must dye at last, 'tis best,
 Thus to use my self in jest
 By fained death to dye;

Yesternight the Sun went hence,
 And yet is here to day,
 He hath no desire nor sense,
 Nor half so short a way:

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 Are but lai'd
 They who o
 Alive, ne'

Then fear not me,
 But believe that I shall make
 Hastier journeys, since I take
 More wings and spurs than he.

O how feeble is man's power,
 That if good fortune fall,
 Cannot adde another hower,
 Nor a lost hour recal?
 But come bad chance,
 And we joyn to 't our strength,
 And we teach it art and length,
 It self o'r us 't advance.

When thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st no wind,
 But sigh'st my soul away,
 When thou weep'st, unkindly kind,
 My lifes blood doth decay.
 It cannot be
 That thou lov'st me as thou say'st,
 If in thine my life thou waste,
 Which art the life of me.

Let not thy divining heart,
 Forethink me any ill,
 Destiny may take thy part,
 And may thy fears fulfil,
 But think that we
 Are but lai'd aside to sleep:
 They who one another keep
 Alive, ne're parted be.

The Legacy.

When last I dyed, and, Dear, I die
 As often as from thee I goe,
 Though it be but an hour agoe,
 And lovers hours be full eternity,
 I can remember yet, that I
 Something did say, and something did bestow;
 Though I be dead, which sent me, I might be
 Mine own executor, and legacy.

I heard me say, Tell her anon,
 That my self, that is you, not I,
 Did kill me, and when I felt me dy,
 I bid me fend my heart, when I was gone,
 But I alas could there finde none,
 When I had ripp'd, and search'd where hearts should ly,
 It kill'd me again, that I who still was true,
 In life, in my last Will should cozen you.

Yet I found something like a heart,
 For colours it and corners had,
 It was not good, it was not bad,
 It was intire to none, and few had part:
 As good as could be made by art
 It seem'd, and therefore for our losse be sad,
 I meant to send that heart in stead of mine,
 But oh, no man could hold it, for 'twas thine.

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These burnin
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 Thy beauty,
 Are an unc

A Feaver.

OH do not die, for I shall hate
 All women so, when thou art gone,
 That thee I shall not celebrate,
 When I remember thou wast one.

But yet thou canst not die, I know,
 To leave this world behinde, is death,
 But when thou from this world wilt go,
 The whole world vapours in thy breath.

Or if, when thou, the worlds soul, goest,
 It stay, 'tis but thy Carcass then,
 The fairest woman, but thy ghost,
 But corrupt wormes, the worthiest men.

O wrangling schools, that search what fire
 shall burn this world, had none the wit
 Unto this knowledge to aspire,
 That this her feaver might be it!

And yet she cannot waft by this
 Nor long endure this torturing wrong,
 For more corruption needful is
 To fuel such a feaver long.

These burning fits but meteors be,
 Whose matter in thee soon is spent.
 Thy beauty, and all parts, which are thee,
 Are an unchangeable firmament.

And

And here as my minde, seising thee,
 Though it in thee cannot persever,
 Yet I had rather owner be
 Of thee one hour, than all else ever.

Air and Angels.

TWice or thrice had I loved thee,
 Before I knew thy face or name;
 So in a voice, so in a shapeless flame,
Angels affect us oft, and worship'd be,
 Still when, to where thou wert, I came,
 Some lovely glorious nothing did I see,
 But since, my soul, whose child love is,
 Takes limbs of flesh, and else could nothing do;
 More subtil then the parent is,
 Love must not be, but take a body too,
 And therefore what thou wert, and who
 I bid love ask; and now,
 That it assume thy body, I allow,
 And fix it self in thy lips, eyes, and brow.

Whilst thus to ballast love, I thought,
 And so more steddily to have gone,
 With wares which would sink admiration;
 I saw, I had loves pinnace overfraught;
 Thy Every hair for love to work upon
 Is much too much, some fitter must be sought;
 For, nor in nothing, nor in things
 Extream, and scattering bright, can love inhere,
 Then as an Angel, face, and wings
 Of air, not pure as it, yet pure doth wear,
 So thy love may be my loves spehar;

Just

Just
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Just such disparitie
As is 'twixt Airs and Angels puritie,
'Twiixt womens love, and mens will ever be.

Break of day.

STay, O sweet, and do not rise,
The light, that shines, comes from thine eyes;
The day breaks not, it is my heart,
Because that you and I must part.
Stay, or else my joys will die,
And perish in their infancie.

2.

'Tis true, 'tis day; what though it be?
O wilt thou therefore rise from me?
Why should we rise, because 'tis light?
Did we lie down, because 'twas night?
Love which in spight of darknes brought us hether,
Should in dispight of light keep us together.

3.

Light hath no tongue, but is all eye,
If it could speak as well as spie,
This were the worst that it could say,
That being well, I fain would stay,
And that I lov'd my heart and honour so,
That I would not from her, that had them, goe.

4.

Must busines thee from hence remove?
Oh, that's the worst disease of love,
The poor, the foul, the false love can
Admit, but not the busied man.
He which hath busines, and makes love, doth doe
Such wrong, as when a married man doth woove.

C

The

The Anniversary.

ALI Kings, and all their Favorites,
 All glory of honours, beauties, wits,
 The Sun it self (which makes times, as they pass)
 Is elder by a year now, then it was
 When thou and I first one another saw :
 All other things to their destruction draw ;
 Only our love hath no decay :
 This no to-morrow hath, nor yesterday,
 Running it never runs from us away,
 but truly keeps his first-last-everlasting day :

Two graves must hide thine and my coarce ;
 If one might death were no divorce,
 Alas, as well as other Princes, we,
 (Who Prince enough in one another be,)
 Must leave at last in death, these eyes, and ears,
 Oft fed with true oathes, and with sweet salt tears :
 But souls where nothing dwells but love ;
 (All other thoughts, being inmates) then shall prove
 This or a love increased there above, (move.)
 When bodies to their graves, souls from their graves re-

And then we shall bethroughly blest ;
 But now no more then all the rest.
 Here upon earth, we are Kings and but we
 None are such Kings, nor of such subjects be ;
 Who is so safe as we ? where none can do
 I reason to us, except one of us two.
 True and false fears let us refrain.
 Let us love nobly, and live, and add again

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Years and years unto years, till we attain
To write threescore, this is the second of our reign.

A Valediction of my name, in the window,

I.

MY name ingrav'd herein,
Doth contribute my firmness to this glas,
Which ever since that charme, hath been
As hard as that which grav'd it, was,
Thine eye will give it price enough, to mock
The diamonds of either rock,

II.

'Tis much that Glas should be
As all confessing, and through-shine as I
'Tis more that it shews thee to thee,
And clear reflects thee to thine eye.
But all such rules loves magique can undoe;
Here you see me, and I see you.

III.

As no one point, nor dash,
Which are but accessaries to this name,
The showrs and tempests can outwash,
So shall all times finde me the same;
You this intireness better may fulfill,
Who have the pattern with you still.

C 2

IV.

IV.

Or if too hard and deep
 This learning be, for a scratch'd name to teach,
 It as a given deaths-head keep,
 Lovers mortality to preach,
 Or think this ragged bony name to be
 My ruinous Anatomy.

V.

Then as all my souls bee,
 Emparadis'd in you (in whom alone
 I understand, and grow, and see,)
 The rafters of my body, bone,
 Being still with you, the Muscle, Sinew, and Vein
 Which tile this house, will come again.

VI.

Till my return, repaire
 And recompact my scattered body so,
 As all the virtuous powers which are
 Fix'd in the stars, are said to flow
 Into such characters as grav'd be
 When those stars had supremacie.

VII.

So since this name was cut,
 When love and griefe their exaltation had,
 No door 'gainst this names influence shut,
 As much more loving, as more sad,

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'Twill make thee ; and thou shouldst, till I return,
Since I die dayly, dayly mourn.

VIII.

When thy inconsiderate hand,
Flings ope this casement, with my trembling name,
to look on one, whose wit or land,
New battery to thy heart may frame,
Then think this name alive, and that thou thus
In it offends my Genius,

IX.

And when thy melted maid,
Corrupted by thy lovers gold, or page,
His letter at thy pillow hath laid,
Disputed thou it, and tame thy rage.
If thou to him begin'st to thaw for this,
May my name step in, and hide his

X.

And if this treason go
To an overt act, and that thou write again:
In superscribing, my name flow
Into thy fancy from the Pen,
So, in forgetting thou remembrest right,
And unaware to me shalt write.

XI.

But glafs, and lines must be
No means our firm substantial love to keep;

Near

Near death inflicts this lethargie,
 And thus I murmur in my sleep ;
 Impute this idle talk, to that I go,
 For dying men talk often so.

Twickenam Garden.

Blasted with sighs, and furrounded with tears,
 Hither I come to seek the spring,
 And at mine eyes, and at mine years,
 Receive such balme as else cures every thing :
 But O, self-traitor, I do bring
 The spiders love, which transubstantiates all,
 And can convert Manna to gall,
 And that this place may thoroughly be thought
 True Paradise, I have the Serpent brought.

'Twere wholsomer for me, that winter did
 Benight the glory of this place,
 And that a grave frost did forbid
 These trees to laugh, and mock me to my face ;
 But since I cannot this disgrace
 Indure, nor leave this garden, Love let me
 Some senseless piece of this place be ;
 Make me a mandrake, so I may grow here,
 Or a stone fountain weeping out my year.

Hither with Chrystal vials, lovers come,
 And take my tears, which are loves wine,
 And try your Mistress tears at home,
 For all are false, that taste not just like mine ;
 Alas hearts, do not in eyes shine,

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Nor can you more judge womens thoughts by tears,
 Then by her shadow, what she wears.
 O perverse sex, where none is true but she,
 Who's therefore true because her truth kills me.

Valediction to his Book.

I'll tell thee now (dear Love) what thou shalt do
 To anger destiny, as she doth us.
 How I shall stay, though she eloigne me thus,
 And how posterity shall know it too,
 How thine may out endure
 Sibyls glory, and obscure
 Her who from *Pindar* could allure,
 And her, through whose help *Lucan* is not lame,
 And her, whose book (they say) *Homer* did find, and name,

Study our manuscripts, those Myriades
 Of letters, which have past 'twixt thee and me,
 Thence write our Annals, and in them will be,
 To all whom loves subliming fire invades,
 Rule and example found;
 There, the faith of any ground
 No Schismaticke will dare to wound,
 That sees, how Love this grace to us affords,
 To make, to keep, to use, to be these his Records.

This book as long liv'd as the elements,
 Or as the worlds forme, this all-graved Tomb,
 In cypher writ, or new made Idiome;
 We for Loves Clergie only are instruments,
 When this book is made thus,
 Should again the ravenous
 Vandals and Goths invade us,

Learning were safe in this our Universe,
Schools might learn Sciences, Spears Mufick, Angels Verse.

Here loves Divines, (since all Divinity
Is love or wonder) may find all they seek,
Whether abstracted spiritual love they like,
Their souls exhal'd with what they do not see,
Or loath so to amuze,
Faiths infirmities, they chuse,
Something which they may see and use;
For though Mind be the heaven, where love doth sit,
Beauty a convenient type may be to figure it.

Here more than in their books may Lawyers find,
Both by what titles Mistresses are ours,
And how prerogative these states devours,
Transferr'd from Love himself, to womankind:
Who though from heart, and eyes,
They exact great subsidies,
Forsake him who on them relies;
And for the cause, honour, or conscience give;
Chimeraes vain as they, or their prerogative.

Here Statesmen, (or of them, they which can read,)
May of their occupation find the grounds,
Love and their art alike it deadly wounds,
If to consider what 'tis on, proceed,
In both they do excell
Who the present govern well,
Whose weakness none doth, or dares tell;
In this thy book, such will there something see,
As in the Bible some can find out Alchymie.

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Thus vent thy thoughts abroad : I'll study thee;
 As he removes far off, that great hights takes;
 How great love is, prefence best tryal makes,
 But absence tries how long this love will be;
 To take a latitude
 Sun or stars, are fittest view'd
 At their brightest, but to conclude
 Of longitudes, what other way have we,
 But to mark when, and where the Eclipses be?

Community.

GOOD we must love, and must hate ill,
 For ill is ill, and good good still,
 But there are things indifferent,
 Which we may neither hate nor love,
 But one, and then another prove,
 As we shall finde our fancy bent,

If then at first wise Nature had
 Made women either good or bad,
 Then some we might hate, and some chuse,
 But since she did them so create,
 That we may neither love nor hate,
 Onely this rests, All men may use.

If they were good, it would be seen,
 Good is as visible as green,
 And to all eyes it self betrayes:
 If they were bad, they could not last,
 Bad doth it self, and others waste,
 So they deserve nor blame, nor praise.

But

But they are ours as fruits are ours,
 He that but tastes, he that devours,
 And he that leaves all, doth as well,
 Chang'd loves are but chang'd sorts of meate;
 And when he hath the kernel eate,
 Who doth not fling away the shell?

Loves growth.

I Scarce believe my love to be so pure
 As I had thought it was,
 Because it doth endure
 Vicissitude, and season, as the grass;
 Methinks I lied all winter, when I swore,
 My love was infinite, if spring make't more.

But if this medicine love, which cures all sorrow
 With more, not only be no quintessence,
 But mixt of all stuffs vexing soul, or sense,
 And of the Sun his active vigour borrow,
 Love's not so pure an abstract, as they use
 To say, which have no Mistres but their Muse,
 But, as all else, being elemented too,
 Love sometimes would contemplate, sometimes do.

And yet no greater, but more eminent,
 Love by the spring is grown;
 As in the firmament,
 Stars by the Sun are not enlarge'd, but shown.
 Gentle love deeds, are blossoms on a bough,
 From loves awakened root doe bud out now.
 If, as in water stir'd more circles be
 Produc'd by one, love such additions take,

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Those like so many spheares, but one heaven make,
 For they are all concentricque unto thee,
 And though each spring do adde to love new heat,
 As Princes do in times of action get
 New taxes, and remit them not in peace,
 No winter shall abate this springs encrease.

Loves Exchange.

Love, any devil esse but you,
 Would for a given Soul give something too,
 At Court your fellows every day,
 Give th'art of Riming. Huntsmanship or play,
 For them which were their own before ;
 Onely I have nothing, which gave more,
 But am, alas, by being lowly lower.

I ask no dispensation now
 To falsifie a tear, a sigh, a vow,
 I do not sue from thee to draw
 A *Non obstante* on natures law,
 These are prerogatives, they inhere
 In thee and thine ; none should forswear
 Except that he *Loves* Minion were.

Give me thy weakness, make me blind,
 Both wayes, as thou and thine, in eyes and minde ;
 Love let me never know that this
 Is love, or that love childish is.
 Let me not know that others know
 That she knows my paines, least that so
 A tender shame make me mine own woe.

If thou give nothing, yet thou art just,
 Because I would not thy first motions trust :
 Small towns which stand stiff, till great shot
 Enforce them, by war's law, *condition* not,
 Such in loves warfare is my case,
 I may not article for grace,
 Having put love at last to shew his face.

This face, by which he could command
 And change the Idolatry of any Land,
 This face, which, whereoe'r it comes,
 Can call vow'd men from cloysters, dead from tombs,
 And melt both Poles at once, and store
 Deserts with Cities, and make more
 Mynes in the earth, than Quarries were before:

For, this love is inrag'd with me,
 Yet kills not: if I must example be
 To future Rebels: if th' unborn
 Must learn, by my being cut up, and torn:
 Kill and dissect me, Love; for this;
 Torture against thine own end is,
 Rack't carcasses make ill Anatomies.

Confined Love:

SOME man unworthy to be possessor
 Of old or new love, himself being false or weak;
 Thought this pain and shame would be lesser
 If on woman kinde he might his anger wreak,
 And thence a law did grow,
 One might but one man know;
 But are other creatures so?

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Are Sun, Moon, or Stars by law forbidden
To smile where they list, or bend away their light ?

Are Birds divorc'd, or are they chidden
If they leave their meat, or lie abroad all night ?

Beasts do no joyntures lose
Though they new lovers choose,
But we are made worse than those.

Who e're rigg'd fair ships to lie in harbours,
And not to seek lands, or not to deal with all ?

Or build fair houses, set trees, and arbors,
Only to lock up, or else to let them fall ?

Good is not good unless
A thousand it possesse,
But doth waste with greediness.

The Dream.

Dear love, for nothing less than thee
Would I have broke this happy dream,
It was a theame

For reason, much too strong for phantasie,
Therefore thou wak'dst me wisely ; yet
My dream thou breakest not, but continuest it,
Thou art so true, that thoughts of thee suffice
To make dreams truths, and fables histories ;
Enter these arms, for since thou thoughtst it best,
Not to dream all my dream, let's act the rest.

As lightning, or a Tapers light,
Thine eyes, and not thy noyse wak'd me ;
Yet I thought thee

(For thou lov'st truth) an Angel, at first sight,

But

But when I saw thou sawst my heart,
 And knew'st my thoughts, beyond an Angels art,
 When thou knew'st what I dreamt, then thou knew'st when
 Excess of joy would wake me, and cam'st then,
 I must confesse, it could not chuse but be
 Prophane, to think thee any thing but thee.

Coming and staying shew'd thee, thee,
 But rising makes me doubt, that now,
 Thou art not thou.

That love is weak, where fears are strong as he;
 'Tis not all spirit, pure, and brave,
 If mixture it of *Fear, Shame, Honor* have.
 Perchance as torches which must ready be,
 Men light and put out, so thou deal'st with me,
 Thou com'st to kindle, goest to come: Then I
 Will dream that hope again, but else would die.

A Valediction of Weeping.

LET me pour forth
 My tears before thy face, whil'st I stay here,
 For thy face coines them, and thy stampe they bear;
 And by this Mintage they are something worth,
 For thus they bee
 Pregnant of thee,
 Fruits of much grief they are, emblems of more,
 When a tear falls, that thou fall'st which it bore,
 So thou and I are nothing then, when on a divers shore.

On a round ball
 A workman, that hath copies by, can lay

An Europe, Afrique, and an Asia,
And quickly make that, which was nothing, *All*:
So doth each tear,
Which thee doth wear,
A globe, yea would by that impression grow,
Till thy Tears mixt with mine doe overflow
This world, by waters sent from thee, my heav'n dissolved so.

O more than Moon,
Draw not thy seas to drown me in thy sphear,
VVeepe me not dead, in thine armes, but forbear
To teach the sea, what it may do too soon,
Let not the winde
Example finde,
To do me more harm, then it purposeth,
Since thou and I sigh one anothers breath,
VVho e'r sighs most, is cruellest, and halts the others death.

Loves Alchymy.

SOME that have deeper digg'd Loves Mine than I,
Say, where his centrique happines doth lie:
I have lov'd, and got, and told,
But should I love, get, tell till I were old;
I should not find that hidden mystery;
Oh, 'tis imposture all:
And as no chymique yet th' Elixar got,
But glorifies his pregnant pot,
If by the way to him befall
Some odoriferous thing, or medicinal,
So, lovers dream a rich and long delight,
But get a winter-seeming-summer's night.

Our ease, our thrift, our honour, and our day,
 Shall we, for this vain Bubbles shadow pay?
 Ends love in this, that my man
 Can be as happy as I can; if he can
 Endure the short scorn of a Bridegroomes play?
 That loving wretch that swears,
 'Tis not the bodies marry, but the mindes,
 VVhich he in her Angelique findes,
 VVould swear as justly, that he hears,
 In that dayes rude hoarse minstrelsey, the sphears.
 Hope not for minde in women at their best
 Sweetness and wit they are but *Mummy* possitt.

The Curse.

WHo ever guesse, thinks, or dreams, he knows
 VVho is my Mistris, wither by this course;
 Him only for his Purse
 May some dull whore to love dispose,
 And then yield unto all that are his foes;
 May he be scorn'd by one whom all else scorn,
 Forswear to others, what to her h' hath sworn,
 VVith fear of missing, shame of getting torn.

Madness his sorrow, gout his cramps may he
 Make by but thinking who hath made them such:
 And may he feel no touch
 Of conscience, but of fame, and be
 Anguish'd, not that 't was sin, but that 't was she:
 Or may he for her vertue reverence
 One that hates him only for impotence,
 And equal Traitors be she and his sense.

May he dream Treason, and believe, that he
Meant to perform it, and confess, and die,

And no record tell why:

His sons, which none of his may be,
Inherit nothing but his infamy:

Or may he so long Parasites have fed,

That he would fain be theirs, whom he hath bred,

And at the last be circumcis'd for bread.

The venome of all stepdames, gamesters gall,

What tyrants, and their subjects interwish,

What Plants, Myne, Beasts, Fowl, Fish,

Can contribute, all ill which all

Prophets, or Poets spake; And all which shall

Be annex'd in schedules unto this by me,

Fall on that man; For if it be a she,

Nature before-hand hath out-cursed me.

The Message.

Send home my long fraid eyes to me,
Which (oh) too long have dwelt on thee;

But if they there have learn'd such ill,

Such forc'd fashions,

And false passions,

That they be

Made by thee

Fit for no good sight, keep them still.

Send home my harmless heart again,

Which no unworthy thought could stain,

but if it be taught by thine

To make jestings

Of protesting,
 And break both
 Word and oath,
 Keep it still 'tis none of mine.

Yet send me back my heart and eyes,
 That I may know, and see thy lies,
 And may laugh and joy, when thou
 Art in anguish
 And dost languish
 For some one
 That will none,
 Or prove as false as thou dost now.

*A Nocturnal upon S. LUCIES day
 being the shortest day.*

TIs the years midnight, and it is the dayes,
Lucies, who scarce seven hours her self unmasks,
 The Sun is spent, and now his flasks,
 Send forth light squibs, no constant rayes;
 The worlds whole sap is sunk:
 The general balm th' hydroptique earth hath drunk;
 Whither, as to the beds-feet life is shrunk,
 Dead and enterr'd; yet all these seem to laugh,
 Compar'd with me, who am their Epitaph.

Study me then, you who shall lovers be
 At the next world, that is, at the next Spring:
 For I am a very dead thing,
 In whom love wrought new Alchymy.

For his art did exprefs
A quintessence even from nothingness,
From dull privations, and lean emptiness,
He ruin'd me, and I am re-begot
Of absence, darkness, death; things which are not.

All others, from all things, draw all that's good,
Life, soul, form, spirit, whence they being have,
I, by loves limbeck, am the grave
Of all that's nothing. Oft a flood
Have we two wept, and so
Drown'd the whole world, us two, oft did we grow,
To be two Chaosses, when we did show
Care to ought else; and often absences
Withdrew our souls, and made us carcases.

But I am by her death, (which word wrongs her)
Of the first nothing, the Elixer grown;
Were I a man, that I were one,
I needs must know; I should prefer;
If I were any Beast,
Some ends, some means; Yea plants, yea stones detest;
And love, all, all some properties invest.
If I an ordinary nothing were,
As shadow, a light, and body must be here.

But I am None; nor will my Sunn renew,
You lovers, for whose sake, the lesser Sun
At this time to the Goat is run
To fetch new lust, and give it you.
Enjoy your Summer all,
Since she enjoys her long nights festival,
Let me prepare towards her, and let me call

This hour her Vigil, and her Eve since this
Both the years, and the dayes deep midnight is.

Witchcraft by a Picture.

I Fix mine eye on thine, and there
Pity my picture burning in thine eye,
My picture drown'd in a transparent tear,
When I look lower I espy,
Hadst thou the wicked skill,
By pictures made and made, to kill;
How many wayes mightst thou perform thy will?

But now I have drunk thy sweet salt tears,
Although thou powre more, I'll depart:
My picture vanish, vanish fears,
That I can be endammag'd by that art:
Though thou retain of me
One picture more, yet that will be,
Being in thine own heart, from all malice free.

The Bait.

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will some new pleasures prove
Of golden sands, and crystal brookes:
With silken lines and silver hookes.
There will the river whispring run
Warm'd by thine eyes, more than the Sun,
And there th' inamour'd fish will play,
Begging themselves they may betray.

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And thee faint

When thou wilt swim in that live bath,
Each fish, which every channel hath,
Will amorously to thee swim,
Gladder to catch thee, than thou him.

If thou, to be so seen, beest loth,
By Sun, or Moon, thou darknest both;
And if my self have leave to see,
I need not their light, having thee.

Let others freez with angling reeds,
And cut their legs, with shells and weeds,
Or treacherously poor fish beset,
With strangling snare, or winding net.

Let coarse bold hands, from slimy nest
The bedded fish in banks out-wrest,
Or curious traitors, sleave silk flies
Bewitch poor fishes wandring eyes.

For thee, thou needest no such deceit.
For thou thy self art thine own bait,
That fish, that is not catch'd thereby,
Alas, is wiser far than I.

The Apparition.

When by thy scorn, O murtheress, I am dead,
And thou shalt think thee free
Of all solicitation from me,
Then shall my ghost come to thy bed,
And thee sain'd Vestal in worse armes shall see;

D 3

Then

When

Then thy sick taper will begin to wink,
And he, whose thou art, being tyr'd before,
Will if thou stir, or pinch to wake him, think

Thou call'st for more,

And in a false sleep even from thee shrink,
And then poor Aspen wretch, neglected thou
Bath'd in a cold quicksilver sweat wilt lie

A verier ghost than I;

What I will say, I will not tell the now,
Lest that preserve thee: and since my love is spent,
I had rather thou shouldst painfully repent,
Than by my threatenings rest still innocent.

The broken heart.

HE is stark mad, who ever sayes,
That he hath been in love an hour,
Yet not that love so soon decays,

But that it can ten in less space devour;

Who will believe me, if I swear

That I have had the Plague a year?

Who would not laugh at me, if I should say,
I saw a flash of Powder burn a day?

Ah, what a trifle is a heart,

If once into loves hands it come?

All other griefs allow a part

To other griefs, and ask themselves but some,

They come to us, but us love draws,

He swallows us and never chaws:

By him, as by chain'd shot, whole ranks do die,

He is the Tyrant Pike, and we the Frie.

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If 'twere not so, what did become
Of my heart, when I first saw thee?
I brought a heart into the room,
But from the room I carried none with me:
If it had gone to thee, I know
Mine would have taught thine heart to show
More pity unto me: but Love, alas,
At one first blow did shiver it as glass.

Yet nothing can to nothing fall,
Nor any place be empty quite,
Therefore I think my brest hath all
Those pieces still, though they be not unite:
And now as broken glasses show
A hundred lesser faces, so
My raggs of heart can like, wish, and adore,
But after one such love, can love no more.

A valediction forbidding mourning.

AS virtuous men pass mildly away,
And whisper to their souls, to go,
Whilst some of their sad friends do say,
Now his breath goes, and some say, No;

So let us melt, and make no noise,
No tear-floods, nor sigh-tempests move,
'Twere prophanation of our joyes
To tell the layity our love.

Moving of th' earth brings harms and fears,
Men reckon what it did, and meant,

But trepidation of the spears,
Though greater far, is innocent.

Dull sublunary lovers love
(Whose soul is sense) cannot admit
Of absence, cause it doth remove
The thing which elemented it.

But we by a love so far refin'd,
That our selves know not what it is,
Inter-assured of the mind,
Care less eyes, lips, and hands to mis.

Our two souls therefore, which are one,
Though I must go, indure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to avery thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin Compasses are two,
Thy soul the fixt foot, makes no show
To move, but doth, if th' other do.

And though it in the center sit,
Yet when the other far doth come,
It leans, and harkens after it,
And grows erect, as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must,
Like th' other foot, obliquely run.
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And makes me end where I begun.

The

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This extasie do

(VVe said)

The Extasie.

W Here, like a pillow on a bed,
 A pregnant bank swell'd up, to rest
 The violets declining head,
 Sate we on one anothers breasts.
 Our hands were firmly cimented
 By a salt Balm, which thence did spring,
 Our eye-beams twisted, and did thred
 Our eyes upon one double string,
 So to engraft our hands, as yet
 VVas all the means to make us one,
 And pictures in our eyes to get
 VVas all our propagation.
 As 'twixt two equal Armies, Fate
 Suspends uncertain victory,
 Our souls, (which to advance our state,
 VVere gone out) hung 'twixt her and me.
 And whilst our souls negotiate there,
 VVe like sepulchral statues lay,
 All day, the same our postures were,
 And we said nothing, all the day.
 If any, so by love refin'd,
 That he souls language understood,
 And by good love were grown all mind,
 VVithin convenient distance stood,
 He (though he knew not which soul spake
 Because both meant, both spake the same)
 Might thence a new concoction take,
 And part far purer than he came.
 This extasie do unperplex
 (VVe said) and tell us what we love,

VVe

VVe see by this, it was not sex,
 VVe see, we saw not what did move :
 But as all several souls contain
 Mixture of things they know not what,
 Love, these mixt souls, doth mix again,
 And makes both one, each this and that.
 A single violet transplant,
 The strength the colour and the size
 (All which before was poor, and scant,)
 Redoubles still, and multiplies.
 When love with one another so
 Interanimates two souls,
 That abler soul, which thence doth flow,
 Defects of loveliness controuls.
 We then, who are this new soul, know,
 Of what we are compos'd and made :
 For the Atomes of which we grow,
 Are soules whom no change can invade.
 But, O alas, so long, so far
 Our bodies why do we forbear ?
 They are ours, though not we, We are
 The Intelligences, they the sphears,
 We owe them thanks, because they thus
 Did us, to us, at first convey,
 Yeeled their senses force to us,
 Nor are dross to us, but allay.
 On man heavens influence works not so,
 But that it first imprints the ayr,
 For soul into the soul may flow,
 Though it to body first repair,
 As our bloud labours to beget
 Spirits, as like souls as it can,
 Because such fingers need to knit
 That subtle knor, which makes us man :

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So must pure lovers souls descend
 T' affections, and to faculties,
 Which fence may reach and apprehend,
 Else a great Prince in prison lies,
 To our bodies turn we then, that so
 Weak men on love reveal'd may look ;
 Loves mysteries in Souls do grow,
 But yet the body is the book,
 And if some lover such as we,
 Have heard this dialogue of one,
 Let him still mark us, he shall see
 Small change when we are to bodies grown,

Loves Deity.

I Long to talk with some old lovers ghost,
 Who dyed before the god of Love was born :
 I cannot think that he, who then lov'd most,
 Sunk so low, as to love one which did scorn.
 But since this god produc'd a destiny,
 And that vice-nature custom lets it be ;
 I must love her that loves not me.

Sure they, which made him god, meant not so much,
 Nor he, in his young godhead practis'd it.
 But when an even flame two hearts did touch,
 His office was indulgently to fit
 Actives to Passives, Correspondency
 Only his *Subjezt* was ; it cannot be
 Love, till I love her that loves me.

But every modern god will now extend
 His vast prerogative as far as *Love*,

To rage, to lust, to write to, to commend,
 All is the purlue of the God of Love,
 Were we not weak'ned by this Tyranny
 To ungod this child again, it could not be
 I should love her, who loves not me.

Rebel and Atheist too, why marmure I.
 As though I felt the worst that love could do ?
 Love may make me leave loving, or might try
 A deeper plague, to make her love me too,
 Which, since she loves before, I'm loth to see ;
 Falshood is worse than hate ; and that must be,
 If she whom I love, should love me.

Loves diet.

TO what a comberfom unwieldiness
 And burdenous corpulence my love had grown ;
 But that I did, to make it less,
 And keep it in proportion,
 Give it a diet, made it feed upon
 That which love worst indures, *discretion.*

Above one sigh a day I allow'd him not,
 Of which my fortune, and my faults had part ;
 And if sometimes by stealth he got
 A the sigh from my mistress heart,
 And thought to feast on that, I let him see
 'Twas neither very sound, nor meant to me :

If he wrung from me a tear, I brin'd it so
 With scorn or shame, that him it nourish'd not ;
 If he suck'd hers, I let him know
 'Twas not a tear, which he had got.

His drink was counterfeit, as was his meat;
Her eyes which rowl towards all, weep not, but sweat.

But what ever he would dictate, I writ that,
But burnt my letters which she writ to me;
And if that favour made him fat,

I said, if any title be
Convey'd by this, Ah, what doth it avail,
To be the fortieth man in an entail?

Thus I reclaim'd my buzard love, to fly
At what, and when, and how, and where I chose;

Now negligent of sport I ly,
And now as other Fawknars use,
I spring a mistres, swear, write, sigh and weep:
And the game killd, or lost, go talk or sleep.

The Will.

BEfore I sigh my last gasp, let me breath,
Great Love, some Legacies; I here bequeath
Mine eyes to *Argus*, if mine eyes can see,
If they be blind, then, Love, I give them thee;
My tongue to Fame; to embassadours mine eares;

To women or the sea, my tears;
Thou, Love, hast taught me heretofore
By making me love her who had twenty more,
That I should give to none, but such, as had too much before!

My constancy I to the Planets give,
My truth to them, who at the Court do live;
Mine Ingenuity and opennes,
To Jesuits; to Buffones my pensiveness;

My

My silence to any, who abroad have been;
My money to a Capuchin.

Thou Love taught'st me, by appointing me

To love there, where no love receiv'd can be,

Only to give to such as have no good Capacity.

My faith I give to Roman Catholiques;

All my good works unto the Schismatics

Of Amsterdam; my best civility

And Courtship, to an Univerſity:

To meſtry I give to Souldiers bare.

My Patience let gameſters ſhare.

Thou Love taughtſt me, by making me

Love her that holds my love diſparity,

Only to give to thoſe that count my gifts indignity.

I give my reputation to thoſe

Which were my friends: Mine induſtry to foes:

To Schoolmen I bequeath my doubtfulneſs:

My ſickneſs to Phyſicians, or exceſs:

To Nature, all that I in Ryme have writ:

And to my company my wit:

Thou Love, by making me adore

Her who begot this love in me before,

Taughtſt me to make, as though I gave, when I do but re-

(ſtore

To him for whom the paſſing-bell next tolls,

I give my phyſick Books: my written rolls

Of Moral counſels, I to Bedlam give:

My Brazen medals, unto them which live

In want of bread: to them which paſs among

All forainers, mine Engliſh tongue.

Thou, Love, by making me love one

Who thinks her friendſhip a fit portion.

For younger lovers, doſt my gifts thus diſproportion.

There

Therefore Ile give no more, but I'll undo
 The world by dying: because love dies too,
 Then all your beauties will be no more worth
 Then gold in Mines, where none doth draw it forth;
 And all your graces no more use shall have,
 Than a Sun-dyal in a grave.
 Thou Love taught'st me, by making me
 Love her who doth neglect both me and thee,
 To invent and practise this one way, to annihilate thee.

The Funeral.

WHo ever comes to shroud me, do not harm
 Nor question much
 That subtle wreath of hair, about myne arm;
 The mystery, the sign you must not touch,
 For 'tis my outward Soul,
 Viceroy to that, which unto heaven being gone,
 Will leave this to controul,
 And keep these limbes, her Provinces, from dissolution.
 For if the sinewie thread my brain lets fall
 Through every part,
 Can ty those parts, and make me one of all;
 Those hairs which upward grow, and strength and art
 Have from a better brain,
 Can better do't: except she meant that I
 By this should know my pain,
 As prisoners then are manac'd, when they are condemn'd to
 What 'ere she meant by it bury it with me,
 For since I am
 Loves martyr, it might breed Idolatry,

If into others hands these Reliques came,
 As 'twas humility
 To afford to it all that a soul can do,
 So 'tis some bravery,
 That since you would have none of me, I bury some of you.

The Blossom.

Little think'st thou poor flower,
 Whom I have wat'rd six or seven dayes,
 And seen thy birth, and seen what every hour
 Gave to thy growth, thee to this height to raise,
 And now dost laugh and triumph on this bough;

Little think'st thou
 That it will freeze anon, and that I shall
 To morrow finde the fall, or not at all.

Little think'st thou (poor Heart
 That labourest yet to nestle thee,
 And think'st by hovering here to get a part
 In a forbidden or forbidding tree,
 And hop'st her stiffness by long siege to bow:)

Little think'st thou,
 That thou to morrow, ere the Sun doth wake,
 Must with this Sun, and me a journey take.

But thou which lov'st to be
 Subtle to plague thy self, will say,
 Alas, if you must go, what 's that to me?
 Here lies my business, and here I will stay:
 You go to friends, whose love and means present
 Various content.

To your eyes, ears, and taste, and every part,
If then your body go, what need your heart ?

Well, then stay here : but know,
When thou hast staid and done thy most ;
A naked thinking heart, that makes no show,
Is to a woman but a kind of Ghost :
How shall she know my heart ; or having none,
Know thee for one ?
Practise may make her know some other part,
But take my word, she doth not know a heart.

Meet me at *London*, then,
Twenty dayes hence and thou shalt see
Me fresher, and more fat, by being with men,
Then if I had staid still with her and thee.
For Gods sake, if you can, be you so too :
I will give you
There to another friend, whom we shall find,
As glad to have my body as my mind.

*The Primrose, being at Mountgomery Castle, upon
the hill, on which it is situate.*

Upon this Primrose hill,
Where, if heaven would distill
A showre of rain, each several drop might go
To his own Primrose, and grow Manna so :
And where their form, and their infinitie
Make a terrestrial Gallaxie,
As the smal starres do in the skie :
I walk to find a true Love ; and I see
That 'tis not a meer woman, that is she,
But must, or more or less than woman be.

E

Yes

Yet know I not, which flower
 I wish; a six, or four;
 For should my true-Love less than woman be,
 She were scarce any thing; and then, should she
 Be more than woman, she would get above
 All thought of sex; and think to move
 My heart to study her and not to love;
 Both these were Monsters; Since there must reside
 Falshood in woman, I could more abide,
 She were by art, than Nature falsify'd.

Live Primrose then, and thrive
 With thy true number five;
 And women, whom this flower doth represent,
 With this mysterious number be content;
 Ten is the farthest number, if half ten
 Belongs unto each woman, then
 Each woman may take half us men;
 Or if this will not serve the turn. Since all
 Numbers are odd, or even, since they fall
 First into five, women may take us all.

The Relique.

When my grave is broke up again
 Some second guest to entertain,
 (For graves have learn'd that woman-head
 To be to more than one a Bed)
 And he that digs it, spies
 A bracelet of bright hair about the bone,
 Will he not let us alone,
 And think that there a loving couple lies.

Who

Who thought that this device might be some way,
To make their souls at the last busie day,
Meet at this grave, and make a little stay?

If this fall in a time, or land,
Where Mass-devotion doth command,
Then, he that digs us up, will bring
Us to the Bishop, or the King,
To make us Reliques, then
Thou shalt be a Mary Magdalen, and I
A something else thereby;
All women shall adore us, and some men;
And since at such time, miracles are sought,
I would have that age by this paper taught,
What miracles we harmless Lovers wrought.

First we lov'd well and faithfully,
Yet knew not what we lov'd, nor why,
Difference of Sex we never knew,
No more than Guardian Angels do,
Coming and going we,
Perchance might kiss, but yet between those meales
Our hands ne'r toucht the seales,
Which nature injur'd by late law, set free:
These miracles we did; but now, alas,
All measure, and all language, I should pass,
Should I tell what a miracle she was.

The Damp.

When I am dead, and Doctors know not why,
And my friends curiosity
Will have me cut up to survey each part,
And they shall find your Picture in mine heart;

You think a sodain damp of love
Will through all their senses move,
And work on them as me, and so preferre
Your murder, to the name of massacre.

Poor victories! but if you dare be brave,
And pleasure in the conquest have,
First kill th' enormous Gyant, your *Disdain*,
And let the enchantress *Honor* next be slain;
And like a Goth or Vandal rise;
Deface Records, and Histories
Of your own acts and triumphs over men,
And without such advantage kill me then.

For I could muster up as well as you
My Gyants, and my Witches too,
Which are vast *Constancy*, and *Secretness*,
But these I neither look for nor profess,
Kill me as Woman, let me die
As a meer man; do you but try
Your passive valour, and you shall find than,
Naked you have odds enough of any man.

The Dissolution.

She's dead, and all which die
To their first Elements resolve;
And we were mutual Elements to us,
And made of one another.
My body then doth hers involve,
And those things whereof I consist, hereby
In me abundant grow, and burdensome,
And nourish not, but smother.

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My fire of Passion, sighs of air,
Water of tears, and earthy sad despair,
Which my materials be,
(But neer wornout by loves securitie)
She, to my los, doth by her death repare,
And I might live long wretched so
But that my fire doth with my fuel grow.
Now as those Active Kings
Whose forain conquest treasure brings,
Receive more, and spend more, and soonest break;
This (which I'am amaz'd that I can speak)
This death hath with my store
My use increas'd.
And so my soul more earnestly releas'd,
Will outstrip hers: As bullets flown before
A later bullet may o'rtake, the powder being more.

A Feat Ring sent.

THou art not so black as my heart,
Nor half so brittle, as her heart, thou art; (be spoke,
What wouldst thou say? shall both our properties by thee
Nothing more endless, nothing sooner broke?

• Mariage rings are not of this stufte;
Oh, why should ought less precious, or less tough
Figure our loves? except in thy name thou have bid it say
I'm cheap, and nought but fashion, sling me'away.

Yet stay with me since thou art come,
Circle this fingers top, which didst her thomb: (me
Be justly proud, and gladly safe, that thou dost dwell with
She that, oh, broke her faith, would soon break thee.

Negative Love.

I Never stoop'd so low, as they
 Which on an eye, cheek, lip, can prey,
 Seldome to them which soar no higher
 Then virtue, or the mind t'admire;
 For sense, and understanding may
 Know what gives fuell to their fire:
 My love, though silly, is more brave,
 For may I miss, when ere I crave,
 If I know yet what I would have.

If that be simply perfectest
 Which can by no means be exprest
 But *Negatives*, my love is so.
 To all, which all love, I say no.
 If any who deciphers best,
 What we know not, (our selves) can know,
 Let him teach me that nothing. This
 As yet my ease, and comfort is,
 Though I speed not, I cannot miss.

The Prohibition.

Take heed of loving me,
 At least remember, I forbid it thee;
 Not that I shall repay in unthrifty a wast,
 Of Breath and Bloud, upon thy sighs and tears:
 By being to thee then what to me thou wast,
 But, so great Joy, our life at once outwears:
 Then, lest thy love, by my death frustrate be,
 If thou love me, take heed of loving me.

Take

Take heed of hating me,
 Or too much triumph in the Victory,
 Not that I shall be mine own officer,
 And hate with hate again retaliate :
 But thou wilt lose the stile of conquerour,
 If I, thy conquest, perish by thy hate :
 Then, lest my being nothing lessen thee,
 If thou hate me, take heed of hating me.

Yet love and hate me too,
 So, these extreems shall ne'r their office do :
 Love me, that I may die the gentler way :
 Hate me, because thy love is too great for me :
 Or let these two themselves, not me decay :
 So shall I live thy Stage, not triumph be :
 Lest thou thy love, and hate, and me thou undo,
O let me live, yet love and hate me too.

The Expiration.

SO, go break off this last lamenting kifs,
 which sucks two souls, and vapors both away,
 Turn thou ghost that way, and let me turn this,
 And let our selves benight our happiest day,
 We ask none leave to love ; nor will we owe
 Any, so cheap a death, as saying, Go ;

Go ; and if that word have not quite kill'd thee,
 Ease me with death, by bidding me go too.

Or, if it have, let my word work on me,
 And a just office on a murderer do.

Except it be too late, to kill me so.

Being double dead, going, and bidding, go.

The Computation.

From my first twenty years, since yesterday,
 I scarce believ'd thou couldst be gone away,
 And fourty more I fed on favours past,
 And fourty'on hopes, that thou wouldst they might last.
 Tears drown'd one hundred, and sighs blew out two,
 A thousand I did neither think, nor do,
 Or not divide, all being one thought of you :
 Or in a thousand more, forget that too.
 Yet call not this long life ; but think that I
 Am, by being dead, immortal ; Can ghosts die ?

The Paradox.

NO Lover saith, I love, nor any other
 Can judge a perfect Lover ;
 He thinks that else none can or will agree,
 That any loves but hee :
 I cannot say I lov'd, for who can say
 He was kill'd yesterday ?
 Love with excess of heat, more young than old,
 Death kills with too much cold ;
 We die but once, and who lov'd last did die,
 He that saith twice, doth lie :
 For though he seem to move, and stir a while,
 It doth the sense beguile.
 Such life is like the light which bideth yet
 When the lifes light is set,
 Or like the heat, which, fire in solid matter
 Leaves behind two hours after.

Once

Once I love and dy'd, and am now become
 Mine Epitaph and Tomb.
 Here dead men speak their last, and so do I;
 Love-flain, loe, here I die.

Song.

Souls joy, now I am gone,
 And you alone,
 (Which cannot be,
 Since I must leave my self with thee,
 And carry thee with me)
 Yet when unto our eyes
 Absence denies
 Each others sight,
 And makes to us a constant night,
 When others change to light:
 "O give no way to grief,
 "But let belief
 "Of mutual love,
 "This wonder to the vulgar prove
 "Our Bodies, not we move.
 Let not thy wit beweepe
 Words but sense deep,
 For when we miss
 By distance, our hopes joyning blifs,
 Even then our souls shall kifs:
 Fools have no means to meet,
 But by their feet,
 Why should our clay,
 Over our spirits so much sway,
 To tie us to that way?
 "O give no way to grief, &c.

Farewell

Farewell to Love.

Whilst yet to prove
 I thought there was some Deitie in love,
 So did I reverence, and gave
 Worship, as Atheists at their dying hour
 Call, what they cannot name, an unknown power,
 As ignorantly did I crave :
 Thus when
 Things not yet known are coveted by men,
 Our desires give them fashion, and so
 As they wax lesser, fall, as they sife grow.

But, from late Fair
 His Highness (sitting in a golden Chair,)
 Is not less cared for after three dayes
 By children, then the thing which lovers so
 Blindly admire, and with such worship woove :
 Being had, enjoying it decays :
 And thence,
 What before pleas'd them all, takes but one sence,
 And that so lamely, as it leaves behind
 A kind of forrowing dulness to the mind.

Ah cannot we.
 As well as Cocks and Lyons jocund be,
 After such pleasures, unless wise
 Nature decreed (since each such act, they say,
 Diminisheth the length of life a day)
 This ; as she would man should despise
 The sport,
 Because that other curse of being short,

And

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And then my
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Beasts cannot v
They, mans aff

And only for a minute made to be
Eager, desires to raise posterity.

Since so, my mind
Shall not desire what no man else can find,
I'll no more dote and run
To pursue things which had endammag'd me.
And when I come where moving beauties be,
As men do when the Summer Sun
Grows great,
Though I admire their greatness, shun their heat;
Each place can afford shadows. If all fail,
Tis but applying wormseed to the Tail.

Song.

Dear Love continue nice and chaste,
For, if you yield, you do me wrong,
Let duller wits to loves end haste,
I have enough to wooe thee long.

All pain and joy is in their way,
The things we fear bring less annoy
Then fear and hope brings greater joy:
But in themselves they cannot stay.

Small favours will my prayers increase:
Granting my suit you give me all,
And then my prayers must needs surcease,
For, I have made your Godhead fall.

Beasts cannot witt, nor beauty see,
They, mans affections only move:

Beast,

Beasts other sports of love do prove,
With better feeling far then wee.

Then love prolong my suit, for thus
By losing sport, I sport do win:
And that doth virtue prove in us,
Which ever yet hath been a sin.

My coming near may spie some ill,
And now the world is given to scoffe:
To keep my love, (then) keep me off,
And so I shall admire thee still.

Say I have made a perfect choice,
Satiety our selves may kill:
Then give me but thy face and voice,
Mine eye and ear thou canst not fill.

To make me rich (oh) be not poor,
Give me not all, yet something lend,
So I shall still my suit commend,
And at your will do less or more.
But, if to all you condescend,
My love, our sport, your Godhead end.

A Lecture upon the Shadow.

STand still, and I will read to thee
SA Lecture. Love, in loves Philosophie.
These three hours that we have spent,
Walking here: Two shadows went
Along with us, which we our selves produc'd,
But now the Sun is just above our head,

We do those shadows tread :
 And to brave clearness all things are reduc'd,
 So whilst our infant love did grow,
 Disguises did, and shadows, flow,
 From us, and our cares: but, now 'tis not so.

That love hath not attain'd the high'st degree,
 Which is still diligent lest others see,
 Except our loves at this noon stay,
 We shall new shadows make the other way.

As the first were made to blind
 Others; these which come behind
 Will work upon our selves, and blind our eyes.
 If our loves faint, and westwardly decline;

To me thou, falsely, thine,
 And I to thee mine actions shall disguise.

The morning shadows wear away,
 But these grow longer all the day,
 But oh, loves day is short, if love decay.

Love is a growing, or full constant light:
 And his short minute, after noon, is night.

The end of the Songs and Sonets.

EPIGRAMS

EPIGRAMS.

Hero and Leander.

Both rob'd of air, we both lie in one ground,
Both whom one fire had burnt, one water drown'd.

Pyramus and Thisbe.

Two, by themselves, each other love and fear
Slain, cruel friends, by parting have joyn'd here.

Niobe.

By childrens birchs, and death, I am become
So dry, that I am now mine own sad tomb.

A burnt Ship.

Out of a fired Ship, which by no way
But drowning, could be rescued from the flame,
Some men leap'd forth, and ever as they came
Near the foes Ships, did by their shot decay:
So all were lost, which in the ship were found,
They in the sea being burnt, they in the burnt ship
(drown'd.

EPIGRAMS

Full

Fall of a Wall.

Under an under-min'd, and shot-bruis'd wall
 A too-bold Captain perish'd by the fall,
 Whose brave misfortune happiest men envi'd,
 That had a towre for tomb, his bones to hide.

A lame Begger.

I am unable yonder begger cries,
 To stand, or move; if he say true, he *lies*.

A Self-accuser.

Your Mistres, that you follow Whores still taxeth you;
 'Tis strange that she should thus confes it, though 't be
 (true.

A licentious person.

Thy sins and hairs may no man equal call,
 For, as thy sinnes increase, thy hairs do fall.

Antiquary.

If in his study he hath so much care
 To hang all old strange things, let his wife beware.

Disinherited.

Thy father all from thee, by his last Will
 Gave to the poor; Thou hast good title still.

Phryne.

Phyrne.

Thy flattering Picture, *Phyrne*, is like to thee,
Only in this, that you both painted bee.

An obscure Writer.

Philo, with twelve years study hath been griev'd,
To be understood, when will he be believ'd?

Klockins so deeply hath sworn, ne'r more to come
In bawdie house, that he dares not go home.

Raderus.

Why this mangeld *Martiall*, I amuse,
Except himself alone his tricks would use,
As *Katherine*, for the Courts sake, put down stews.

Mercurius Gallo-Belgicus.

Like *Esops* fellow slaves, O *Mercurie*,
Which could do all things, thy faith is; and I
Like *Esops* self which nothing; I confess
I should have had more faith, if thou hadst less;
Thy credit lost thy credit: 'Tis sin to do,
In this case as thou wouldst be done unto,
To believe all: Change thy name: thou art like
Mercurie in stealing, but ly'st like a *Greek*.

Compassion in the world again is bred:
Ralphus is sick, the broker keeps his bed.

The end of the Epigrams.

ELEGIE

ELEGIES.

ELEGIE I.

Fond woman, which wouldst have thy husband die,
 And yet complain'st of his great jealousy :
 If swoln with poyson, he lay in his last bed,
 His body with a sere-cloth covered,
 Drawing his breath, as thick and short as can
 The nimblest crocheting Musician,
 Ready with loathsom vomiting to spue
 His soul out of one hell into a new,
 Made deaf with his poor Kindreds howling cries,
 Begging with few feign'd tears, great legacies,
 Thou would'st not weep, but jolly and frolick be,
 As a slave, which too morrow should be free,
 Yet weep'st thou, when thou seest him hungerly
 Swallow his own death, hearts-bane jealousy.
 O give him many thanks, he's courteous
 That in suspecting kindly warneth us,
 We must not, as we us'd, flout openly,
 In scoffing riddles his deformity :
 Nor, at his boord together being sat,
 With words, nor touch, scarce looks adalterate.
 Nor when he swoln, and pamper'd with high fare
 Sits down and snorts, cag'd in his basket chair,
 Must we usurp his own bed any more,
 Nor kiss and play in his house as before.

F

Now

Now do I see my danger, for, it is,
 His realm, his castle, and his diocess.
 But if (as envious men, which would revile
 Their Prince, or coin his Gold, themselves exile
 Into another country and do it there)
 We play in anothers house, what should we fear?
 There we will scorn his household policies,
 His seely plots, and pensionary spies,
 As the inhabitants of Thames right side
 Do Londons Mayor; or Germans, the Popes pride.

ELEGIE. II.

Marry, and love thy *Flavia*, for, shee
 Hath all things, whereby others beateous be;
 For, though her eyes be small, her mouth is great,
 Though theirs be Ivory, yet her teeth be jeat,
 Though they be dimm, yet she is light enough,
 And though her harsh hair's foul, her skin is rough;
 What though her cheeks be yallow, her hair's red,
 Give her thine, and she hath a Maidenhead.
 These things are beauties elements, where these
 Meet in one, that one must, as perfect, please.
 If red and white, and each good quality
 Be in thy wench, ne'r ask where it doth lie.
 In buying things perfum'd, we ask, if there
 Be musk and amber in it, but not where.
 Though all her parts be not in th' usual place,
 She hath yet the Anagrams of a good face.
 If we might put the letters but one way,
 In that lean dearth of words what could we say?
 When by the Gamuth some Musicians make
 A perfect song; others will undertake,

By

By the same Gamuth chang'd, to equal it,
 Things simply good, can never be unfit;
 Shee's fair as any, if all be like her,
 And if none be, then she is singular:
 All love is wonder; if we justly doe
 Account her wonderful, why not lovely too?
 Love built on beauty, soon as beauty, dies,
 Chuse this face, chang'd by no deformities.
 Women are all like Angels; the fair be
 Like those which fell to worse: but such as she,
 Like to good Angells nothing can impair:
 Tis less grief to be foul, then to have been fair.
 For one nights revels, silk and gold we chuse,
 But, in long journeys, cloth, and leather use.
 Beauty is barren oft; best husbands say,
 There is best land, where there is foulest way.
 Oh what a soveraign plaister will she be,
 If thy past sins have taught thee jealousie!
 Here needs no spies, nor eunuchs, her commit
 safe to thy foes, yea, to a Marmosit:
 Like Belgia's cities when the Country is drown'd,
 That durty foulness guards and armes the town;
 So doth her face guard her; and so, for thee,
 Which forc'd by business, absent oft must be,
 He, whose face, like clouds, turns the day to night,
 Who, mightier than the sea, makes Moors seem white;
 Who, though seven years, she in the Stews had laid,
 Nunnery durst receive, and think a Maid,
 And though in childbirths labour she did lie,
 Midwives would swear, 'twere but a tympany,
 Whom, if she accuse her self, I credit leis
 Than witches, which impossibles confess.
 Horn Dikdoes, Bedstaves, or a velvet Glass
 Would be as loath to touch as Joseph was.

One like none, and lik'd of none, fittest were,
For, things in fashion every man will wear.

ELEGIE. III.

Although thy hand and faith, and good word too,
Have seal'd thy love, which nothing should undoe.
Yea though thou fall back, that Apostasie
Confirms thy love, yet much, much I fear thee.
Women are like the Arts, forc'd unto none,
Open to 'all searchers, unpriz'd if unknown.
If I have caught a bird, and let him flie,
Another Fowler using those means, as I,
May catch the same bird; and, as these things be,
Women are made for men, not him nor me.
Foxes, goats and all beasts change when they please,
Shall women; more hot, wily, wild than these,
Be bound to one man, and bid Nature then
Idly make them apter to 'endure than men;
They 'are our cloggs, not their own; if a man be
Chain'd to a gally, yet the gally' is free.
Who hath a plow-land, casts all his seed-corn there,
And yet allows his ground more corn should bear;
Though Danuby into the sea must flow,
The sea receives the Rhine, Volga: and Po,
By nature, which gave it, this libertie.
Thou lov'st, but oh! canst thou love it and me?
Likeness glues love; and if that thou so doe,
To make us like and love, must I change too?
More than thy hate, I hate 'it, rather let me
Allow her change, than change as oft as thee,
And so not teach, but force my 'opinion,
To love not any one, nor every one.

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To live in one land, is captivity,
 To run all countries, a wild roguery;
 Waters stink soon, if in one place they abide,
 And in the vast sea are worse purifi'd:
 But when they kiss one bank, and leaving this
 Never look back, but the next bank do kiss,
 Then are they purest; Change is the nursery
 Of musick, joy, life, and eternity.

ELEGIE. IV.

ONce, and but once found in thy company,
 All thy supposed scapes are laid on me;
 And as a thief at bar, is question'd there
 By all the men that have been rob'd that year,
 So am I, (by this traiterous meanes surpriz'd)
 By thy Hydroptique father catechiz'd.
 Though he had wont to search with glazed eyes
 As though he came to kill a Cockatrice,
 Though he hath oft sworn, that he would remove
 Thy beauties beauty, and food of our love,
 Hope of his goods, if I with thee were seen,
 Yet close and secret, as our souls, we' have been,
 Though thy immortal mother, which doth lie
 Still buried in her bed, yet will not die,
 Takes this advantage to sleep out day light,
 And watch thy entries, and returns all night,
 And, when she takes thy hand, and would seem kind,
 Doth search what rings, and armetts she can find,
 And kissing notes the color of thy face,
 And fearing lest thou art swoln, doth thee imbrace,
 And to try if thou long, doth name strange meats,
 And notes thy paleness, blushes, sighs, and sweats;

And politiquely will to thee confess
 The sins of her own youths rank lustiness;
 Yet love these forceries did remove, and move
 Thee to gull thine own mother for my love.
 Thy little brethren, which like Fairy Sprights
 Oft skipt into our chamber, those sweet nights,
 And kist, and dandled on thy fathers knee,
 Were brib'd next day, to tell what they did see:
 The grim-eight-foot-high-iron-bound serving-man
 That oft names God in oathes, and only than,
 He that to bar the first gate doth as wide
 As the great Rhodian Colossus stride,
 Which, if in hell no other paines there were,
 Makes me fear hell, because he must be there:
 Though by thy father he were hir'd to this,
 Could never witness any touch or kifs.
 But Oh, too common ill, I brought with me
 That, which betray'd me to mine enemy:
 A loud perfume, which at my entrance cryed
 Even at thy fathers nose, so were we spied.
 When, like a Tyrant King, that in his bed
 Smells gunpowder, the pale wretch shivered;
 Had it been some bad smel, he would have thought
 That his own feet or breath, the smell had wrought.
 But as we in our Ile imprisoned,
 Where cattle onely, and divers dogs are bred,
 The precious Unicorns, strange monsters, call,
 So thought he sweet strange, that had none at all.
 I taught my silks their whistling to forbear,
 Even my opprest shooes, dumb and speechless were,
 Onely, thou bitter-sweet, whom I had laid
 Next me, me traiterously hast betraid,
 And unsuspected hast invisibly
 At once fled unto him, and staid with me.

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Base excrement of earth, which dost confound
 Sense from distinguishing the sick from sound ;
 By thee the feely Amorous sucks his death
 By drawing in a leprous harlots breath,
 By thee the greatest stain to mans estate
 Falls on us, to be call'd effeminate ;
 Though you be much lov'd in the Princes hall,
 There things that seem, exceed substantial.
 Gods when ye fum'd on altars, were pleas'd well,
 Because you 'er burnt, not that they lik'd your smel,
 You are loathsome all, being taken simply alone,
 Shall we love ill things joynd, and hate each one ?
 If you were good, your good doth soon decay ;
 And you are rare, that takes the good away.
 All my perfumes, I give most willingly
 To embalm thy fathers coorse ; What will he dy ?

ELEGIE. V.

Here take my Picture : though I bid farewell :
 Thine, in my heart, where my soul dwells, shall dwell,
 'Tis like me now, but I dead, 'twill be more
 When we are shadows both, than 'twas before.
 When weather-beaten I come back : my hand,
 Perhaps with rude oars torn, or Sun-beames tann'd,
 My face and breast of hair-cloth, and my head
 With cares harsh sodain *horines* o'r spread,
 My body a sack of bones, broken within,
 And powders blew stains scattered on my skin :
 If rival foolstax thee to' have lov'd a man,
 So foul, and coarse, as, Oh, I may seem than,
 This shall say what I was : and thou shalt say,
 Do his hurt reach me ? doth my worth decay ?

Or do they reach his judging mind, that he
Should now love less, what he did love to see?
That which in him was fair and delicate,
Was but the milk which in loves childish state
Did nurse it: who now is grown strong enough
To feed on that which to weak taſts ſeems tough.

ELEGIE. VI.

OH, let me not ſerve ſo, as thoſe men ſerve,
Whom honors ſmoaks at once flatter & ſerve:
Poorly enrich't with great mens words or looks:
Nor ſo write my name in thy loving books:
As thoſe idolatrous flatterers, which ſtill
Their Princes ſtiles, which many names fulfil
Whence they no tribute have, and bear no ſway.
Such ſervices I offer as ſhall pay
Themſelves, I hate dead names: Oh then let me
Favorite in Ordinary, or no favorite be.
When my ſoul was in her own body ſheath'd;
Nor yet by oaths betroth'd, nor kiſſes breath'd
Into my Purgatory, faithleſs thee,
Thy heart ſeem'd wax, and ſteel thy conſtancy:
So careleſs flowers ſtow'd on the waters face,
The curled whirlpools ſuck, ſmack, and embrace,
Yet drown them; ſo the tapers beamy eye
Amorouſly twinkling, beckons the giddy flie,
Yet burnes his wings; and ſuch the Devil is,
Scarce viſiting them who are intirely his.
When I behold a ſtream, which, from the ſpring,
Doth with doubtful melodious murmuring,
Or in a ſpeechleſs ſlumber calmly ride
Her wedded channels boſome, and there chide,

And

And bend her brows, and swell, if any bough,
 Do but stoop down to kiss her utmost brow:
 Yet if her often gnawing kisses win
 The traitorous banks to gape, and let her in,
 She rusheth violently, and doth divorce
 Her from her native and her long-kept course,
 And roares, and braves it, and in gallant scorn,
 In flattering eddies promising return,
 She flouts her channel, which thenceforth is dry;
 Then say I; that is she, and this am I.
 Yet let not thy deep bitterness beget
 Careless despair in me, for that will whet
 My mind to scorn; and ah, love dull'd with pain
 Was n'er so wise, nor well arm'd as disdain
 Then with new-eyes I shall survey and spy
 Death in thy cheeks, and darkness in thine eye:
 Through hope breed faith & love thus taught, I shall
 As nations do from Rome, from thy love fall,
 My hate shall outgrow thine, and utterly
 I will renounce thy dalliance: and when I
 Am the Recusant, in that resolute state
 What hurts it me to be' excommunicate?

ELEGIE. VII.

Natures lay Ideot, I taught thee to love,
 And in that sophistry, Oh, how thou dost prove
 Too subtle: Fool, thou didst not understand
 The mystique language of the eye nor hand:
 Nor couldst thou judge the difference of the ayre
 Of sighs, and say, this lies, this sounds despair:
 Nor by the eyes water know a malady
 Desperately hot, or changing feverously.

That

I had not taught thee then, the Alphabet
 Of flowers, how they devisefully being set,
 And bound up, might with speechless secrecy
 Deliver errands mutely, and mutually.
 Remember since, all thy words us'd to be
 To every suitor, *I, if my friends agree.*
 Since, household charms, thy husbands name to teach
 Were all the love tricks, that thy wit could reach :
 And since, an hours discourse could scarce have made
 One answer in thee, and that ill arrayed
 In broken proverbs, and torn sentences.
 Thou art not by so many duties his,
 (That from the worlds Common having sever'd thee,
 Inlaid thee, neither to be seen, nor see)
 As mine : who have with amorous delicacies
 Refin'd thee into a blifs-ful Paradise.
 Thy graces and good works my creatures be,
 I planted knowledg and lifes tree in thee :
 Which, Oh, shall strangers taste ? Must I, alas,
 Frame and enamel Plate, and drink in glafs ?
 Chase wax for others seales ? break a colts force,
 And leave him then being made a ready horse ?

 ELEGIE. VIII.

AS the sweet sweat of Roses in a Still,
 As that which from chaf'd Muskets pores doth trill,
 As the Almighty Balm of th'early East,
 Such are the sweat drops of my Mistris breast,
 And on her neck her skin such lustre sets,
 They seem no sweat drops, but pearl coronets.
 Rank sweaty froth thy Mistresses brow defiles,
 Like spermatique issue of ripe menstruous boyles.

Or like the skum, which, by needs lawless law
 Enforc'd Sanferra's starved men did draw
 From parboyl'd shoos and boots, and all the rest
 Which were with any soveraign fatness blest,
 And like vile stones lying in saffron'd tin,
 Or warts, or weales, it hangs upon her skin.
 Round as the worlds her head, on every side,
 Like to the fatal Ball which fell on Ide,
 Or that whereof God had such jealousie,
 As for the ravishing thereof we dy.
 Thy head is like a rough-hewn statue of jeat,
 Where marks for eyes, nose, mouth, are yet scarce set:
 Like the first Chaos, or flat seeming face
 Of Cynthia, when th' earths shadows her imbrace.
 Like Proserpines white beauty-keeping chest,
 Or Joves best fortunes urne, is her fair brest.
 Thine's like worm-eaten trunks cloth'd in seals skin
 Or grav'd that's dust without, and stink within.
 And like that slender stalk, at whose end stands
 The wood-bine quivering, are her arms and hands,
 Like rough bark'd elmboughs, or the russet skin
 Of men late scourg'd for madnes, or for sin;
 Like Sun-parch'd quarters on the city gate,
 Such is thy tan'd skins lamentable state:
 And like a bunch of ragged carrets stand
 The short swoln fingers of thy mistres hand;
 Then like the Chymicks masculine equal fire,
 Which in the Lymbecks warm womb doth inspire
 Into th' earths worthless durt a soul of gold,
 Such cherishing heat her best lov'd part doth hold.
 Thine's like the dread mouth of a fired gun
 Or like hot liquid metals newly run
 Into clay moulds, or like to that Aetna
 Where round about the grafs is burnt away.

Are

Are not your kisses then as filthy, and more,
 As a worm sucking an invenom'd fore?
 Doth not thy fearful hand in feeling quake,
 As one which gathering flowers, still feares a snake?
 Is not your last act harsh, and violent,
 As when a plough a stony ground doth rent?
 So kifs good turtles, so devoutly nice
 A Priest is in his handling Sacrifice,
 And nice in searching wounds the Surgeon is,
 As we, when we embrace, or touch, or kifs,
 Leave her, and I will leave comparing thus,
 Shee and comparisons are odious.

ELEGIE. IX.

NO *Spring*, nor *Summers* beauty hath such grace,
 As I have seen in one *Autummal* face,
 Young *Beauties* force our Loves, and that's a *Rape*,
 This doth but *counsail*, yet you cannot scape.
 If 'twere a *shame* to love, here 'twere no *shame*:
Affections here take *Reverences* name.
 Were her first years the *Golden age*; that's true.
 But now she's *gold* oft try'd, and ever new.
 That was her torrid and inflaming time,
 This is her habitable *Tropique* clime.
 Fair eyes, who askes more heat than comes from hence,
 He in a feaver wishes pestilence.
 Call not these wrinkles, *graves*: If *graves* they were
 They were *Loves* *graves*: or else he is no where.
 Yet lies not Love *dead* here, but here doth sit
 Vow'd to this trench, like an *Anachorit*.
 And here, till hers, which must be his *death*, come,
 He doth not dig a *grave*, but build a *Tomb*.

Here

Here dwells he, though he sojourn ev'ry where,
 In *Progress*, yet his standing house is here.
 Here, where still *Evening* is, not *noon* nor *night*;
 Where no *voluptuousness*, yet all *delight*.
 In all her words, unto all hearers fit,
 You may at *Revels*, you at *counsails* sit:
 This is loves timber; youth his under-wood;
 There he, as wine in *June*, enrages blood,
 Which then comes seasonablest, when our tast
 And appetite to other things, is past.
Xerxes strange *Lydian* love, the *Platane* tree,
 Was lov'd for age, none being so old as she,
 Or else because, being young, nature did bless
 Her youth with ages glory, *Barrenness*.
 If we love things long sought, *Age* is a thing
 Which we are fifty years in compassing.
 If transitory things which soon decay,
Age must be loveliest at the latest day.
 But name not *Winter-faces*, whose skin's slack;
 Lank, as an unthrifts purse; but a Souls sack;
 Whose eyes seek light within, for all here's shade;
 Whose *mouthes* are holes, rather worn out than made;
 Whose every tooth to a several place is gone
 To vex the soul at *Resurrection*,
 Name not these living *Death-heads* unto me,
 For these, not *Ancient* but *Amique* be:
 I hate extremes: yet I had rather stay
 With *Tombs* then *Cradles*, to wear out the day,
 Since such loves natural station is, may still
 My love descend, and journey down the hill,
 Not panting after growing beauties, so,
 I shall ebb on with them, who homeward goe.

ELEGIE. X.

Image of her whom I love, more than she,
 Whose fair impression in my faithful heart,
 Makes me her *Medal*, and makes her love me,
 As Kings do coins, to which their stamps impart
 The value: go, and take my heart from hence,
 Which now is grown too great and good for me:
Honours oppresses weak spirits, and our fence
 Strong objects dull; the more, the less we see.
 When you are gone, and *Reason* gone with you,
 Then *Fantastie* is Queen and Soul, and all;
 She can present joyes meaner than you do;
 Convenient, and more proportional.
 So, if I dream I have you, I have you:
 For, all our joyes are but fantastical.
 And so I scape the pain, for pain is true;
 And sleep which locks up sense, doth lock out all.
 After such a fruition I shall wake,
 And, but the waking, nothing shall repent;
 And shall to love more thankful Sonets make,
 Then if more *honour*, *tears*, and *paines* were spent.
 But dearest heart, and dearer Image stay,
 Alas, true joyes at best are *dreams* enough;
 Though you stay here, you pass too fast away:
 For even at first lifes *Taper* is a snuffe.
 Fill'd with her love, may I be rather grown
 Mad with much *heart*, then *idiot* with none.

ELEG.

ELEGIE. XI.

Language thou art too narrow, and too weak
 To ease us now, great sorrows cannot speak.
 We could sigh out accents, and weep words,
 Brief weares, & lessens, that tears breath affords,
 And hearts, the less they seem, the more they are,
 So guiltiest men stand muteest at the bar)
 Not that they know not, feel not their estate,
 Not extreme sense hath made them desperate;
 Morrow to whom we ow all that we be,
 Grant in the fifth and greatest Monarchy,
 'Tis't that she did possess all hearts before,
 Thou hast kill'd her, to make thy Empire more?
 New'st thou some would, that knew her not, lament
 As in a deluge perish th' innocent?
 'Tis't not enough to have that palace won,
 Not thou must raze it too, that was undone?
 Hadst thou staid there, and look't out at her eyes,
 All had ador'd thee, that now from thee flies,
 Or they let out more light than they took in,
 They told not when, but did the day begin;
 She was too Saphirine, and clear for thee;
 Lay, flint, and jeat now thy fit dwellings be;
 Alas, she was too pure, but not too weak;
 Who e'r saw Crystal Ordinance but would break?
 And if we be thy conquest, by her fall
 Th' hast lost thy end, in her we perish all:
 Or if we live, we live but to rebell,
 What know her better now, who knew her well.
 We should vapour out, and pine and dy;
 Since she the first went that were not misery:

She

She chang'd our world with hers : now she is gone,
 Mirth and prosperity is oppression :
 For of all moral vertues she was all,
 That Ethicks speake of vertues cardinal :
 Her soul was Paradise : the Cherubin
 Set to keep it was grace, that kept our sin :
 She had no more ; then let in death for we
 All reap consumption from one fruitful tree :
 God took her hence ; lest some of us should love
 Her, like that plant, him and his laws above :
 And when we tears, he mercy shed in this,
 To raise our mindes to heaven, where now she is :
 Who if her vertues would have let her stay
 We' had had a Saint, have now a holiday.
 Her heart was that strange bush, where, sacred fire,
 Religion, did not consume, but 'inspire
 Such piety, so chaste use of God's day,
 That what we turn to feast, she turn'd to pray,
 And did prefigure here, in devout taste,
 The rest of her high Sabbath, which shall last.
 Angels did hand her up, who next God dwell,
 (For she was of that order whence most fell)
 Her bodie's left with us, lest some had said,
 She could not die, except they saw her dead ;
 For from less virtue, and less beauteousness,
 The Gentiles fram'd them Gods and Goddeses ;
 The ravenous earth that now woo's her to be
 Earth too, will be a Lemnia ; and the tree
 That wraps that Crystal in a wooden Tomb,
 Shall be took up spruce, fill'd with diamond :
 And we her sad glad friends all bear a part
 Of grief, for all would break a Stoicks heart.

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ELEGIE XII.

Not that in colour it was like thy hair,
 Armelets of that thou maist still let me wear :
 Nor that thy hand it oft embrac'd and kist,
 For so it had that good, which oft I mist :
 Nor for that silly old morality,
 That as these links were knit, our loves should be :
 Mourn I, that I thy sevenfold chain have lost :
 Nor for the luck-sake ; but the bitter cost.
 O, shall twelve righteous Angels, which as yet
 No leaven of vile soder did admit :
 Nor yet by any way have straid or gone
 From the first state of their Creation :
 Angels, which heaven commanded to provide
 All things to me, and be my faithful guide :
 To gain new friends, t'appease old enemies :
 To comfort my soul, when I lie or rise.
 Shall these twelve innocents, by thy severe
 Sentence (dread Judge) my sins great burden bear ?
 Shall they be damn'd, and in the furnace thrown,
 And punisht for offences not their own ?
 They save not me, they do not ease my pains,
 When in that hell they're burnt and ty'd in chains :
 Were they but Crowns of France, I cared not,
 For, most of them, their natural Country rot
 I think possesseth, they come here to us,
 So pale, so lame, so lean, so ruinous ;
 And howsoe'r French Kings most Christian be,
 Their Crowns are circumcis'd most Jewishly ;
 Or were they Spanish Stamps still travelling,
 That are become as Catholique as their King,

Thosé

Those unlickt bear-whelps, unfill'd pistolets
 That (more then Cannon shot) avails or lets;
 Which negligently left unrounded, look
 Like many angled figures in the book
 Of some dread Conjuror that would enforce
 Nature, as these do justice from her course,
 Which, as the soul quickens head, feet, and heart,
 As streams like veins, run through th' earth's every part,
 Visit all Countries, and have silyly made
 Gorgeous *France*, ruin'd, ragged, and decay'd;
Scotland, which knew no State, proud in one day:
 And mangled seventeen-headed *Belgia*:
 Or were it such gold as that wherewithall
 Almighty *Chimiques* from each Mineral,
 Having by subtle fire a soul out-pull'd;
 Are dirtily and desperately gull'd:
 I would not spit to quench the fire they are in,
 For, they are guilty of much hainous sin.
 But shall my harmless angels perish? Shall
 I lose my guard, my ease, my food, my all?
 Much hope which they should nourish will be dead.
 Much of my able youth, and lusty head
 Will vanish, if thou Love let them alone,
 For thou wilt love me less when they are gone,
 And be content that some lowd squeaking Cryer
 Well pleas'd with one lean thred-bare groat for hire,
 May like a devil roar through every street;
 And gall the finders conscience, if they meet.
 Or let me creep to some dread Conjuror,
 That with phantastique scenes fills full much paper:
 Which hath divided heaven in tenements,
 And with whores, theeves, and murderers stuff his rents
 So full, that though he place them all in sin,
 He leaves himself no room to enter in.

But

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 Thy Country,

But if, when all his art and time is spent,
 He say 'twill ne'r be found; yet be content;
 Receive from him the doom ungrudgingly,
 Because he is the mouth of destiny.

Thou say'st (alas) the gold doth still remain,
 Though it be chang'd and put into a chain,
 So in the first falln Angels, resteth still
 Wisdom and knowledge, but 'tis turn'd to ill:
 As these should do good works: and should provide
 Necessities, but now must nurse thy pride,
 And they are still bad Angels: Mine are none:
 For form gives being: and their form is gone:
 Pity these Angels yet: their dignities
 Pass Virtues, Powers, and Principalities.

But, thou art resolute: Thy will be done?
 Yet with such anguish, as her only son
 The Mother in the hungry grave doth lay,
 Unto the fire these Martyrs I betray.
 Good souls, (for you give life to every thing)
 Good Angels (for good messages you bring)
 Destin'd you might have been to such an one,
 As would have lov'd and worship'd you alone:
 One that would suffer hunger, nakedness,
 Yea death, e're he would make your number less.
 But I am guilty of your sad decay:
 May your few-fellows longer with me stay.

But oh thou wretched finder whom I hate
 So, that I almost pity thy estate,
 Gold being the heaviest amongst metals all,
 May my most heavy curse upon thee fall:
 Here fetter'd, manacled, and hang'd in chains,
 First may'st thou be; then chain'd to hellish pains:
 Or be with foreign gold brib'd to betray
 Thy Country, and sail both of it and pay.

May the next thing thou stoop'st to reach, contain
 Poyson, whose nimble fume rot thy moist brain :
 Or libels, or some interdicted thing,
 Which negligently kept, thy ruine bring.
 Lust-bred diseases rot thee ; and dwell with thee
 Itching desire, and no abilitie.

May all the evils that gold ever wrought ;
 All mischief that all devils ever thought :
 Want after plenty : poor and gouty age :
 The plague of travailers : love and marriage
 Afflict thee ; and that thy lives last moment,
 May thy swoln sins themselves to thee present.

But I forgive : repent thou honest man :
 Gold is restorative, restore it than :
 But if that from it thou beest loath to part,
 Because 'tis cordial, would 'twere at thy heart.

 ELEGIE XIII.

COME, Fates : I fear you not. All whom I owe
 Are paid, but you. Then rest me e're I go.
 But, Chance from you all soveraignty hath got,
 Love woundeth none but those whom death dares not :
 True, if you were, and just in equity,
 I should have vanquish'd her, as you did me.
 Else Lovers should not brave death's pains, and live :
 But 'tis a rule, *Death comes not to relieve.*
 Or, pale and wan deaths terrours, are they lay'd
 So deep in Lovers, they make death afraid ?
 Or, (the least comfort) have I company ?
 Or can the Fates love death, as well as me ?
 Yes, Fates do silk unto her distaffe pay,
 For ransome, which tax they on us do lay.

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Love gives her youth, which is the reason why
 Youths, for her sake, some wither and some die.
 Poor death can nothing give : yet for her sake,
 Still in her turn, he doth a Lover take.
 And if death should prove false, she fears him not.
 Our Muses, to redeem her she hath got.
 That fatal night we last kiss'd, I thus pray'd,
 (Or rather, thus despair'd, I should have said,)
 Kisses, and yet despair. The forbid tree
 Did promise (and deceive) no more than she.
 Like Lambs that see their reats, and must eat Hay,
 A food, whose taste hath made me pine away.
 Dives, when thou saw'st bliss, and crav'dst to touch
 A drop of water, thy great pains were such.
 Here grief wants a fresh wit, for mine being spent,
 And my sighs weary, groans are all my rent,
 Unable longer to endure the pain,
 They break like thunder, and do bring down rain,
 Thus, till dry tears soulder mine eyes, I weep ;
 And then, I dream how you securely sleep.
 And in your dreams do laugh at me I hate,
 And pray Love All may : He pities my state,
 But says, I therein no revenge shall find :
 The Sun would shine, though all the world were blind.
 Yet, to try my hate, Love shew'd me your tear ;
 And I had dy'd, had not your smile been there.
 Your frown undoes me : your smile is my wealth :
 And as you please to look, I have my health.
 Me thought love pitying me, when he saw this,
 Gave me your hands, the backs and palms to kiss.
 That cur'd me not, but to bear pain gave strength,
 And what is lost in force, is took in length.
 I call'd on Love again, who fear'd you so,
 That his compassion still prov'd greater woe ;

For,

For, then I dream'd I was in bed with you,
 But durst not feel, for fear 't should not be true.
 This merits not our anger, had it been ;
 The Queen of chastity was naked seen,
 And in bed, not to feel the pain I took,
 Was more then for *Ataon* not to look.
 And that brest which lay ope, I did not know,
 But for the clearness, from a lump of snow.

ELEGIE XIII.

Since she must go, and I must mourn, come night
 Environ me with darkness, whilst I write :
 Shadow that hell unto me, which alone
 I am to suffer when my Love is gone.
 Alas the darkeſt Magick cannot do it,
 And that great Hell to boot are shadows to it.
 Should *Cynthia* quit thee *Venus*, and each ſtarre,
 It would not forme one thought dark as mine are.
 I could lend them obſcureneſs now, and ſay,
 Out of my ſelf, There ſhould be no more Day.
 Such is already my ſelf-want of ſight
 Did not the fire within me force a light.
 Oh Love, that fire and darkneſs ſhould be mixt,
 Or to thy Triumphs ſuch ſtrange torments fixt ?
 Is't becauſe thou thy ſelf art blind, that wee
 Thy Martyrs muſt no more each other ſee ?
 Or tak'ſt thou pride to break us on thy wheel,
 And view old Chaos in the Pains we feel ?
 Or have we left undone ſome mutual Right,
 That thus with parting thou ſeek'ſt us to ſpight ?
 No, no. The fault is mine, impute it to me,
 Or rather to conſpiring deſtinie,

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Which (since I lov'd) for me before decreed,
 That I should suffer when I lov'd indeed:
 And therefore sooner now than I can say,
 I saw the golden fruit, 'tis wrapt away.
 Or as I had watcht one drop in the vast stream,
 And I left wealthy only in a dream.
 Yet Love, thou'rt blinder than thy self in this,
 To vex my Dove-like friend for my amiss:
 And, where one sad truth may expiate
 Thy wrath, to make her fortune run my fate.
 So blinded Justice doth, when Favorites fall,
 Strike them, their house, their friends, their favourites all.
 Was't not enough that thou didst dart thy fires
 Into our blouds, inflaming our desires,
 And made st us sigh and blow, and pant, and burn,
 And then thy self into our flames did'st turn?
 Was't not enough, that thou didst hazard us
 To paths in love so dark and dangerous:
 And those so ambush'd round with household spies,
 And over all thy husbands trowing eyes
 Inflam'd with th'ouglie sweat of jealousy,
 Yet went we not still on in Constancy?
 Have we for this kept guards, like spie on spie?
 Had correspondence whilst the foe stood by?
 Stoln (more to sweeten them) our many blisses
 Of meetings, conference, embracements, kisses?
 Shadow'd with negligence our best respects?
 Varied our language through all dialects,
 Of becks, winks, looks, and often under-boards
 Spok dialogues with our feet far from our words?
 Have we prov'd all the secrets of our Art,
 Yea, thy pale inwards, and thy panting heart?
 And, after all this passed Purgatory,
 Must sad divorce make us the vulgar story?

First let our eyes be rivited quite through
 Our turning brains, and both our lips grow to ;
 Let our armes clasp like Ivy, and our fear
 Freeze us together, that we may stick here,
 Till fortune, that would ruine us with the deed,
 Strain his eyes open, and yet make them bleed,
 For Love it cannot be, whom hitherto
 I have accus'd, should such a mischief doe.
 Oh fortune, thou'rt not worth my least exclaim,
 And plague enough thou hast in thy own name.
 Do thy great worst, my friend and I have armes,
 Though not against thy strokes, against thy harmes,
 Rend us in sunder, thou canst not divide
 Our bodies so, but that our souls are ty'd,
 And we can love by letters still and gifts,
 And thoughts and dreams ; Love never wanteth shifts,
 I will not look upon the quickning Sun,
 But straight her beauty to my sense shall run ;
 The ayre shall note her soft, the fire most pure ;
 Waters suggest her clear, and the earth sure ;
 Time shall not lose our passages, the spring
 How fresh our love was in the beginning ;
 The Summer how it iripened the year ;
 And Autumn, what our golden harvests were.
 The Winter I'll not think on to spite thee,
 But count it a lost season, so shall shee.
 And dearest Friend, since we must part, drown night
 With hope of Day, burthens well born are light.
 The cold and darkness longer hang somewhere,
 Yet *Phabus* equally lights all the Sphere.
 And what we cannot in like Portion pay,
 The world enjoyes in Mass, and so we may.
 Be then ever your self, and let no woe
 Win on your health, your youth, your beauty ; so

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Declare your self base fortunes Enemy,
 No less be your contempt then her inconstancy;
 That I may grow enamoured on your mind,
 When my own thoughts I here neglected find.
 And this to th' comfort of my Dear I vow,
 My Deeds shall still be what my deeds are now;
 The Poles shall move to teach me ere I start;
 And when I change my Love, I'll change my heart;
 Nay, if I wax but cold in my desire,
 Think, heaven hath motion lost, and the world, fire:
 Much more I could, but many words have made
 That, oft suspected which men most perswade;
 Take therefore all in this: I love so true,
 As I will never look for less in you.

ELEGIE. XV.

HArk news, O envy, thou shalt hear descry'd
 My *Julia*; who as yet was ne'r envy'd.
 To vomit gall in slander, swell her veins
 With calumny, that hell it self disdaines,
 Is her continual practice, does her best,
 To tear opinion even out of the brest
 Of dearest friends, and (which is worse then vile)
 Sticks jealousy in wedlock, her own child
 Scapes not the showres of envy: To repeat
 The monstrous fashions, how; were alive to eat
 Dear reputation; would to God she were
 But half so loath to act vice, as to hear
 My mild reproof: Liv'd *Mantuan* now again
 That scæmal Mastix to limne with his pen
 This she *Chymera* that hath eyes of fire,
 Burning with anger, anger feeds desire,

Tongu'd

Tongu'd like the night-crow, whose ill-boding cries
 Give out for nothing but new injuries.
 Her breath like to the juice in *Tenarus*
 That blasts the springs though ne'r so prosperous.
 Her hands, I know not how, us'd more to spill
 The food of others, then her self to fill.
 But oh her mind, that *Orcus*, which includes
 Legions of mischief, countless multitudes
 Of formless curses, projects unmade up,
 Abuses yet unfashion'd, thoughts corrupt,
 Mishapen Cavils, palpable untroths,
 Inevitable errors, self-accusing loathes:
 These, like those Atoms swarming in the Sun,
 Throng in her bosom for creation.
 I blush to give her half her due; yet say,
 No poyson's half so bad as *Julia*.

ELEGIE XVI.

I Sing no harm good sooth to any wight,
 To Lord, to fool, Cuckold, begger or Knight,
 To peace-teaching Lawyer, Proctor, or brave
 Reformed or reduced Captain Knavé,
 Officer, Judge, or Justice of peace,
 Juror or Judge; I touch no fat sows grease,
 I am no Libeller, nor will be any,
 But (like a true man) say there are too many,
 I fear not *ore tenus*, for my tale,
 Nor Count nor Counsellor will red or pale.
 A Citizen and his wife the other day
 Both riding on one horse, upon the way
 I overtook, the wench a pretty peat,
 And (by her eye) well fitting for the seat,

saw the lecherous Citizen turn back
 his head, and on his wifes lip steal a smack.
 Whence apprehending that the man was kind,
 liding before, to kiss his wife behind,
 To get acquaintance with him I began
 To sort discourse fit for so fine a man :
 ask'd the number of the Plaguy Bill,
 Ask'd if the Custome Farmers held out still,
 Of the Virginian plot, and whether Ward
 The trafique of the Midland seas had marr'd,
 Whether the Britain *Burse* did fill apace,
 And likely were to give th'Exchange disgrace,
 Of new-built *Algate*, and the *Moore-field* crosses,
 Offstore of Bankrupts, and poor Merchants losses,
 I urged him to speak ; But he (as mute
 As an old Courtier worn to his last suit)
 Replies with only yeas and naves ; At last
 (To fit his element) my theam I cast
 On Tradesmens gains ; that set his tongue a going,
 Alas, good sir (quoth he) *There is no doing*
 In Court nor City now : she smil'd and I,
 And (in my conscience) both gave him the lie
 In one met thought. But he went on apace,
 And at the present times with such a face.
 He rail'd, as fraid me : for he gave no praise,
 To any but my Lord of *Essex* dayes :
 Call'd those the age of action : true (quoth Hee)
 There's now as great an itch of bravery,
 And heat of taking up, but cold lay down,
 For, put to push of pay, away they run :
 Our only City trades of hope now are
 Bawds, Tayern-keepers, Whore and Scrivener ;
 The much of Priviledg'd kingsmen, and the store
 Of fresh protections make the rest all poor :

In the first state of their Creation,
 Though many stoutly stand, yet proves not one
 A righteous pay-master. Thus ran he on
 In a continued rage : so void of reason
 Seem'd his harsh talk, I sweat for fear of treason.
 And (troth) how could I less ? when in the prayer
 For the protection of the wise Lord Major,
 And his wife Brethrens worships, when one prayeth
 He swore that none could say Amen with faith.
 To get off him from what I glowed to hear,
 (In happy time) an Angel did appear,
 The bright sign of a lov'd and well-try'd Inn,
 Where many Citizens with their wives had been,
 Well us'd and often : here I pray'd him stay,
 To take some due refreshment by the way,
 Look how he look'd that hid his gold, his hope
 And at's return found nothing but a Rope,
 So he on me, refus'd and made away,
 Though willing she pleaded a weary Day :
 I found my miss, struck hands, and prayd him tell
 (To hold acquaintance still) where he did dwell,
 He barely nam'd the street, promis'd the Wine,
 But his kind wife gave me the very Sign.

ELEGIE. XVII.

TO make the doubt clear, that no woman's true,
 Was it my fate to prove it strong in you ?
 Thought I, but one had breathed purest air,
 And must she needs be false, because she's fair ?
 Is it your beauties mark, or of your youth,
 Or your perfection not to study truth ?
 Or think you heaven is deaf, or hath no eyes,
 Or those it hath, smile at your perjuries ?

re vows so cheap with women, or the matter
 hereof they are made, that they are writ in water,
 and blown away with wind? Or doth their breath
 Both hot and cold) at once make life and death?
 Who could have thought so many accents sweet
 form'd into words, so many sighs should meet
 as from our hearts, so many oathes, and tears
 sprinkled among, (all sweetned by our fears,)
 and the divine impression of stoln kisses,
 that seal'd the rest, should now prove empty blisses?
 Did you draw bonds to forfeit? sign to break?
 Or must we read you quite from what you speak,
 and find the truth out the wrong way? or must
 the first desire you false, would wish you just?
 O, I prophane; though most of women be
 of this kind of beast, my thoughts shall except thee
 my dearest Love; though froward jealousy,
 with circumstance might urge thy inconstancy,
 sooner I'll think the Sun will cease to chear
 the teeming earth, and that forget to bear:
 sooner that rivers will run back, or Thames
 with ribs of ice in June will bind his streams;
 Or Nature, by whose strength the world indures,
 would change her course, before you alter yours.
 but oh that treacherous brest, to whom weak you
 did trust our Counsels, and we both may rue,
 having his falshood found too late, 'twas he
 that made me cast you guilty, and you me,
 whilst he (black wretch) betray'd each simple word
 we spake unto the cunning of a third,
 Curst may he be, that so our love hath slain,
 and wander on the earth, wretched as Cain,
 wretched as he, and not deserve least pitie;
 in plaguing him. let misery be witty.

Let

Let all eyes shun him, and he shun each eye,
 Till he be noysome as his infamy;
 May he without remorse deny God thrice,
 And not be trusted more on his souls price;
 And after all self-torment, when he dyes,
 May Wolves tear out his heart, Vultures his eyes;
 Swine eat his bowels, and his falser tongue,
 That utter'd all, be to some raven flung,
 And let his carrion-coarse be a longer feast
 To the Kings dogs, then any other beast.
 Now I have curst, let us our love revive;
 In me the flame was never more alive;
 I could begin again to court and praise,
 And in that pleasure lengthen the short dayes
 Of my lifes lease; Like Painters that do take
 Delight, not in made works, but whiles they make.
 I could renew those times, when first I saw
 Love in your eyes, that gave my tongue the law
 To like what you lik'd; and at Maskes and Playes
 Commend the self-same Actors, the same wayes;
 Ask how you did, and often with intent
 Of being officious, be impertinent;
 All which were such soft pastimes, as in these
 Love was as subtilly catch'd, as a disease,
 But being got, it is a treasure sweet,
 Which to defend is harder then to get:
 And ought not be prophan'd, on either part,
 For though 'tis got by chance, 'tis kept by art.

ELEGIE. XVIII.

WHo ever loves, if he do not propose
 The right true end of love, he's one that goes

To sea for nothing but to make him sick :
 Love is a bear-whelp born, if we o're lick
 Our love, and force it new strong shapes to take,
 We erre, and of a lump a monster make,
 Were not a Calf a monster that were grown
 Face'd like a man, though better then his own?
 Perfection is in vnitie : prefer
 One woman first, and then one thing in her.
 I when I value gold, may think upon
 The ductilnes, the application,
 The wholsomnes, the ingenuitie,
 From rust, from soil, from fire ever free :
 But if I love it, 'tis because 'tis made
 By our new nature (Use) the soul of trade.

All these in women we might think upon
 (If women had them) and yet love but one.
 Can men more injure women then to say
 They love them for that, by which they're not they?
 Makes virtue woman? must I cool my bloud
 Till I both be, and find one wise and good?
 May barren Angels love so. But if we
 Make love to woman; virtue is not she :
 As beauties no nor wealth : He that strays thus :
 From her to hers, is more adulterous,
 Then if he took her maid. Search every sphear
 And firmament, our *Cupid* is not there :
 He's an infernal god and under ground,
 With *Pluto* dwells, where gold and fire abound,
 Men to such Gods, their sacrificing Coles
 Did not on Altars lay, but pits and holes :
 Although we see Celestial bodies move
 Above the earth, the earth we Till and love :
 So we her ayres contemplate, words and heart,
 And virtues; but we love the Centrique part.

Nor

Nor is the soul more worthy, or more fit
 For love, then this, as infinit as it.
 But in attaining this desired place
 How much they erre; that set out at the face?
 The hair a Forest is of Ambushes,
 Of springs, snares, setters and manacles:
 The brow becalms us when 'tis smooth and plain,
 And when 'tis wrinkled, shipwracks us again.
 Smooth, 'tis a Paradise, where we would have
 Immortal stay, but wrinkled 'tis a grave.
 The Nose (like to the sweet Meridian) runs
 Not 'twixt an East and West, but 'twixt two suns;
 It leaves a Cheek, a rosie Hemisphere
 On either side, and then directs us where
 Upon the Islands fortunate we fall,
 Not faint *Canaries*, but *Ambrosiall*.
 Unto her swelling lips when we are come,
 We anchor there, and think our selves at home,
 For they seem all: there Syrens songs, and there
 Wise Delphick Oracles do fill the ear;
 Then in a Creek where chosen pearls do swell
 The *Rhemora* her cleaving tongue doth dwell.
 These, and (the glorious Promontory) her Chia
 Being past the Straits of *Hellespont* between
 The *Sestos* and *Abydos* of her breasts,
 (Not of two Lovers, but two loves the neasts)
 Succeeds a boundless sea, but yet thine eye
 Some Island moles may scattered there descry;
 And Sailing towards her *India*, in that way
 Shall at her fair Atlantick Naval stay;
 Though there the Current be the Pilot made,
 Yet ere thou be where thou should'st be embay'd,
 Thou shalt upon another Forest set,
 Where many Shipwrack, and no further get.

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Wh

When thou art there, consider what this chace
Mispent by thy beginning at the face.

Rather set out below; practice my Art;
Some Symetry the foot hath with that part
Which thou dost seek, and is thy Map for that
Lovely enough to stop, but not stay at:
Least subject to disguise and change it is;
Men say the Devil never can change his.
It is the Emblem that hath figured
Firmness; 'tis the the first part that comes to bed.
Civilitie we see refin'd: the kiss
Which at the face began, transplanted is,
Since to the hand, since to the imperial knee,
Now at the Papal foot delights to be:
If Kings think that the nearer way, and do
Rise from the foot, Lovers may do so too.
For as free Spheres move faster far then can
Birds, whom the air resists, so may that man
Which goes this empty and Ætherial way,
Then if at beauties enemies he stay.
Rich Nature hath in women wisely made
Two purses, and their mouths aversely laid:
They then, which to the lower tribute owe
That way which that Exchequer looks, must go:
He which doth not, his error is as great,
As who by glister gives the Stomack meat.

To his Mistres going to bed.

Come, Madam, come, all rest my powers desie,
Until I labour, I in labour lie.
The foe oft-times having the foe in sight,
Is tir'd with standing though he never fight.

Off with that girdle, like heavens Zone glittering,
 But a far fairer world incompassing.
 Unpin that spangled breastplate which you wear,
 That th' eyes of busse fooles may be stopt there.
 Unlace your self, for that harmonious chyme,
 Tells me from you, that now it is bed time.
 Off with that happy busk, which I envie,
 That still can be, and still can stand so nigh.
 Your gown going off, such beautious state reveals,
 As when through flowry meads th' hills shadows steales.

Off with that wyerie Coronet and shew
 The haiery Diadem which on your head doth grow :
 Now off with those shooes, and then softly tread
 In this loves hallow'd temple, this soft bed.
 In such white robes, heaven's Angels us'd to be
 Reveal'd to men : thou Angel bringst with thee
 A heaven like Mahomet's Paradise, and though
 Ill spirits walk in white ; we easly know,
 By this these Angels from an evil sprite,
 Those set our hairs, but these our flesh upright.

Licence my roaving hands, and let them go,
 Before, behind, between, above, below,
 O my America ! my new-found-land,
 My Kingdom's safest, when with one man man'd,
 My Myne of precious stones : My Emperie,
 How am I blest in thus discovering thee ?
 To enter in these bonds, is to be free ;
 Then where my hand is set, my seal shall be,
 Full nakedness ! All joyes are due to thee,
 As souls unbodied, bodies uncloth'd must be,
 To taste whole joyes. Jems which you women use
 Are like Atlanta's ball : cast in mens views,
 That when a fools eye lightech on a Jem,
 His earthly soul may court that, not them :

Like

Like picture
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 Themselves
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 Thy self : c
 There is no
 To teach
 What need

Like pictures or like books gay coverings made,
 For lay-men are all women thus arrayed.
 Themselves are only mystick books, which we,
 (Whom their imputed grace will dignifie)
 Must see revealed. Then since that I may know;
 As liberally, as to thy Midwife shew
 Thy self: cast all, yea, this white linnen hence
 There is no pennance due to innocence:
 To teach thee I am naked first, why than
 What needst thou have more covering then a man;

The end of the Elegies.

H 2

EPI.

EPITHALAMIONS

O R,

MARRIAGE SONGS.

*An Epithamion on Frederick Count Palatine of
the Rhene, and the Lady Elizabeth, being mar-
ried on St. Valentines day.*

I.

HAil Bishop Valentine, whose day this is,
All the Air is thy Diocis,
And all the chirping Choristers,
And other birds are thy Parishioners,
Thou marryest every year
The Lyrique Larke, and the grave whispering Dove,
The Sparrow that neglects his life for love,
The household Bird, with the red stomacher ;
Thou mak'st the Black-bird speed as soon,
As doth the Goldfinch, or the Halcion ;
The husband cock looks out, and straight is sped,
And meets his wife, which brings her feather-bed.
This day, more cheerfully than ever shine.
This day, which might inflame thy self, old Valentine.

II.

II.

Till now, Thou warmd'st with multiplying loves
Two Larks, two Sparrows, or two Doves,
All that is nothing unto this,
For thou this day complest two Phœnixes.
Thou mak'st a Taper see
What the Sun never saw, and what the Ark
(Which was of fowl, and beasts the cage and park,)
Did not contain, one bed contains, through Thee,
Two Phœnixes, whose joynd breasts
Are unto one another mutual nests.
Where motion kindles such fires, as shall give
Young Phœnixes, and yet the old shall live.
Whose love and courage never shall decline,
But make the whole year through, thy day, O Valentine.

III.

Up then fair Phœnix Bride, frustrate the Sun;
Thy self from thine affection
Tak'st warmth enough, and from thine eye
All lessers birds will take their jollity.
Up, up, fair Bride, and call
Thy stars from out their several boxes, take
Thy Rubies, Pearls, and diamonds forth, and make
Thy self a Constellation of them All.
And by their blasfing signifie,
That a great Princess falls, but doth not die;
Be thou a new star that to us portends
Ends of much wonder; And be thou those ends.
Since thou dost this day in new glory shine,
May all men date Records from this day Valentine.

IV.

Come forth, come forth, and as one glorious flame
Meeting another, grows the same;

So meet thy *Frederick*, and so
To an unseparable union go,

Since separation
Falls not on such things as are infinite,
Nor things which are but one, can dis-unite.

You are 'twice inseparable, great, and one.

Go then to where the Bishop stays,
To make you one, his way, which divers wayes
Must be effected; and when all is past,
And that y' are one, by hearts and hands made fast,
You two have one way left, your selves t'entwine,
Besides this Bishops knot of Bishop Valentine.

V.

But oh, what ayles the Sun, that here he staies,

Longer to day, than other daies?

Stayes he new light from these to get?

And finding here such stars, is loath to set?

And why do you two walk,

So slowly pac'd in this procession?

Is all your care but to be look'd upon,

And be to others spectacle and talk?

The feast with gluttonous delays

Is eaten, and too long their meat they praise.

The Masquers come late, and, I think will stay,

Like Faries, till the Cock crow them away.

Alas did not Antiquitie assign

A night as well as day, to thee, old Valentine?

VI.

They did, and night is come : and yet we see
Formalities retarding thee.

What mean these Ladies, which (as though
They were to take a clock in peeces) go
So nicely about the Bride ?

A bride before a Good night could be said,
Should vanish from her clothes, into her bed,
As souls from bodies steal, and are not spy'd.

But now she is laid : What though she be ?
Yet there are more delays ; For where is he ?
He comes and passeth through Sphear after Sphear :
First her sheets, then her Armes, then any where.
Let not this day, then, but this night be thine,
Thy day was but the eve to this, O valentine.

VII.

Here lies a she Sun, and a he Moon there,
She gives the best light to his Sphear ;
Or each is both, and all, and so

They unto one another nothing owe,
And yet they do, but are

So just and rich in that coin which they pay,
That neither would, nor needs forbear, nor stay,
Neither desires to be spar'd, nor to spare.

They quickly pay their debt, and then
Take no acquittances, but pay again ;
They pay, they give, they lend, and so let fall
No occasion to be liberal.
More truth, more courage in these two do shine,
Than all thy turtles have, and sparrows, Valentine.

VIII.

And by this act of these two Phœnixes
 Nature again restored is,
 For since these two are two no more,
 There's but one Phœnix still, as was before.
 Rest now at last, and we
 (as Satyrs watch the Suns uprise) will stay
 Waiting when your eyes opened, let out day,
 Only desir'd because your face we see :
 Others near you shall whispering speak,
 And wagers lay, at which side day will break,
 And win by observing, then, whose hand it is
 That opens first a curtain, hers or his ;
 This will be tryed to morrow after nine,
 Till which hour, we thy day enlarge, O Valentine.

EC.

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Allophanes

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E C L O G U E,

1613. December 26.

Allophanes finding Idios in the Country in Christmas time, reprehends his absence from Court, at the marriage of the Earl of Summerſet; Idios gives an account of his purpoſe therein, and of his actions there.

Allophanes.

UNſeaſonable man, ſtatue of Ice,
 What could to Countries ſolitude entice
 Thee, in this years cold and decrepit time?
 Natures inſtinct draws to the warmer clime:
 Even ſmaller birds, who by that courage dare,
 In numerous fleets, ſail through their Sea, the ayr.
 What delicacy can in fields appear,
 Whil'ſt Flora her ſelf doth a freez Jerkin wear?
 Whil'ſt Winds do all the trees and hedges ſtrip
 Of leaves, to furniſh rods enough to whip
 Thy madneſs from thee, and all Springs by froſt
 Having taken cold, and their ſweet murmures loſt?
 If thou thy faults or fortunes would'ſt lament
 With juſt ſolemnity, do it in Lent:
 At Court the ſpring already advanced is,
 The Sun ſtays longer up; and yet not his

The

The glory is, far other, other fires :
 First, zeal to Prince and State ; then loves desires
 Burn in one breast and like heavens two great lights,
 The first doth govern daies, the other, nights.
 And then that early light which did appear
 Before the Sun and Moon created were :
 The Princes favour is diffus'd o'r all,
 From which all fortunes, Names, and natures fall ;
 Then from those wombes of stars, the Brides bright eyes,
 At every glance, a constellation flies,
 And sows the Court with stars, and doth prevent
 In light and power, the all-ey'd firmament ;
 First her eyes kindle other Ladies eyes,
 Then from their beams their jewels luters rise,
 And from their jewels torches do take fire,
 And all is warmth, and light and good desire.
 Most other Courts, alas, are like to hell,
 Where in dark plots, fire without light doth dwell :
 Or but like Stoves, for lust and envy get
 Continual, but artificial heat ;
 Here zeal and love grown one, all clouds digest,
 And make our Court an everlasting East.
 And canst thou be from thence ?

Idios. No, I am there,
 As heaven, to men dispos'd, is every where :
 So are those Courts, whose Princes animate,
 Not only all their house, but all their State.
 Let no man think, because he is full, he hath all,
 Kings (as their pattern, God) are liberal
 Not onely in fulness, but capacity,
 Enlarging narrow men to feel and see,
 And comprehend the blessings they bestow.
 So reclus'd Hermits ostentimes do know

More of heavens glory, then a worldling can,
 As man is of the world, the heart of man,
 Is an epitome of Gods great book
 Of creatures, and man need no farther look;
 So is the Country of Courts, where sweet peace doth
 As their own common soul, give life to both.
 And am I then from Court?

Allophanes.

Dreamer thou art.

Think'st thou fantastique, that thou hast a part
 In the Indian fleet, because thou hast
 A little spice or Amber in thy taste?
 Because thou art not frozen, art thou warm?
 Seest thou all good because thou seest no harm?
 The earth doth in her inner bowels hold
 Stuff well dispos'd, and which would fain be gold:
 But never shall, except it chance to lye,
 So upward, that heaven gild it with his eye;
 As, for divine things, faith comes from above,
 So, for best civil use, all tinctures move
 From higher powers; from God religion springs,
 Wisdom, and honour from the use of Kings;
 Then unbeguile thy self, and know with me,
 That Angels, though on earth employ'd they be,
 Are still in Heaven, so is he still at home
 That doth, abroad, to honest actions come:
 Chide thy self then, O fool, which yesterday
 Might'st have read more than all thy books bewray:
 Hast thou a history, which doth present
 A Court, where all affections do assent
 Unto the Kings, and that, that King: are just?
 And where it is no levity to trust,
 Where there is no ambition but t' obey,
 Where men need whisper nothing, and yet may;

Where

Where the Kings favours are so plac'd, that all
 Finde that the King therein is liberal
 To them, in him, because his favours bend
 To vertue, to the which they all pretend.
 Thou hast no such ; yet here was this, and more,
 An earnest lover, wise then, and before.
 Our little Cupid hath sued Livery,
 And is no more in his minority,
 He is admitted now into that brest
 Where the Kings Councils and his secrets rest.
 VVhat hast thou lost, O ignorant man ?

Idios.

I knew
 All this, and onely therefore I withdrew.
 To know and feel all this, and not to have
 VVords to expresse it, makes a man a grave
 Of his own thoughts ; I would not therefore stay
 At a great feast, having no grace to say.
 And yet I scap'd not here for being come
 Full of the common joy ; I utter'd some.
 Read then this nuptial song, which was not made
 Either the Court or mens hearts to invade,
 But since I'm dead and buried, I could frame
 No Epitaph, which might advance my fame
 So much as this poor song, which testifies
 I did unto that day some sacrifice.

I.

The Time of the Marriage.

THou art repriev'd old year, thou shalt not die,
 Though thou upon thy death-bed lie,

And

And should'st within five days expire,
Yet thou art rescu'd from a mightier fire,
Than thy old Soul, the Sun,
VVhen he doth in his largest circle run.
The passage of the VVest or East would thaw,
And open wide their easie liquid jaw
To all our ships, could a Promethean art
Either unto the Northern Pole impart
The fire of these inflaming eyes, or of this loving heart.

II.

Equality of Persons.

But undiscerning Muse, which heart which eyes;
In this new couple, dost thou prize,
VVhen his eye as inflaming is
As hers, and her heart loves as well as his?
Be tryed by beauty, and than
The bridegroom is a maid, and not a man;
If by that manly courage they be tryed,
Which scorns unjust opinion; then the Bride
Becomes a man. Should chance our envies Art
Divide these two, whom nature scarce did part,
Since both have the inflaming eye, and both the loving
(heart.

III.

Raising of the Bridegroom.

Though it be some divorce to think of you
Single, so much one are you two.

Let

Let me here contemplate thee,
 First, chearful Bridegroom, and first let me see,
 How thou prevent'st the Sun,
 And his red foaming horses dost outrun,
 How, having laid down in thy Sovereignes brest
 All busineses, from thence to reinvest
 Them when these triumphs cease, thou forward art
 To shew to her, who doth the like impart,
 The fire of thy inflaming eies, and of thy loving heart.'

IV.

Raising of the Bride.

BUt now to thee, fair Bride, it is some wrong,
 To think thou wert in Bed so long,
 Since soon thou liest down first, 'tis fit
 Thou in first rising should allow for it.
 Powder thy Radiant hair,
 Which if without such ashes thou would'st wear,
 Thou which, to all which come to look upon,
 Wert meant for Phœbus, would'st be Phaeton:
 For our ease, give thine eyes the unusual part
 Of joy, a Tear; so quencht, thou maist impart,
 To us that come, thy inflaming eies; to him, thy loving hear

V.

Her apparelling.

THus thou descend'st to our infirmity,
 Who can the Sun in water see.

Ethalamions.

III

So dost thou, when in silk and gold,
Thou cloudst thy self; since we which do behold
Are dust and worms, 'tis just
Our Objects be the fruits of worms and dust.
Let every Jewel be a glorious star,
Yet stars are not so pure, as their sphears are.
And though thou stoop, to appear to us in part,
Still in that picture thou intirely art, (heart.
Which thy inflaming eies have made within his loving

VI.

Going to the Cappel.

Now from your Easts you issue forth, and we,
As men which through a Cypres see
The rising Sun, do think it two;
So, as you go to Church, do think of you:
But that vail being gone,
By the Church rites you are from thenceforth one.
The Church Triumphont made this match before,
And now the Militant doth strive no more.
Then revered Priest, who Gods Recorder art,
Do, from his Dictates, to these two impart (heart.
All blessings which are seen, or thought, by Angels eye or

VII.

The Benediction.

Blest pair of Swans, Oh may you interbring,
Daily new joyes, and never sing:

Live,

Live, till all grounds of wishes fail,
 Till honour, yea till wisdom grow so stale,
 That new great highs to trie,
 It must serve your ambition, to die;
 Raise heirs, and may here, to the worlds end, live
 Heirs from this King, to take thanks, you, to give.
 Nature and grace do all, and nothing Art,
 May never age or error overthwart
 With any West, these radiant eyes, with any North, t

VIII.

Feasts and Revels.

But you are over-blest. Plenty this day
 Injures; it causeth time to stay;
 The tables groan, as though this feast
 Would, as the flood, destroy all fowl and beast.
 And were the doctrine new
 That the earth mov'd, this day would make it true;
 For every part to dance and revel goes,
 They tread the ayre, and fall not where they rose.
 Though six hours since, the Sun to bed did part,
 The maskes and banquets will not yet impart
 A sunset to these weary eyes. A Center to this heart.

IX.

The Brides going to bed.

What mean'st thou Bride, this company to keep?
 To sit up, till thou faine would sleepe?

Thou maist not, when thou art laid, do so.
Thy self must to him a new banquet grow,
And you must entertain
And do all this dayes dances o're again.
Know that if Sun and Moon together do
Rise in one point, they do not set so too.
Therefore thou maist, faire bride to bed depart,
Thou art not gone, being gone where e'r thou art,
Thou leav'st in him thy watchfull eyes, in him thy loving
(heart.

X.

The Bridegrooms coming.

As he that sees a starr fall, runs apace,
And finds a gelly in the place,
So doth the Bridgroom haste as much,
Being told this starre is faln, and finds her such.
And as friends may look strange,
By a new fashion, or apparels change:
Their souls, though long acquainted they had been,
These clothes their bodies never yet had seen.
Therefore at first she modestly might start,
But must forthwith surrender every part,
As freely, as each to each before, gave either hand or heart.

XI.

The good-night.

Now, as in *Tullia's* Tomb, one lamp burn clear,
Unchang'd for fifteen hundred year,
May these love-lamps we here enshrine,
In warmth, light, lasting, equall the divine.

Fire ever doth aspire,
 And makes all like it self, turns all to fire,
 But ends in ashes, which these cannot do,
 For none of these is fuell; but fire too.
 This is joyes bonfire, then, where loves strong Arts
 Make of so noble individual parts
 One fire of four inflaming eyes, and of two loving hearts

Idios.

As I have brought this song, that I may do
 A perfect sacrifice, I'll burn it too.

Allophanes.

No Sir, this Paper I have justly got,
 For in burnt Incense the perfume is not
 His only that presents it, but of all;
 What ever celebrates this Festivall
 Is common, since the joy thereof is so.
 Nor may your self be Priest: but let me go
 Back to the Court, and I will lay't upon
 Such Altars, as prize your devotion.

Epithalamion made at Lincolns Inne.

THe Sun-beams in the East are spread,
 Leave, leave, fair Bride, your solitary bed,
 No more shall you return to it alone,
 It nurseth sadness; and your bodies print,
 Like to a grave, the yielding down doth dint;
 You and your other You meet there anon,
 Put forth, put forth, that warm balm-breathing thigh,
 Which when next time you in these sheets will smother,
 There it must meet another,
 Which never was, but must be, oft, more nigh;

Cor

Epithalamions.

115

Come glad from thence, go gladder than you came,
To day put on perfection, and a womans name.

Daughters of *London*, you which be
Our Golden Mines, and furnish'd *Treasurie*.

You which are Angels, yet still bring with you
Thousands of Angels on your marriage dayes,
Help with your presence, and devise to praise

These rites, which also unto you grow due;
Conceitedly dress her, and be assign'd
By you fit piace for every flower and jewel,
Make her for love fit fuel

As gay as *Flora*, and as rich as *Indie*;
So may she fair and rich, in nothing lame,
Today put on perfection, and a womans name.

And you frolique *Patricians*;
Sons of those *Senatours*, wealths deep oceans,
Ye painted *Courtiers*, barrels of others wits;
Ye *Country men*, who but your beasts love none,
Ye of those *Fellowships*, whereof he's one,

Of study and play made strange *Hermaphrodits*;
Here shine; this bridegroom to the *Temple* bring,
Loe, in yon path which store of strow'd flowers graceth;
The sober virgin paceth;

Except my sight fail, 'tis no other thing.
Weep not, nor blush, here is no grief nor shame;
To day put on perfection, and a womans name.

Thy two-leav'd gates faire *Temple* unfold,
And these two in thy sacred bosome hold,
Till mystically joyn'd but one they be;
Then may thy lean and hunger-starv'd womb
Long time expect their bodies, and their tomb;

Long after their own parents fatten thee.
 All elder claims, and all cold barrenness,
 All yielding to new loves be farre for ever,
 Which might these two dissever,
 Alwayes, all th' other may each one possess;
 For, the best Bride, best worthy of praise and fame,
To day puts on perfection, and a womans name.

Winter dayes bring much delight,
 Nor for themselves, but for they soon bring night;
 Other sweets wait thee then these diverse meats,
 Other disports then dancing jollities,
 Other love tricks then glancing with the eyes,
 But that the Sun still in our half spear sweats;
 He flies in winter, but he now stands still,
 Yet shadows turn; Noon point he hath attain'd,
 His Steeds will be restrain'd,
 But gallop lively down the Western hill,
 Thou shalt, when he hath run the Heavens half frame,
To night put on perfection, and a womans name.

The Amorous evening starre is rose,
 Why then should not our amorous starre inclose
 Her self in her wish'd bed? Release your strings
 Musicians, and dancers take some truce
 With these your pleasing labours, for great use
 As much weariness as perfection brings.
 You, and not only you, but all toyl'd beasts
 Rest duly; at night all their toyles are dispenced;
 But in their beds commenced
 Are other labours, and more dainty feasts.
 She goes a maid, who, lest she turn the same,
To night put on perfection, and a womans name.

Thy virgins girdle now vntie,
 And in thy nuptial bed [loves altar] lie
 A pleasing sacrifice; now dispossess
 Thee of these chains and robes, which were put on
 To adorne the day, not thee; for thou, alone,
 Like virtue, and truth, are best in nakedness;

This bed is only to virginitie
 A grave, but to a better state, a cradle.
 Till now, thou wast but able

To be what now thou art; then that by thee
 No more be said, *I may be*, but *I am*,
 To night put on perfection, and a womans name.

Even like a faithfull man content,
 That this life for a better should be spent:

So she a mothers rich stile doth preferre,
 And at the Bridegrooms wish't approach doth lie,
 Like an appointed Lamb, when tenderly

The Priest comes on his knees, r'imbowel her.

Now sleep or watch with more joy; and oh light
 Of heaven, to morrow rise thou hot, and early,
 This Sun will love so dearly

Her rest, that long, long we shall want her sight.
 Wonders are wrought, for she which had no name,
 To night puts on perfection, and a womans name.

*The end of the Epithalamions, or
 Marriage Songs.*

SATYRES.

SATYR I.

A Way thou changeling motley humorist,
 Leave me, and in this standing wooden chest,
 Conforted with these few books, let me lye
 In prison, and here be coffin'd, when I dye.
 Here are Gods Conduits, grave Divines; and here
 Is Natures Secretary, the Phylosopher:
 And wily Statesmen, which teach how to tie
 The sinews of a Cities Mystick body;
 Here gathering Chroniclers, and by them stand
 Giddy fantastique Poets of each land.
 Shall I leave all this constant company,
 And follow headlong wild uncertain thee?
 First, swear by thy best love here, in earnest
 (If thou which lov'st all, canst love any best)
 Thou wilt not leave me in the middle street,
 Though some more spruce companion thou dost meet,
 Not though a Captain do come in thy way
 Bright parcell guilt, with forty dead mens pay:
 Not though a brisk persum'd pert Courtier
 Deign with a nod, thy curtesie to answer:
 Nor come a Velvet Justice with a long
 Great train of blew-coats, twelve or fourteen strong,
 Wilt thou grin or fawn on him, or prepare
 A speech to court his beauteous son and heir?
 For better or worse take me, or leave me:
 To take, and leave me is adultery.

Oh

monstrous, superstitious Puritan
 refin'd manners, yet ceremonial man,
 that when thou meet'st one, with enquiring eyes
 dost search, and like a needy broker prize
 the silk and gold he wares, and to that rate,
 high or low, dost raise thy formal hat.
 that wilt comfort none, till thou have known
 what lands he hath in hope, or of his own.
 though all thy companions should make thee
 ventures, and marry thy dear company.
 why should'st thou (that dost not only approve,
 in rank itchy lust, desire, and love,
 the nakedness and barrenness to enjoy,
 thy plump muddy whore, or prostitute boy;))
 esteeme virtue, though she be naked and bare?
 our birth, and death, our bodies naked are;
 and, till our souls be unapparelled
 our bodies, they from bliss are banished:
 our first blest state was naked; when by sin
 we lost that, he was cloath'd but in beasts skin,
 and in this coarse attire, which I now wear,
 with God, and with the Muses I conferre.
 since thou like a contrite penitent,
 charitably warn'd of thy sins dost repent
 these vanities, and giddinesses, loe
 shut my chamber door, and come, let's goe.
 that sooner may a cheap whore, who hath bin
 worn out by as many several men in sin,
 be black feathers, or musk-coloured hose,
 than me her child's right true father, 'mongst all those;
 sooner may one guess, who shall bear away
 the Infantry of *London*, hence to *India*:
 and sooner may a gulling Weather-spie
 drawing forth heavens Scheme tell certainly

What fashion'd hats, or ruffs, or suits next year
 Our giddy-headed antick youth will wear:
 Then thou, when thou depart'st from me, can show
 Whither, why, when or with whom thou would'st go.
 But how shall I be pardon'd my offence
 That thus have sinn'd against my conscience?
 Now we are in the street; he first of all
 Improvidently proud, creeps to the wall;
 And so imprison'd, and hem'd in by me
 Sells for a little state his liberty;
 Yet though he cannot skip forth now to greet
 Every fine silken painted fool we meet,
 He them to him with amorous smiles allures,
 And grins, smacks, shrugs, and such an itch endures,
 As Prentices or Schooleboyes which do know
 Of some gay sport abroad, yet dare not go.
 And as fidlers stop lowest at highest sound,
 So to the most brave, stoops he nigh't the ground.
 But to a grave man he doth move no more
 Than the wise politique horse would heretofore,
 Or thou O Elephant, or Ape wilt do,
 When any names the King of *Spain* to you.
 Now leaps he upright, jogs me, and cries, Do you see
 Yonder well-favoured youth? Which? Oh, 'tis hee
 That dances so divinely; Oh said I,
 Stand still must you dance here for company?
 He droop'd, we went, till one (which did excell
 Th' Indians in drinking his Tobacco well)
 Met us: they talk'd; I whisperd, let us go,
 'Tmay be you find him not, truly I do.
 He hears not me, but, on the other side
 A many coloured Peacocks having spide,
 Leaves him and me; I for my lost sheep stay;
 He follows, overtakes, goes on the way,

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Saying, Him whom I last left, all repute
 For his device, in handsomg a suit,
 To Judge of lace, pink, panes, print, cut, and pleit,
 Of all the Court to have the best conceit;
 Our dull Commedians want him, let him goe;
 Bnt, oh God strengthen thee, why stoop'st thou so?
 Why. He hath travelled long; no, but to me
 Which understood none, he doth seem to be
 Perfect French, and Italian. I reply'd,
 So is the Pox. He answer'd not, but spy'd
 More men of sort, of parts and qualities,
 At last his love he in window spies,
 And like light dew exhal'd, he flings from me
 Violently ravished to his lechery.
 Many there were, he could command no more;
 He quarrell'd, fought, bled; and turn'd out of door
 Directly came to me, hanging the head,
 And constantly a while mult keep his bed.

SATYRE II.

SIR; though (I thank God for it) I do hate
 Perfectly all this Town, yet there's one state
 In all it things so excellently best,
 That hate towards them, breeds pity towards the rest.
 Though Poetry, indeed, be such a sin,
 As, I think, that brings dearth, and Spaniards in:
 Though like the Pestilence, and old fashion'd love,
 Ridlingly it catch men, and doth remove
 Never, till it be starv'd out. yet their state
 Is poor, disarm'd, like Papists, not worth hate:
 One, (like a wretch, which at Barre judg'd as dead,
 Yet prompts him which stands next, and cannot read,

And

And saves his life) gives Idiot Actors means,
 (Starving himself) to live by his labour'd scenes.
 As in some Organs, Puppits dance above
 And bellows pant below, which them do move.
 One would move love by rythmes; but witchcrafts charms
 Bring not now their old fears, nor their old harms.
 Rams, and slings now are silly battery,
 Pistolets are the best Artillery.
 And they who write to Lords, rewards to get,
 Are they not like singers at doors for meat?
 And they who write, because all write, have still
 That 'excuse for writing, and for writing ill.
 But he is worst, who (beggerly) doth chaw
 Others wits fruits, and in his ravenous Maw
 Rankly digested, doth those things out-spue,
 As his own things; and they are his own, 'tis true,
 For if one eat my meat, though it be known
 The meat was mine, th'excrement is his own.
 But these do me no harm, nor they which use
 To out-do Dildoes, and out-usure Jews,
 To out-drink the sea, to out-swear the Letanie,
 Who with sins all kinds as familiar be
 As Confessors, and for whose sinful sake,
 Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make:
 Whose strange sins Canonists could hardly tell
 In which Commandments large receipt they dwell,
 But these punish themselves. The insolence
 Of *Cocus*, only, breeds my just offence,
 Whom time, (which rots all, and makes botches, pox,
 And plodding on, must make a calf an ox)
 Hath made a Lawyer; which (alas) of late
 But scarce a Poet; jollier of this state,
 Then are new benefic'd Ministers, he throws
 Like nets, or lime-twigs, wheresoever he goes

His title of Barrister, on every wench,
 And woos in language of the Pleas and Bench.
 A motion Lady : Speak *Cosens*. I have been
 In love ever since *tricesimo* of the Queen,
 Continual claims I have made, Injunctions got
 To stay my rivals suit, that he should not
 Proceed; spare me, in Hillary terme I went,
 You said, if I return'd next size in Lent,
 I should be in Remitter of your grace;
 In th'interim my letters should take place
 Of Affidavits. Words, words, which would tear
 The tender labyrinth of a Maids soft ear
 More, more then ten Sclavonians scoldings, more
 Than when winds in our ruin'd Abbeys rore.
 When sick with Poetry, and posselt with muse
 Thou wast and mad, I hop'd; but men which chuse
 Law practice for meer gain; bold soul repute
 Worse than imbrothel'd strumpets prostitute.
 Now like an owl-like watchman he must walk
 His hand still at a bill, now he must talk
 Idly, like prisoners, which whole months will swear
 That only suretyship hath brought them there,
 And to every suitor lye in every thing,
 Like a Kings Favorite, or like a King,
 Like a wedge in a block, wring to the barre,
 Bearing like Asses, and more shameless farre
 Than carried whores, lye, to the grave Judge; for
 Bastardy abounds not in Kings titles, nor
 Simony and Sodomy in Church-mens lives,
 As these things do in him; by these he thrives.
 Shortly (as the sea) he will compass all the land;
 From *Scots to Wight*, from *Mount to Dover* strand.
 And spying heirs melting with luxury,
 Satan will not joy at their sins, as he,

For (as a thrifty wench scrapes kitching-stuffe,
 And barrilling the droppings, and the snuffe
 Of wasting candles, which in thirty year
 (Reliquely kept) perchance buyes Wedding chear)
 Piecemeal he gets lands, and spends as much time
 Wringing each Acre, as Maids palling prime.
 In parchment then, large as the fields, he draws
 Assurances, big, as gloss'd civil laws,
 So huge, that men (in our times forwardnes)
 Are Fathers of the Church for writing less.
 These he writes not; nor for these written payes,
 Therefore spares no lenth, (as in those first dayes
 When *Luther* was profest, He did desire
 Short *Pater nosters*, saying as a Fryer
 Each day his beads, but having left those laws,
 Addsto Christs prayer, the power and glory clause.)
 But when he sels or changes land, h'impaires
 His writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out, *ses heires*,
 And sily as any Commenter goes by
 Hard words, or sense; or, in Divinity
 As controverters in vouch'd Texts, leave out
 Shrewd words, which might against them clear the doubt
 Where are those spred woods which cloth'd heretofore
 Those bought lands? not built, nor burnt within dore.
 Where the old Landlords Troops, and almes? In Hals
 Carthusian Falts, and fulsome Bacchanals
 Equally I hate. Mean's blest. In rich mens homes
 I bid kill some beasts, but no Hacatombs,
 None starve, none surfet so. But (Oh) we allow
 Good works, as good, but out of fashion now,
 Like old rich Wardrobes. But my words none draws
 Within the vast reach of th'huge statutes Jawes.

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S A T Y R E III.

KInd pity cheeks my spleen; brave scorn forbids
 Those tears to issue, which swell my eye-lids,
 must not laugh, nor weep sins, but be wise,
 Can railing then cure these worn maladies?
 Is not our Mistres fair Religion,
 As worthy of all our Souls devotion,
 As virtue was to the first blinded Age?
 Are not heavens joyes as valiant to asswage
 Lusts, as earths honour was to them? Alas,
 As we do them in means, shall they surpass
 Us in the end? and shall thy fathers spirit
 Meet blind Philosophers in heaven, whose merit
 Of strict life may be imputed faith, and hear
 Thee, whom he taught so easie wayes and near
 To follow, damn'd? Oh, if thou dar'st, fear this:
 This fear great courage, and high valour is.
 Dar'st thou ayd mutinous Dutch? and dar'st thou lay
 Thee in ships wooden Sepulchres, a prey
 To leaders rage, to storms, to shot, to death?
 Dar'st thou dive seas, and dungeons of the earth?
 Hast thou courageous fire to thaw the ice
 Of frozen North discoveries, and thrice
 Colder than Salamanders? like divine
 Children in th'Oven, fires of Spain, and the line
 Whose Countries limbeckes to our bodies be,
 Canst thou for gain bear? and must every he
 Which cries not, Goddess, to thy Mistres, draw
 Or eat thy poysonous words? courage of straw!
 O desperate coward, wilt thou seem bold, and
 To thy foes and his, (who made thee to stand

Senti-

Sentinel in this worlds Garrison) thus yield,
 And for forbid warres leave th'appointed field ?
 Know thy foes : The foul devil (he, whom thou
 Striv'st to please) for hate, not love, would allow
 Thee fain, his whole Realm to be quit ; and as
 The worlds all parts wither away and pass,
 So the worlds self, thy other lov'd foe, is
 In her decrepit wane, and thou loving this,
 Dost love a withered and worn strumper ; last,
 Flesh (it selfs death) and joyes which flesh can tast ;
 Thoulovest ; and thy fair goodly soul, which doth
 Give this flesh power to tast joy, thou dost loath,
 Seek true Religion, O where : *Mirrens*
 Thinking her unhous'd here, and fled from us ;
 Seeks her at *Rome*, there, because he doth know
 That she was there a thousand years agoe,
 He loves the raggs so, as we here obey
 The State-cloth where the Prince fate yesterday.
Gratus to such brave Loves will not be inthrall'd,
 But loves her only, who at *Geneva* is call'd
 Religion, plain, simple, fullen, young,
 Contemptuous yet unhandsome. As among
 Lecherous humours, there is one that judges
 No wenches wholsome, but coarse country drudges.
Gratus stayes still at home here, and because
 Some Preachers, vile ambitious bawds, and laws
 Still new like fashions, bids him think that she
 Which dwels with us, is only perfect, he
 Imbraceth her, whom his Godfathers will
 Tender to him, being tender ; as Wards still
 Take such wives as their Guardians offer, or
 Pay vales. Careles *Phrygius* doth abhorr
 All, because all cannot be good ; as one
 Knowing some women whores, dares marry none.

Gracchus

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Gracchus loves all as one, and thinks that so
 As women do in divers Countries go
 In divers habits, yet are still one kind;
 So doth, so is Religion; and this blind-
 ness too much light breeds. But unmoved thou
 Of force must one, and forc'd but one allow;
 And the right; ask thy Father which is she,
 Let him ask his. Though truth and falsehood be
 Near twins, yet truth a little elder is.
 Be busie to seek her; believe me this,
 He's not of none, nor worst, that seeks the best.
 To adore, or scorn an Image, or protest,
 May all be bad. Doubt wisely, in strange way
 To stand inquiring right, is not to stray;
 To sleep, or run wrong, is. On a huge hill,
 Cragged, and steep, Truth stands, and he that will
 Reach her, about must, and about it goe:
 And what the hills suddennesse resists, win so,
 Yet strive so, that before age, deaths twilight,
 Thy Soul rest, for none can work in that night.
 To will implies delay, therefore now do:
 Hard deeds, the bodies pains; hard knowledge to
 The minds indeavours reach; and mysteries
 Are like the Sun, dazling, yet plain to all eyes.
 Keep the truth which thou hast found; men do not stand
 In so ill case, that God hath with his hand
 Sign'd Kings blank-charters to kill whom they hate,
 Nor are they Vicars, but hangmen to Fate.
 Fool and wretch, wilt thou let thy soul be tyed
 To mans laws, by which she shall not be tryed
 At the last day? Or will it then boot thee
 To say a *Philip* or a *Gregory*,
 A *Harry* or a *Martin* taught me this?
 Is not this excuse for meer contraries,

Equally

Equally strong; cannot both sides say so?
 That thou mayest rightly obey power, her bounds know
 Those past her nature, and name are chang'd; to be,
 Then humble to her is Idolatry.
 As streams are, Power is; those blest flowers that dwell
 At the rough streams calm head, thrive and do well,
 But having left their roots, and themselves given
 To the streams tyrannous rage, alas, are driven
 Through Mills, Rocks, and Woods, and at last, almost
 Consum'd in going, in the sea are lost:
 So perish Souls, which more chuse mens unjust
 Power, from God claim'd, then God himself to trust.

SATYRE. IV.

WELL; I may now receive, and die. My sin
 Indeed is great, but yet I have been in
 A Purgatory, such as fear'd hell is
 A recreation, and scant map of this.
 My mind, neither with prides itch, nor yet hath been
 Poyson'd with love to see, or to be seen,
 I had no suit there, nor new suit to shew,
 Yet went to Court; But as Glare which did go
 To Mass in jest, catch'd, was fain to disburse
 The hundred markes, which is the Statutes curse,
 Before he scap't, So't pleas'd my destiny
 (Guilty of my sin of going,) to think me
 As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
 full, as proud, lustful, and as much in debt,
 As Vain, as witlefs, and as false as they
 Which dwel in Court, for once going that way.
 Therefore I suffer'd this; Towards me did run
 A thing more strange, than on Niles slime, the Sun

E'r bred, or all which into *Noah's* Ark came :
 A thing which would have pos'd *Adam* to name :
 Stranger than seven Antiquaries studies,
 Than Africks Monsters, *Guanaes* rarities,
 Stranger than strangers : One who, for a Dane,
 In the Danes Massacre had sure been slain,
 If he had liv'd then ; and without help dies,
 When next the Prentises 'gainst Strangers rise.
 One whom the watch at noon lets scarce go by ;
 One, to whom the examining Justice sure would cry,
 Sir, by your Priesthood tell me what you are.
 His cloaths were strange, though coarse; and black though
 Sleeveless his jerkin was, and it had been (bare
 Velvet, but 'twas now (so much ground was seen)
 Become Tuffaffaty ; and our children shall
 See it plain Rash a while, then nought at all.
 The thing hath travail'd, and faith, speaks all tongues,
 And only knoweth what to all States belongs.
 Made of th' Accents, and best phrase of all these.
 He speaks one language, If strange meats displease.
 Art can deceive, or hunger force my tast,
 But Pedants motley tongue, souldiers bumbast,
 Mountebanks drug-tongue, nor the termes of law,
 Are strong enough preparatives to draw
 Me to hear this, yet I must be content
 With his tongue, in his tongue call'd Complement :
 In which he can win widows, and pay scores,
 Make men speak treason, couzen subtlest whores,
 Out-flatter favorites, or outlie either;
 Jovius, or Surlius, or both together.
 He names me, and comes to me ; I whisper, God
 How have I sinn'd, that thy wraths furious rod,
 This fellow, chuseth me ; He saith, Sir,
 I love your judgment, whom do you prefer,

For the best Linguist? and I feelily
 Said that I thought Calepines Dictionary.
 Nay, but of men, most sweet Sir. Beza then,
 Some Jesuits, and two reverend men
 Of our two Academies I named; here
 He stopt me, and said: Nay, your Apostles were
 Good pretty Linguists, so Panurgus was;
 Yet a poor Gentleman; all these may pass.
 But travail then, as if he would have sould
 His tongue, he praised it, and such wonders told,
 That I was fain to say, If you had liv'd, Sir,
 Time enough to have been Interpreter
 To Babels bricklayers, sure the Tower had stood.
 He adds, if of Court life you knew the good,
 You would leave loneness. I said, not alone,
 My loneness is, but Spartanes fashion.
 To teach by painting drunkards doth not last,
 Now Aretines pictures have made few chaste;
 No more can Princes Courts, though there be few
 Better pictures of vice, teach me vertue.
 He like to a high-stretcht Lute-string squeakt, O sir,
 'Tis sweet to talk of Kings. At Westminster,
 Said I, the man that keeps the Abby toms,
 And for his price doth with who ever comes,
 Of all our Harrys, and our Edwards talk,
 From King to King, and all their kin can walk:
 Your eares shall hear nought but Kings; your eyes meet
 Kings only; The way to it is Kings street.
 He smack'd, and cry'd, He's base, mechanic course,
 So are all your English men in their discourse.
 Are not your Frenchmen neat? Mine, as you see,
 I have but one Sir, look, he follows me.
 Certes they are neatly cloath'd. I, of this mind am,
 Your only wearing is your Grogaram,

Not so Sir, I have more. Under this pitch
 He would not fly; I chaf'd him: But as Itch
 Scratch'd into smart, and as blunt Iron ground
 Into an edge, hurts worse: So, I (fool) found,
 Crossing hurt me. To fit my fullness,
 He to another key his stile doth dress;
 And asks, what news; I tell him of new playes,
 He takes my hand, and as a Still which staves
 A Sembrief, 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,
 As, loath to enrich me, so tells many a ly,
 More then ten Hollensheads, or Halls, or Stows,
 Of trivial household trash, He knows; he knows
 When the Queen frownd, or smil'd, and he knows what
 A subtle States-man may gather of that;
 He knows who loves, whom; and who by poyson
 Haft to an Offices reversion;
 He knows who hath sold his land, and now doth beg
 A license, old iron, boots, shoos, and egge-
 Shells to transport; Shortly, boyes shall not play
 At span counter, or blow-point, but shall pay
 Toll to some Courtier; and wiser then all us,
 He knows what Lady is not painted. Thus
 He with home meats cloyes me. I belch, spue, spit,
 Look pale, and sickly, like a Patient, yet
 He thrusts on more; And as he had undertook
 To say Gallo-Belgicus without book,
 Speaks of all States and deeds that have been since
 The Spanyards came to the loss of Amyens.
 Like a big wife, at sight of loathed meat,
 Ready to travail: so I sigh, and sweat
 To hear this Makaron talk, in vain: for yet,
 Either my humour, or his own to fit,
 He like a priviledg'd spie, whom nothing can
 Discredit, libels now 'gainst each great man.

He names a price for every office paid;
 He saith, our wars thrive ill, because delay'd;
 That offices are intailed and that there are
 Perpetuities of them, lasting as far
 As the last day; and that great officers
 Do with the Pirates share, and Dunkirkers.
 Who wafts in meat, in cloaths, in horse he notes;
 Who loves Whores, who boyes, and who goats.
 I more amaz'd than Circes prisoners, when
 They felt themselves turn beasts, felt my self then
 Becoming Traytor, and methought I saw
 One of our Giant Statutes ope his jaw
 To suck me in; for hearing him, I found
 That as burnt venomous Leachers do grow sound
 By giving others their soars, I might grow
 Guilty, and he free: Therefore I did show
 All signes of loathing; But since I am in,
 I must pay mine, and my forefathers sin
 To the last farthing. Therefore to my power
 Toughly and stubbornly I bear this cross; but the 'how
 Of mercy now was come: He tries to bring
 Me to pay a fine to scape his torturing,
 And sayes, Sir, can you spare me? I said; willingly;
 Nay, Sir, Can you spare me a Crown? Thankfully I
 Gave it, as Ransom; but as fidlers, still,
 Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
 Thrust one more jigg upon you: so did he
 With his long complemental thanks vex me:
 But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,
 And the Prerogative of my Crown: Scant
 His thanks were ended when I (which did see
 All the Court fill'd with such strange things as he)
 Ran from thence with such, or more haste than one
 Who fears more actions, doth hast from prison.

At home in wholesom solitariness
 My piteous soul began the wretchedness
 Of suiters at Court to mourn, and a trance
 Like his, who dream't he saw hell, did advance
 It self o're me : Such men as he saw there,
 I saw at Court, and worse, and more. Low fear
 Becomes the guilty, not the accuser : Then,
 Shall I, none slave, of high born or rais'd men
 Fear frowns ; and, my Mistres Truth, betray thee
 To th' huffing braggart, puffed Nobility ?
 No, no, Thou which since yesterday hast been
 Almost about the whole world, hast thou seen,
 O Sun, in all thy journey, Vanity,
 Such as swells the bladder of our Court ? I
 Think he which made your waxen garden, and
 Transported it, from Italy, to stand
 With us, at London, flouts our Courtiers, for
 Just such gay painted things, which no sap, nor
 Taste have in them, ours are ; and natural
 Some of the stocks are, their fruits bastard all.
 'Tis ten a clock and past ; all whom the Mues,
 Baloun, Tennis, Diet, or the stews
 Had all the morning held, now the second
 Time made ready, that day, in flocks are found
 In the Presence, and I, (God pardon me)
 As fresh and sweet their Apparels be, as be
 The fields they sold to buy them. For a King
 Those hose are crys the flatterer ; And bring
 Them next week to the Theatre to sell.
 Wants reach all states. Me seems they do as well
 At stage, as Court ; All are players ; who e'r looks
 (For themselves dare not go) o'r Cheapside Books,
 Shall find their wardrobes Inventory. Now,
 The Ladies come. As Pirats, which do know,

That there came weak ships fraught with Cutchanel,
 The men board them; and praise (as they think) well,
 Their beauties; they the mens wits; both are bought,
 Why good wits ne'r wear scarlet gowns, I thought
 This cause, These men, mens wits for speeches buy,
 And women buy all reds which scarlets die.
 He call'd her beauty limetwigs, her hair net;
 She fears her drugs ill lay'd, her hair loose set.
 Would not Heraclitus laugh to see Macrine,
 From hat to shoo, himself at door refine,
 As if the Presence were a Moschite: and list
 His skirts and hose, and call his clothes to shrift,
 Making them confesse not only mortal
 Great Itains and holes in them, but venial
 Feathers and dust, wherewith they fornicate:
 And then by *Durers* rules survey the state
 Of his each limb, and with strings the odds tries
 Of his neck to his leg, and waste to thighs.
 So in immaculate clothes, and Symmetry
 Perfect as Circles, with such nicety
 As a young Preacher at his first time goes
 To preach, he enters, and a Lady which owes
 Him not so much as good will, he arrests,
 And unto her protests, protests, protests,
 So much as at Rome would serve to have thrown
 Ten Cardinals into the Inquisition;
 And whispers by Jesu, so often, that a
 Pursevant would have ravish'd him away
 For saying of our Ladies Psalter. But 'tis fit
 That they each other plague, they merit it.
 But here comes Glorious that will plague them both,
 Who in the other extreme only doth
 Call a rough carelesnefs, good fashion;
 Whose cloak his spurs tear; or whom he spits on

He cares not he. His ill words do no harm
 To him, he rushes in, as if arm, arm,
 He meant to cry; And though his face be as ill
 As theirs, which in old hangings whip Christ, still
 He strives to look worse, he keeps all in awe;
 Jest's like a licens'd fool, commands like law.
 Tyr'd, now I leave this place, and but pleas'd so
 As men from gaols t' execution go,
 Go through the great chamber (why is it hung
 With the seven deadly sins?) being among
 Those Askaparts, men big enough to throw
 Charing Crofs for a bar, men that do know
 No token of worth, but Queens man, and fine
 Living, barrels of beef, and flagons of wine.
 I shook like a spied Spie. Preachers which are
 Seas of Wit and Arts, you can, then dare,
 Drown the sins of this place, for, for me
 Which am but a scant brook, it enough shall be
 To wash the stains away: Although I yet
 (With *Machabees* modesty) the known merit
 Of my work lessen: yet some wise men shall,
 I hope, esteem my writs Canonical.

SATYRE. V.

THOU shalt not laugh in this lease, Muse, nor they
 Whom any pity warms. He which did lay
 Rules to make Courtiers, he being understood
 May make good courtiers, but who courtiers good?
 Free's from the sting of jests all who in extreme
 Are wretched or wicked, of these two a theam
 Charity and liberty give me. What is he
 Who Officers rage, and Suitors misery

Can write in jest? If all things be in all,
 As I think, since all, which were, are, and shall
 Be, be made of the same elements:
 Each thing, each thing implies or represents:
 Then man is a world; in which, Officers,
 Are the vast ravishing seas; and suters,
 Springs, now full, now shallow, now dry, which, to
 That which drowns them, run: these self reasons do
 Prove the world a man, in which, officers
 Are the devouring stomach, and Suters
 The excrements which they void. All men are dust,
 How much worse are Suters, who to mens lust
 Are made preys? O worse than dust or worms meat,
 For they do eat you now, whose selves worms shall eat.
 They are the mills which grind you, yet you are
 The wind which drives them; and a wastful war
 Is fought against you, and you fight it; they
 Adulterate law, and you prepare the way,
 Like wittals, th' issue your own ruin is.
 Greatest and fairest Empress, know you this?
 Alas, no more than Thames calm head doth know
 Whose meads her arms drown or whose corn o're-flow.
 You sir, whose righteousness she loves, whom I
 By having leave to serve, am most richly
 For service paid, authoriz'd. now begin
 To know and weed out this enormous sin.
 O Age of rusty Iron! Some better wit
 Call it some worse name, if ought equal it.
 The iron Age was, when justice was sold, now
 Injustice is sold dearer far, allow
 All claim'd fees and duties, Gamesters, anon
 The money which you sweat and swear for, is gon
 Into other hands: So controverted lands
 Scape, like Angelica the strivers hands,

If Law be in the Judges heart, and he
 Have no heart to resist letter, or fee,
 Where wilt thou appeal? power of the Courts below,
 Flow from the first main head, and these can throw
 Thee, if they suck thee in, to misery,
 To fetters, halters. But if the injury
 Steel thee to dare complain, Alas, thou go'st
 Against the stream upwards, when thou art most
 Heavy and most faint; and in these labours they,
 'Gainst whom thou should'st complain, will in thy way
 Become great seas, o're which, when thou shalt be
 Forc'd to make golden bridges, thou shalt see
 That all thy gold was drown'd in them before.
 All things follow their like, only who have may have more.
 Judges are Gods; and he who made them so,
 Meant not men should be forc'd to them to go,
 By means of Angels. When supplications
 Wee send to God, to Dominations,
 Powers, Cherubins, and all heavens Courts, if we
 Should pay fees, as here, Daily bread would be
 Scarce to Kings; so 'tis. Would it not anger
 A Stoick, a Coward, yea a Martyr,
 To see a Pursivant come in, and call
 All his clothes, Copes; Books, Primers; and all
 His Plate, Chalices, and mistake them away,
 And ask a fee for comming? Oh; ne'r may
 Fair laws white reverend name be strumpeted,
 To warrant thefts: she is established
 Recorder to Destiny, on earth, and she
 Speaks Fates words, and tells who must be
 Rich, who poor, who in chairs, who in jayles:
 She is all fair, but yet hath foul long nales,
 With which she scatcheth Suiters. In bodies
 Of men, so in law, nailes are extremities.

So

So Officers stretch to more than law can do,
 As our nails reach what no else part comes to.
 Why bare'st thou to yon Officer? Fool, hath he
 Got those goods, for which erst men bar'd to thee?
 Fool, twice, thrice, thou hast bought wrong, & now hunger.
 Beg'st right, but that dole coms not till these dy.
 Thou had'st much, and laws Urim and Thummim trie
 Thou wouldst for more; and for all hast paper
 Enough to cloath all the great Charricks Pepper.
 Sell that, and by that thou much more shalt leese
 Then Hammon, when he sold his Antiquities.
 O wretch, that thy fortunes should moralize
 Esops fables, and make tales, prophesies.
 Thou art the swimming dog whom shadows cozeneth,
 Which div'st near drowning, for what vanisheth.

SATYRE VI.

Sleep next, Society and true friendship
 Mans best contentment, doth securely slip.
 His passions and the worlds troubles rock me.
 O sleep, wean'd from thy dear friends company,
 In a cradle free from dreams or thoughts, there
 VVhere poor men ly, for Kings asleep do fear.
 Here sleeps House by famous Ariosto,
 By silver-tongu'd Ovid, and many moe,
 Perhaps by golden-mouth'd Spencer too pardie,
 (VVhich builded was some dozen Stories high)
 I had repair'd, but that it was so rotten,
 As sleep awak'd by Ratts from thence was gotten:
 And I will build no new, for by my VVill,
 Thy fathers house shall be the fairest still.

In Excester. Yet, methinks, for all their Wit,
 Those wits that say nothing, best describe it.
 Without it there is no Sense, only in this
 Sleep is unlike a long Parenthesis.

Not to save charges, but would I had slept
 The time I spent in London, when I kept
 Fighting and untrist gallants Company,
 In which Natta, the new Knight, seized on me,
 And offered me the experience he had bought
 With great Expençe. I found him throughly taught
 In curing Burnes. His thing had had more scars
 Then T himself, like Epps it often wars,
 And still is hurt. For his Body and State
 The Physick and Councel (which came too late
 'Gainst Whores and Dice) he now on me bestows :
 Most superficially he speaks of those.

I found, by him, least found him who most knows,
 He swears well, speakes ill, but best of Clothes,
 What fits Summer, what What Winter, what the Spring.
 He had Living, but now these waies come in
 His whole Revenues. Where his Whore now dwells,
 And hath dwelt, since his fathers death, he tells.
 Yea he tells most cunningly each hid cause
 Why Whores forsake their Bawds. To these some Laws
 He knows of the Duel, and on his Skill
 The least Jot in that or these he quarrel will,
 Though sober, but nere fought. I know
 What made his Valour undubd Windmill go.
 Within a Pint at most : yet for all this
 (Which is most strange) Natta thinks no man is
 More honest than himself. Thus men may want
 Conscience, whilst being brought up ignorant,
 They use themselves to vice. And besides those
 Illiberal Arts forenam'd, no Vicar knows,

Nor

Nor other Captain less then he, His Schools
 Are Ordinaries, where civil men seem fools,
 Or are for being there; His best bookes, Plaies,
 Where, meeting godly Scenes, perhaps he praies.
 His first set prayer was for his fathers ill,
 And sick that he might dye: That had, until
 The Lands were gone, he troubled God no more:
 And then ask'd him but his Right, That the whore
 Whom he had kept, might now keep him: She spent,
 They left each other on even terms; she went
 To Bridewel, he unto the Wars, where want
 Hath made him valiant, and a Lieutenant
 He is become: Where, as they pass apace,
 He steps aside, and for his Captains place
 He praies again: Tells God, he will confess
 His sins, swear, drink, dice and whore thenceforth less,
 On this Condition, that if his Captain dye
 And he succeed, But his Prayer did not; they
 Both cashir'd came home, and he is braver now
 Than his captain: all men wonder, few know how,
 Can he rob? No. Cheat? No. or doth he spend
 His own? No. Fidus, he is thy dear friend,
 That keeps him up. I would thou wert thine own,
 Or thou hadst as good a friend as thou art one.
 No present Want nor future hope made me,
 Desire (as once I did) thy friend to be:
 But he had cruelly possess'd thee then,
 And as our Neighbours the Low-Country men,
 Being (whilst they were Loyal, with Tyranny
 Opprest) broke loose, have since refus'd to be
 Subject to good Kings, I found even so,
 Wer't thou well rid of him, thou't have no moe.
 Could'st thou but chuse as well as love to none

Thou should'st be second : Turtle and damon
 Should give the place in songs, and Lovers sick
 Should make thee only Loves Hieroglyphick :
 Thy Impress should be the loving Elm and Vine,
 Where now an ancient Oak with Ivy twine,
 Destroy'd thy Symbole is. O dire Mischance ?
 And, O vile verse ! And yet our Abraham France
 Writes thus, and jests not. Good Fidus for this
 Must pardon me, Satyres Bite when they kiss.
 But as for Natta, we have since faln out :
 Here on his knees, he pray'd, else we had fought.
 And because God would not he should be winner,
 Nor yet would have the Death of such a sinner,
 At his seeking, our Quarrel is deferr'd,
 I'll leave him at his Prayers, and as I heard,
 His last ; and Fidus, you and I do know,
 I was his friend, and durst have been his foe,
 And would be either yet ; But he dares be
 Neither yet. sleep blots him out and takes in thee.
 " The mind, you know is like a Table-book,
 " The old unwipt new writing never took.
 Hear how the Hui'shers Checques, Cupbord and Fire
 I pass'd : (by which Degrees young men aspire
 In Court) And how that idle and she-state,
 (When as my judgment cleer'd) my soul did hate,
 How I found there (if that my trifling Pen
 Durst take so hard a Task) Kings were but men,
 And by their Place more noted, if they erre ;
 How they and their Lords unworthy men prefer ;
 And, as unthrifts, had rather give away
 Great Summs to flatterers, than small debts pay ;
 So they their greatness hide, and greatness show
 By giving them that which to worth they owe ;

What

What Treason is, and what did Essex kill,
 Not true Treason, but Treason handled ill :
 And which of them stood for their Countries good,
 Or what might be the Cause of so much Blood ;
 He said she stunk, and men might not have said
 That she was old before that she was dead.
 His Case was hard to do or suffer ; loth
 To do, he made it harder, and did both
 Too much preparing lost them all their Lives,
 Like some in Plagues kill'd with preservatives.
 Friends, like land-souldiers in a storm at Sea,
 Not knowing what to do, for him did pray.
 They told it all the world, where was their wit ?
 Cuffs putting on a sword, might have told it.
 And Princes must fear Favorites more then Foes,
 For still beyond Revenge Ambition goes.
 How since Her death, with Sumpter. horse that Scot
 Hath rid, who, at his coming up, had not
 A Sumpter-dog. But till that I can write
 Things worth thy Tenth reading (dear Nick) goodnight

SATYRE. VII.

MEN write that love and reason disagree.
 But I ne'r saw't exprest as 'tis in thee.
 Well, I may lead thee, God must make thee see,
 But, thine eyes blinde too, there's no hope for thee.
 Thou say'st shee's wise and witty, fair and free,
 All these are reasons why she should scorn thee.
 Thou dost protest thy love, and would'st it show
 By matching her, as she would match her foe :
 And would'st perswade her to a worse offence,
 Than that whereof thou didst accuse her wench.

Reason

Reason there's none for thee, but thou maist vex
 Her with example. Say, for fear her sex
 shun her, she needs must change; I do not see
 How reason e'r can bring that *must* to thee.
 Thou art a match a Justice to rejoyce,
 Fit to be his, and not his daughters choice.
 Dry'd with his threats shee'd scarcely stay with thee,
 And wouldst th' have this to chuse thee, being free?
 Go then and punish some soon gotten stuff,
 For her dead husband this hath mourn'd enough,
 In hating thee. Thou maist one like this meet:
 For spight take her, prove kind, make thy breath sweet,
 Let her see she hath cause, and to bring to thee
 Honest children, let her dishonest be.
 If she be a widow I'll warrant her
 she'l thee before her first husband prefer,
 And will wish thou hadst had her maidenhead,
 (Shee'll love thee so) for, then thou hadst been dead.
 But thou such strong love, and weak reasons hast,
 Thou must thrive there, or ever live disgrac'd.
 Yet pause a while, and thou maist live to see
 A time to come, wherein she may beg thee.
 If thou 'lt not pause nor change, shes' beg thee now,
 Doe what she can, love for nothing she 'll allow.
 Besides, here were too much gain and merchandise.
 And when thou art rewarded, desert dies.
 Now thou hast ods of him she loves, he may doubt
 Her constancy, but none can put the out.
 Again, be thy love true, she'l prove divine
 And in the end, the good on't will be thine.
 For though thou must ne'r think of other love,
 And so wilt advance her as high above
 Vertue as cause above effect can be,
 'Tis vertue to be chaste, which she'll make thee.

The end of the Satyres.

LET-

LETTER
TO SEVERAL
PERSONAGES.

THE STORM.

To Mr. Christopher Brook, *from the Island voy.*
with the Earl of Essex.

THou which art I, ('tis nothing to be so)
Thou which art still thy self, by this shalt know
Part of our passage; And, a hand, or eye
By *Hilliard* drawn, is worth a History,
By a worfe painter made; and (without pride)
When by thy judgment they are dignifi'd,
My lines are such. 'Tis the preheminance,
Of friendship only t' impute excellence.
England, to whom we owe, what we be, and have,
Sad that her sons did seek a forrain grave
(For, Fates or Fortunes drifts none can gain-say,
Honour and misery have one face, and way.)
From out her pregnant intrails sigh'd a wind
Which at th' ayres middle marble room did find
Such strong resistance, that it self it threw
Downward again; and so when it did view

How, in the port, our fleet dear time did leese,
 Withering like prisoners, which lie but for fees,
 Mildly it kist our sailes, and fresh, and sweet,
 As, to a stomach starv'd, whose insides meet,
 Meat comes, it came; and swole our sails, when we
 So joy'd, as Sara'her swelling joy'd to see.
 But 'twas but so kind, as our countrey men,
 Which bring friends one dayes way, and leave them then:
 Then like two mighty Kings, which dwelling farre
 Afunder, meet against a third to warre,
 The South and West winds joyn'd, and, as they blew,
 Waves like a rowling trench before them threw.
 Sooner than you read this line, did the gale,
 Like shot, not fear'd till felt, our sails assail;
 And what at first was call'd a gust, the same
 Hath now a storms, anon a tempests name.
Jonas, I pity thee, and curse those men,
 Who when the storme rag'd most, did wake thee then:
 Sleep is pains easiest salve, and doth fulfill
 All Offices of death, except to kill.
 But when I wak'd, I saw, that I saw not,
 I, and the Sun, which should teach me, 'had forgot
 East, West, day, night; and I could only say,
 If the world had lasted, now it had been day.
 Thousands our noyses were, yet we 'mongst all
 Could none by his right name, but thunder call:
 Lightning was all our light, and it rain'd more
 Than if the Sun had drunk the sea before.
 Some coffin'd in their cabbins lie 'equally
 Griev'd that they are not dead, and yet must die.
 And as sin-burd'ned souls from graves will creep,
 At the last day, some forth their cabbins peep:
 And trembling ask what news, and do hear so
 As jealous husbands, what they would not know.

Some sitting on the hatches, would seem there,
 With hideous gazing to fear away fear.
 There note they the ships sicknesses, the Mast
 Shak'd with an ague, and the Hold and Waste
 With a salt dropie clogg'd, and all our tacklings
 Snapping, like to too-high-stretch'd treble strings.
 And from our totter'd sailes rags drop down so
 As from one hang'd in chains a year agoe.
 Yea even our Ordinance plac'd for our defence,
 Strives to break loose, and scape away from thence
 Pumping hath tir'd our men, and what's the gain?
 Seas into seas thrown, we suck in again:
 Hearing hath deaf'd our Sailers, and if they
 Knew how to hear, there's none knows what to say.
 Compar'd to these storms, death is but a qualme,
 Hell somewhat lightsome, the *Bermuda's* calme.
 Darkness lights eldest brother, his birth-right
 Claims'o'r the world, and to heaven hath chas'd light
 All things are one: and that one none can be,
 Since all forms uniform deformitie
 Doth cover, so that we, except God say
 Another *Fiat*, shall have no more day,
 So violent, yet long these furies be,
 That though thine absence sterve me, 'I wish not thee:

The Calme.

Our storm is past, and that storms tyrannous rage
 A stupid calme, but nothing it doth swage.
 The fable is inverted, and farr more
 A block afflicts now, then a stork before.
 Storms chafe, and soon wear out themselves, or us;
 In calms, Heaven laughs to see us languish thus.

As steady as I could wish my thoughts were,
 Smooth as thy Mistressse glasse, or what shines there;
 The sea is now, and as the Isles which we
 Seek, when we can move, our ships rooted be.
 As water did in storms; now pitch runs out:
 As lead, when a fir'd Church becomes one spout.
 And all our beauty, and our trim decays,
 Like Courts removing, or like ending playes.
 The fighting place now seamens rage supply;
 And all the tackling is a frippery.
 Now use of Lanthorns: and in one place lay
 Feathers and dust, to day and yesterday.
 Earths hollowneses which the worlds lungs are,
 Have no more wind then the upper vault of ayre.
 We can nor lost friends nor sought foes recover,
 But meteor-like, save that we move not, hover.
 Onely the Calenture together draws
 Dear friends, which meet dead in great fishes Maws,
 And on the hatches, as on Altars lies
 Each one, his own Priest, and own Sacrifice.
 Who live, that miracle do multiplie
 Where walkers in hot Ovens do not die.
 If in despight of these, we swim, that hath
 No more refreshing, than a Brimstone bath,
 But from the sea into the ship we turn,
 Like parboy'd wretches, on the coals to burne.
 Like *Bajazet* encag'd, the Shepherds scoffe;
 Or like slack sinew'd *Sampson*, his hair off,
 Languish our ships. Now as a Miriade
 Of Ants durst th'Emperors lov'd Snake invade:
 The crawling Gallies, Sea-goales, finny chips,
 Might brave with *Vinice's*, our bed-rid ships.
 Whether a rotten state, and hope of gain,
 Or, to disuse me from the queasie pain

Of being belov'd, and loving : or the thirst
 Of honour, or fair death, out-pusht me first,
 I lose my end : for here as well as I
 A desperate may live, and coward die.
 Stag, dog, and all which from, or towards flies,
 Is paid with life, or prey, or doing dies :
 Fate grudges us all, and doth subtly lay
 A sounge, 'gainst which we all forgot to pray.
 He that at sea prays for more wind, as well
 Under the poles may beg cold, heat in hell.
 What are we then ? How little more, alas,
 Is man now, then, before he was, he was ?
 Nothing for us, we are for nothing fit ;
 Chance, or our selves still disproportion it ;
 We have no power, no will, no sense ; I lie,
 I should not then thus feel this misery.

To Sir Henry Wootton.

Sir, more than kisses, letters mingle Souls,
 For, thus friends absent speak. This ease controuls
 The tediousness of my life : but for these
 I could invent, nothing at all to please,
 But I should wither in one day, and pass
 To a Lock of hay, that am a Bottle of grass.
 Life is a voyage, and in our lives wayes
 Countryes, Courts, Towns are Rocks or Remoraes ;
 They break or stop all ships, yet our state's such
 That (though then pitch they stain worfe) we must touch
 If in the furnace of the even line,
 Or under th'adverse icy pole thou pine,
 Thou know'st two temperate Regions girded in,
 Dwell there : but oh, what refuge canst thou win

Parch'd in the Court, and in the Country frozen ?

Shall Cities built of both extremes be chosen ?

Can dung or garlike be a perfume ? Or can

A Scorpion, or Torpedo cure a man ?

Cities are worst of all three ; of all three ?

(O knotty riddle) each is worst equally.

Cities are Sepulchres ; they who dwell there

Are carcases, as if none such there were.

And Courts are Theatres, where some men play

Princes, some slaves, and all end in one day.

The Country is a desert, where no good

Gain'd, as habits, not born, is understood.

There men become beasts, and prone to all evils ;

In Cities blocks, and in a lewd Court, devils.

As, in the first Chaos, confusedly

Each Elements qualities were in thro' other three :

So pride, lust, covetize, being severall

To these three places, yet all are in all,

And mingled thus, their issue is incestuous.

Falshood is denizon'd. Virtue is barbarous,

Let no man say there, Virtues flinty wall

Shall lock vice in me, I'll do none, but know all.

Men are sponges, which to powre out, receive :

Who know false play, rather than lose, deceive.

For in best understandings sin began,

Angels sin'd first, then devils, and then man.

Onely perchance beasts sin not, wretched we

Are beasts in all, but white integritie.

I think if men, which in these places live,

Durst look in themselves, and themselves retrieve,

They would like strangers greet themselves, seeing than

Utopian youth, grown old Italian.

Be then thine own home, and in thy self dwell ;

Inn any where ; continuance make's hell.

And seing the snail, which every where doth roame;
 Carrying his own house still, still is at home :
 Follow, (for he is easie pac'd) this snail,
 Be thine own Palace, or the world's thy gail.
 And in the worlds sea do not like cork sleep
 Upon the waters face, nor in the deep
 Sink like a lead without a line : but as
 Fishes glide, leaving no print where they pass,
 Nor making sound : so, closely thy course goe,
 Let men dispute, whether thou breath, or no :
 Only in this be no Galenist. To make
 Courts hot ambitions wholefome, do not take
 A dram of Countries dulnesse ; do not add
 Correctives, but as chymiques, purge the bad.
 But, Sir, I advise not you, I rather do
 Say or those lessons, which I learn'd of you :
 Whom, free from *Germanies* Schismes, and lightnesse
 Of *France*, and fair *Italies* faithlesnesse,
 Having from these suck'd all they had of worth,
 And brought home that faith which you carried forth,
 I throughly love : But if my self I have won
 To know my rules, I have, and you have **DONNE.**

To Sir Henry Goodyere.

WHO makes the last, a pattern for next year,
 Turns no new leaf, but still the same things reads,
 Seen things he sees again, heard things doth hear,
 And makes his life but like a pair of beads.

A Palace when 'tis that, which it should be,
 Leaves growing, and stands such, or else decays :
 But he which dwells there is not so ; for he
 Strives to urge upward, and his fortune raises.

So had your body her morning, hath her noon,
 And shall not better; her next change is night;
 But her fair larger guest, to whom Sun and Moon
 Are sparks, and short liv'd, claims another right,

The noble Soul by age grows lustier,
 Her appetite, and her digestion mend;
 We must not sterve, nor hope to pamper her
 With womans milk, and pappe, unto the end.

Provide you manlier diet, You have seen
 All Libraries, which are Schools, Camps, and Courts;
 But ask your Garners if you have not been
 In harvest, too indulgent to your sports.

Would you redeem it? Then your self transplant
 A while from hence. Perchance outlandish ground
 Bears no more wit, than ours, but yet more scant
 Are those diversions there, which here abound.

To be a stranger hath that benefit,
 We can beginnings, but not habits choak.
 Goe, whither? Hence. You get, if you forget;
 New faults till they prescribe to us are smoak.

Our soul, whose Country's Heaven, and God her father,
 Into this world, corruptions sink, is sent;
 Yet so much in her travail she doth gather,
 That she returns home wiser than she went;

It payes you well, if it teach you to spare
 And make you asham'd, to make your hawks praise
 Which when her self she lessens in the air, (yours,
 You then first say, that high enough she toures.

However keep the lively taste you hold
 Of God, love him now, but fear him more,
 And in your afternoons think what you told
 And promis'd him at morning prayer before.

Let falshood like a discord anger you,
 Else be not froward. But why do I touch
 Things, of which none is in your practice new,
 And Fables and fruit-trenchers teach as much.

But thus I make you keep your promise Sir,
 Riding I had you, though you still staid there,
 And in these thoughts, although you never stir,
 You came with me to *Micham*, and are here.

To Mr. Rowland Woodward.

Like one who in her third widowhood doth profess
 Her self a Nun, tyed to retiredness,
 So affects my Muse, now, a chaste fallowness.

Since she to few, yet to too many hath shown,
 How Love-song weeds, and Satyrique thorns are grown
 Where seeds of better Arts, were early sown?

Though to use, and love Poetry, to me,
 Betroth'd to no'one Art, be no Adultery;
 Omissions of good, ill, as ill deeds be.

For though to us it seem but light and thin,
 Yet in those faithful scales, where God throws in
 Mens works, vanity weighs as much as sin.

If our souls have stain'd their first white, yet we
May cloath them with faith, and dear honesty,
Which God imputes as native purity.

There is no Virtue but Religion :
Wife, valiant, sober, just are names, which none
Want, which want not Vice-covering discretion.

Seek we then our selves in our selves ; for as
Men force the Sun with much more force to pass,
By gathering his beams with a Chrystal glas ;

So we (if we into our selves will turn,
Blowing our spark of virtue) may out-burn
The straw which doth about our hearts sojourn.

You know, Physitians, when they would infuse
Into any'oyl the souls of simples, use
Places, where they may lie still warm, to chuse.

So works retiredness in us ; To rome
Giddily, and be every where, but at home,
Such freedom doth a banishment become.

We are but farmers of our selves, yet may,
If we can stock our selves, and thrive, uplay
Much, much good treasure for the great rent day.

Manure thy self then, to thy self be'improv'd,
And with vain outward things be no more mov'd,
But to know that I love thee, and would be lov'd.

To Sir Henry Wootton.

Here's no more new, then virtue, I may as well
Tell *Calis*, or Saint *Michaels* Mount, as tell
That vice doth here habitually dwell.

Yet, as to get stomachs, we walk up and down,
And toyl to sweeten rest; so, may God frown,
If but to loath both, I haunt Court, and Town.

For, here, no one is from th'extremitie
Of vice, by any other reason free,
But that the next to him, still, is worse then he.

In this worlds warfare, they whom rugged Fate,
(Gods Commissary) doth so throughly hate,
As in the Courts Squadron to marshall their state:

If they stand arm'd with silly honesty,
With wishing, prayers, and neat integritie,
Like Indians 'gainst Spanish hosts they be.

Suspicious boldness to this place belongs,
And to have as many ears as all have tongues;
Tender to know, tough to acknowledge wrongs.

Believe me Sir, in my youths giddiest dayes,
When to be like the Court was a players praise,
Playes were not so like Courts, as Courts like Playes.

Then let us at these mimique antiques jeaft,
Whose deepest projects are egregeous guests,
And but dull Morals at a game at Chests,

But 'tis an incongruities to smile,
Therefore I end; and bid farewell a while
As Court, though from Court, were the better stile.

To the Countess of Bedford.

MADAM,

Reason is our Souls left hand, Faith her right,
By these we reach divinity, that's you;
Their loves who have the blessing of your light,
Grew from their reason, mine from fair faith grew.

But as although a squint left-handedness
Be ungracious, yet we cannot want that hand:
So would I, (not to encrease, but to express
My faith) as I believe, so understand.

Therefore I study you first in your Saints,
Those friends whom your election glorifies;
Then in your deeds, accesses and restraints,
And what you read, and what your self devise.

But soon, the reasons why you're lov'd by all,
Grow infinite, and so pass reasons reach,
Then back again to implicate faith I fall,
And rest on what the Catholique voice doth teach.

That you are good: and not one Heretique
Denies it; if he did, yet you are so.
For rocks which high do seem, deep-rooted stick,
Waves wash, not undermine, nor overthrow.

In every thing there naturally grows
A *Balsamum* to keep it fresh and new,

If 'twere not injur'd by extrinsique blows ;
Your birth and beauty are this Balm in you.

But, you of Learning and Religion,
And virtue, and such ingredients, have made
A Mithridate, whose operation
Keeps off, or cures, what can be done or said.

Yet this is not your physick, but your food,
A diet fit for you ; for you are here
The first good Angel, since the worlds frame stood,
That ever did in womans shape appear.

Since you are then Gods Master-piece, and so
His Factor for our loves ; do as you do,
Make your return home gracious ; and bestow
This life on that ; so make one life of two.

For so God help me, I would not miss you there
For all the good which you can do me here.

To the Countess of Bedford.

M A D A M,

YOU have refin'd me, and to worthiest things
Virtue, Art, Beauty, Fortune ; now I see
Rareness, or use, not nature value brings ;
And such, as they are circumstanc'd, they bee.
Two ils can ne'r perplex us, sin t'excuse ;
But of two good things we may leive or chuse.

Therefore at Court, which is not virtues clime,
Where a transcendent height (as, lowness me)
Makes her not see, or not shew : all my rime
Your virtues challenge, which there rarest be ;

For, as dark texts need notes : there some must be
To usher virtue, and say, *This is she.*

in the Country's beauty. To this place
You are the season, (Madam) you the day,
'tis but a grave of spices till your face
Exhale them, and a thick close bud display.
Widow'd and reclus'd else her sweets she enshrines
As *China*, when the Sun at *Brazil* dines.

But from your Chariot, morning breaks at night,
And falsifies both computations so ;
Since a new world doth rise here from your light,
We your new creatures by new reck'nings go.
This shews that you from nature loathly stray,
That suffer not an Artificial day.

In this you have made the Court the Antipodes,
And will'd your Delegate, the vulgar Sun,
To do prophane Autumnal offices,
Whil'st here to you, we sacrificers run ;
And whether Priests, or Organs, you we obey,
We found your influence, and your Dictates say.

Yet to that Deitie which dwels in you,
Your virtuous Soul, I now not sacrifice ;
These are *Petitions*, and not *Hymns* ; they sue
But that I may survey the edifice.

In all Religions as much care hath bin
Of Temples frames, and beauty, 'as Rites within.

As all which goe to Rome do not thereby,
Esteem Religions, and hold fast the best,
But serve discourse, and curiosity,
With that which doth Religion but invest,

And

And shun th'entangling labyrinths of Schools,
And make it wit, to think the wiser fools :

So in this pilgrimage I would behold
You as You are Virtues Temple, not as she,
What Walls of tender crystal her enfold,
What eyes, hands, bosome, her pure Altars be,
And after this survey, oppose to all
Builders of Chappels, you th'Escorial.

Yet not as consecrate, but meerly 'as fair ;
On these I cast a lay and Countrey eye:
Of past and future stories, which are rare,
I find you all record, and prophesie,
Purge but the book of Fate that it admit
No sad nor guilty legends, you are it.

If good and lovely were not one, of both
You were the Transcript, and Original,
The Elements, the Parents, and the growth,
And every piece of you, is worth their All,
So'intire are all your deeds, and you, that you
Must do the same things still ; you cannot two.

But these (as nicest School divinity
Serves heresie to furdur or repres.)
Taste of Poetique rage, or flatterie,
And need not, where all hearts one truth profess ;
Oft from new proofs, and new phrase, new doubts gr
As strange attire aliens the men we know.

Leaving then busie praise, end all appeal,
To higher Courts, senses decree is true.
The Mine, the Magazine, the Common-weal,
The story of beauty', in Twicknam is, and you.

Who hath
In Paradi

To Sir Edw

M An is
Wido
be fool; in
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Who hath seen one, would both ; As, who hath bin
In Paradise, would seek the Cherubin.

*To Sir Edward Herbert, since Lord Herbert of Cherbury,
being at the Siege of Julyers.*

MAn is a lump, where all beasts kneaded bee,
Wisdom makes him an Ark where all agree ;
The fool, in whom these beasts do live at jarre,
Is sport to others, and a Theater,
Nor escapes he so, but is himself their prey ;
All which was man in him, is eat away,
And now his beasts on one another feed,
Yet couple in anger, and new monsters breed :
How happy 's he, which hath due place assign'd
To his beasts ; and disforested his minde ?
Empal'd himself to keep them out, not in ;
Can sow, and dares trust corn, where they have bin ;
Can use his horse, Goat, Wolf, and every beast,
And is not Ass himself to all the rest.
Else, man not only is the heard of swine,
But he's those devils too, which did incline
Them to headlong-rage, and made them worse :
For man can add weight to heavens heaviest curse,
As Souls (they say) by our first touch, take in
The poysonous tincture of Original sin,
So, to the punishments which God doth fling
Our apprehension contributes the fling.
To us, as to his chickens he doth cast
Hemlock, and we as men, his hemlock tast ;
We do infuse to what he meant for meat,
Corrosiveness, or intense cold or heat.
For, God no such specifike poyson hath
As kils, men know not how ; his fiercest wrath

Hath

Hath no antipathy, but may be good
 At least for physick, if not for our food.
 Thus man, that might be his pleasure, is his rod,
 And is his devil, that might be his God.
 Since then our business is, to rectifie
 Nature, to what she was; we're led awrie
 By them, who man to us in little show;
 Greater than due, no form we can bestow
 On him; for man into himself can draw
 All; All his faith can swallow, or reason chaw,
 All that is fill'd, and all that which doth fill
 All the round world, to man is but a pill,
 In all it works not, but it is in all
 Poysonous, or Purgative, or cordiall.
 For, knowledge kindles Calentures in some,
 And is to others icy *Opium*.
 As brave as true, is that profession than
 Which you do use to make; that you know man.
 This makes it credible, you have dwelt upon
 All worthy books; and now are such an one.
 Actions are Authors, and of those in you
 Your friends find every day a mart of new.

To the Countess of Bedford.

THave written then, when you writ, seem'd to me
 Worst of spiritual vices, Simony:
 And not t'have written then, seems little less
 Than worst of civil vices, thanklesness.
 In this, my debt I seem'd loth to confesse,
 In that, I seem'd to shun beholdingness:
 But 'tis not so. *Nothing* as I am, may,
 Pay all they have, and yet have all to pay.

ch borrow in their payments, and owe more
 having leave to write so, than before.
 et since rich mines in barren grounds are shown,
 ay not I yield, not gold, but coal or stone?
 mples were not demolish'd, though prophane:
 ere *Peter, Joves*; there *Paul* hath *Dina's* Fame:
 whether my hymns you admit or chuse,
 me you have 'hallow'd a Pagan Muse,
 nd denizen'd a stranger, who mis-taught
 y blamers of the times they mar'd, hath sought
 irtues in corners, which now bravely doe
 ine in the worlds best part, or all it, you.
 have been told, that vertue in Courtiers hearts,
 offer an Ostracism, and departs.
 rofit, ease, fineness, plenty, bid it go,
 ut whither, only knowing you, I know;
 ou, or you vertue, two vast uses serves,
 : ransoms one sex, and one Court preserves;
 heres nothing but your worth, which being true,
 known to any other, not to you:
 nd you can never know it; To admit
 lo knowledg of your worth, is some of it.
 ut since to you, your praises discords be,
 toop others ills to meditate with me.
 Oh to confesse we know not what we should,
 ; half excuse, we know not what we would.
 ightness depresseth us, emptiness fills,
 Ve sweat and faint, yet still go down the hills,
 s new Phylosophy arrests the Sun,
 nd bids the passive earth about it run,
 o we have dull'd our mind, it hath no ends;
 Only the body's busie, and pretends.
 s dead low earth eclipses and controuls
 he quick high Moon: so doth the body, Souls.

In none but us, are such mixt engines found,
 As hands of double office : For, the ground
 We till with them; and them to heaven we raise;
 Who prayer-les labours, or, without these prayes,
 Doth but one half, that's none; He which said, *Plough*
And look not back, to look up doth allow.
 Good seed degenerates, and oft obeys
 The soyles disease, and into cockle strays.
 Let but the mindes thoughts be but transplanted so,
 Into the body, and bastardly they grow.
 What hate could hurt our bodies like our love?
 We, but no forrain tyrants, could remove
 These not ingrav'd, but inborn dignities
 Caskets of souls; Temples and Palaces.
 For, bodies shall from death redeemed be,
 Souls but preserv'd, born naturally free;
 As men to' our prisons now, souls to us are sent,
 Which learn vice there, and come in innocent.
 First seeds of every creature are in us,
 What ere the world hath bad, or precious,
 Mans body can produce, hence hath it been
 That stones, worms, frogs and snakes in man are seen;
 But who e'r saw, though nature can work so,
 That pearl, or gold, or corn in man did grow?
 We have added to the world Virginia, and sent
 Two new stars lately to the firmament;
 Why grudge we us (not heaven) the dignity
 T' increase with ours those fair souls company?
 But I must end this letter, though it do
 Stand on two truths, neither is true to you.
 Vertue hath some perversnes; for she will
 Neither believe her good, nor others ill.
 Even in you, vertues best paradise,
 Vertue hath some, but wise degrees of vice.

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 And ignorant
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 States-men pu
 The bad with
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 And make h
 But in your C
 Vice hath no
 Take then no
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 That cannot
 Nor trust I
 This brave

In recompenc
 What you

Too many vertues, or too much of one
 Begets in you unjust suspition.
 And ignorance of vice makes vertue less,
 Quenching compassion of our wretchedness.
 But these are riddles: som asperion
 Of vice becomes well some complexion.
 States-men purge vice with vice, and may corrode
 The bad with bad, a spider with a toad.
 For so, ill thralls not them, but they tame ill,
 And make her do much good against her will;
 But in your Common-wealth, or world in you,
 Vice hath no office, or good work to do.
 Take then no vicious purge, but be content
 With cordial vertue, your known nourishment.

To the Countess of Bedford

On New-years day.

en; **T**His twilight of two years, not past nor next,
 Some emblem is of me, or I of this,
 Who (Meteor-like, of stuff and form perplex,
 Whose *what* and *where*, in disputation is,)
 If I should call me *any thing should miss*.

I summe the years, and me, and finde me not
 Debtor to th' old, nor Creditor to th' new,
 That cannot say, My thanks I have forgot,
 Nor trust I this with hopes, and yet scarce true.
 This bravery is since these times shew'd me you.

In recompence I would shew future times
 What you were, and teach them to urge towards such,

Verse embalms vertue; and Tombs or Thrones of rimes,
 Preserve frail transitory fame, as much
 As spice doth bodies from corrupt airs touch.

Mine are short-liv'd; the tincture of your name
 Creates in them, but dissipates as fast,
 New spirits; for, strong agents with the same
 Force that doth warm and cherish us, do wast;
 Kept hot with strong extracts, no bodies last.

So, my verse built of your just praise, might want
 Reason and likelihood, the firmest Base,
 And made of miracle, now faith is scant,
 Will vanish soon, and so possess no place,
 And you, and it, too much grace might disgrace.

When all (as truth commands assent) confess
 All truth of you, yet they will doubt how I
 (One corn of one low Ant-hills dust, and less,
 Should name, know or express a thing so high,
 And (not an inch) measure infinite.

I cannot tell them, nor my self, nor you,
 But leave, lest truth b' endanger'd by my praise,
 And turn to God, who knows I think this true,
 And useth oft, when such a heart mis-saies,
 To make it good, for such a praiser praies.

He will best teach you, how you should lay out
 His stock of *beauty, learning, favour, blood*;
 He will perplex security with doubt,
 And clear those doubts; hide from you, & shew you good
 And so increase your appetite and food.

He will teach you, that good and bad have not
 One latitude in cloysters, and in Court,
 Indifferent there the greatest space hath got,
 Some pity is not good there, some vain disport,
 On this side, sin, with that place may comports.

Yet he as he bounds seas, will fix your hours,
 Which pleasure, and delight may not ingress,
 And though what none else lost, be trueliest yours,
 He will make you, what you did not, possess,
 By using others, not vice, but weakness.

He will make you speak truths, and credibly,
 And make you doubt that others do not so :
 He will provide you keys, and locks, to spy,
 And scape spies, to good ends, and he will show
 What you will not acknowledg, what not know.

For your own Conscience, he gives innocence,
 But for your fame, a discreet wariness,
 And (though to scape, then to revenge offence
 Be better,) he shews both, and to repress
 Joy, when your state swels *sadness*, when tis less.

From need of teares he will defend your soul,
 Or make a rebaptizing of one tear ;
 He cannot (that's he will not) dis-inroul
 Your name ; and when with active joy we hear
 This private Gospel, then 'tis our New Year.

To the Countess of Huntingdon.

MADAM,

Man to God's Image; *Eve*, to man was made,
Nor finde we that God breath'd a soul in her,
Canons will not, Church functions you invade,
Nor laws to civil office you prefer.

Who vagrant transitory Comets fees,
Wonders because they are rare; But a new star
Whose motion with the firmament agrees,
Is miracle; for, there, no new things are.

In women so perchance mild innocence
A seldom comet is, but active good
A miracle, which reason scapes, and sense;
For, Art and Nature this in them withstood.

As such a star, the *Magi* led to view
The manger-cradled infant, God below.
By vertues beams (by fame deriv'd from you)
May apt souls, and the worst may vertue know.

If the world's age, and death be argued well
By the Suns fall, which now towards earth doth bend,
Then we might fear that vertue, since she fell
So low as woman, should be near her end.

But she's not stoop'd, but rais'd; exil'd by men
She fled to heaven, that's heavenly things, that's you,
She was in all men thinly scatter'd then,
But now a mass contracted in a few.

Sh

She guilded us, but you are gold ; and She
 Informed us, but transubstantiates you :
 Soft dispositions which ductile be,
 Elixar-like, she makes not clean, but new :

Though you a wifes and mothers name retain,
 'Tis not as woman, for all are not so,
 But vertue, having made you vertue, 'is fain
 T' adhere in these names, her and you to show,

Else, being alike pure, we should neither see,
 As, water being into air rarifi'd,
 Neither appear, till in one cloud they be,
 So, for our sakes, you do low names abide ;

Taught by great constellations, (which being fram'd
 Of the most stars, take low names, *Crab*, and *Bull*,
 When single planets by the gods are nam'd)
 You covet not great names, of great things full.

So you, as woman, one doth comprehend
 And in the vale of kindred others see ;
 To some you are reveal'd, as in a friend,
 And as a vertuous Prince far off, to me.

To whom, because from you all vertues flow,
 And 'tis not none, to dare contemplate you,
 I, which do so, as your true subject owe
 Some tribute for that, so these lines are due.

If you can think these flatteries, they are,
 For then your judgment is below my praise.
 If they were so, oft, flatteries work as far,
 As Counsels, and as far th' endeavour raise.

So my ill reaching you might there grow good,
 But I remain a poisoned fountain still;
 And not your beauty, vertue, knowledg, blood,
 Are more above all flattery, than my will.

And if I flatter any, 'tis not you
 But my own judgment, who did long ago
 Pronounce, that all these praises should be true,
 And vertue should your beauty, and birth outgrow.

Now that my prophesies are all fulfill'd,
 Rather than God should not be honour'd too,
 And all these gifts confess'd, which he instill'd,
 Your self were bound to say that which I doe.

So I, but your Recorder am in this,
 Or mouth, and Speaker of the universe,
 A ministerial Notary, for 'tis
 Not I, but you and fame, that make this verse.

I was your Prophet in your younger dayes,
 And now your Chaplain, God in you to praise.

To M. I. W.

ALL hail sweet Poet, and full of more strong fire,
 Then hath or shall enkindle my dull spirit,
 I lov'd what nature gave thee, but thy merit
 Of wit and art I love not, but admire;
 Who have before or shall write after thee,
 Their works, though toughly laboured, will be
 Like infancy or age to mans firm stay,
 Or early and late twilights to mid-day.

Men say, and truly, that they better be
 Which be envy'd than pitied : therefore I,
 Because I wish the best, do the envy :
 O wouldst thou by like reason, pity me,
 But care not for me, I, that ever was
 In Natures, and in fortunes gifts, alas,
 (But for thy grace got in the Muses School)
 A Monster and a begger, am a fool.

Oh how I grieve, that late born modesty
 Hath got such root in easie waxen hearts,
 That men may not themselves their own good parts
 Extoll, without suspect of surquedry,
 For, but thy self, no subject can be found
 Worthy thy quill, nor any quill refound
 Thy worth but thine : how good it were to see
 A Poem in thy praise, and writ by thee!

Now if this song be too 'harsh for rime, yet, as
 The Painters bad god made a good devil,
 'Twill be good prose, although the verse be evill,
 If thou forget the rime as thou dost pass,
 Then write, that I may follow, and so be
 Thy eccho, thy debtor, thy foyl, thy zanee.
 I shall be thought (if mine like thine I shape)
 All the worlds Lyon, though I be thy Ape.

To M. T. W.

HAst thee harsh verse, as fast as thy lame measure
 Will give thee leave, to him ; My pain and pleasure
 I have given thee, and yet thou art too weak,
 Feet and a reasoning soul, and tongue to speak.

Tell

Tell him, all questions, which men have defended
 Both of the place and pains of hell, are ended ;
 And 'tis decreed, our hell is but privation
 Of him, at least in this earths habitation :
 And 'tis where I am, where in every street
 Infections follow, overtake and meet.
 Live I or die, by you my love is sent,
 You are my pawns, or else my Testament.

To M. T. W.

Pregnant again with th' old twins Hope and Fear,
 Oft have I ask't for thee, both how and where
 Thou wert, and what my hopes of letters were :

As in our streets flie beggers narrowly
 Watch motions of the givers hand or eye,
 And evermore conceiue some hope thereby.

And now thy Alms is given, thy letter 'is read,
 The body risen again, the which was dead,
 And thy poor starveling bountifully fed.

After this banquet my soul doth say grace,
 And praise thee fort, and zealously embrace
 Thy love, though I think thy love in this case
 To be as gluttons, which say 'midst their meat ;
 They love that best of which they most do eat.

Incerto.

T once from hence my lines and I depart,
 I to my soft still walks, they to my Heart;
 the Nurse, they to the child of Art.

as a firm house, though the Carpenter
 sh, doth stand: as an Embassadour
 safe, how e'r his King be in danger,

though I languish, prest with Melancholy;
 verse, the strict Map of my misery,
 I live to see that, for whose want I dy.

efore I envy them, and do repent,
 t from unhappy me, things happy' are sent;
 as a Picture, or bare Sacrament,
 accept these lines, and if in them there be
 Merit of love, bestow that love on me.

To M.C.B.

My friend, whom thy deserts to thee enchain,
 Urg'd by this unexcusable occasion,
 thee and the Saint of his affection
 ving behind, doth of both wants complain;
 I let the love I bear to both sustain
 No blot nor maim by this division,
 Strong is this love which ties our hearts in one,
 I strong that love pursued with amorous pain;
 though besides my self I leave behind

Heavens

Heavens liberal, and Earths thrice fair Sun,
 Going to where sterv'd winter aye doth won,
 Yet, loves hot fires which martyr my sad mind,
 Do send forth scalding sighs, which have the Art
 To melt all Ice, but that which walls her heart.

To M. S. B.

O Thou which to search out the secret parts
 Of the India, or rather Paradise
 Of knowledg, hast with courage and advice
 Lately launch'd into the vast Sea of Arts,
 Disdain not in thy constant travelling
 To do as other Voyagers, and make
 Some turns into less Creeks, and wisely take
 Fresh water at the Heliconian spring.
 I sing not, Siren like to tempt; for I
 Am harsh; nor as those Schismatiques with you,
 Which draw all wits of good hope to their crew;
 But seeing in you bright sparks of Poetry,
 I, though I brought no fuel, had desire
 With these Articulate blasts to blow the fire.

To M. B. B.

IS not thy sacred hunger of science
 Yet satisfy'd? is not thy braines rich hive
 Fulfill'd with honey which thou dost derive
 From the Arts spirits and their Quintessence?
 Then wean thy self at last, and thee withdraw
 From Cambridg thy old nurse, and, as the rest,

Here toughly chew, and sturdily digest
 Immense vast volumes of our common Law,
 And begin soon, lest my grief grieve thee too,
 Which is, that that which I should have begun
 In my youths morning, now late must be done;
 And as Giddy, Travellers must doe,
 Which stray or sleep all day, and having lost
 Light and strength, dark and tir d must then ride post

thou unto thy Muse be married,
 Embrace her ever, ever multiply,
 Be far from me that strange Adultery
 To tempt thee, and procure her widowhood;
 My nurse, (for I had one) because I'm cold,
 Divorc'd her self, the cause being in me,
 That I can take no new in Bigamy,
 Not my will only, but power doth withhold;
 Hence comes it, that these Rimes which never had
 Mother, want matter, and they only have
 A little form, the which their Father gave;
 They are prophane, imperfect, oh, too bad
 To be counted Children of Poetry
 Except confirm'd and Bishoped by thee.

To M. R. W.

IF, as mine is, thy life a slumber be,
 I seem, when thou read'st these lines, to dream of me,
 Never did Morpheus nor his brother wear
 Shapes so like those Shapes, whom they would appear.
 As this my letter is like me, for it
 Hath my name, words, hand, feet, heart, mind and wit;
 It is my deed of gift of me to thee,
 It is my Will, my self the Legacie.

So thy retryrings I love, yea envie,
 Bred in thee by a wise melancholy,
 That I rejoyce, that unto where thou art,
 Though I stay here, I can thus send my heart,
 As kindly as any enamored Patient
 His Picture to his absent Love hath sent.
 All news I think sooner reach thee than me ;
 Havens are Heavens, and Ships wing'd Angels be,
 The which both Gospel, and stern theatnings bring ;
 Guianæs harvest is nipt in the spring,
 I fear ; and with us (me thinks) Fate deales so
 As with the Jews guide God did ; he did show
 Him the rich land, but barr'd his entry in :
 Our slowness is our punishment and sin ;
 Perchance, these Spanish busineses being done ;
 Which as the earth between the Moon and Sun
 Eclipse the light which Guiana would give,
 Our discontinued hopes we shall retrieve :
 But if (as All th' All must) hopes smoak away,
 Is not Almighty Vertue an India ?

If men be worlds, there is in every one
 Some thing to answer in some proportion
 All the worlds riches : and in good men, this
 Vertue, our forms form, and our souls soul is.

To M. I. L.

OF that short Roll of friends writ in my heart
 Which with thy name begins, since their depart
 Whether in the English Provinces they be,
 Or drink of Po, Sequan, or danubie,

The

'here's none that sometimes greets us not, and yet
 Your Trent is Lethe', that past, us you forget.
 You do not duties of Societies,
 If from th' embrace of a lov'd wife you rise,
 View your fat beasts, stretch'd Barnes, and labour'd fields,
 Eat, play, ride, take all joyes which all day yields,
 And then again to your imbracements go:
 Some hours on us your friends, and some bestow
 Upon your Muse, else both we shall repent,
 That my love, she that her gifts on you are spent.

To M. I. P.

BLeft are your North parts, for all this long time
 My Sun is with you, cold and dark is our Clime,
 Heavens Sun, which staid so long from us this year,
 Staid in your North (I think) for she was there,
 And hither by kind Nature drawn from thence,
 Here rages, chafes and threatens pestilence;
 Yet I, as long as she from hence doth stay,
 Think this no South, no Sommer, nor no day,
 With thee my kind and unkind heart is run,
 There sacrifice it to that beauteous Sun:
 So may thy pastures with their flowery feasts,
 As suddenly as Lard, fat thy lean beasts;
 So may thy woods oft poll'd, yet ever wear
 A green, and (when she list) a golden hair;
 So may all thy sheep bring forth Twins; and so
 In chase and race may thy horse all out-go;
 So may thy love and courage ne'r be cold;
 Thy Son ne'r Ward, thy lov'd wife ne'r seem old;

But

But maist thou wish great things, and them attain,
As thou tell'st her, and none but her my pain.

To E. of D. with six holy Sonets.

SEE Sir, how as the Suns hot masculine flame
Begets strange creatures on Niles dirty slime,
In me, your fatherly yet lusty Ryme
(For, these songs are their fruits) have wrought the same
But though the ingendring force from whence they came
Be strong enough, and nature doth admit
Seven to be born at once; I send as yet
But six; they say, the seventh hath still some maim;
I choose your judgment which the same degree
Doth with her sister, your invention, hold,
As fire these droffie Rhymes to purifie,
Or as Elixar to change them to gold;
You are that Alchymist which always had
Wit, whose one spark could make good things of bad.

*To Sir Henry Wotton, at his going Ambassadour
to Venice.*

AFTER those reverend papers, whose soul is
Our good and great Kings lov'd hand and fear'd name
By which to you he derives much of his,
And (how he may) makes you almost the same,

A Taper of his Torch, a copie writ
From his Original, and a fair beam
Of the same warm, and dazelling Sun, though it
Must in another Sphere his vertue stream.

fter those learned papers which your hand
 Hath stor'd with notes of use and pleasure too,
 From which rich treasury you may command
 Fit matter whether you will write or doe.

fter those loving papers which friends send
 With glad grief to your Sea-ward steps, farewell,
 Which thicken on you now, as prayers ascend
 To heaven in troopes at a good mans passing bell :

Admit this honest paper, and allow
 It such an audience as your self would ask,
 What you must say at *Venice* this means now,
 And hath for nature what you have for task.

To swear much love, not to be chang'd before
 Honour alone will to your fortune fit ;
 Nor shall I then honour your fortune, more
 Than I have done your noble-wanting-wit.

But 'tis an easier load (though both opprefs)
 To want, than govern greatnes; for we are
 In that, our own and only busines,
 In this we must for others vices care.

'Tis therefore well your spirits now are plac'd
 In their last Furnace, in Activity ;
 Which fits them (Schooles and Courts and wars o'r-past)
 To touch and tast in any best degree.

For me, (if there be such a thing as I)
 Fortune (if there be such a thing as she)
 Spies that I bear so well her tyranny,
 That she thinks nothing else so fit for me.

But though she part us, to hear my oft prayers
 For your increase, God is as ne'r me here;
 And to send you what I shall begg, his stairs
 In length and ease are alike every where.

To M. M.H.

MAd paper stay, and grudge not here to burn
 With all those sons whom thy brain did create,
 At least lie hid with me, till thou return
 To rags again, which is thy native state.

What though thou have enough unworthines
 To come unto great place as others doe,
 That's much emboldnes, pulls, thrusts, I confess,
 But 'tis not all, thou shouldst be wicked too.

And, that thou canst not learn, or not of me,
 Yet thou wilt goe, Go, since thou goest to her
 Who lacks but faults to be a Prince, for she,
 Truth, whom they dare not pardon, dares prefer.

But when thou com'st to that perplexing eye
 Which equally claims *love and reverence* :
 Thou wilt not long dispute it, thou wilt die :
 And having little^r now, have then no sense.

Yet when her warm redeeming hand, which is
 A miracle; and made such to work more,
 Doth touch thee (sapless leaf) thou grow'st by this
 Her creature; glorify'd more than before.

hen as a mother which delights to hear
 Her early childe mis-speak half uttered words,
 Or, because majesty doth never fear
 Ill or bold speech, she Audience affords.

and then, cold speechless wretch, thou diest again,
 And wisely; what discourse is left for thee?
 From speech of ill, and her thou must abstain,
 And is there any good which is not thee?

et maist thou praise her servants, though not her,
 And wit, and vertue, and honour her attend,
 And since they are but her cloaths, thou shalt not erre,
 If thou her shape and beauty, and grace commend.

Who knows thy destiny? when thou hast done,
 Perchance her Cabinet may harbour thee,
 Whither all noble ambitious wits do run,
 A nest almost as full of good as she.

When thou art there, if any, whom we know,
 Were sav'd before, and did that heaven partake,
 When she revolves his papers, mark what show
 Of favour, she, alone, to them doth make.

Mark if, to get them, she o're-skip the rest,
 Mark if she read them twice, or kiss the name;
 Mark if she do the same that they protest;
 Mark if she mark whither her woman came.

Mark if sleight things be 'objected, and o'reblown,
 Mark if her oaths against him be not still
 Reserv'd, and that she grieve she's not her own,
 And chides the doctrine that denies Freewill.

I bid thee not doe this to be my spie ;
 Nor to make my self her familiar ;
 But so much I do love her choyce, that I
 Would fain love him that shall be lov'd of her.

To the Countess of Bedford.

Honour is so sublime perfection,
 And so refin'd ; that when God was alone
 And creatureless at first, himself had none ;

But as of the elements, these which we tread,
 Produce all things with which we are joy'd or fed,
 And, those are barren both above our head :

So from low persons doth all honour flow ;
 Kings, whom they would have honoured, to us show,
 And but *direct* our honour, not *bestow*.

For when from herbs the pure part must be won
 From gross, by stilling, this is better done
 By despis'd dung, than by the fire or Sun :

Care not then Madam, 'how low your praises ly ;
 In labourers ballads oft more piety
 God finds, than in *Te deums* melody.

And, Ordinance rais'd on Towers, so many mile
 Send not their voyce, nor last so long a while,
 As fires from th' earths low vaults in *Sicil* Isle.

Should I say I liv'd darker then were true,
 Your radiation can all clouds subdue,
 But one, 'tis best light to contemplate you.

ou, for whose Body God made better clay,
Or took Soules stuff, such as shall late decay,
Or such as needs small change at the last day.

his, as an Amber drop enwraps a Bee,
Coverings discover your quick Soul; that we
May in your through-shine front our hearts thoughts see.

Teach (though we learn not) a thing unknown
To our late times, the use of specular stone,
Through which all things within without were shown.

Of such were Temples; so, and such you are;
Being and seeming is your equal care;
And vertues whole *sum* is but *Know* and *dare*.

Discretion is a wise mans Soul, and so
Religion is a Christians, and you know
How these are one, her yea, is not her no.

But as our Souls of growth and Souls of sense,
Have birthright of our reasons Soul, yet hence
They fly not from that, nor seek precedence:

Natures first lesson, so, discretion,
Must not grudge zeal a place, nor yet keep none,
Not banish it self, nor Religion.

Nor may we hope to soder still and knit
These two, and dare to break them; nor must wit
Be colleague to Religion, but be it.

in those poor types of God (round circles) so
Religions types the peceless centers flow,
And are in all the lines which alwayes go.

If either ever wrought in you alone
 Or principally, then Religion
 Wrought your ends, and your ways discretion.

Go thither still, go the same way you went,
 Who so would change, doth covet or repent ;
 Neither can reach you, great and innocent.

To the Countess of Huntingdon.

That unripe side of earth, that heavy clime
 That gives us man up now, like *Adams* time
 Before he eat; mans shape, that would yet be
 (Knew they not it, and fear'd beasts companie)
 So naked at this day, as though man there
 From Paradise so great a distance were,
 As yet the news could not arriv'd be
 Of *Adam's* tasting the forbidden tree ;
 Depriv'd of that free state which they were in,
 And wanting the reward, yet bear the sin.

But, as from extreme heights who downward looks,
 Sees men at childrens shapes, Rivers at brooks,
 And loseth younger formes; so, to your eye,
 These (*Madam*) that without your distance lie,
 Must either mist, or nothing seem to be,
 Who are at home but wits mere *Atomi*.
 But, I who can behold them move, and stay,
 Have found my self to you, just their midway;
 And now must pity them: for, as they do
 Seem sick to me, just so must I to you,
 Yet neither will I vex your eyes to see
 A sighing Ode, nor cross-arm'd Elegie.
 I come not to call pity from your heart,
 Like some white-liver'd dotard that would part

Else from his slippery soul with a faint groan,
 And faithfully, (without your smile) were gone.
 cannot feel the tempest of a frown,
 may be rais'd by love, but not thrown down,
 though I can pity those sigh twice a day,
 hate that thing whispers it self away.

Yet since all love is *feverish*, who to trees
 Doth talk yet doth in loves cold ague freeze.
 Tis love, but with such fatal weakness made,
 That it destroys it self with its own shade.
 Who first look't sad, griev'd, pin'd, and shew'd his pain,
 Was he that first taught women, to disdain.

As all things were but one nothing, dull and weak,
 Untill this raw disordered heap did break,
 And several desires led parts away,
 Water declin'd with earth, the air did stay,
 Fire rose, and each from other but unty'd,
 Themselves unprison'd were and purify'd :
 So was love, first in vast confusion hid,
 An unripe willingness which nothing did,
 A thirst, an Appetite which had no ease,
 That found a want, but knew not what would please.

What pretty innocence in that day mov'd ?
 Man ignorantly walk'd by her he lov'd ;
 Both sigh'd and enterchang'd a speaking eye,
 Both trembled and were sick, yet knew not why.
 That natural fearfulness that struck man dumb ;
 Might well (those times considered) man become.
 As all discoverers whose first assay
 Findes but the place, after, the nearest way ;
 So passion is to womans love, about,
 Nay, farther off, than when we first set out.
 It is not love that sueth, or doth contend ;
 Love either conquers, or but meets a friend.

Man's better part consists of purer fire,
 And findes it self allowed, e're it desire.
 Love is wise here, keeps home, gives reason sway,
 And journeys not till it finde summer-way.
 A weather-beaten Lover but once known,
 Is sport for every girl to practise on.
 Who strives through womans scorns, women to know,
 Is lost, and seeks his shadow to outgo;
 It is meer sickness after one disdain,
 Though he be call'd aloud, to look again.
 Let others sin, and grieve; one cunning sleight
 Shall freez my Love to Crystal in a night.
 I can love first, and (if I win) love still;
 And cannot be remov'd, unless she will.
 It is her fault, if I unsure remain,
 She only can untie, I bind again.
 The honesties of love with ease I do,
 But am no porter for a tedious woe.

But (Madam) I now think on you; and here
 Where we are at our heights, you but appear,
 We are but clouds, you rise from our noon-ray,
 But a foul shadow, not your break of day.
 You are at first hand all that's fair and right;
 And others good reflects but back your light.
 You are a perfectness, so curious hit,
 That youngest flatteries do scandal it;
 For, what is more doth what you are restrain.
 And though beyond, is down the hill again,
 We have no next way to you, we cross to it;
 You are the straight line, thing prais'd, attribute,
 Each good in you's a light; so many a shade
 You make, and in them are your motions made.
 These are your pictures to the life. From far
 We see you move, and here your *Zani's* are:

o that no fountain good there is, doth grow
 n you, but our dimm actions faintly show :

Then finde I, if mans noblest part be love,
 Your purest luster must that shadow move.

The soul with body, is a heaven combin'd
 With earth, and for mans ease, nearer joyn'd.

Where thoughts the stars of soul we understand,
 We gueſs not their large natures, but command.

And love in you, that bounty is of light,
 That gives to all and yet hath infinite.

Whose heat doth force us thither to intend,
 But soul we finde too earthly to ascend,

'Till slow accels hath made it wholly pure,
 Able immortal clearness to endure.

Who dare aspire this journey with a stain,
 Hath weight will force him headlong back again.

No more can impure man retain and move
 In that pure region of a worthy love :

Then earthly substance can unforc'd aspire,
 And leave his nature to converse with fire :

Such may have eye, and hand ; may sigh, may speak ;
 But like swoln Bubbles when they are highest they brake

Though far remov'd Northern Isles scarce finde
 The Sun's sweet comfort, yet some think him too kind.

There is an equal distance from her eye,
 Men perish too far off, and burn too nigh.

But as ayre takes the Sun-beams equal bright
 From the Raies first, to his last opposite :

So happy man, blest with a vertuous Love,
 Remote or near, or howsoe'r they move ;

Their vertue breaks all clouds that might annoy,
 There is no Emptiness, but all is Joy.

He much profanes (whom valiant heats do move)
 To stile his wandering rage of passion, Love,

Love

Who can of love more rich gift make,
Then to Loves self for loves own sake ?

I'll never dig in Quarry of an heart
to have no part,
Nor rost in fiery eyes, which alwaies are
Canicular.

Who this way would a Lover prove,
May shew his patience, not his love:

A frown may be sometimes for physick good,
But not for food ;

And for that raging humour there is sure
A gentler Cure.

Why bar you love of private end,
Which never should to publique tend ?

To the Countess of Bedford

Begun in France, but never perfected.

THough I be *dead* and buried, yet I have
(Living in you) Court enough in my grave,
As oft as there I think my self to be,
So many resurrections waken me ;
That thankfulness your favours have begot
In me, embalmes me, that I do not rot ;
This season as 'tis Easter, as 'tis spring,
Must both to growth and to confession bring
My thoughts dispos'd unto your influence, so
These verses bud, so these confessions grow ;
First I confess I have to others lent
Your stock, and over prodigally spent

Your

Your treasure, for since I had never known
 Vertue and beauty, but as they are grown
 In you, I should not think or say they shine,
 (So as I have) in any other Mine;
 Next I confesse this my confession,
 For, 'tis some fault thus much to touch upon
 Your praise to you, where half rights seem too much
 And make your minds sincere complexion blush.
 Next I confesse my 'mpenitence, for I
 Can scarce repent my first fault, since thereby
 Remote low Spirits, which shall ne'r read you,
 May in les lessons find enough to do,
 By studying copies, not Originals,

Desunt cetera.

*A Letter to the Lady Carey, and Mrs Essex Riche,
 from Amyens.*

MADAM,

Here where by All, All Saints invoked are,
 'Twere too much schism to be singular,
 And 'gainst a practice general to war.

Yet turning to Sancts, should my 'humility
 To other Saint than you directed be,
 That were to make my schism hereise.

Nor would I be a Convertite so cold,
 As not to tell it, If this be too bold,
 Pardons are in this market cheaply sold.

When

Where because Faith is in too low degree,
I thought it some Apostleship in me
To speak things which by faith alone I see.

That is, of you who are a firmament
Of virtues, where no one is grown, or spent,
They are your materials, not your ornament.

Others whom we call vertuous, are not so
In their whole substance, but, their vertues grow
But in their humours, and at seasons show.

For when, through tasteless flat humidity
In dowe-bak'd men some harmlesness we see,
'Tis but his *flegm* that's *Vertuous*, and not Hee :

So is the Blood sometimes, Who ever ran
To danger unimportun'd, he was than
No better than a *sanguine*-Vertuous man.

So cloysterall men, who, in pretence of fear
All contributions to this life forbear,
Have Vertue in *Melancholy*, and only there.

Spiritual *Cholerique* Critiques which in all
Religions finde faults, and forgive no fall,
Have, through this zeal, Vertue but in their Gall.

We are thus but parcel guilt; to Gold we are grown
When Vertue is our Souls complexion;
Who knows his Vertues name or place hath none.

Vertue's but aguish, when 'tis severall,
By occasion wak'd, and circumstantial,
True vertue is *Soul*, Alwaies in all deeds *All*.

This Vertue thinking to give dignity
To your soul, found there no inhrmity,
For, your soul was as good Vertue as she ;

She therefore wrought upon that part of you
Which is scarce less than soul, as she could do,
And so hath made your beauty, Vertue too.

Hence comes it, that your Beauty wounds not hearts
As others, with prophane and sensual Darts,
But as an influence, vertuou thoughts imparts.

But if such friends by the honour of your sight
Grow capable of this so great a light
As to partake your vertues, and their might :

What must I think that influence must do,
Where it finds sympathy and matter too,
Vertue, and beauty of the same stufte, as you ?

Which is, your noble worthy sister ; she
Of whom, if what in this my Extrastie
And revelation of you both I see,

I should write here, as in short Galleries
The Master at the end large glasses ties,
So to present the room twice to our eyes :

So I should give this letter length, and say
That which I said of you; there is no way
From either, but to the other, not to stray.

May therefore this be enough to testify
My true devotion, free from flattery;
He that beleeves himself, doth never lie.

To the Countess of Salisbury. August. 1614.

FAir, great, and good, since seeing you we see
What heaven can doe, and what any Earth can be:
Since now your beauty shines, now when the Sun
Grown stale, is to so low a value run,
That his dishevel'd beams, and scattered fires
Serve but for Ladies Periwigs and Tyres
In Lovers Sonnets: you come to repair
Gods book of creatures, teaching what is fair.
Since now, when all is withered, shrunk and dry'd,
All vertues eb'd out to a dead low tyde,
All the worlds frame being crumbled into sand,
Where every man thinks by himself to stand,
Integrity, friendship and confidence,
(Ciments of greatness) being vapour'd hence,
And narrow man being fill'd with little shares,
Courts, City, Church, are all shops of small-wares,
All having blown to sparkes their noble fire,
And drawn their sound gold ingot, into wyre;
All trying by a love of littleness
To make abridgments and to draw to less,
Even that nothing, which at first we were,
Since in these times your greatness doth appear,

And

And that we learn by it, that man to get
Towards him that's infinite, must first be great.
Since in an age so ill, as none is fit
So much as to accuse, much less mend it,
(For who can judge, or witness of those times,
Where all alike are guilty of the crimes?)
Where he that would be good, is thought by all
A monster, or at best phantastical:
Since now you durst be good, and that I do
Discern by daring to contemplate you,
That there may be degrees of fair, great, good,
Through your lights largeness, vertue understood:
If in this sacrifice of mine, be shown
Any small spark of these, call it your own:
And if things like these have been said by me
Of others; call not that Idolatrie.
For had God made man first and man had seen
The third daies fruits and flowers, and various green,
He might have said the best that he could say
Of those fair creatures which were made that day:
And when next day he had admir'd the birth
Of Sun, Moon, Stars, fairer than late-prais'd earth,
He might have said the best that he could say,
And not be chid for praising yesterday:
So though some things are not together true,
As, that another is worthiest, and, that you:
Yet, to say so, doth not condemn a man,
If when he spoke them, they were both true than:
How fair a proof of this in our soul grows,
We first have souls of growth, and sense; and those
When our last soul, our soul immortal came,
Were swallow'd into it, and have no name
Nor doth he injure those souls, which doth cast
The power and praise of both them on the last;

No more do I wrong any, if I adore
 The same things now which I ador'd before,
 The subject chang'd, and measure; the same thing
 In a low constable, and in the King
 reverence; His power to work on me;
 So did I humbly reverence each degree
 Of fair, great, good, but more, now I am come
 From having found their *walks*, to finde their *home*;
 And as I owe my first souls thanks, that they
 For my last soul did fit and mould my clay,
 So am I debtor unto them, whose worth
 Enabled me to profit, and take forth
 This new great lesson, thus to study you;
 Which none, not reading others, first, could do.
 Nor lack I light to read this book, though I
 In a dark Cave, yea in a Grave doe lie;
 For as your fellow Angels, so you doe
 Illustrate them who come to study you.
 The first whom we in Histories do find
 To have profest all Arts, was one born blind:
 He lackt those eyes beasts have as well as we,
 Not those, by which Angels are seen and see;
 So though I'am born without those eyes to live,
 Which Fortune, who hath none her self, doth give,
 Which are fit means to see, bright courts and you,
 Yet may I see you thus, as now I doe;
 I shall by that all goodnes have discern'd,
 And though I burn my Library, be learn'd.

To the Countess of Bedford.

YOU that are she, and you that's double she;
 In her dead face, half of your self shall see;
 O She

She was the other part; for so they do
 Which build them friendships, become one of the two
 So two, that but themselves no third can fit
 Which were to be so, when they were not yet.
 Twins, though their birth *Cusco*, and *Musco* take,
 As divers stars one Constellation make,
 Pair'd like two eyes, have equal motion, so
 Both but one means to see, one way to go;
 Had you dy'd first, a carcass she had been;
 And we your rich Tomb in her face had seen;
 She like the soul is gone, and you here stay,
 Not a live friend, but th' other half of clay;
 And since you act that part, As men say, here
 Lies such a Prince, when but one part is there;
 And do all honour and devotion due
 Unto the whole, so we all reverence you;
 For such a friendship, who would not adore
 In you, who are all what both were before,
 Not all as if some perished by this,
 But so, as all in you contracted is;
 As of this all, though many parts decay,
 The pure which elemented them shall stay;
 And though diffus'd, and spread in infinite,
 Shall recollect and in one All unite:
 So Madam, as her Soul to heaven is fled,
 Her flesh rests in the earth, as in the bed;
 Her vertues doe, as to their proper sphear,
 Return to dwell with you of whom they were:
 As perfect motions are all circular,
 So they to you, their sea, whence less streams are.
 She was all spices, you all metals; so
 In you two we did both rich Indies know.
 And as no fire nor rust can spend or waste
 One dram of Gold, but what was first shall last;

Thoug

Though it be forc'd in water, earth, salt, air,
 Expans'd in infinite, none will impair;
 So, to your self you may additions take,
 But nothing can you less, or changed make:
 Seek not in seeking new, to seem to doubt;
 That you can match her, or not be without;
 But let some faithful book in her room be,
 Yet but of *Judith* no such book as shee.

Sapho to Philenis.

WHere is that holy fire, which *Verse* is said
 To have? is that inchanting force decay'd?
Verse that draws *Natures* work, from *Natures* law,
 Thee, her best work, to her work cannot draw.
 Have my tears quench'd my old *Poétique* fire;
 Why quench'd they not as well, that of *desire*?
 Thoughts, my minds creatures, often are with thee,
 But I, their maker, want their liberty;
 Onely thine image, in my heart, doth sit,
 But that is wax, and fires environ it.
 My fires have driven, thine have drawn it hence;
 And I am rob'd of *Picture*, *Heart*, and *Sense*.
 Dwells with me still, mine irksome *Memory*:
 Which, both to keep, and lose grieves equally.
 That tells me how fair thou art: Thou art so fair,
 As *gods*, when *gods* to thee I do compare,
 Are grac'd thereby; And to make blinde men see,
 What things *gods* are, I say they are like to thee,
 For, if we justly call each silly *man*
 A little world, what shall we call thee than?

Thou art not soft, and clear, and straight, and fair,
 As, *Downe*, as *Stars*, *Cedars*, and *Lillies* are,
 But thy right hand, and cheek, and eye onely
 Are like thy other hand, and cheek, and eye.
 Such was my *Phao* a while, but shall be never,
 As thou, wast, art, and, oh, maist thou be ever.
 Here lovers swear in their *Idolaty*,
 That I am such; but *Grief* discolours me.
 And yet I grieve the less, lest grief remove
 My beauty, and make me unworthy of thy love.
 Playes some soft boy with thee, oh there wants yet
 A mutual feeling which should sweeten it,
 His chin, a thorny hairy unevenness
 Doth threaten, and some daily change possess.
 Thy body is a natural *Paradise*,
 In whose self, unmanur'd, all pleasure lies,
 Nor needs *perfection*; why shouldst thou than
 Admit the tillage of a harsh rough man?
 Men leave behind them that which their sin shows,
 And are, as theeves trac'd, which rob when it snows,
 But of our dalliance no more signs there are,
 Than *fishes* leave in streames, or *Birds* in air.
 And between us all sweetness may be had;
 All, all that *Nature* yeelds, or *Art* can adde.
 My two lips, eyes, thighs, differ from thy two,
 But so, as thine from one another do:
 And, oh, no more; the likeness being such,
 Why should they not alike in all parts touch?
 Hand to strange hand, lip to lip none denies;
 Why should they brest to brest, or thighs to thighs?
 Likeness begets such strange self-flatterie,
 That touching my self all seems done to thee.
 My self I embrace, and mine own hands I kiss,
 And amorously thank my self for this.

Me, in my glass, I call thee; But alas,
 When I would kiss, tears dim mine eyes, and *glass*.
 O cure this loving madness, and restore
 Me to me; thee my *half*, my *all*, my *more*.
 So may thy cheeks red outwear scarlet die,
 And their white, whiteness of the *Galaxy*,
 So may thy mighty amazing beauty move
 Envy in all *women*, and in all *men love*,
 And so be change and sickness far from thee,
 As thou by coming near, keep'st them from me,

To Ben. Johnson, 6. Jan. 1603.

THE State and mens affairs are the best playes
 Next yours, 'Tis not more nor less than due praise:
 Write, but touch nor the much descending race
 Of Lord's houses, so settled in worths place,
 As but themselves none can think them usurpers.
 It is no fault in thee to suffer theirs.
 If the Queen Masque, or King a hunting go,
 Though all the Court follow, Let them. We know
 Like them in goodness that Court ne'r will be,
 For that were vertue, and not flatterie.
 Forget we were thrust out. It is but thus,
 God threatens Kings, Kings Lords, as Lords do us.
 Judge of strangers, Trust and beleeeve your friend,
 And so me; And when I true frindship end,
 With guilty conscience let me be worse stung
 Then with *Pophams* sentence theeves, or *Cooks* tongae
 Traitors are. Friends are our selves. This I thee tell
 As to my friend, and to my self as Counsel:
 Let for a while the times unthrifty rout
 Contemn learning, and all your studies flout.

Let them scorn Hell, they will a Sergeant fear,
 More than we them; that ere long God may forbear,
 But Creditors will not. Let them increase
 In riot and excess as their means cease,
 Let them scorn him that made them, and still shun
 His Grace, but love the whore who hath undone
 Them and their souls. But; that they that allow
 But one God, should have religions enough
 For the Queens Masque, and their husbands, for more
 Then all the Gentiles knew, or *Atlas* bore.
 Well, let all pass, and trust him who nor cracks
 The bruised Reed, nor quengeth smoaking flax.

To Ben. Johnson, 9. Novembris, 1603.

IF great men wrong me, I will spare my self;
 If mean I will spare them, I know the pelf
 Which is ill got the Owner doth upbraid,
 It may corrupt a Judge, make me afraid
 And a Jury. But twill revenge in this,
 That, though himself be Judge, he guilty is,
 What care I though of weaknes men tax me?
 I had rather sufferer than doer be,
 That I did trust, it was my Natures praise.
 For breach of word I knew but as a praise,
 That judgment is, that surely can comprise
 The world in precepts, most happy and most wise.
 What though? Though less, yet some of both have we
 Who have learn'd it by use and misery.
 Poor I, whom every petty cross doth trouble,
 Who apprehend each hurt that's done me double,
 Am of this (though it should sink me) careless,
 It would but force me to a stricter goodnes.

The

They have great gain of me, who gain do win,
 (If such gain be not los) from every sin.
 The standing of great mens lives would afford
 A pretty sum, if God would sell his Word.
 He cannot; they can theirs, and break them too.
 How unlike they are that they are likened to?
 Yet I conclude, they are amidst my evils,
 If good, like Gods, the naught are so like devils.

To Sir Tho. Rowe. 1603.

Dear Tom:

Tell her if she to hired servants shew
 Dislike, before they take their leave they go;
 When nobler spirits start at no disgrace,
 For who hath but one mind, hath but one face.
 If then why I take not my leave she ask,
 Ask her again why she did not unmask.
 Was she or proud or cruel, or knew she
 'Twould make my los more felt, and pityed me?
 Or did she fear one kiss might stay for me?
 Or else was she unwilling I should go?
 I think the best. and love; so faithfully,
 I cannot chuse but think that she loves me.
 If this prove not my faith, then let her try
 How in her service I would fructifie.
 Ladies have boldly lov'd; bid her renew
 That decay'd worth, and prove the times past true.
 Then he whose wit and verse grows now so lame,
 With songs to her will the wild Irish tame.
 Howe'r, I'll wear the black and white ribband,
 White for her fortunes, black for mine shall stand.

I do esteem her favour, not the stuff;
 If what I have was given, I have enough,
 And all's well, for had she lov'd, I had not had
 All my friends hate, for now departing sad
 I feel not that: Yet as the Rack the Gout
 Cures, so hath *this* worse grief *that* quite put out:
 My first disease nought but that worse cureth;
 Which (I dare forefay) nothing cures but death.
 Tell her all this before I am forgot,
 That not too late she grieve she lov'd me not.
 Burdened with this, I was to depart less
 Willing then those which die, and not confess.

The end of the Letters.

ANA

+ O.

ANATOMIE OF THE WORLD.

Wherein,

By occasion of the untimely death of Mistris
ELIZABETH DRURY, the frailty
and the decay of this whole World
is represented.

The first Anniversary.

To the praise of the dead, and the
ANATOMY.

Well dy'd the World, that we might live to see
This world of wit, in his Anatomie :
No evil wants his good, so wilder heirs
Bedew their Fathers Tombes with forced tears,
Whose state requites their los : whiles thus we gain,
Well may we walk in blacks, but not complain.
Yet how can I consent the world is dead
Whiles this Muse lives ? which in his spirits stead
Seems to inform a world ; and bids it be,
In spight of los or frail mortality ?
And thou the subject of this wellborn thought,
Thrice noble maid, couldst not have found nor sought
A fitter time to yeeld to thy sad Fate,
Then whiles this spirit lives that can relate

Thy

Thy worth so well to our last Nephews eyne,
 That they shall wonder both at his and thine :
 Admired match ! where strives in mutual grace
 The cunning pencil, and the comely face :
 A task which thy fair goodness made too much
 For the bold pride of vulgar pens to touch ;
 Enough it is to praise them that praise thee,
 And say, that but enough those praises be,
 Which, hadst thou liv'd, had hid their fearful head
 From the angry checkings of thy modest red :
 Death bars reward and shame, when envy's gone,
 And gain, 'tis safe to give the dead their own.
 As then the wise Egyptians wont to lay
 More on their Tombs, than houses: these of clay,
 But those of brass, or marble were : so we
 Give more unto thy Ghost, than unto thee,
 Yet what we give to thee, thou gav'st to us,
 And may'st but thank thy self, for being thus :
 Yet what thou gav'st and wert, O happy maid,
 Thy grace profest all due, where 'tis repaid.
 So these high songs that to thee suited bin,
 Serve but to sound thy Makers praise and thine,
 Which thy dear soul as sweetly sings to him
 Amid the quire of Saints, and Seraphim,
 As any Angels tongues can sing of thee ;
 The subjects differ, though the skill agree :
 For as by infant years men judge of age,
 Thy early love, thy vertues did presage
 What high part thou bear'st in those best of Songs,
 Where to no burden, nor no end belongs.
 Sing on thou virgin Soul, whole lossful gain
 Thy love-sick parents have bewail'd in vain ;
 Never may thy name be in songs forgot,
 Till we shall sing thy ditty and thy note.

An Anatomy of the World.

The first Anniversary.

When that rich Soul which to her heaven is gone,
Whom all do celebrate, who know they have one,
Or who is sure he hath a Soul, unless
See, and judg, and follow worthines,
And by deeds praise it? he who doth not this,
May lodg an inmate soul, but 'tis not his)
When that Queen ended here her progress time,
And, as t' her standing house to heaven did clime;
Where loath to make the Saints attend her long,
She's now a part both of the Quire and Song:
This World, in that great earthquake languished;
Or in a common bath of tears it bled,
Which drew the strongest vital spirits out:
But succour'd them with a perplexed doubt,
Whether the world did lose, or gain in this,
Because since now no other way there is,
But goodness, to see her, whom all would see,
All must endeavour to be good as she)
This great consumption to a fever turn'd,
And so the world had fits; it joy'd, it mourn'd;
And, as men think, that Agues physick are,
And th' ague being spent, give over care:
So thou sick world, mistak'st thy self to be
Well, when alas, thou art in a Lethargie:
Her death did wound and tame thee than, and than
Thou might'st have better spar'd the Sun or man.
That wound was deep, but 'tis more misery,
That thou hast lost thy sense and memory.

:Twas

'Twas heavy then to hear thy voice of moan,
 But this is worse that thou art speechless grown.
 Thou hast forgot thy name thou hadst; thou wast
 Nothing but she, and her thou hast o'rpast.
 For as a child kept from the fount, until
 A Prince, expected long, come to fulfil
 The ceremonies, thou unnam'd hadst laid,
 Had not her comming, thee her palace made:
 Her name defin'd thee, gave thee form and frame,
 And thou forgett'st to celebrate thy name.
 Some moneths she hath been dead (but being dead,
 Measures of time are all determin'd)
 But long she hath been away, long, long, yet none
 Offers to tell us who it is that's gone.
 But as in States doubtful of future heirs,
 When sickness without remedie impairs
 The present Prince, they'r loath it should be said,
 The Prince doth languish or the Prince is dead:
 So mankind, feeling now a general thaw,
 A stronge example gone, equal to law,
 The Cymment which did faithfully compact,
 And give all vertues, now resolv'd and slack'd,
 Thought it some blasphemy to say she was dead,
 Or that our weakness was discovered
 In that confession; therefore spoke no more,
 Than tongues, the Soul being gone, the loss deplore.
 But though it be too late to succour thee,
 Sick World, yea dead, yea putrified, since she
 Thy 'intrinsicke balm, and thy preservative,
 Can never be renew'd, thou never live,
 I (since no man can make thee live) will trie,
 What we may gain by thy Anatomy.
 Her death hath taught us dearly, that thou art
 Corrupt and mortal in thy purest part.

et no man say, the world it self being dead,
 'Tis labour lost to have discovered
 The worlds infirmities, since there is none
 Alive to study this dissection;
 For there's a kind of World remaining still,
 Though she which did inanimate and fill
 The world, be gone, yet in this last long night,
 Her Ghost doth walk, that is, a glimmering light,
 A faint weak love of vertue, and of good
 Reflects from her, on them which understood
 Her worth, and though she have shut in all day,
 The twilight of her memory doth stay;
 Which, from the carcass of the old world, free,
 Creates a new world, and new creatures be
 Produc'd: the matter and the stufte of this,
 Her vertue, and the form our practise is:
 And though to be thus elemented, arm
 These creatures, from homeborn intrinſique harm,
 (For all aſſum'd unto this dignitie,
 So many weedleſs Paradifes be,
 Which of themſelves produce no venomous ſin,
 Except ſome forain Serpent bring it in)
 Yet becauſe outward ſtorms the ſtrongeſt break,
 And ſtrength it ſelf by confidence grows weak,
 This new world may be ſafer, being told
 The dangers and diſeaſes of the old:
 For with due temper men do them forgoe,
 Or covet things, when they their true worth know,
 There is no health; Phyſitians ſay that we,
 At beſt, enjoy but a neutrality.
 And can there be worſe ſickneſs, than to know,
 That we are never well, nor can be ſo?
 We are born ruinous: poor mothers cry,
 That Children come not right nor orderly,
 Except