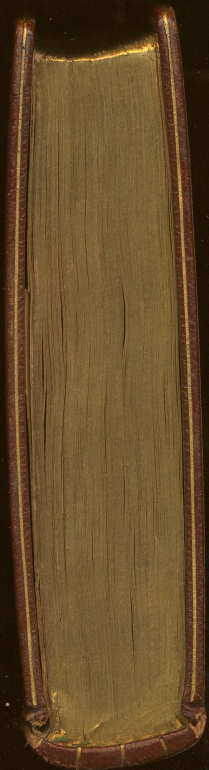
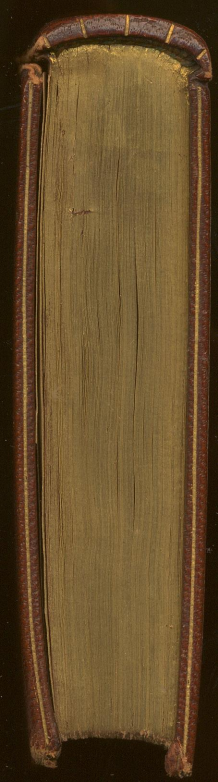


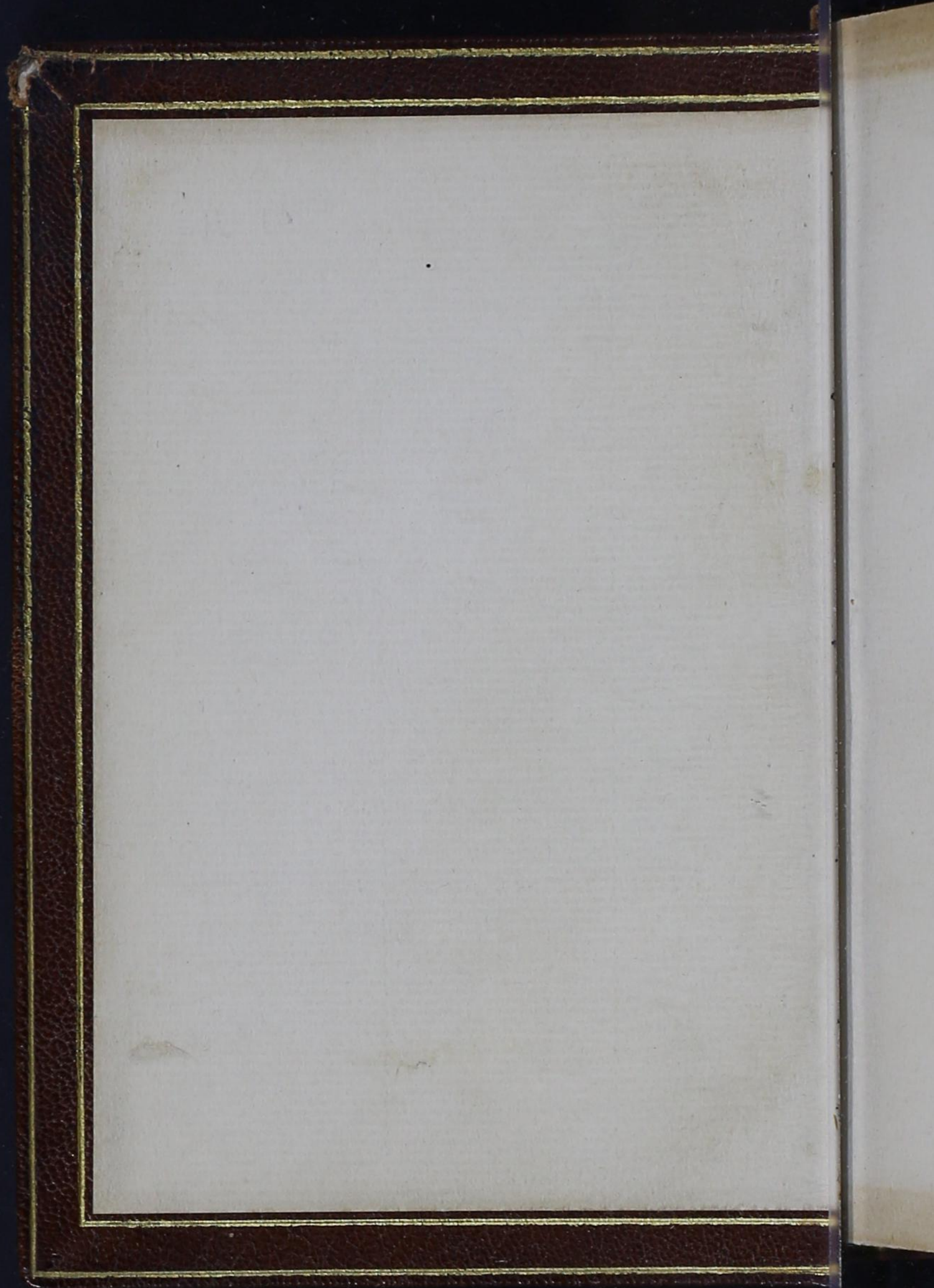
DONNE'S
POEMS

1639



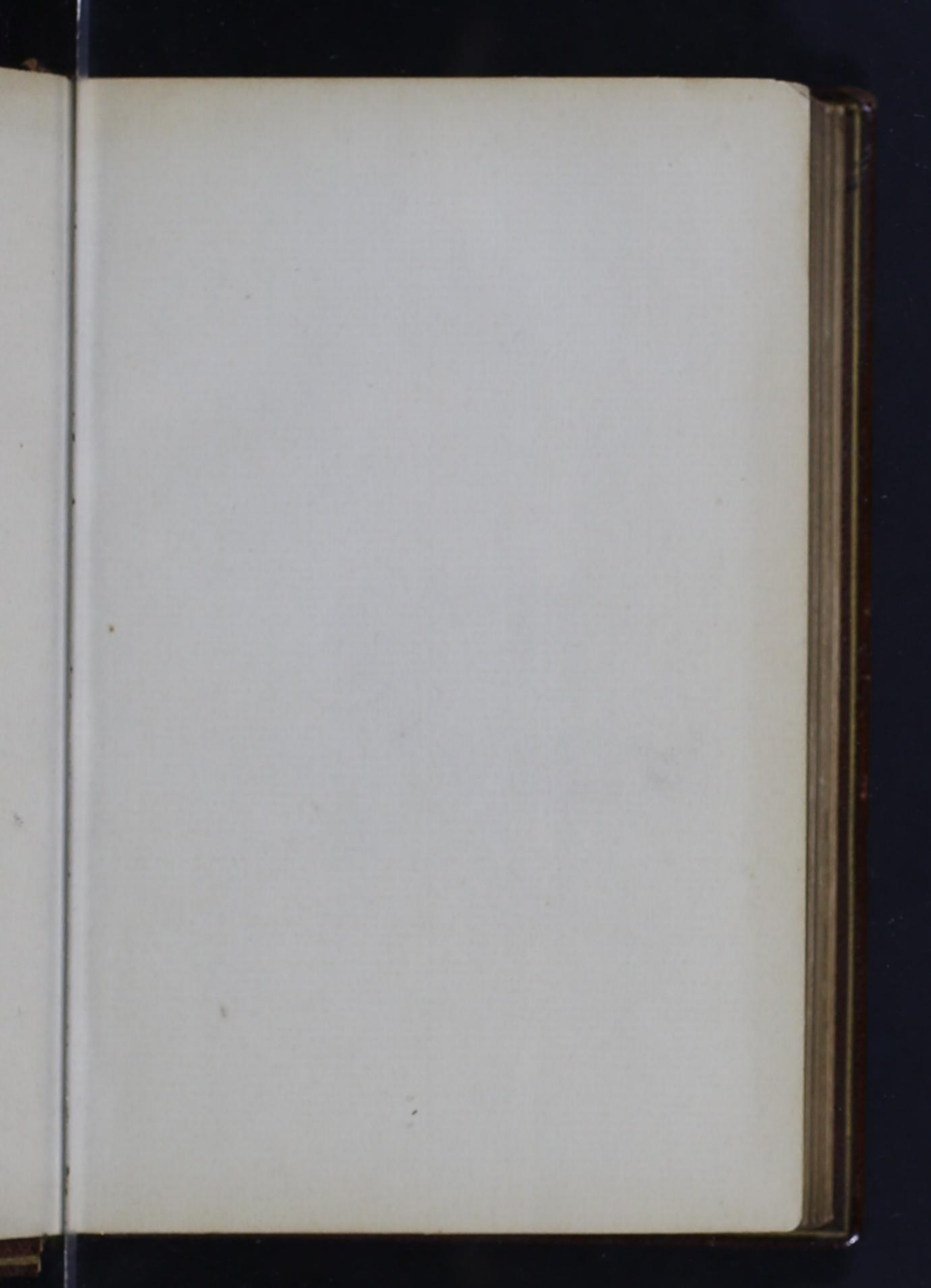


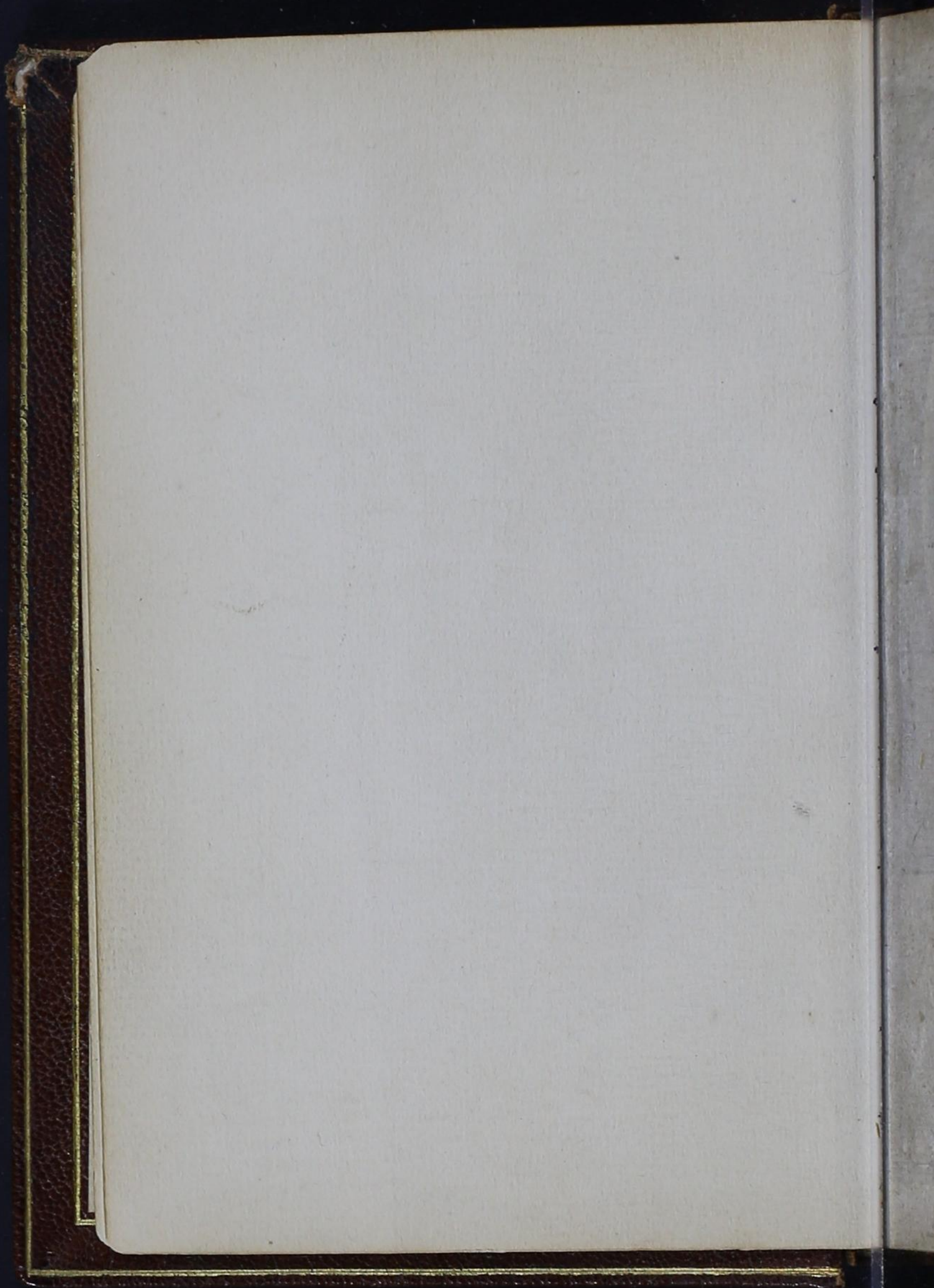


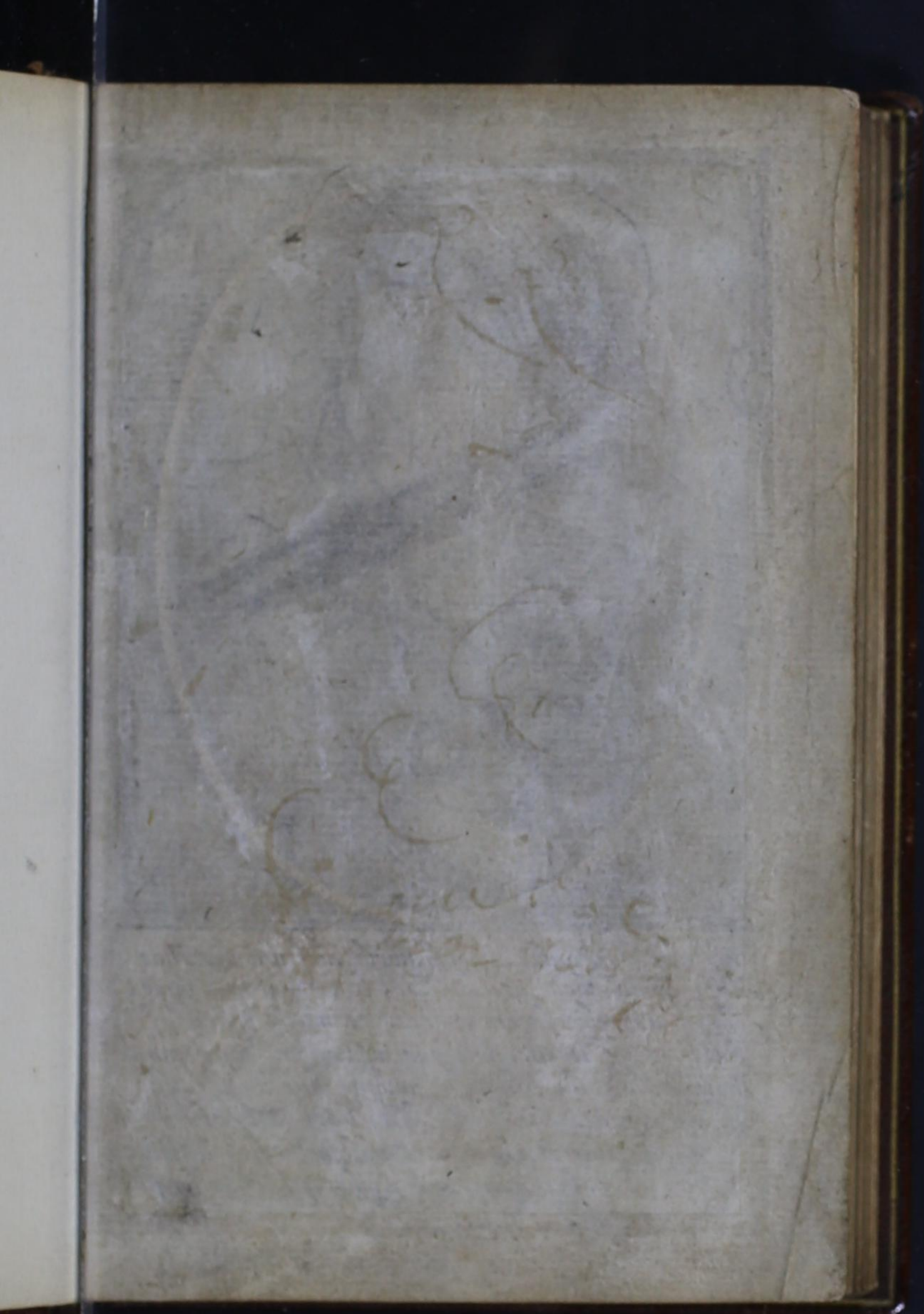


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ANNO DNI. 1591.

ÆTATIS SVÆ. 18.

ANTES

MVDADO

INVERTO QVE



*This was for youth, Strength, Mirth, and wit that Time
Most count their golden Age; but t'was not thine.
Thine was thy later yeares, so much refined
From youths Dross, Mirth, & wit; as thy pure mind
Thought (like the Angels) nothing but the Praise
Of thy Creator, in those last, best Dayes.
Witness this Booke, (thy Embleme) which begins
With Love; but endes, with Sighes, & Teares for sinns.*

Will: Marshall. sculpsit.

I Z: W A:

POEMS,

By J. D.

WITH

ELEGIES

ON

THE AUTHORS

DEATH.



L O N D O N,

Printed by M. F. for JOHN MARRIOT,
and are to be sold at his Shop in *S^t Dunstons*
Church-yard in *Fleet-street*.

1 6 3 9.

POEMS

WITH

ELIGES

ON

THE AUTHOR

DEATH

AND

THE

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If you lo
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RARE
BOOKS
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THE
P R I N T E R
TO THE
UNDERSTANDERS.



Or this time I must
speake onely to you :
at another, *Readers*
may perchance serve
my turne; and I think
this a way very free from exception,
in hope that very few will have a
minde to confesse themselves igno-
rant.

If you looke for an Epistle, as you
have before ordinary publications, I
am sorry that I must deceive you;
but you will not lay it to my charge,

when you shall consider that this is not ordinary, for if I should say it were the best in this kinde, that ever this Kingdome hath yet seen; he that would doubt of it, must goe out of the Kingdome to informe himselfe, for the best judgements, within it, take it for granted.

You may imagine (if it please you) that I could endeare it unto you, by saying, that importunity drew it on; that had it not beene presented here, it would have come to us from beyond the Seas; (which perhaps is true enough,) That my charge and pains in procuring of it hath beene such, and such. I could adde hereto, a promise of more correctnesse or inlargement in the next Edition, if you shall

in

in the mean time content you with this. But these things are so common, as that I should profane this Peece by applying them to it; a Peece which who so takes not as he finds it, in what manner soever, he is unworthy of it, sith a scattered limbe of this Author, hath more amiableness in it, in the eye of a discerner, than a whole body of some other; Or, (to expresse him best by himselfe) — *A hand, or eye,*

*In the
storme.*

By Hilyard drawne, is worth a history

By a worse Painter made, —

If any man (thinking I speak this to enflame him for the vent of the Impression) bee of another opinion, I shall as willingly spare his money as his judgement. I cannot lose so much

by him as he will by himselfe. For I shall satisfie my selfe with the conscience of well doing, in making so much good, common.

Howsoever it may appear to you, it shall suffice mee to enforme you, that it hath the best warrant that can be, publique Authority, and private friends.

There is one thing more wherein I will make you of my counsell, and that is, That whereas it hath pleased some, who had studyed and did admire him, to offer to the memory of the Author, not long after his decease, I have thought I should doe you service in presenting them unto you now; onely whereas, had I placed them in the beginning, they might

might have serv'd for so many Encomiums of the Author (as is usuall in other works, where perhaps there is need of it, to prepare men to digest such stuffe as follows after,) you shall here find them in the end, for who-soever reades the rest so far, shall perceive that there is no occasion to use them to that purpose; yet there they are, as an attestation for their sakes that knew not so much before, to let them see how much honour was attributed to this worthy man, by those that are capable to give it.

Farewell.

Hexastichon Bibliopolæ.

I See in his last preach'd, and printed Booke,
His Picture in a sheet; in Pauls I looke,
And see his Statue 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.

Hexastichon ad Bibliopolam.
Incerti.

IN thy Impression of Donnes Poems rare,
For his Eternitie 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 t' Eternity.

Songs

SONGS

A N D

SONETS.

The Flea.

MArke but this flea, and marke in this,
 How little that which thou deny'st me is;
 It suck'd me first, and now sucks thee,
 And in this flea, our two bloods mingled be;
 Thou know'st that this cannot be said
 A sinne, nor shame, nor losse of Maidenhead,
 Yet this enjoys before it wooe,
 And pampers'd swells with one blood made of two
 And this, alas, is more than we would doe.

Oh stay, three lives in one flea spare,
 Where we almost, yea more then maryed are.
 This flea is you and I, and this
 Our mariage bed, and mariage temple is;
 Though Parents grudge, and you, w'are met,
 And cloyster'd in these living wals of Jet.
 Though use make you apt to kill me,
 Let not to that, selfe-murder added be,
 And sacrilege, three sins in killing three.

Cruell

Cruell and sodaine, hast thou since
 Purpled thy Nayle, in blood of innocence ?
 Wherein could this flea guilty be,
 Except in that drop which it suck'd from thee ?
 Yet thou triumph'st, and saist that thou
 Find'st not thy selfe, nor me the weaker now ;
 'Tis true, then learne how false, feares be ;
 Iust so much honour, when thou yeeldst to me,
 Will wast, as this flea's death tooke 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 countrey pleasures, childishly ?
 Or snorted we in the seven-sleepers den ?
 'Twas so ; But this, all pleasures fancies be,
 If ever any beauty I did see,
 Which I desir'd, and got, 'twas but a dreame of thee.

And now good-morrow to our waking soules,
 Which watch not one another out of feare ;
 For love, all love of other sights controules,
 And makes one little roome, an every where.
 Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone,
 Let Maps to other, worlds on worlds have showne,
 Let us possesse one world, each hath one, and is one.

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appears,
 And true plaine hearts doe in the faces rest,

Where

Where can we finde two lither hemispheres
Without sharp North, without declining West?
What ever dies, was 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 childe a mandrake root,
Tell me, where all past yeares are,
Or who cleft the Devils foot,
Teach me to heare Mermaids singing,
Or to keep off envies stinging,
And finde
What winde
Serves to advance an honest minde.

If thou beest borne to strange fights,
Things invisable to see,
Ride ten thousand dayes and nights,
Till age snow white haire on thee,
Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me
All strange wonders that befell thee,
And sweare
No where
Lives a woman true, and faire.

If thou find' st one, let me know,
Such a Pilgrimage were sweet,

Yet

Yet doe not, I would not goe,
 Though at next doore we might meer,
 Though she were true when you met her,
 And last, till you write your letter,
 Yet she
 Will be
 False, ere I come, to two or three.

Womans constancy.

NOW thou hast lov'd me one whole day, (say)
 To morrow when thou leav'st, what wilt thou
 Wilt thou then Antedate some new made vow?
 Or say that now
 We are not just those persons, which we were?
 Or, that oathes made in reverentiall feare
 Of love, and his wrath, any may forswear?
 (For, as true deaths true mariages untie,
 So lovers contracts, images of those,
 Binde but till sleepe, deaths image, them unloose?)
 Or, your owne end to Iustifie,
 For having purpos'd change, and falsehood; you
 Can have no way but falsehood to be true?
 Vaine lunatique, against these scapes I could
 Dispute, and conquer, if I would,
 Which I abstaine to doe,
 For by to morrow, I may thinke so too.

The

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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 madnesse now t' impart
The skill of specular stone,
When he which can have learn'd the art,
To cut it can finde none.

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

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

If, as I have, you also doe
Vertue in woman see,
And dare love that, and say so too;
And forget the Hee and Shee;

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

Then

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

X
The Sunne Rising.

BVsie old foole, unruly Sunne,
 Why dost thou thus,
 Through windows, and through curtains call on us?
 Must to thy motions Lovers seasons runne?
 Sawcy pedantique wretch, goe chide
 Late Schoole-boyes, and fowre-prentices,
 Goe tell Court-huntsmen, that the King will ride,
 Call Countrey Ants to harvest offices;
 Love, all alike, no season knowes nor clime,
 Nor hours, dayes, months, which are the rags of time.

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

She's

She's all States, and all Princes, I,
Nothing else is.

Princes doe but play us ; compar'd to this,
All honour's mimique ; All wealth alchymy ;
Thou Sunne art halfe 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 here to us, and thou art every where,
This bed thy center is, these wals, thy spheare.

The indifferent.

I Can love both faire and browne, (betrayes,
Her whom abundance melts, and her whom want
Her who loves lonenes best, & her who masks & plaies
Her whom the country form'd, and whom the town,
Her who beleeves, and her who tries,
Her who still weeps with spungie eyes,
And her who is dry Corke. 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 ?
Wil it not serve your turn to do, as did your mothers ?
Or have you all old vices spēt, & now would find out
Or doth a fear, that men are true, tor- (others?
Oh we are not, be not you so, ment you ?
Let me ; and doe you, twenty know.
Rob me, but bind me not, and let me goe.

Must

Must I, who came to travell thorow you,
Grow your fixt subject, because you are true ?

Venus heard me sigh this song,
And by Loves sweetest Part, 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
Poore Heretiques in love there be,
Which thinke to stablish dangerous constancy.
But I have told them, since you will be true,
You shall be true to them who'are false to you.

Loves Vsurry.

FOr every houre that thou wilt spare me now,
I will allow,
Vsurious God of Love, twenty to thee,
When with my browne, my gray haire equall bee ;
Till then, Love, let my body range, and let
Me travell, sojourn, match, plot, have, forget,
Resume my last yeares reliēt : thinke that yet
We had never met.

Let me thinke any rivals letter mine,
And at next nine
Keepe midnights promise ; mistake by the way
The maid, and tell the Lady of that delay ;
Onely let me love none, no not the sport
From countrey grasse, to comfitures of Court,
Or cities quelque choses, let not report
My mind transport.

This

Songs and Sonets.

9

This bargain's good; if when I'm old, I bee
Inflam'd by thee,
If thine owne honour, or my shame and paine,
Thou covet most at that age thou shalt gaine.
Doe thy will then, then subject and degree,
And fruit of love, Love I submit to thee,
Spare mee till then, I'le beare it, though shee bee
One that love mee.

The Canonization.

For Godfake hold your tongue, and let me love,
Or chide my palfie, or my gout,
My true gray haire, or ruin'd fortune flout, (prove
With wealth your state, your minde with Arts im-
Take you a course, get you a place,
Observe his honour, or his grace,
Or the Kings reall, or his stamped face
Contemplete, what you will, approve,
So you will let mee love.

Alas, alas, who's injur'd by my love?
What Merchants ships have my sighs drown'd?
Who saies my teares have overflow'd his ground?
When did my colds a forward spring remove?
When did the heats which my veines fill
Adde one more to the plague Bill?
Soldiers find warres, and Lawyers find out still
Litigious men, which quarrels move,
Though she and I doe love.

B

Call

This

Call us what you will, we are made such by love
 Call her one, me another flie,
 We are Tapers too, and at our owne cost die,
 And we in us finde th' Eagle and the Dove,
 The Phoenix riddle hath more wit
 By us, we two being one, are it.
 So, to one neutrall 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 tombes and hearse
 Our legend be, it will be fit for verse;
 And if no peece of Chronicle we prove,
 Wee'll build in sonnets pretty roomes;
 As well a well-wrought urne becomes
 The greatest ashes, as halfe-acre tombes,
 And by those hymnes all shall approve
 Vs 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, & dro
 Into the glasses of your eyes
 So made such mirrours, and such spies,
 That they did all to you epitomize,
 Countries, Townes, Courts; Beg from above
 A patterne of our love.

The triple Foole.

I Am two fooles, I know,
 For loving, and for saying so
 In whining Poetry;
 But where's that wise man, that would not be I,
 If she would not deny
 Then as th' earths inward narrow crooked lanes
 Doe purge sea waters fretfull salt away,
 I thought, if I could draw my paines,
 Through Rimes vexation, I should them allay,
 Griefe brought to numbers cannot be so fierce,
 For, He tames it, that fetters it in verse.

But when I have done so,
 Some man his art and voice to shew,
 Doth Set and sing my paine,
 And, by delighting many, frees againe
 Griefe, which Verse did reſtraine
 To Love, and Griefe, 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 fooles, doe ſo grow three;
 Who are a little wiſe, the beſt fooles be.

Lovers infinitenesse.

IF yet I have not all thy love,
 Deare, I shall never have it all,
 I cannot breathe one other sigh, to move;
 Nor can intreat one other teare to fall;
 And all my treasure, which should purchase thee,
 Sighs, teares, and oathes, and letters I have spent,
 Yet no more can be due to mee,
 That at the bargaine made was ment,
 If then thy gift of love were partiall,
 That some to me, some should to others fall,
 Deare, I shall never have it All.

Or if then thou gavest me All,
 All was but All, which thou hadst 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 teares,
 In sighs, in oathes, in letters outbid me,
 This new love may beget new feares,
 For this love was not vowed by thee.
 And yet it was, thy gift being generall,
 The ground, thy heart was mine, what ever shall
 Grow there, deare, 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

few growth, thou shouldst have new rewards in
 thou canst not every day give me thy heart, I (store;
 thou canst give it, then thou never gavest it:
 loves riddles are, that though thy heart depart,
 it staves at home, and thou with losing savest it:
 but we will have a way more liberall,
 when changing hearts, to joyne them, so we shall
 Be one, and one anothers All.

Song.

Weetest Love, I doe not goe,
 For wearinesse of thee,
 nor in hope the world can show
 A fitter Love for mee,
 But since that I
 at the last must part, 'tis best,
 Thus to use my selfe in jest
 By fained deaths to dye;

esternight the Sunne went hence,
 And yet is here to day,
 he hath no desire nor sense,
 Nor halfe so short a way:

Then feare not me,
 but beleve that I shall make
 speedier journeyes, since I take
 More wings and spurres than hee,

how feeble is mans power,
 That if good fortune fall,

Cannot adde another houre,

Nor a lost houre recall;

But comre bad chance,

And we joyne to it our strength,

And we teach it art and length,

It selfe o'r use advance.

When thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st no wind,

But sigh'st my soule 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,

That art the best of me.

Let not thy divining heart,

Forethinke me any ill,

Destiny may take thy part,

And make thy feares fulfill,

But thinke that we

Are but turn'd aside to sleepe;

They who one another keepe

Alive, ne'r parted be.

The Legacy.

When I dyed last, and, Deare, I die

As often as from thee I goe,

Though it be but an houre agoe,

And love

I can rem

Something

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When

And lovers houres be full eternitie,
 I can remember yet, that I
 Something did say, and something did bestow;
 Though I be dead, which meant me, I should be
 Mine owne executor, and Legacie.

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

Yet I found something like a heart,
 But 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 losses sad,
 I meant to send that heart in stead of mine,
 But oh, no man could hold it, for 'twas thine.

A Feaver.

OH doe 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 dye, I know,
To leave this world behinde, is death,
But when thou from this world wilt goe,
The whole world vapours with thy breath.

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

O wrangling schooles, that search what fire
Shall burne this world, had none the wit
Vnto this knowledge to aspire,
That this her feaver might be it?

And yet she cannot waste by this,
Nor long beare this torturing wrong,
For more corruption needfull is
To fuell such a feaver long.

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

Yet t'was of my minde, seising thee,
Though it in thee cannot perseuer.
For I had rather owner bee

Of thee one houre, then all else ever.

Aire and Angels.

TWice or thrice had I loved thee,
Before I knew thy face or name;
So in a voice, so in a shapelesse flame,
Angels affect us oft, and worship'd bee,
Still when, to where thou wert, I came,
Some lovely glorious nothing I did see,
But since, my soule, whose child love is,
Takes limbes of flesh, and else could nothing doe,
More subtile than the parent is,
Love must not be, but take a body too,
And therefore what thou wert, and who
I bid love aske, and now
That it assume thy body, I allow,
And fixe it selfe in thy lip, eye, and brow.

Whilst thus to ballast love, I thought,
And so more steddily to have gone,
With wares which would sinke admiration,
I saw, I had loves pinnace overfraught,
Every thy haire for love to worke upon
Is much too much, some fitter must be sought;
For, nor in nothing, nor in things
Extreme, and scattering bright, can love inhere;
Then as an Angell, face, and wings
Of aire, not pure as it, yet pure doth weare,
So thy love may be my loves spheare;
Iust such disparitie

As

As is 'twixt Aire and Angels puritie,
 'Twixt womens love, and mens will ever be.

Breake of day.

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 downe, because 'twas night ?
 Love which in spight of darknesse brought us hither,
 Should in spight of light keepe us together.

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

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

The Anniversary.

ALL Kings, and all their favorites,
 All glory of honours, beauties, wits,
 The Sun it selfe, which makes times, as these passe,
 Is elder by a yeare now, then, it was
 When thou and I first one another saw :
 All other things to their destruction draw,

Onely our love hath no decay :
 This, no to morrow hath, nor yesterday ;
 Running it never runs from us away,
 But truely keeps his first, last, everlasting day.

Two graves must hide thine and my coarſe ;
 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 eares,
 Oft fed with true oathes, and with sweet salt teares :
 But soules where nothing dwels but love ;
 (All other thoughts being inmates) then shall prove
 This, or a love increased there above,
 When bodies to their grave, soules from their graves
 (remove.

And then we shall be throughly blest ;
 But now no more than all the rest.
 Here upon earth, we are Kings, and none but we
 Can be such Kings, nor of such subjects be ;
 Who is so safe as we : where none can doe

Treason

Treason to us, except one of us two.

True and false feares let us refraine,
Let us love nobly, and live, and adde againe
Yeares and yeares unto yeares, till we attaine
To write threescore, this is the second of our raigne.

A Valediction of my name, in the window.

I.

MY name ingrav'd herein,
Doth contribute my firmenesse to this glasse,
Which ever since that charme, hath beene
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 Glasse should bee
As all confessing, and through-shine as I,
'Tis more that it shewes thee to thee,
And cleare reflects thee to thine eye.
But all such rule, loves magique can undoe,
Here you see mee, and I am you.

III.

As no one point, nor dash,
Which are but accessaries to this name,

The

The showers and tempest can outwash
 So shall all times find mee the same;
 You this intirenesse better may fulfill,
 Who have the patterne with you still.

III.

Or if too hard and deepe
 This learning be, for a scratch'd name to teach,
 It, as a given deaths head keepe,
 Lovers mortality to preach,
 Or thinke this ragged bony name to be
 My ruineous Anatomy.

Then, as all my soules 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 Muscled, Sinew, and Veine,
 Which tile this house, will come againe.

VI.

Till my returne, repaire
 And recompact my scattered body so,
 As all the vertuous powers which are
 Fix'd in the starres are said to flow
 Into such characters as graved bee
 When those starres have supremacie.

VII.

So since this name was cur,
 When love and griefe their exaltation had,
 No doore 'gainst this names influence shut,
 As much more loving, as more sad,
 I will make thee; and thou shouldst, till I returne,
 Since I die daily, daily mourne.

VIII.

When thy inconsiderate hand
 Flings ope this casement, with my trembling name,
 To looke on one, whose wit or land,
 New battery to thy heart may frame,
 Then thinke this name alive, and that thou thus
 In it offend'st my Genius.

IX.

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

X.

And if this treason goe
 To an overt act, and that thou write againe :

In

In superscribing, this name flow
Into thy fancy from the Pen,
So, in forgetting thou remembrest right,
And unaware to me shalt write.

X I

But glasse, and lines must be
No meanes our firme substantiall love to keepe;
Neare death inflictis this lethargie,
And thus I murmure in my sleepe;
Impute this idle talke, to that I goe,
For dying men talke often so.

X
Twickenam Garden.

Blasted with sighs, and surrounded with teares,
Hither I come to seeke the spring,
And at mine eyes, and at mine eares,
Receive such balme, as else cures every thing:
But O, selfe-traitor, I doe bring
The spider 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

But that I may not this disgrace
 Indure, nor leave this garden, Love let me
 Some senslesse peece of this place bee;
 Make me a mandrake, so I may grow here,
 Or a stone fountaine weeping out the yeare.

Hither with Christall vyals, lovers come,
 And take my teares, which are lovers wine,
 And try your Mistresse Teares at home,
 For all are false, that taste not just like mine;
 Alas, hearts doe not in eyes shine,
 Nor can you more judge womés thoughts by teares,
 Than by her shadow, what she weares.
 O perverse sexe, where none is true but she,
 Who's therefore true, because her truth kills me.

Valediction to his Booke.

I'LL tell thee now (deare Love) what thou shalt doe
 To anger destiny, as she doth us,
 How I shall stay, though she esloigne me thus,
 And how posterity shall know it too;
 How thine may out-endure
 Sybils glory, and obscure
 Her who from Pindar could allure,
 And her, through whose helpe *Lucan* is not lame,
 And her, whose booke (they say) *Homer* did find, &
 name.
 Study our manuscripts, those Myriades
 Of letters, which have past 'twixt thee and me,
 Thence

Thence write our Annals, and in them will bee
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 Booke, as long-liv'd as the elements,
Or as the worlds forme, this all-graved to me
In cypher writ, or new made Idiome;
Wee for loves clergy, onely are instruments,
When this booke is made thus,
Should againe the ravenous
Vandals and the Goths invade us,

Learning were safe in this our Vniverse
Schooles might learne Sciences, Spheares Musick,
(Angels Verse.

Here Loves Divines, (since all Divinitie
Is love or wonder) may finde all they seeke,
Whether abstract spirituall love they like,
Their soules exhal'd with what they doe not see,

Or loath so to amuze,
Faiths infirmitie, they chuse
Something which they may see and use;
For, though mind be the heaven, where love doth
Beauty a convenient type may be to figure it. (sic,

Here more than in their bookes may Lawyers finde,
Both by what titles Mistresses are ours
And how prerogative these states devours,
Transferr'd from Love himselfe, 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, vaine as they, or their prerogative.

Here Statesmen, (or of them, they which can read,)
 May of their occupation finde the grounds,
 Love and their art alike it deadly wounds,
 If to consider what 'tis, one proceed,
 In both they doe excell
 Who the present governe well,
 Whose weaknesse none doth, or dares tell;
 In this thy booke, such will their nothing see,
 As in the Bible some can finde out Alchymie.

Thus went thy thoughts; abroad I'll studie thee,
 As he removes farre off, that great heights takes;
 How great love is, presence best triall makes,
 But absence tries how long this love will be;
 To take a latitude
 Sunne, or starres, are fitliest view'd
 At their brightest, but to conclude
 Of longitudes, what other way have we,
 But to marke when, & where the dark eclipses be?

Communitie.

Good we must love, and must hate ill,
 For ill is ill, and good good still,

But

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, all may use.

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

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

Loves growth.

[Scarce beleeeve my love to be so pure
As I had thought it was,

C 2

Because

Because it doth endure
 Vicissitude, and season, as the grasse;
 Me thinkes I lyed all winter, when I swore,
 My love was infinite, if spring make' it more.

But if this medicine, love, which cures all sorrow
 With more, not onely be no quintessence,
 But mixt of all stufes, vexing soule, or sense,
 And of the Sunne his active vigour borrow,
 Love's not so pure, and abstract as they use
 To say, which have no Mistresse but their Muse,
 But as all else being elemented too,
 Love sometimes would contemplate, sometimes doe.

And yet no greater, but more eminent,

Love by the spring is growne;

As in the firmament,

Starres by the Sunne are not enlarg'd, but showne,
 Gentle love deeds, as blossomes on a bough,
 From loves awakened roote doe bud out now.
 If, as in water stirr'd more circles be
 Produc'd by one, love such additions take,
 Those like so many spheares, but one heaven make,
 For, they are all concentrique unto thee,
 And though each spring doe adde to love new heat,
 As Princes doe in times of action get
 New taxes, and remit them not in peace,
 No winter shall abate this springs encrease.

Love.

Loves exchange.

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

I aske no dispensation now
 To falsifie a teare, or sigh, or vow,
 I doe 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 mee thy weaknesse, make me blinde,
 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 knowes my paines, least that so
 A tender shame make me mine owne new woe.

If thou give nothing, yet thou art just;
 Because I would not thy first motions trust;
 Small townes which stand stiffe, till great shor

Enforce them, by warres law, *condition* not,
 Such in loves warfare is my case,
 I may not article for grace,
 Having put love at last to shew this face,

This face, by which he could command
 And change the Idolatry of any Land,
 This face, which, wheresoe'r it comes,
 Can call vow'd men frō cloysters, dead from tombes,
 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 mee,
 Yet kills not; if I must example bee
 To future Rebels; If th' unborne
 Must learne, by my being cut up, and torne:
 Kill, and dissect me, Love; for this
 Torture against thine owne end is,
 Rack't carcasses make ill Anatomies.

Confined Love.

Some man unworthy to be possessor
 Of old or new love, himselte being false or weake,
 Thought his paine and shame would be lesser,
 If on womankind hee might his anger wreake,
 And thence a law did grow,
 One might but one man know;
 But are other creatures so?

Are Sunne, Moone, or Starres by law forbidden
To smile where they list, or lend away their light?

Are birds divorc'd. or are they chidden
If they leave their mate, or lie abroad a night?

Beasts doe no joyntures lose

Though they new lov'rs choose,

But we are made worse than those.

Who e'r rigg'd faire ship to lie in harbours,
And not to seeke lands, or not to deale with all?

Or build faire houses, set trees, and arbors,

Onely to lock up, or else to let them fall?

Good is not good, unlesse

A thousand it possesse,

But doth waste with greedinesse.

The Dreame.

DEare love, for nothing lesse than thee
Would I have broke this happy dreame,

It was a theame

For reason, much too strong for phantasie,

Therefore thou wak'dst me wisely; yet

My Dreame thou brok'st not, but continued'st it,

Thou art so true that thoughts of thee suffice

To make dreames truths; and fables histories;

Enter these armes, for since thou thoughtst it best,

Not to dreame all my dreame, 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 Angell, at first sight,
But when I saw thou sawest my heart,
And knew'st my thoughts, beyond an Angels art,
Whé thou knew'st what I dreamt, when thou knew'st
Excesse of joy would wake me, & cam'st then, (when
I must confesse, it could not chuse but be
Prophane, to thinke thee any thing but thee.

Comming, and staying shew'd thee, thee,
But rising makes me doubt, that now,

Thou art not thou.

That love is weake, where feare's as strong as he;
'Tis not all spirit, pure, and brave,
If mixture it of *Feare, Shame, Honor* have;
Perchance as torches which must ready bee,
Men light and put out, so thou deal'st with me,
Thou cam'st to kindle, goest to come; Then I
Will dreame that hope againe, but else would die.

X *A Valediction of weeping.*

Let me powre forth

My teares before thy face, whilst I stay here,
For thy face coyne them, & thy stampe they beare;
And by this Mintage they are something worth,

For thus they bee
Pregnant of thee,

Fruits of much griefe they are, emblemes of more,
When a teare falls, that thou fallest 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 doe each teare,

Which thee doth weare,

A globe, yea world by that impression grow,
Till thy teares mixt with mine doe overflow
This world, by waters sent from thee, my heaven dis-
(solved so.

O more then Moone,

Draw not up seas to drowne me in thy spheare,
Weep me not dead, in thine armes, but forbear
To teach the sea, what it may doe too soone,

Let not the winde

Example finde,

To doe me more harme, then it purposeth,
Since thou and I figh one anothers breath, (death.
Who e'r figh's most, is cruellest, and hasts the others

Loves Alchymie.

Some that have deeper digg'd loves Myne than I,
Say, where his centrique happinesse doth lie:

I have lov'd, and got, and told,

But should I love, get, tell till I were old;
I should not finde that hidden mysterie;

Oh,

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 medicinall,
 So, lovers dreame a rich and long delight,
 But get a winter-seeming summers night.

Our ease, our thrift, our honour, and our day,
 Shall we, for this vaine Bubbles shadow pay ?

Ends love in this, that my man
 Can be as happy 'as I can; if he can
 Endure the short scorne of a Bridegrooms play ?

That loving wretch that sweares,
 'Tis not the bodies marry, but the minde,
 Which he in her Angelique findes,
 Would sweare as justly, that he heares,
 In that dayes rude hoarse minstralsey, the spheares.
 Hope not for minde in women; at their best,
 Sweetnesse, & wit they 'are, but, *Mummy*, possesse.

The Curse.

VV Ho ever guesse, thinks, or dreams, he knows
 Who is my Mistrie, wither by this curse;
 His onely, and onely his purse
 May some dull heart to love dispose,
 And she yeeld then to all that are his foes:
 May he be scorn'd by one, whom all else scorne,

For-

Forswear to others, what to her he hath sworn,
With feare of missing, shame of getting torne;

Madnesse his sorrow, gout his cramp, may hee
Make, by but thinking, who hath made him such :
And may he feele no touch

Of conscience, but of fame, and be
Anguish'd, not that 'twas sin, but that 'twas she :
Or may he for her vertue reverence
One that hates him onely for impotence,
And equall Traitors be she and his sense.

May he dreame Treason, and beleewe, that hee
Meant to performe it, and confesse, and die,
And no record tell why :

His sonnes, which none of his may be,
Inherit nothing but his infamy :
Or may he so long Parasites have fed,
That he would faine 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 interwifh,
What Plants, Myne, Beasts, Fowle, Fish,
Can contribute, all ill, which all

Prophets, or Poets spake; And all which shall
Be annex'd in schedules unto this by mee,
Fall on that man; For if it be a shee
Nature before hand hath out-cursed me.

The

The Message.

Send home my long straid eyes to mee,
Which (oh) too long have dwelt on thee,
Yet since there they have learn'd such ill,
Such forc'd fashions,
And false passions,
That they bee
Made by thee
Fit for no good fight, keepe them still,

Send home my harmelesse heart againe,
Which no unworthy thought could staine,
But if it be taught by thine
To make jestings
Of protestings,
And breake both
Word and oath,
Keepe it, for then '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 art now.

A nocturnall upon S. LUCIES day,

Being the shortest day.

TIs the yeares midnight, and it is the dayes,
Lucies, who scarce seven hours her self unmaskes,
 The Sunne is spent, and now his flasks
 Send forth light squibs, no constant rayes;
 The worlds whole sap is funke:
 The general balme th'hydroptrique earth hath drunk,
 Whither as to the beds-feet life is shrunke,
 Dead and enterr'd; yet all these seeme 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 Alchymie.
 For his art did expresse
 A quintessence even from nothingnesse,
 From dull privations, and leane emptinesse
 He ruin'd me, and I am re-begot
 Of absence, darknesse, death; things which are not.

All others, from all things, draw all that's good,
 Life, soule, forme, spirit, whence they being have,
 I, by loves limbeck, am the grave
 Of all, thats nothing. Oft a flood
 Have we two wept, and so

Drown'd

Drown'd the whole world, us two; oft did we grow
 To be two Chaosses, when we did shew
 Care to ought else; and often absences
 Withdrew our soules, and made us carcasses.

But I am by her death, (which word wrongs her)
 Of the first nothing, the Elixer growne;
 Were I a man, that I were one,
 I needs must know; I should preferre,
 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 Sunne renew,
 You lovers, for whose sake, the lesser Sunne
 At this time to the Goat is runne
 To fetch new lust, and give it you,
 Enjoy your Summer all,
 Since she enjoyes her long nights festivall,
 Let me prepare towards her, and let me call
 This houre her Vigill, and her eve, since this
 Both the yeares, and the dayes deepe midnight is.

Witchcraft by a picture.

I Fixe mine eye on thine, and there
 Pitty my picture burning in thine eye,

My

My picture drown'd in a transparent teare;
When I looke lower I espie,
Hadst thou the wicked skill
By pictures made and mard, to kil?
How many waies mightst thou performe thy will

But now I have drunke thy sweet salt teares,
And though thou powre more, I'll depart;
My picture vanished, vanish all feares,
That I can be endammag'd by that art;
Though thou retaine of mee
One picture more, yet that will be,
Being in thine owne heart, from all malice free.

The Baite.

Come live with mee, and be my love,
And we will some new pleasures prove
Of golden sands, and christall brookes:
With silken lines and silver hookes.

There will the river whispring runne
Warm'd by thy eyes, more than the Sunne;
And there th'inamour'd fish will stay,
Begging themselves they may betray.

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

If

If thou, to be so scene, beest loath,
By Sunne, or Moone, thou darknest both,
And if my selfe have leaveto see,
I need not their light, having thee.

Let others freez with angling reeds,
And cut their legs, with shels and weeds,
Or treacherously poore fish beset,
With strangling snare, or windowie net:

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

For thee, thou needst no such deceit,
For thou thy selfe art thine owne baite,
That fish, that is not catch'd thereby,
Alas, is wiser farre than I.

× *The Apparition.*

When by thy scorne, O murtheresse, I am dead
And that thou think'st thee free
From all solicitation from me,
Then shall my ghost come to thy bed,
And thee fain'd vestall in worse armes shall see;
Then thy sicke taper will begin to winke,
And he, whose thou art then, being tyr'd before,
Will, if thou stirre, or pinch to wake him, thinke

Thou

Thou call'st for more,
 And in false sleepe from thee shrinke,
 And then poore 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 thee now,
 Lest that preserve thee; and since my love is spent,
 I had rather thou shouldest painfully repent,
 Then by my threatnings rest still innocent.

The broken heart.

HE is starke madd, who ever sayes,
 That he hath beene in love an houre,
 Yet not that love so soone decayses,
 But that it can ten in lesse space devoure;
 Who will beleeve me, if I sweare
 That I have had the Plague a yeare?
 Who would not laugh at me if I should say,
 I saw a flash of powder burne a day?

Ah, what a trifle is a heart,
 If once into loves hands it come?
 All other griefes allow a part
 To other griefes, and aske themselves but some,
 They come to us, but us love drawes,
 He swallowes us and never chawes:
 By him, as by chain'd shot, whole ranks doe die,
 He is the tyran Pike, our hearts the Frie,

If 'twere not so, what did become
 Of my heart, when I first saw thee?
 I brought a heart into the roome,
 But from the roome 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 glasse.

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

A Valediction forbidding mourning.

AS vertuous men passe mildly away,
 And whisper to their soules, to goe,
 Whilst some of their sad friends doe say,
 The breath goes now, and some say, no.

So let us melt, and make no noyse,
 No teare-flouds, nor sigh-tempests move,
 'Twere prophanation of our joyes
 To tell the layitie our love.

Moving

Moving of th' earth brings harmes and feares,
Men reckon what it did, and meant,
But trepidation of the spheares,
Though greater farre, is innocent.

Dull sublunary lovers love
(Whose soule is sense) cannot admit
Absence, because it doth remove
Those things which elemented it.

But wee by a love so much refin'd,
That our selves know not what it is,
Enter-assured of the minde,
Carelesse, eyes, lips, hands to misse.

Our two soules therefore, which are one,
Though I must goe, indure not yet
Breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to avery thinnesse beat.

They be two, they are two so
As stiffe twin compasses are two,
My soule the fixt foot, makes no show
To move, but doth, if th' other doe.

And though it in the center sit,
Yet when the other farre doth come,
Leanes, and hearkens after it,
And growes erect, as that comes home.

Which wilt thou be to me, who must
Like th' other foot, obliquely runne.

Thy firmnesse makes my circles just,
And makes me end where I begun.

The Extasie.

VV Here, like a pillow on a bed,
A pregnant banke swell'd up, to rest
The violets reclining head,
Sat we two, one anothers best;
Our hands were firmly cimented
By a fast Balme, which thence did spring,
Our eye-beames twisted, and did thred
Our eyes upon one double string,
So to engraft our hands, as yet
Was all the meanes to make us one,
And pictures in our eyes to get
Was all our propagation.
As 'twixt two equall Armies, Fate
Suspends uncertaine victory,
Our soules, (which to advance our state,
Were gone out,) hung 'twixt her and me.
And whil'st our soules negotiate there,
We like sepulchrall 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 soules language understood,
And by good love were growne all minde,
Within convenient distance stood,
He (though he knew not which soule spake,

Bec

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We see
But as all
Mixtur
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Did us,
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Nor are
On man h

Because both meant, both spake the same)
Might thence a new concoction take,
And part farre purer than he came.
This extasie doth unperplex
(We said) and tell us what we love,
We see by this, it was not sexe
We see, we saw not what did move :
But as all severall soules containe
Mixture of things they know not what,
Love, these mixt soules, doth mixe againe,
And makes both one, each this and that.
A single violet transplant,
The strength, the colour, and the size
All which before was poore, and scant,)
Redoubles still, and multiplies.
When love, with one another so
Interanimates two soules,
That abler soule, which thence doth flow,
Defects of lonelineffe controules.
We then, who are this new soule, know,
Of what wee are compos d, and made,
Or, th' Atomies of which we grow,
Are soule, whom no change can invade.
O Alas, so long, so farre
Our bodies why doe wee forbear ?
They are ours, though not we, Wee are
The intelligences, they the spheares,
We owe them thanks, because they thus,
Did us, to us, at first convey,
Yielded their senses force to us,
Nor are droffe to us, but allay.
In man heavens influence workes not so,

But that it first imprints the ayre,
 For soule into the soule may flow,
 Though it to body first repaire.
 As our bloud labours to beget
 Spirits, as like soules as it can,
 Because such fingers need to knit
 That subtle knot, which make us man:
 So must pure lovers soules descend
 T' affections, and to faculties,
 Which sense may reach and apprehend,
 Else a great Prince in prison lies.
 To' our bodies turne we then, that so
 Weake men on love reveal'd may looke;
 Loves mysteries in soules doe grow,
 But yet the body is his booke.
 And if some lover, such as wee,
 Have heard this dialogue of one,
 Let him still marke us, he shall see
 Small change when we are to bodies growne.

Loves Deitie.

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

Sure,
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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
Onely his subject was ; it cannot bee
Love, if I love, who loves not me.

But every moderne god will now extend

His vaste prerogative as farre as *Jove*.

To rage, to lust, to write to, to commend,

All is the purlewe of the God of Love.

Oh were we wak'ned by this Tyranny

To ungod this childe againe, it could not be

I should love her, who loves not me.

Rebell and Atheist too, why murmure I,

As though I felt the worst that love could doe ?

Love may make me leave loving, or might trie

A deeper plague, to make her love me too,

Which, since shee 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 comberfome unwioldinesse

And burdenous corpulence my love had grown,

But that I did, to make it lesse,

And keepe 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 she sigh from my mistresse heart,
And thought to feast on that, I let him see
'Twas neither very sound, nor meant to me:

If he wrong from me' a teare, I brin'd it so
With scorne or shame, that him it nourish'd not;
If he suck'd hers, I let him know
'Twas not a teare, which he had got.
His drink was counterfeite, as was his meat; (sweat.
For, eyes which rowle towards all, weepe not, but

What ever he would dictate, I writ that,
But burnt her letters when 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 availle,
To be the fortieth name in an entaile?

Thus I reclaim'd my buzard love, to flie
At what, and when, and how, and where I chuse;
Now negligent of sport I lie,
And now as other Fawknrs use,
I spring a mistresse, sweare, write, sigh and weep:
And the game kill'd, or lost, goe talke or sleepe.

The

The Will.

BEfore I sigh my last gaspe, let me breath,
Great love, some Legacies ; Here I bequeath
Mine eyes to *Argus*, if mine eyes can see,
If they be blinde, then Love, I give them thee;
My tongue to Fame; to' Embassadours mine cares ;
To women or the sea, my teares ;

Thou, Love, hast taught me heretofore
By making me serve 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 doe live ;
Mine ingenuitie and opennesse,
To Iesuites ; to Buffones my pensivenesse ;
My silence to 'any, who abroad hath beene ;
My money to a Capuchin.

Thou love taught'st me, by appointing me
To love there, where no love receiv'd can be,
Onely to give to such as have an incapacitie.

My faith I give to Roman Catholiques ;
All my good workes unto the Schismaticks
Of Amsterdam ; my best civilitie
And Courtship, to an Vniversitie ;
My modestie I give to Souldiers bare ;
My patience let gamesters share.

Thou Love taughtst me, by making mee

Love

Love her that holds my love disparitie,
Onely to give to those that count my gifts indignity.

I give my reputation to those
Which were my friends; Mine industry to foes;
To schoolemen I bequeathe my doubtfulnesse;
My sicknesse to Physitians, or excesse;
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, (restore.
Taughtst me to make, as though I gave, when I do but

To him for whom the passing-bell next tolls,
I give my physick bookes; my written rowles
Of Morall counsels, I to Bedlam give;
My Brazen medals, unto them which live
In want of bread; To them which passe among
All forrainers, mine English tongue.
Thou, Love, by making me love one
Who thinkes her friendship a fit portion
For yonger lovers, dost my gift thus disproportion.

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

x
The Funerall.

VVHo ever comes to shroud me, do not harme
 Nor question much

That subtle wreathe of hair, which crowns my arme;
 The mysterie, the signe you must not touch,

For 'tis my outward Soule,
 Viceroy to that, which unto heaven being gone,
 Will leave this to controule, (tion.
 And keepe these limbes, her Provinces, from dissolu-

For if the finewie thred my braine lets fall
 Through every part,
 Can tye those parts, and make me one of all;
 Those hairees which upward grew, and strength & art
 Have from a better braine,
 Can better do't; except she meant that I
 By this should know my pain, (demn'd to die.
 As prisoners then are manacled, when they're con-

What ere she meant by't burie 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 soule can doe,
 So, 'tis some bravery, (of you.
 That since you would have none of me, I bury some
The

The Blossome.

Little think'st thou, poore flower,
 Whom I have watch'd fixe or seven dayes,
 And seene thy birth, and seene what every houre
 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 thee false, or not at all.

Little think'st thou poore 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 Sunne doth wake,
 Must with this Sunne, and me a journey take.

But thou which lov'st to be
 Subtle to plague thy selfe, wilt say,
 Alas, if you must goe, what's that to me ?
 Here lies my businesse, and here I will stay :
 You goe to friends, whose love and meanes present
 Various content
 To your eyes eares, and taste, and every part,
 If then your body goe, what need your heart ?

Well

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?

Praetise may make her know some other part,
But take my word, she doth not know a Heart.

Meet me at *London*, then,

Twenty daies 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 finde
As glad to have my body, as my minde.

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

U Pon this Primrose hill,
Where, if Heav'n would distill
A showre of raine, each severall drop might goe
To his owne Primrose, and grow Manna so;
And where their forme, and their infinitie
Make a terrestriall Galaxie,
As the small starres doe in theskie :

I walke

I walke to find a true Love; and I see
That 'tis not a mere woman, that is shee,
But must or more or lesse than woman bee.

Yet know I not, which flower
I wish; a fixe, or foure;
For should my true-Love lesse than woman bee,
Shee were scarce any thing; and then, should shee
Be more than woman, she would get above
All thought of sexe; and thinke to move
My heart to study her, 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 halfe ten
Belongs unto each woman, then
Each woman may take halfe us men,
Or if this will not serve their turne, Since all
Numbers are odde, or even, since they fall
First into five, women may take us all.

X

The Relique.

When my grave is broke up againe
Some second ghest to entertaine;

(For

(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 haire about the bone,

Will he not let us alone,

And thinke that there a loving couple lies,

Who thought that this device might be some way

To make their foules at the last busie day,

Meet at this grave, and make a little stay?

If this fall in a time, or land,

Where mis-devotion doth command,

Then, he that digs us up, will bring

Vs, to the Bishop, and 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 harmelesse 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 doe,

Comming and going, we,

Perchance might kisse, but not between those meales

Our hands ne'r toucht the seales,

Which nature injur'd by late law, sets free,

These

These miracles we did ; but now alas,
 All measure, and all language, I should passe,
 Should I tell what a miracle she was.

The Dampe.

When I am dead, and Doctors know not why
 And my friends curiositie
 Will have me cut up to survey each part,
 When they shall finde your Picture in my heart,
 You thinke a sodaine dampe of love
 Will through all their senses move,
 And worke on them as me, and so preferre
 Your murder, to the name of Massacre.

Poore victories ; but if you dare be brave,
 And pleasure in your conquest have,
 First kill th' enormous Gyant, your *Disdaine*,
 And let the enchantresse *Honor*, next be slaine ;
 And like a Goth and Vandall rise,
 Deface Records, and Histories
 Of your owne arts 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 *Secretnesse*,
 But these I neither looke for nor professe,
 Kill me as Woman, let me die

As

As a meere man ; doe you but try
Your paffive valour, and you shall finde than,
Naked you 'have odds enough of any man.

The Dissolution.

Shee' is dead ; And all which die
To their first Elements resolve ;
And we were mutuall 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 burdenous,
And nourish not, but smother.
My fire of Passion, sighes of ayre,
Water of teares, and earthy sad despaire,
Which my materials be,
But neere worne out by loves securitie,
She, to my losse, doth by her death repaire,
And I might live long wretched so
But that my fire doth with my fuell grow.

Now as those Active Kings
Whose foraine conquest treasure brings,
Receiue more, and spend more, and soonest breake :
This (which I am amaz'd that I can speake)
This death, hath with my store
My use increas'd.
And so my soule more earnestly releas'd,
Will outstrip hers ; As bullets flowne before
A latter bullet may o'take, the powder being more.

A Ieat Ring sent.

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

Marriage rings are not of this stuffe ;
 Oh, why should ought lesse precious, or lesse tough
 Figure our loves? except in thy name thou have bid it
 I'm cheap, & nought but fashio, sling me away. (say

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

Negative love.

I Never stoop'd so low, as they
 Which on an eye, cheek, lip, can pray,
 Seldome to them which soare no higher
 Then vertue, or the minde to 'admire,
 For sense, and understanding may
 Know, what gives fuell to their fire :
 My love, though silly, is more brave,

For may I misse, when ere I crave,
If I know yet what I would have,

If that be simply perfectest

Which can by no way 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 mee that nothing. This

As yet my ease, and comfort is,

Though I speed not, I cannot misse.

The prohibition.

T

Ake heed of loving me;

At least remember, I forbade it thee;

Not that I shall repaire my unthrifty wast,

Of Breath and Blood, upon thy sighes, and teares;

By being to thee then what to me thou wast,

But, so great Ioy, our life at once outweares,

Then, least thy love, by my death, frustrate be,

If thou love me, take heed of loving me,

Take heed of hating mee,

Or too much triumph in the Victory;

Not that I shall be mine owne officer,

And hate with hate againe 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 extreames shall ne'r their office doe;
 Love me, that I may dye 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;
 Then lest thou thy love hate, and mee thou undoe,
O let me live, yet love and hate me too.

The Expiration.

SO, so, breake off this last lamenting kisse,
 Which sucks two soules, and vapors Both away,
 Turne thou ghost that way, and let me turne this,
 And let our selves benight our happiest day,
 Wee aske none leave to love; nor will we owe
 Any, so cheape a death, as saying, Goe;
 Goe; and if that word have not quite kill'd thee,
 Ease me with death, by bidding me goe too.
 Or, if it have, let my word worke on mee,
 And a just office on a murderer doe.
 Except it be too late, to kill me so,
 Being double dead, going, and bidding, goe.

The

The Computation.

FOR my first twenty yeares, since yesterday,
 I scarce beleev'd, thou couldst be gone away,
 For forty more I fed on favours past, (last.
 And forty'on hopes, that thou wouldst they might
 Tears drown'd one hundred, and sighs blew out two,
 A thousand, I did neither thinke, nor doe,
 Or not deem'd, all being one thought of you;
 Or in a thousand more, forgot that too.
 Yet call not this long life; But thinke that I
 Am, by being dead, Immortall; 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 excessse of heat, more young than old,
 Death kils with too much cold;
 We die but once, and who lov'd last did die,
 He that saith twice, doth lie:

For though he seeme to move, and stirre 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 behinde, two houres after.
 Once I love and dyed; and am now become
 Mine Epitaph and Tombe.
 Here dead men speake their last, and so doe I;
 Love-flaine, loe, here I die.

Song.

Soules joy, now I am gone,
 And you alone,
 (Which cannot be,
 Since I must leave my selfe with thee,
 And carry thee with me)
 Yet when unto our eyes
 Absence denyes
 Each others sight,
 And makes to us a constant night,
 When others change to light;
 O give no way to griefe,
 But let beliefs
 Of mutuall love,
 This wonder to the vulgar prove
 Our Bodies, not wee move.

Let not thy wit beweepe
 Words but sense deepe,
 For when we misse
 By distance our hopes joyning blisse,
 Even then our soules shall kisse,
 Fooles have no meanes 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 griefe, &c.

Farewell to Love.

VV

Hilst yet to prove

I thought there was some Deitie in love
 So did I reverence, and gave
 Worship, as Atheists at their dying houre
 Call, what they cannot name, an unknowne power,
 As ignorantly did I crave:

Thus when

Things not yet knowne are coveted by men,
 Our desires give them fashion, and so
 As they waxe lesser, fall, as they life grow:

But, from late faire

His highnesse sitting in a golden Chaire,
 Is not lesse cared for after three dayes
 By children, then the thing which lovers so

Blindly admire, and with such worship wooe;
Being had, enjoying it decays:

And thence,
What before pleas'd them all, takes but one sense,
And that so lamely, as it leaves behind
A kinde of forrowing dulnesse to the minde.

Ah cannot wee,
As well as Cocks and Lyons jocund be,
After such pleasures, unlesse wise
Nature decreed (since each such Act, they say,
Diminisheth the length of life a day)

This; as shee would man should despise
The sport,
Because that other curse of being short,
And onely for a minute made to be
Eager, desires to raise posteritie.

Since so, my minde
Shall not desire what no man else can finde,
I'll no more dote and ruine
To pursue things which had indammag'd me.
And when I come where moving beauties be,
As men doe when the summers Sunne

Growes great,
Though I admire their greatnesse, shun their heat;
Each place can afford shadowes. If all faile,
'Tis but applying worme-seed to the Taile.

Song

Song.

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

All paine and joy is in their way;
The things we feare bring lesse annoy.
Then feare; 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 will, nor beauty see,
They, mans affections onely move;
Beasts other sports of love doe prove,
With better feeling farre than we.

Then Love prolong my suite, for thus
By losing sport, I sports doe win;
And that doth vertue prove in us,
Which ever yet hath beene a sinne.

My comming neare may spie some ill,
And now the world is given to scoffe;

To

To keep my Love, (then) keepe me off,
And so I shall admire thee still.

Say I have made a perfect choyce,
Saciety our selves may kill;
Then give me but thy face and voyce,
My eye and eare thou canst not fill.

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

Song.

STand still, and I will read to thee
A Lecture, Love, in loves philosophy.
These three houres that we have spent,
Walking here; Two shadowes went
Along with us, which we our selves produc'd;
But, now the Sunne is just above our head,
We doe those shadowes tread;
And to brave clearnesse all things are reduc'd.
So whilst our infant loves did grow,
Disguises did, and shadowes, 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

Except our loves at this noone stay,
We shall new shadowes make the other way.
As the first were made to blinde
Others; these which come behinde
Will worke upon our selves, and blind our eyes.
Our loves faint, and westwardly decline;
To me thou, falsly, thine,
And I to thee mine actions shall disguise.
The morning shadowes weare 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 noone, is night.

The end of the Songs and Sonets.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAMS

Hero and Leander.

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

Pyramus and Thisbé.

Two, by themselves, each other love and feare
Slaine, cruell friends, by parting have joyn'd here.

Niobe.

By childrens births, and death, I am become
So dry, that I am now mine owne sad tombe.

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
Neare 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.

Fall

Fall of a wall.

der an undermin'd, and shot-bruis'd wall
 oo-bold Captaine perish'd by the fall,
 hose brave misfortune happiest men envi'd,
 at had a towre for tombe, his bones to hide.

A lame beggar.

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

A selfe-accuser.

our mistris, that you follow whores still taxeth you,
 is strange that she should thus confesse it, though't
 (be true.

A licentious person.

hy sinnes and hairees may no man equall call,
 or, as thy sinnes increafe, thy hairees doe fall.

Antiquary.

in his studie he hath so much care
 o'hang all old strange things, let his wife beware.

Disinherited.

thy father all from thee, by his last Will
 gave to the poore; Thou hast good title still.

Phryne.

Phryne.

Thy flattering Picture, *Phryne* is like thee;
Onely in this, that you both painted be.

An obscure writer.

Philo, with twelve yeares study hath beene griev'd
To be understood, when will he be beleev'd?

Klockius so deeply hath sworne, ne'r more to come
In bawdie house, that he dares not goe home.

Raderus.

Why this man gelded *Martiall* I muse,
Except himsele alone his tricks would use,
As *Katherine*, for the Courts sake, put downe *Stew*

Mercurius Gallo-Belgicus.

Like *Esops* fellow-slaves, O *Mercurie*,
Which could doe all things, thy faith is; and I
Like *Esops* selfe, which nothing; I confesse
I should have had more faith, if thou hadst lesse;
Thy credit lost thy credit: 'Tis sinne to doe,
In this case, as thou wouldst be done unto,
To beleeeve all: Change thy name: thou art like
Mercurie in stealing, but lye'st like a *Greeke*.

Compassion in the world againe is bred:
Ralphius is sick, the broker keeps his bed.

The end of the Epigrams.

ELEGIES.

ELEGIE I.

Jealousie.

Fond woman, which would'ſt have thy husband die
 And yet complain'ſt of his great jealousie;
 If ſwolne with poyſon, he lay in' his laſt bed,
 His body with a ſere barke covered,
 Drawing his breath, as thick and ſhort, as can
 The nimbleſt crocheting Muſitian,
 Ready with loathſome vomiting to ſpue
 His ſoule out of one hell, into a new,
 Made deafe with his poore Kindreds howling cries,
 Begging with few feign'd teares, great legacies,
 Thou would'ſt not weepe, but jolly, and frolike be,
 As a ſlave, which to morrow ſhould be free,
 Yet weepſt thou, when thou ſeeſt him hungerly
 Swallow his owne death, hearts-bane jealousie,
 O give him many thanks, he'is courteous;
 That in ſuſpecting kindly warneth us,
 We muſt not, as we uſ'd, ſhout openly,
 In ſcoffing riddles, his deformity,
 Nor at his boord together being ſat,
 With words, nor touch, ſcarce lookes adulterate.

Nor

Nor when he swolne, and pamper'd with great fare
 Sits downe and snorts, cag'd in his basket chaire,
 Must we usurpe his owne bed any more,
 Nor kisse and play in his house, as before.
 Now I see many dangers; for it is
 His realme, his castle, and his diocesse.
 But if, as envious men, which would revile
 Their Prince, or coyne his Gold, themselves exile
 Into another countrey, and doe it there,
 We play'in another house, what should we feare?
 There we will scorne his household policies,
 His seely plots, and pensionary spies,
 As the inhabitants of Thames right side
 Doe Londons Major, or Germans, the Popes pride.

ELEG. II.

The Anagram.

Marry, and love thy *Flavia*, for, shee
 Hath all things, whereby others beautilous be
 For, though her eyes be small, her mouth is great,
 Though they be Ivory, yet her teeth be jeat.
 Though they be dimme, yet she is light enough,
 And though her harsh haire fall, her skin is tough;
 What though her cheeks be yellow, her haire'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 qualitie
Be in thy wench, ne'r aske where it doth lie.
In buying things perfum'd, we aske; if there
Be muske and amber in it, but not, where.
Though all her parts be not in th' usuall place,
She'hath yet an Anagram of a good face.
If we might put the letters but one way,
In that leane dearth of words, what could we say?
When by the Gamut some Musicians make
A perfect song, others will undertake,
By the same Gamut chang'd, to equall it.
Things simply good, can never be unfit;
Shee s faire 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 wonderfull, why not lovely too?
Love built on beauty, soone as beauty, dies,
Chuse this face, chang'd by no deformities.
Women are all like Angels; the faire be
Like those which fell to worse; but such as she,
Like to good Angels nothing can impaire;
Tis lesse grieve to be foule, then to have beene faire.
For one nights revels, silk, and gold we chuse,
But, in long journeyes, cloth, and leather use.
Beauty is barren oft; best husbands say
There is best land, where there is foulest way.
Oh what a soveraigne plaister will shee be,
If thy past sinnes have taught thee jealousie!
Here needs no spies, nor eunuchs: her commit
Safe to thy foes; yea, to a Marmoset.
When Belgiaes Cities the round countreis drowne,
That durry foulness guards and armes the towne:

So doth her face guard her ; and so, for thee,
 Which forc'd by businesse, absent oft must be,
 She, whose face, like clouds, turnes the day to night
 Who, mightier thán the sea, makes Moors seem white
 Who, though seven years, she in the Stews had laid
 A Nunnery durst receive, and thinke a maid,
 And though in childbed, labour she did lie,
 Midwives would sweare, 'twere but a tympanie,
 Whom, if she accuse her selfe, I credit lesse
 Than witches, which impossibles confesse.
 One like none, and lik'd of none, fittest were,
 For, things in fashion every man will weare.

E L B G. III.

Change.

Although thy hand and faith, & good works t
 Have seal'd thy love which nothing should u
 Yea though thou fall back, that, Apostasie (d
 Confirme thy love, yet much, much I feare thee.
 Women are like the Arts, forc'd unto none,
 Open to 'all searchers, unpriz'd, if unknowne.
 If I have caught a bird, and let him flie,
 Another Foulter using these meanes, as I,
 May catch the same bird ; and, as these things be,
 Women are made for men, not him nor mee.
 Foxes & goates ; all beaſts change when they plea
 Shall women, more hot, wily, wild than theſe,

Be bound to one man, and did Nature then
Idly make them apter to 'endure than men ?
They are our clogges, not their owne ; if a man be
Chain'd to a galley, yet the galley is free.
Who hath a plow-land, casts all his seed corne there ;
And yet allows his ground more corne should beare ;
Though Danuby into the sea must flow,
The sea receives the Rhene, Volga, and Po,
By nature, which gave it, this libertie.
Thou lov'st, but Oh ! canst thou love it and mee ?
Likenesse glues love : and if that thou so doe,
To make us like and love, must I change too ?
More then thy hate, I hate 'it, rather let me
Allow her change, then change as oft as thee,
And so not teach, but force my 'opinion,
To love not any one, nor every one.
To live in one land, is captivitie,
To runne all countries, a wilde roguery ;
Waters stinke soone, if in one place they bide,
And in the vast sea are more putrifi'd :
But when they kisse one banke, and leaving this
Never looke back, but the next banke doe kisse,
Then are they purest ; Change is the nurserie
Of musick, joy, life, and eternitie.

ELEG. IV.

The Perfume.

ONce, and but once found in thy company,
 All thy suppos'd escapes are laid on me ;
 And as a thiefe at barre, is question'd there
 By all the men that have beene rob'd that yeare,
 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 Cocatrice,
 Though he hath oft sworne, that he would remove
 Thy beauties beautie, and food of our love,
 Hope of his goods, if I with thee were seene,
 Yet close and secret, as our soules, we have beene.
 Though thy immortall 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 kin
 Doth search what rings, and armelets she can finde,
 And kissing notes the colour of thy face,
 And fearing lest thou art swolne, doth thee imbrace
 And to trie if thou long, doth name strange meates
 And notes thy palenesse, blushing, sighs, and sweat
 And politiquely will to thee confesse
 The sinnes of her owne youths ranke lustinesse ;

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Yet love these foreeries 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 ingled 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 onely than,
 He that to barre the first gate, doth as wide
 As the great Rhodian Colossus stride,
 Which, if in hell no other paines there were,
 Makes me feare hell, because he must be there :
 Though by thy father he were hir'd to this,
 Could never witnesse any touch or kisse.
 But Oh, too common ill, I brought with me
 That, which betray'd me to mine enemye :
 A loud perfume, which at my entrance cryed
 Even at thy fathers nose, so were we spied.
 When, like a Tyran King, that in his bed
 Smelt gunpowder, the pale wretch shivered ;
 Had it been some bad smell, he would have thought
 That his own feet, or breath, that smell had wrought.
 But as we in our Ile imprisoned,
 Where cattell onely, and divers dogs are bred,
 The precious Vnicornes, strange monsters, call,
 So thought he good, strange, that had none at all.
 I taught my sikkes their whistling to forbear,
 Even my opprest shooes, dumb and speechlesse 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.

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

E L E G. V.

His Picture.

HERE take my Picture ; though I bid farewell ;
 Thine, in my heart, where my soule dwels, shall
 'Tis like me now, but I dead, 'twill be more (dwell,
 When we are shadowes both, than 'twas before.
 When weather-beaten I come backe ; my hand,
 Perhaps with rude oares torne, or Sun-beams tann'd,
 My face and brest of hairecloth, and my head
 With cares harsh sodaine horinesse o'rspread,

My

My body' a sack of bones, broken within,
 And powders blew staines scatter'd on my skinne;
 If rivall fooles taxe thee to 'have lov'd a man,
 So foule, and coarse, as, Oh, I may seeme than,
 This shall say what I was : and thou shalt say,
 Doe his hurts reach me? doth my worth decay?
 Or doe they reach his judging minde, that he
 Should now love lesse, what he did love to see?
 That which in him was faire and delicate,
 Was but the milke, which in loves childish state
 Did nurse it : who now is growne strong enough
 To feed on that, which to difus'd tastes seemes tough.

E L E G. VI.

OH, let me not serve so, as those men serve,
 Whom honors smoaks at once fatten and sterve;
 Poorely enrich't with great mens words or lookes;
 Nor so write my name in thy loving bookes
 As those Idolatrous flatterers, which still
 Their Princes stiles, which many Realmes fulfill
 Whence they no tribute have, and where 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 soule was in her own body sheath'd;
 Not yet by oathes betroath'd, nor kisses breath'd
 Into my Purgatory, faithlesse thee,
 Thy heart seem'd waxe, and Steele thy constancy :

So, carelesse flowers strow'd on the waters face,
 The curled whirlepooles suck, smack, and embrace,
 Yet drowne them; so, the tapers beaming eye
 Amorously twinkling, beckens the giddie flie,
 Yet burnes his wings; and such the Devill is,
 Scarce visiting them who are intirely his,
 When I behold a streame, which, from the spring,
 Doth with doubtfull melodious murmuring,
 Or in a speechlesse slumber, calmly ride
 Her wedded channels bosome, and there chide
 And bend her browes, and swell, if any bough
 Doe but stoope downe to kisse her utmost brow:
 Yet, if her often gnawing kisses winne
 The traitorous bankes 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 scorne,
 In flattering eddies promising returne,
 She flouts her channel, which thenceforth is drie;
 Then say I; that is shee, and this am I.
 Yet let not thy deepe bitternesse beget
 Carelesse despaire in me, for that will whet
 My minde to scorne; and Oh, love dull'd with paine
 Was ne'r so wise, nor well arm'd as disdain.
 Then, with new eyes I shall survey thee, and spie
 Death in thy cheekes, and darknesse in thine eye;
 Though hope breed faith & love: thus taught, I shall
 As nations doe 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 mee to be 'excommunicate?

ELEG.

ELEG. VII.

Natures lay Ideot, I taught thee to love,
And in that sophistry, Oh, thou dost prove
Too subtle : Foole, thou didst not understand
The mystique language of the eye nor hand :
Nor couldst thou judge the difference of the ayre
Of sighes, and say, this lies, this sounds despaire :
Nor by the eyes water know a maladie
Desperately hot, or changing feverously.
I had not taught thee then, the Alphabet
Of flowers, how they devisefully being set
And bound up, might with speechlesse secrecie
Deliver errands mutely, and mutually.
Remember since, all thy words us'd to bee
To every sutor, *I, if my friends agree.*
Since, household charms, thy husbands name to reach,
Were all the love trickes, that thy wit could reach ;
And since, an hours discourse could scarce have made
One answer in thee, and that ill arraid
In broken proverbs, and torne sentences.
Thou art not by so many duties his,
That from the worlds Common having sever'd thee,
Inlaid thee, neither to be seene, nor see,
As mine : who have with amorous delicacies
Refin'd thee into a blif-full Paradise.
Thy graces and good words my creatures be,
I planted knowledge and lifes tree in thee :

Which

Which Oh, shall strangers taste? Must I alas
 Frame and enamell Plate, and drink in glasse?
 Chafe wax for others seales? breake a colts force
 And leave him then, being made a ready horse?

ELEG. VIII.

The Comparison.

AS the sweet sweat of Roses in a Still, (trill,
 As that which from chaf'd Muskats pores doth
 As the Almighty Balme of th'early East,
 Such are the sweat drops of my Mistris breast,
 And on her neck her skin such lustre sets,
 They seeme no sweat drops, but pearle coronets.
 Ranke sweaty froth thy Mistresses brow defiles,
 Like spermatique issue of ripe menstruous boyles,
 Or like the skumme, which, by needs lawlesse law
 Enforc'd, Sanserra's starved men did draw
 From parboyl'd shoos and bootes, and all the rest
 Which were with any soveraigne fatnesse blest,
 And like vile lying stones in saffron'd tin,
 Or warts, or wheales, it hangs upon her skinne.
 Round as the world's her head, on every side,
 Like to the fatall Ball which fell on Ide,
 Or that whereof God had such jealousie,
 As for the ravishing thereof we die.
 Thy head is like rough-hewne statue of jeat, (set;
 Where marks for eyes, nose, mouth, are yet scarce
 Like

Like the first Chaos, or flat seeming face
Of Cynthia, when th' earths shadowes her embrace.
Like Proserpines white beautie-keeping chest,
Or Loves best fortunes urne, is her faire brest.
Thine's like worme-eaten trunkes, cloth'd in seals
Or grave, that's dust without, & stink within. (skin,
And like that slender stalke, at whose end stands
The wood-bine quivering, are her armes and hands,
Like rough bark d elmboughes, or the russet skinne
Of men late scurg'd for madnesse, or for sinne,
Like Sun-parch'd quarters on the citie gate,
Such is thy tann'd skinnes lamentable state,
And like a bunch of ragged carrets stand
The short swolne fingers of thy gouty hand;
Then like the Chymicks masculine equall fire,
Which in the Lymbecks warme wombe doth inspire
Into th' earths worthlesse durt a soule of gold,
Such cherishing heat her best lov'd part doth hold.
Thine's like the dread mouth of a fired gunne
Or like hot liquid metalls newly runne
Into clay moulds, or like to that *Aetna*
Where round-about the grasse is burnt away.
Are not your kisses then as filthy, and more,
As a worme sucking an invenom'd soare?
Doth not thy fearfull hand in feeling quake,
As one which gathering flowres, still feares a snake?
Is not your last act harsh, and violent,
As when a plough a stony ground doth rent?
So kisse good Turtles, so devoutly nice
Are Priests in handling reverent sacrifice,
And nice in searching wounds the Surgeon is
As we, when we embrace, or touch, or kisse,

Leave

Leave her, and I will leave comparing thus,
She, and comparifons are odious.

ELEG. IX.

The Autumnall.

NO *Spring*, nor *Sūmers* Beauty hath such grace,
As I have seene in one *Autummall* face,
Young *Beauties* force your love, and that's a *Rape*,
This doth but *counsaille*, yet you cannot scape.
If 'were a *shame* to love, here 'twere no *shame* :
Affections here take *Reverences* name.
Were her first yeares the *Golden Age*; That's true.
But now shee's *gold* oft tryed, and ever new.
That was her torrid and inflaming time,
This is her habitable *Tropique clyme*.
Faire eyes, who askes more heate than comes from
He in a fever wishes pestilence, (hence,
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 digge a *Grave*, but build a *Tombe*.
Here dwels he, though he sojourn e'ry where,
In *Progresse*, yet his standing house is here.
Here, where still *Evening* is, not *noone*, nor *night*;
Where no *voluptuousnesse*, yet all *delight*.

In

In all her words, unto all hearers fit,
 You may at *Revels*, you at *counsaile*, fit.
 This is loves timber; youth his under-wood;
 There he, as wine in *June*, enrages blood,
 Which then comes seasonablest, when our taste
 And appetite to other things, is past.
 Xerxes strange *Lydian* love, the *Platane* tree,
 Was lov'd for age, none being so old as thee,
 Or else because, being young, nature did blesse
 Her youth with ages glory, *Barrennesse*.
 If we love things long sought, *Age* is a thing
 Which we are fifty yeares in compassing.
 If transitory things, which soone decay,
Age must bee loveliest at the latest day.
 But name not *Winter-faces*, whose skin's slack;
 Lanke, as an unthrif's purse; but a fooles sacke;
 Whose eyes seeke light within, for all here's shade;
 Whose *mouthes* are holes, rather worne out, than
 Whose every tooth to a severall place is gone, (made
 To vex their soules at *Resurrection*,
 Name not these living *Death-heads* unto me,
 For these, not *Ancients*, but *Antiques* be;
 I hate extreames; yet I had rather stay
 With *Tombes* than *Cradles*, to weare out a day,
 Since such loves naturall station is, may still
 My love descend, and journey downe the hill,
 Not panting after growing beauties, so,
 I shall ebbe on with them, who homeward goe.

ELEG.

ELEG. X.

The Dreame.

Image of her whom I love, more than she,
 Whose faire impression in my faithfull heare,
 Makes me her *Medall*, and makes her love me,
 As Kings doe coyns, to which their stamps impart
 The value: goe, and take my heart from hence,
 Which now is growne too great and good for me
Honours oppresse weake spirits, and our sense
 Strong objects dull; the more, the lesse we see.
 When you are gone, and *Reason* gone with you,
 Then *Fantasie* is Queene and Soule, and all;
 She can present joyes meaner than you doe;
 Convenient, and more proportionall.
 So, if I dreame I have you, I have you,
 For, all our joyes are but fantasticall.
 And so I scape the paine, for paine is true;
 And sleepe which locks up sense, doth lock out all.
 After a such fruition I shall wake,
 And, but the waking, nothing shall repent;
 And shall to love more thankfull Sonets make,
 Then if more *honour*, *teares*, and *paines* were
 But dearest heart, and dearer Image stay, (spent.
 Alas, true joyes at best are *dreame* enough;
 Though you stay here, you passe too fast away:
 For even at first lifes *Taper* is a snuffe.

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Fill'd with her love, may I be rather growne
Mad with much heart, then idiot with none.

ELEG. XI.

Death.

Language thou art too narrow, and too weak
To ease us now; great sorrowes cannot speake;
If we could sigh out accents, and weepe words,
Griefe weares, and lessens, that teares breath affords,
Sad hearts, the lesse they seeme, the more they are,
(So guiltiest men stand mutest at the barre)
Not that they know not, feele not their estate,
But extreme sense hath made them desperate;
Sorrow, to whom we owe all that we bee;
Tyran, in the fift and greatest Monarchy,
Was't that she did possesse all hearts before,
Thou hast kill'd her, to make thy Empire more?
Knew'st thou some would, that knew her not, lament,
As in a deluge perish th'innocent?
Was't not enough to have that palace wonne;
But thou must raze it too, that was undone?
Hadst thou staid there, and look'd out at her eyes,
All had ador'd thee, that now from thee flies,
For they let out more light than they tooke in,
They told not when, but did the day begin;
Shee was too Saphirine, and cleare for thee;
Clay, flint, and jear now thy fit dwellings be;

Alas,

Alas, she was too pure, but not too weake;
 Who e'r saw Chrystall 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 welive, we live but to rebell,
 That know her better now, who knew her well.
 If we should vapour out, and pine and die;
 Since, she first went, that were not misery;
 She chang'd our world with hers; now she is gone,
 Mirth and prosperity is oppression;
 For of all morall vertues she was all,
 That Ethickes speake of vertues cardinall;
 Her soule was Paradise; the Cherubin
 Set to keepe it was Grace, that kept out sinne;
 She had no more than let in death, for we
 All reape consumption from one fruitfull tree;
 God tooke her hence, lest some of us should love
 Her, like that plant, him and his lawes above,
 And when we teares, he mercy shed in this,
 To raise our mindes to heaven, where now she is;
 Who if her vertues would have let her stay
 Wee' 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 Gods day,
 That what we turne 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,
 Shee could not die, except they saw her dead;

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For from lesse vertue, and lesse beauteousnesse,
 The Gentiles fram'd them Gods and Goddesse,
 The ravenous earth that now wooes her to be
 Earth too, will be a *Lemnia*; and the tree
 That wraps that Christall in a wooden Tombe,
 Shall be tooke up spruce, fill'd with diamond;
 And we her sad glad friends all beare a part
 Of grieve, for all would breake a Stoicks heart.

ELEG. XII.

*Vpon the losse of his Mistresses Chaine, for
 which he made satisfaction.*

Not that in colour it was like thy haire,
 For Armelets of that thou maist let me weare;
 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 moralitie,
 That as these links were knit, our love should be;
 Mourne I that I thy seavenfold chaine 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 faithfull guide;

G

To

To gaine new friends, t'appease great enemies;
 To comfort my soule, when I lie or rise.
 Shall these twelve innocents, by thy severe
 Sentence (dread Judge) my sins great burden beare?
 Shall they be damn'd, and in the furnace throwne,
 And punish't for offences not their owne?
 They save not me, they doe not ease my paines,
 When in that hell they're burnt and tyed in chains:
 Were they but Crownes of France, I cared not,
 For, most of these, their Countreys naturall rot
 I thinke possesseth, they come here to us,
 So pale, so lame, so leane, so ruinous.
 And howsoe'r French Kings most Christian be,
 Their Crownes are circumcis'd most Iewishly;
 Or were they Spanish Stamps, still travelling,
 That are become as Catholique as their King,
 Those unlickt beare-whelps, unfil'd pistolets
 That (more than Canon shot) avails or lets;
 Which negligently left unrounded, looke
 Like many angled figures, in the booke
 Of some great Conjuror that would enforce
 Nature, as these doe justice, from her course.
 Which, as the soule quickens head, feet, and heart,
 As streames like veines, run through th'earth's every
 Visit all Countries, and have silyly made (part,
 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 *Chymiques* from each minerall,
 Having by subtile fire a soule out-pull'd;
 Are dirtily and desperately gull'd:

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I would not spit to quench the fire they're in;
For, they are guilty of much hainous Sin.
But, shall my harmlesse 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 lesse when they are gone,
And be content that some lowd squeaking Cryer
Well-pleas'd with one leane thred-bare groat, for
May like a devill roare through every street; (hire;
And gall the finders conscience, if he meet.
Or let mee creepe 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
So full, that though he passe them all in sinne, (rents
He leaves himselfe no roome to enter in.

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

Thou say'st (alas) the gold doth still remaine;
Though it be chang'd, and put into a chaine,
So in the first false angels, resteth still
Wisdom and knowledge; but, 'tis turn'd to ill:
As these should doe good works; and should provide
Necessities; but now must nurse thy pride;
And they are still bad angels; Mine are none;
For, forme gives being: and their forme is gone:
Pitty these Angels yet; their dignities
Passe Vertues, Powers, and Principalities.

But, thou art resolute; Thy will be done;
 Yet with such anguish, as her onely sonne
 The Mother in the hungry grave doth lay,
 Vnto the fire these Martyrs I betray.
 Good soules, (for you give life to every thing)
 Good Angels, (for good messages you bring)
 Destin'd you might have beene to such an one,
 As would have lov'd and worship'd you alone:
 One that would suffer hunger, nakednesse,
 Yea death, ere he would make your number lesse.
 But, I am guilty of your sad decay;
 May your few-fellowes longer with me stay.

But ô thou wretched finder whom I hate
 So, that I almost pittie thy estate.
 Gold being the heaviest metal amongst all;
 May my most heavy curse upon thee fall:
 Her fetter'd, manacled, and hang'd in chains,
 First mayst thou be; then chaine'd to hellish paines;
 Or be with forraine gold brib'd to betray
 Thy Countrey, and faile both of it and thy pay.
 May the next thing thou stoop't to reach, containe
 Poyson, whose nimble fume rot thy moist braine;
 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; poore and gouty age;
 The plagues of travellers; love; marriage
 Afflict thee, and at thy lives last moment,
 May thy swolne sinnes themselves to thee present:

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But, I forgive ; repent thee honest man :
 Gold is Restorative, restore it then :
 But if from it thou beest loath to depart,
 Because 'tis cordiall, would 'twere at thy heart.

E L E G. XIII.

Come, Fates ; I feare you not. All whom I owe
 Are paid, but you. Then rest me ere I goe.
 But, Chance from you all soveraignty hath got,
 Love woundeth none but those whom death dares
 Else, if you were, and just in equitie, (not ;
 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 deepe 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 doe filke unto her distaffe pay,
 For ransome, which taxe they on us doe lay.
 Love gives her youth which is the reason why
 Youths, for her sake, some wither and some die.
 Poore death can nothing give ; yet, for her sake ;
 Still in her turne, he doth a Lover take.
 And if death should prove false, she feares him not ;
 Our Muses, to redeeme her she hath got.
 That fatall night we last kiss'd, I thus pray'd,
 (Or rather, thus despair'd ; I should have said,)

Kisses, and yet despaire. The forbid tree
 Did promise (and deceive) no more than she.
 Like Lambs that see their teats, and must eat Hay,
 A food, whose taste hath made me pine away.
Dives, when thou saw'st blisse, and crav'dst to touch
 A drop of water, thy great paines were such.
 Here grieve wants a fresh wit, for mine being spent,
 And my sighes weary, groanes are all my rent;
 Vnable longer to endure the paine,
 They breake like thunder, and doe bring down rain.
 Thus, till dry teares soulder mine eyes, I weepe;
 And then, I dreame, how you securely sleepe;
 And in your dreames doe laugh at me. I hate,
 And pray Love All may: He pitties my state,
 But sayes, I therein no revenge shall finde; (blind.
 The Sunne would shine, though all the world were
 Yet, to trie my hate, Love shew'd me your teare;
 And I had dy'd, had not your smile beene there.
 Your frowne undoes me; your smile is my wealth;
 And as you please to looke, I have my health.
 Me thought, Love pittying me, when he saw this,
 Gave me your hands, the backs and palmes to kisse.
 That cur'd me not, but to beare paine gave strength,
 And what is lost in force, is tooke in length.
 I call'd on Love againe, who fear'd you so,
 That his compassion still prov'd greater woe;
 For, then I dream'd I was in bed with you,
 But durst not feele, for feare't should not be true.
 This merits not our anger, had it beene:
 The Queene of chastitie was naked seene,
 And in bed, not to feele the paine I tooke,
 Was more then for *Acteon* not to looke.

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And that brest which lay ope, I did not know,
But for the clearnesse, from a lump of snow.

ELEG. XIII.

His parting from her.

Since she must goe, and I must mourne, come night
Environ me with darknesse, whilst I write:

Shadow that hell unto me, which alone
I am to suffer when my soule is gone.

Have we for this kept guards, like spie o'r Spie?

Had correspondence whilst the foe stood by?

Stolne (more to sweeten them) our many blisses

Of meetings, conference, imbracements, kisses?

Shadow'd with negligence our most respects?

Varied our language through all dialects

Of becks, winkes, lookes, and often under boards

Spoake dialogues with our feet farre from 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?

Fortune, doe thy worst, my friend and I have armes,

Though not against thy strokes, against thy harmes.

Bend us, in sunder thou canst not divide

Our bodies so, but that our soules are ty'd,

And we can love by letters still and gifts, (shifts)

And thoughts and dreames; Love never wanteth

I will not looke upon the quickning Sunne,
 But straight her beauty to my sense shall runne;
 The ayre shall note her soft, the fire most pure;
 Waters suggest her cleare, and the earth sure;
 Time shall not lose our passages; The Spring
 How fresh our love was in the beginning;
 The summer, how it inripened the yeare;
 And Autumne, what our golden harvests were.
 The winter I'll not thinke on to spight thee,
 But count it a lost season, so shall shee.
 And this to th' comfort of my Deare 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 waxe but cold in my desire,
 Thinke, heaven hath motion lost, and the world, fire,
 Much more I could, but many words have made
 That, oft, suspected which men would perswade;
 Take therefore all in this: I love so true,
 As I will never looke for lesse in you.

ELEG. XV.

Julia.

HArke newes, ô envy, thou shalt heare descry'd
 My Julia; who as yet was ne'r envy'd.
 To vomit gall in slander, swell her vaines
 With calumny, that hell it selfe disdaines,

Is her continuall practice, does her best,
To teare opinion even out of the brest
Of dearest friends, and (which is worse than vile)
Sticks jealousie in wedlock, her owne childe
Scapes not the showres of envie. To repeate
The monstrous fashions, how; were alive to eate
Deare reputation; Would to God she were
But halfe so loath to act vice, as to heare
My milde reproofe. Liv'd *Mantuan* now againe
That seemall Mastix to limme with his penne
This she *Chymera* that hath eyes of fire,
Burning with anger, anger feeds desire,
Tongued 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 selfe to fill.
But oh her minde, that *Orcus*, which includes
Legions of mischief, countlesse multitudes
Of formlesse 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 Sunne,
Throng in her bosome for creation.
I blush to give her halfe her due; yet say,
No poyson's halfe so bad as *Iulia*.

E L E G.

ELEG. XVI.

A Tale of a Citizen and his Wife.

I Sing no harme good sooth to any wight,
 To Lord or foole, Cuckold, beggar or Knight,
 To peace-teaching Lawyer, Proctor, or brave
 Reformed or reduced Captaine, Knave,
 Officer, Iugler, or Iustice of peace,
 Iuror or Iudge; I touch no fat sowes grease,
 I am no Libeller, nor will be any,
 But (like a true man) say there are too many.
 I feare not *ore tenus*, for my tale,
 Nor Count nor Counsellour will looke red or pale,
 A Citizen and his wife the other day
 Both riding on one horse, upon the way
 I overtooke, the wench a pretty peate,
 And (by her eye) well fitting for the feate,
 I saw the lecherous Citizen turne backe
 His head, and on his wifes lip steale a smacke,
 Whence apprehending that the man was kinde,
 Riding before, to kisse his wife behinde,
 To get acquaintance with him I began
 To sort discourse fit for so fine a man :
 I ask'd the number of the Plaguing Bill,
 Ask'd if the Custome Farmers held out still,
 Of the Virginian plot, and whether Ward
 The traffique of the Iland seas had marr'd,

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Whether the Brittain *Burse* did fill apace,
And likely were to give th' Exchange disgrace;
Of new-built *Algate*, and the *More-field* crosses,
Of store of Bankerouts, and poore Merchants losses
I urged him to speake; But he (as mute
As an old Courtier worne to his last suite)
Replies with onely yeas and naves; At last
(To fit his element) my theame I cast
On Tradesmens gaines; that set his tongue a going,
Alas, good sir (quoth he) *There is no doing*
In Court nor City now; the 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 time with such a face
He rail'd, as fray'd me; for he gave no praise,
To any but my Lord of *Essex* dayes;
Call'd that the age of action; true (quoth I)
There's now as great an itch of bravery,
And heat of taking up, but cold lay downe,
For, put to push of pay, away they runne;
Our onely City trades of hope now are
Bawds, Tavern-keepers, Whores and Scriveners,
The much of Priviledg'd kinsmen, and store
Of fresh protections make the rest all poore;
In the first state of their Creation,
Though many stoutly stand, yet proves not one
A righteous pay-master. Thus ranne he on
In a continued rage; so void of reason
Seem'd his harsh talke, I sweat for feare of treason.
And (troth) how could I lesse? when in the prayer
For the protection of the wise Lord Major,
And his wise brethrens worships, when one prayeth,
He

He swore that none could say Amen with faith.
 To get him from what I glow'd to heare,
 (In happy time) an Angel did appeare,
 The bright signe of a lov'd and well-try'd Inne,
 Where many Citizens with their wives had beene,
 Well us'd and often; here I pray'd him stay,
 To take some due refreshment by the way.
 Looke how hee look'd that hid the gold (his hope)
 And at returne found nothing but a Rope,
 So he at me: refus'd and made away,
 Though willing she pleaded a weary stay:
 I found my misse, struck hands, and praid him tell
 (To hold acquaintance still) where he did dwell
 He barely nam'd the street, promis'd the Wine,
 But his kinde wife gave me the very Signe.

ELEG. XVII.

The Expostulation.

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

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e vov'es so cheape 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 sighes should meete
from our hearts, so many oathes, and teares
sprinkled among, (all sweetend by our feares,)
and the divine impression of stolne kisses,
that seal'd the rest, should now prove empty blisses ?
Did you draw bonds to forget ? signe to breake ?
Or must we reade you quite from what you speake,
and finde the truth out the wrong way ? or must
I first desire you false, would wish you just ?
O I prophane ; though most of women be
this kinde of beast, my thoughts shall except thee,
My dearest love ; though froward jealousie,
With circumstance might urge thy inconstancy,
Sooner I'll thinke the Sunne will cease to cheare
The teeming earth, and *that* forget to beare :
Sooner that rivers will runne back, or Thames
With ribs of Ice in *June* will binde his streames ;
Or Nature, by whose strength the world indures,
Would change her course, before you alter yours.
But o that trecherous brest, to whom weake you
Did trust our Counsels, and we both may rue,
Having his fallshood found too late, 'twas he
That made me cast you guilty, and you me,
Whil'st 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 slaine,
And wander on the earth, wretched as *Cain*.

Wretched

Wretched as he, and not deserve least pitie;
 In plaguing him, let misery be witty;
 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 Soules price;
 And after all selfe-torment, when he dyes,
 May Wolves teare out his heart, Vultures his eyes;
 Swine eate 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 dogges, than any other beaſt,
 Now have I curſt, let us our love revive;
 In me the flame was never more alive;
 I could begin againe to court and praise,
 And in that pleaſure lengthen the ſhort dayes
 Of my lifes leaſe; Like Painters that doe take
 Delight, not in made worke, 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 ſelfe-ſame Actors, the ſame wayes;
 Aſke 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 than to get:
 And ought not be profan'd, on either part,
 For though 'tis got by *chance*, 'tis kept by *art*.

The end of the Elegies.

EPI.

EPITHALAMIONS,

O R,

MARRIAGE SONGS.

*An Epithalamion, Or marriage Song on the
Lady Elizabeth, and Count Palatine being
married on St. Valentines day.*

I.

HAile Bishop Valentine, whose day this is,
All the Aire is thy Diocis,
And all the chirping Choristers,
And other birds are thy Parishioners,
Thou marryest every yeare
The Lirique 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 cheerefully than ever shine. (tine.
This day, which might inflame thy selfe, old Valen-

Till

I I.

Till now, Thou warm'dst with multiplying loves
 Two Larks, two Sparrowes, or two Doves,
 All that is nothing unto this,
 For thou this day complest two Phoenixes.
 Thou mak'st a Taper see
 What the Sunne never saw, and what the Arke
 (Which was of fowle, and beasts the cage & park,)
 Did not containe, one bed contains, through Thee
 Two Phoenixes, whose joyned breasts
 Are unto one another mutuall nests,
 Where motion kindles such fires, as shall give
 Yong Phoenixes, and yet the old shall live.
 Whose love and courage never shall decline, (tine
 But make the whole yeare through, thy day, ô Valen.

I I I.

Vp then faire Phoenix Bride, frustrate the Sunne;
 Thy selfe from thine affection
 Tak'st warmth enough, and from thine eye
 All lesser birds will take their lollitie,
 Vp, up, faire Bride, and call
 Thy starres, from out their severall boxes, take
 Thy Rubies, Pearles, and Diamonds forth, and make
 Thy selfe a Constellation, of them All,
 And by their blazing signife,
 That a great Princesse fals, but doth not die;
 Be thou a new starre, that to us portends
 Ends of much wonder; And be thou those ends.

Since

Since thou dost this day in new glory shine,
May all men date Records, from this thy Valentine.

IIII.

Come forth, come forth, and as one glorious flame
Meeting another, growes the same :

So meete thy *Fredericke*, and so

To an inseparable union goe,

Since separation

Fals not on such things as are infinite ;

Nor things which are but one, can disunite.

You're twice inseparable, great, and one.

Goe then to where the Bishop stayes,

To make you one, his way, which divers wayes

Must be effected ; and when all is past,

And that you're one, by hearts & hands made fast,

You two have one way left, your selves to entwine,

Besides this Bishops knot, ô Bishop Valentine.

V.

But oh, what ailes the Sunne, that here he stayes,

Longer to day, than other dayes ?

Stayes he new light from these to get ?

And finding here such starres, is loath to set ?

And why doe you two walke,

So slowly pac'd in this procession ?

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

And be to others spectacle, and talke ?

The feast with gluttonous delays,

Is eaten, and too long their meat they praise,

H

The

The Masquers comelate, and I thinke, will stay;
 Like Fairies, till the Cock crow them away.
 Alas, did not Antiquitie assigne
 A night as well as day, to thee, O Valentine?

V I.

They did, and night is come; and yet we see
 Formalities retarding thee.
 What meane these Ladies, which (as though
 They were to take a clock in peeces,) goe
 So nicely about the Bride?

A bride before a good night could be said,
 Should vanish from her cloathes, into her bed,
 As soules from bodies steale, and are not spy'd.

But now shee is laid; What though she be?
 Yet there are more delayes, For, where is he?
 He comes and passes through Spheare after Spheare:
 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.

V I I.

Here lies a shee Sunne, and a hee Moone here,
 She gives the best light to his Spheare,
 Or each is both, and all, and so
 They unto one another nothing owe,
 And yet they doe, but are
 So just and rich in that coyne which they pay,

Tha

hat neither would, nor needs forbear, nor stay,
either desires to be spar'd, nor to spare,

They quickly pay their debt, and then
ake no acquitances, but pay againe ;
hey pay, they give, they lend, and so let fall
o such occasion to be liberall.
ore truth, more courage in these two doe shine,
nen all thy turtles have, and sparrowes, Valentine,

VIII.

ad by this act of these two Phoenixes

Nature againe restored is,

For since these two are two no more,
here's but one Phoenix still, as was before.

Rest now at last, and wee

Satyrs watch the Sunnes uprise, will stay
aiting when your eyes opened, let out day,
nely desir'd because your face we see ;

Others neare you shall whispering speake,
ad wagers lay, at which side day will breake,
and winne by observing, then, whose hand it is
hat opens first a curtaine, he's or his ;
his will be tryed to morrow after nine,
l which houre, we thy day enlarge, O Valentine,

ECCLOGVE,

1613. December 26.

*Allophanes finding Idios in the Countrey in
Christmas time, reprehends his absence from
Court, at the marriage of the Earle of Sommer-
set; Idios gives an account of his purpose there-
in, and of his Actions there.*

Allophanes.

VNseasonable man, statue of Ice,
What could to Countries solitude entice
Thee, in this yeares cold and decrepit time?
Natures instinct drawes to the warmer clime
Even smaller birds, who by that courage dare,
In numerous fleets, saile through their Sea, the ayre
What delicacie can in fields appeare,
Whil'st Flora her selfe doth a freeze jerkin weare?
Whil'st windes doe all the trees and hedges strip
Of leaves, to furnish roddes enough to whip
Thy madnesse 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 solemnitie, doe it in Lent;
At Court the spring already advanced is,

T

The Sunne stayes longer up; and yet not his
 The glory is, farre other, other fires:
 First, zeale to Prince and State; then loves desires
 Burne in one brest, and like heavens two great lights,
 The first doth governe dayes, the other, nights:
 And then that early light which did appeare
 Before the Sunne and Moone 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
 At every glance, a constellation flies, (eyes,
 And sowes the Court with starres, and doth prevent
 In light and power, the all-ey'd firmament;
 First her eyes kindle other Ladies eyes,
 Then from their beames their jewels lusters rise,
 And from their jewels torches doe take fire,
 And all is warmth, and light, and good desire.
 Most other Courts, alas, are like to hell,
 Where in darke plotts, fire without light doth dwell:
 Or but like Stoves, for lust and envy geer
 Continuall, but artificiall heat;
 Here zeale and love growne one, all clouds disgest,
 And make our Court an ever-lasting 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 onely all their house, but all their State.
 Let no man thinke, because he is full, he hath all,
 Kings (as their patterne, God) are liberall
 Not onely in fulnesse, but capacitie,

Enlarging narrow men to feele and see,
 And comprehend the blessings they bestow.
 So, reclus'd Hermits oftentimes doe know
 More of heavens glory, than a worldling can,
 As man is of the world, the heart of man,
 Is an epitome of Gods great booke
 Of creatures, and man need no farther looke;
 So is the Country of Courts, where sweet peace doth
 As their own common soule, 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 warme?
 Seest thou all good because thou seest no harme?
 The earth doth in her inner bowels hold
 Stuffe well dispos'd, and which would faine 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.
 Wisedome, and honour from the use of Kings;
 Then unbeguile thy selfe, and know with me,
 That Angels, though on earth employ'd they bee,
 Are still in heav'n, so is he still at home
 That doth, abroad, to honest actions come:
 Chide thy selfe then, O foole, which yesterday
 Might'st have read more than all thy bookes bewray.
 Hast thou a history, which doth present

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A Court, where all affections doe assent
Vnto the Kings, and that, that Kings are just?
And where it is no leuitie to trust.
Where there is no ambition, but t'obey,
Where men need whisper nothing, and yet may;
Where the Kings favours are so plac'd, that all
Finde that the King therein is liberall
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 Liverie,
And is no more in his minoritie,
He is admitted now into that brest
Where the Kings Counsels and his secrets rest.
What hast thou lost, ô ignorant man?

Idios.

I knew

All this, and onely therefore I withdrew.
To know and feele all this, and not to have
Words to expresse it, makes a man a grave
Of his owne 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.
Reade then this nuptiall 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 poore song, which testifies
I did unto that day some sacrifice.

I.

The time of the Marriage.

THOU art repriev'd old yeare, thou shalt not die,
 Though thou upon thy death-bed lie,
 And should'st within five dayes expire
 Yet thou art rescu'd from a mightier fire,
 Then thy old Soule, the Sunne,
 When he doth in his largest circle runne.
 The passage of the West or East would thaw,
 And open wide their easie liquid jaw
 To all our ships, could a Promethean art
 Either unto the Northerne Pole impart (heart.
 The fire of these inflaming eyes, or of this loving

II.

Equalitie of persons.

But undi'cerning Muse, which heart, which eyes,
 In this new couple, dost thou prize,
 When his eye as inflaming is
 As hers, and her heart loves as well as his?
 Be tryed by beautie, and than

The

The bridgroom is a maid, and not a man,
If by that manly courage they be tryed,
Which scornes unjust opinion; then the Bride
Becomes a man. Should chance or envies Art
Divide these two, whom nature scarce did part,
Since both have the inflaming eye, and both the lo-
(ving heart?

III.

Raising of the Bridegroome.

Though it be some divorce to think of you
Single, so much one are you two,
Let me here contemplate thee,
First, chearfull Bridegroome, and first let me see,
How thou prevent'st the Sunne,
And his red foaming horses dost outrunne,
How, having laid downe in thy Soveraignes breast
All businesse, 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 eyes, & of thy loving heart.

Raising

IIII.

Raising of the Bride.

BVt now to Thee, faire Bride, it is some wrong,
 To thinke thou wert in Bed so long,
 Since Soone thou liest down first, 'tis fit
 Thou in first rising should'st allow for it.
 Pouder thy Radiant haire,
 Which if without such ashes thou would'st weare,
 Thou which, to all which come to looke upon,
 Wert meant for Phœbus, would'st be Phaëton.
 For our ease, give thine eyes the unusuall part
 Of joy, a Teare; so quench't, thou maist impart,
 To us that come, thy inflaming eies; to him, thy loving

V.

Her apparelling.

THus thou descend'st to our infirmitie,
 Who can the Sunne in water see.
 So dost thou, when in silke and gold,
 Thou cloudst thy selfe; since we which doe behold
 Are dust, and wormes, 'tis just

Our

Our Objects be the fruits of wormes and dust.
 Let every Jewell be a glorious starre,
 Yet starres are not so pure, as their spheares are.
 And though thou stoope, to appeare to us, in part,
 Still in that Picture thou intirely art, (ving heart.
 Which thy inflaming eyes have made within his lo-

V I.

Going to the Chappell.

NOW from your Eafts you issue forth, and we,
 As men which through a Cypres see
 The rising Sunne, doe thinke it two;
 So, as you goe to Church, doe thinke of you;
 But that vaile being gone,
 By the Church rites you are from thenceforth one.
 The Church Triumphant made this match before,
 And now the Militant doth strive no more.
 Then, reverend Priest, who Gods Recorder art,
 Doe, from his Dictates, to these two impart
 All blessings which are scene, or thought, by Angels
 (eye or heart.

The

VII.

The Benediction.

Blest paire of Swans, Oh may you interbring,
 Daily, new joyes, and never sing:
 Live, till all grounds of wishes faile,
 Till honour, yea till wisedome grow so stale,
 That new great heights to trie,
 It must serve your ambition, to die;
 Raife heires, and may here, to the worlds end, live
 Heires from this King, to take thanks, you, to give.
 Nature and grace doe all, and nothing Art,
 May never age, or error overthwart
 With any West, these radiant eyes, with any North,
 (t his heart

VIII.

Feasts and Revels.

But you are over-blest. Plenty this day
 Injures; it causeth time to stay;
 The tables groane, as though this feast
 Would, as the flood, destroy all fowle and beast.
 And were the doctrine new

That

That the earth mov'd, this day would make it true;
For every part to dance and revell goes,
They tread the ayre, and fall not where they rose.
Though sixe houres since, the Sunne to bed did part,
The maskes and banquets will not yet impart
A sunset to these weary eyes, A Center to this heart.

I X.

The Brides going to bed.

What mean'st thou Bride, this company to keepe?
To sit up, till thou faine wouldst sleepe?
Thou maist not, when thou art laid, doe so.
Thy selfe must to him a new banquet grow,
And you must entertaine
And doe all this dayes dances o'r againe.
Know that if Sunne and Moone together doe
Rise in one point, they doe 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 lo-
(ving heart.

The

X.

The Bridegroomes comming.

As he that sees a starre fall, runnes apace,
 And findes a gellie in the place,
 So doth the Bridegroome haste as much,
 Being told this starre is false, and findes her such.
 And as friends may looke strange,
 By a new fashion, or apparels change :
 Their soules, though long acquainted they had been,
 These clothes their bodies never yet had seene.
 Therefore at first she modestly might start,
 But must forthwith surrender every part, (heart.
 As freely, as each to each before, gave either eye or

X I.

The good-night.

Now, as in Tullias Tombe, one lampe burnt cleare,
 Vnchang'd for fifteen hundred yeare,
 May these love-lamps we here enshrine,
 In warmth, light, lasting, equall the divine.
 Fire ever doth aspire,

And

And makes all like it selfe, turnes all to fire,
But ends in ashes, which these cannot doe,
For none of these is fuell; but fire too.
This is joyes bonfire, then, where loves strong Arts
Make of so noble individuall parts
One fire of foure inflaming eyes, and of two loving
(hearts.

Idios.

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

Allophanes.

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

Epithalamion made at Lincolnes Inne.

THE Sun-beames in the East are spread,
Leave, leave, faire Bride, your solitary bed,
No more shall you returne to it alone,
It nourseth sadnesse; and your bodies print,

Like

Like to a grave, the yeelding Downe doth dint ;
 You and your other You meet there anon, (thigh,
 Put forth, put forth, that warme balme-breathing
 Which when next time you in these sheets will smo-
 There it must meet another, (ther
 Which never was, but must be, oft, more nigh ;
 Come glad from thence, goe gladder than you came,
To day put on perfection, and a womans name.

Daughters of London, you which bee
 Our Golden Mines, and furnish'd Treasury,
 You which are Angels, yet still bring with you
 Thousands of Angels on your marriage dayes,
 Helpe with your presence, and devise to praise
 These rites, which also unto you grow due ;
 Conceitedly dresse her, and be assign'd,
 By you fit place for every flowre and jewell,
 Make her for love fit fuell

As gay as Flora, and as rich as Inde ;
 So may she faire and rich, in nothing lame,
To day put on perfection, and a womans name.

And you frolique Patricians,
 Sonnes of those Senatours, wealths deepe oceans,
 Ye painted Courtiers, barrells of others wits,
 Yee countrey men, who but your beasts love none,
 Yee of those fellowships, whereof hee's one,
 Of study and play made strange Hermaphrodits,
 Here shine; This bridegroom to the temple bring
 Loe, in yon path which store of straw'd flowers gra-
 The sober virgin paceth ; (ceth,
 Except my sight faile, 'tis no other thing.

Weepe

Weepe not, nor blush, here is no griefe nor shame,
To day put on perfection, and a womans name.

hy two-leav'd gates faire Temple unfold,
 And these two in thy sacred bosome hold,

Till, mystically joyn'd but one they be;
 When may thy leane and hunger-starved wombe
 Long time expect their bodies, and their tombe,

Long after their owne parents fatten thee.

All-elder claimes, and all cold barrennesse,

All yeelding to new loves be farre for ever,

Which might these two dis sever,

Alwayes, all th'other may each one possesse;

For, the best Bride, best worthy of praise and fame,

To day puts on perfection, and a womans name.

Winter dayes bring much delight,

Not for themselves, but for they soone 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 halfe Spheare sweats;

He flies in winter, but he now stands still,

Let shadowes turne; Noone point he hath attain'd,

His steeds will be restrain'd,

But gallop lively downe the Western hill; (frame,

Thou shalt, when he hath runne the Heavens halfe

To night put on perfection, and a womans name.

he Amorous evening starre is rose,

Why then should not our amorous starre inclose

Her selfe in her wish'd bed? Release your strings
Musicians and dancers take some truce
With these your pleasing labours, for great use
As much wearinesse as perfection brings

You, and not onely you, but all toyl'd beasts
Rest duely; at night all their toyles are dispensed;
But in their beds commenced

Are other labours, and more dainty feasts.
She goes a maid, who, least she turne the same,
To night puts on perfection, and a womans name.

Thy virgins girdle now untie,
And in thy nuptiall bed [loves altar] lie

A pleasing sacrifice; now dispossesse
Thee of these chaines and robes, which were put o
T'adorne the day, not thee; for thou, alone,
Like vertue and truth, art best in nakednesse;

This bed is onely to virginitic
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 Bridegroomes wish'd approach doth lie,
Like an appointed Lambe, when tenderly

The priest comes on his knees, to imbowell her.

Now sleepe or watch with more joy; and ô light
Of heaven, to morrow rise thou hot, and early,

Thi

his Sunne will love so dearly

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

*The end of the Epithalamions or
 Marriage Songs.*

SATYRES.

Satyre I.

Way thou changeling motley humorist,
 Leave me, and in this standing wooden chest,
 Conforted with these few bookes, let me lye
 prison, and here be coffin'd, when I dye.
 Here are Gods conduits; grave Divines, and here
 Figures secretary, the Philosopher.
 And wily Statesmen, which teach how to tie
 the sinewes of a Cities mystick body;
 Here gathering Chroniclers, and by them stand
 Oddie fantastique Poets of each land,
 All I leave all this constant company,
 And follow headlong wilde uncertaine thee?
 I swear by thy best love, here, in earnest
 thou which lov'st all, canst love any best.)

Thou wilt not leave me in the middle street,
Though some more spruce cōpanion thou dost mee
Not though a Captaine doe come in thy way
Bright parcell guilt, with forty dead mens pay:
Not though a briske perfum'd piert Courtier
Deigne with a nod, thy courtesie to answer:
Nor come a velvet lustice with a long
Great train of blew coats, twelve, or fourteen-stroon
Wilt thou grin, or fawne on him, or prepare
A speech to Court his beautious sonne and heire?
For better or worse take me, or leave me:
To take, and leave me is adultery.
Oh monstrous, superstitious puritan,
Of refin'd manners, yet ceremoniall man,
That when thou meet'st one, with enquiring eyes
Dost search, and like a needy broker prize
The filke, and gold he weares, and to that rate
So high or low, dost raise thy formall hat.
That wilt comfort none, untill thou have knowne
What lands he hath in hope, or of his owne.
As though all thy companions should make thee
Ioyntures, and marry thy deare company.
Why shouldst thou that dost not onely approve,
But in ranke itchy lust, desire, and love
The nakednesse and barrennesse to enjoy,
Of thy plump muddy whore, prostitute boy;
Hate vertue, though she be naked, and bare?
At birth, and death, our bodies naked are;
And, till our Soules be unapparelled
Of bodies, they from blisse are banished:
Mans first blest state was naked, when by sinne
He lost that, he was cloath'd but in beasts skinne,

And in this coarse attire, which I now weare
With God, and with the Muses I conferre.
But since thou like a contrite penitent,
Charitably warn'd of thy sinnes, dost repent
These vanities, and giddineffes, loe
I shut my chamber doore, and come, lets goe.
But sooner may a cheape whore, who hath bin
Worne by as many severall men in sinne,
As are black feathers, or muske.coloured hose,
Name her child's right true father, 'mongst all those:
Sooner may one guesse, who shall beare away
The infant of London, Heire to an India:
And sooner may a gulling weather-Spie
By drawing forth heavens Scheme, tell certainly
What fashion'd hats, or ruffes, or suits next yeare
Our subtille wittied antique youths will weare:
Then thou, when thou depart'st from me, can show
Whither, why, when, or with who thou wouldst goe.
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 mee
Sels for a little state his libertie;
Yet though he cannot skip forth now to greet
Every fine silken painted foole wee meet,
He them to him with amorous smiles allures,
And grins, smacks, shrugs, and such an itch endures,
As Prentises or Schooleboyes, which doe know
Of some gay sport abroad, yet dare not goe.
And as fidlers stop lowest, at highest sound,
So to the most brave, sloops he nigh't the ground.

But to a grave man he doth move no more
Than the wise politique horse would heretofore;
Or thou ô Elephant, or Ape wilt doe,
When any names the King of Spaine to you.
Now leapes he upright, jogs me, & cries, Doe you see
Yonder well-favoured youth? Which? Oh, 'tis he
That dances so divinely; Oh, said I,
Stand still, must you dance here for company?
He droopt, we went, till one (which did excell
Th' Indians, in drinking his Tobacco well)
Met us: they talk'd; I whispered, Let us goe,
'T may be you smell him not, truly I doe.
He heares not me, but, on the other side
A many coloured Peacock having spide,
Leaves him and me; I for my lost theepe stay;
He followes, over-takes, goes on the way,
Saying, Him whom I last left, all repute
For his device in hansoming a suite,
To judge of lace, pinke, panes, print, cut, and pleite
Of all the Court to have the best conceit;
Our dull Comedians want him, let him goe;
But oh, God strengthen thee, why stop'st thou so?
Why, he hath traveled long; no, but to me
Which understand none, he doth seeme to be
Perfect French, and Italian, I replied,
So is the Poxe. He answer'd not, but spy'd
More men of sort, of parts and qualities.
At last his Love he in a window spies,
And like light dew exhal'd, he flings from me
Violently ravished to his lechery.
Many were there, he could command no more;
He quarrell'd, fought, bled, and turn'd out of doore

Direct

Directly came to me, hanging the head,
And constantly a while must keepe his bed.

Satyre I I.

SIR; though (I thanke God for it) I doe hate
Perfectly all this towne, yet there's one state
In all ill things so excellently best, (rest.
That hate toward them, breeds pittie toward the
Though Poetry indeed be such a sinne
As I thinke 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 sterv'd out; yet their state
Is poore, 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 saves his life) gives idiot Actors meanes,
Starving himsele to live by his labour'd sceanes.
As in some Organ, Puppits dance above
And bellows pant below, w^{ch} them do move, (charms
One would move Love by rithmes; but witchcrafts
Bring not now their old feares, nor their old harmes.
Rammes, and slings now are seely batery,
Pistolets are the best Artillery.
And they who write to Lords, rewards to get,
Are they not like fingers at doores for meat?
And they who write, because all write, have still
That excuse for writing, and for writing ill.

But he is worst, who (beggary) doth chaw
 Others wits fruits, and in his ravenous maw
 Rankly digested, doth those things out-spue,
 As his owne things; and they are his owne, tis true,
 For if one eate my meate, though it be knowne
 The meat was mine, th'excrement is his owne.
 But these doe me no harme, nor they which use
 To out-doe Dildoes, and out-usure lewes,
 To out-drinke the sea, to out-sweare the
 Who with sinnes all kindes as familiar be
 As Confessors, and for whose sinfull sake
 Schoolemen, new tenements in hell must make:
 Whose strange sinnes, Canonists could hardly tell
 In which Commandements large receit they dwell.
 But these punish themselves. The insolence
 Of Coscus, onely, breeds my just offence, (poxe,
 Whom time (which rottes all, and makes botches
 And plodding on, must make a calfe an ox)
 Hath made a Lawyer; which, (alas) of late
 But scarce a Poët; jollier of this state,
 Then are new benefic'd ministers, he throwes
 Like nets, or limetwigs, wheresoever he goes,
 His title of Barrister, on every wench,
 And woos in language of the Pleas, and Bench.
 A motion Lady. Speake Coscus. I have beene
 In love ever since *tricesimo* of the Queene,
 Continuall 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, f'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 reare
The tender labyrinth of a soft maids eare,
More, more, than ten Sclavonians scolding, more
Than when windes in our ruin'd Abbeyes rore,
When sick with Poëtry, and possesst with muse
Thou wast, and mad, I hop'd; but men which chuse
Law practice for meere gaine; bold soule repute
Worse than imbrothel'd strumpets prostitute.
Now like an owlelike watchman, he must walke
His hand still at a bill, now he must talke
Idly, like prisoners, which whole months will sweare
That onely 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 blocke, wring to the barre,
Bearing like Asses, and more shamelesse farre
Than carted whores, lye, to the grave judge; for
Bastardy abounds not in Kings titles, nor
Symonie and Sodomy in Churchmens lives,
As these things doe in him; by these he thrives.
Shortly (as the sea) he will compasse all the land;
From Scots, to Wight; from Mount to Dover strand.
And spying heires melting with luxurie,
Satan will not joy at their sinnes, as he.
For as a thriftie wench scrapes kitching-stuffe,
And barrelling the droppings, and the snuffe,
Of wasting candles, which in thirtie yeare
(Reliquely kept) perchance buyes wedding geare;
Peecemeale he gets lands, and spends as much time
Wringing each Acre, as men pulling prime.
In parchment then, large as his fields, he drawes
Assurances, bigge, as gloss'd civill lawes,

So huge, that men (in our times forwardnesse)
Are Fathers of the Church for writing lesse.
These he writes not ; nor for these written payes,
Therefore spares no length ; (as in those first dayes
Where Luther was profest, He did desire
Short *Pater nosters*, saying as a Fryer
Each day his beads, but having left those lawes,
Adds to Christs prayer, the power and glory clause.)
But when he sels or changes land, he impaires
His writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out, *ses heires*,
As slyly as any Commenter goes by
Hard words, or sense ; or, in Divinitie
As controverters in vouch'd Texts, leave out (doubt.
Shrewd words, which might against them cleare the
Where are those spred woods wch cloth'd heretofore
Those bought lads? not built, nor burnt within dore,
Where the old landlords troops, and almes? In hals
Carthusian fasts, and fullsome Bacchanals
Equally I hate. Meane's blest. In richmens homes,
I bid kill some beasts, but no Hecatombs,
None starve, none surfet so. But (Oh) we allow
Good workes, as good, but out of fashion now,
Like old rich wardrobes. But my words none drawes
Within the vast reach of th'huge statute lawes.

Satyre

Satyre III.

K Inde pittie checks my spleen; brave scorn forbids
Those teares to issue, which swell my eye-lids,
I must not laugh, nor weepe sinnes, and be wise,
Can railing then cure these worne maladies?
Is not our Mistresse faire Religion,
As worthy of all our Soules devotion,
As vertue was to the first blinded age?
Are not heavens joyes as valiant to assuage
Lusts, as earths honour was to them? Alas,
As we doe them in meanes, shall they surpass
Vs in the end? and shall thy fathers spirit
Meet blinde Philosophers in heaven, whose merit
Of strikt life may be imputed faith, and heare
Thee, whom he taught so easie wayes, and neare
To follow; damn'd? O if thou dar'st, feare this:
This feare great courage and high valour is.
Dar'st thou ayd mutinous Dutch? and dar'st thou lay
Thee in ships wooden Sepulchers, a prey
To leaders rage, to stormes, to shot, to dearth?
Dar'st thou dive seas, and dungeons of the earth?
Hast thou couragious fire to thaw the ice
Of frozen North discoveries, and thrice
Colder than Salamanders? like divine
Children in th'Oven, fires of Spaine, and the line.
Whose countries limbeckes to our bodies bee,
Canst thou for gaine beare? and must every he

Which

Which cries not, Goddesse, to thy Mistresse, draw,
Or eate thy poysonous words ? courage of straw !
O desperate coward, wilt thou seeme bold, and
To thy foes, and his (who made thee to stand
Sentinell in his worlds garrison) thus yeeld,
And for forbid warres, leave thappointed field ?
Know thy foes ; The foule devill, he, whom thou
Striv'st to please, for hate, not love, would allow
Thee faine, his whole Realme to be quit ; and as
The worlds all parts wither away and passe,
So the worlds selfe, thy other lov'd foe, is
In her decrepit waine, and thou loving this,
Dost love a withered and worne strumpet ; last,
Flesh (it selfes death) and joyes which flesh can taste,
Thou lovest ; and thy faire goodly soule, which doth
Give this flesh power to taste joy, thou dost loath.
Seeke true religion, O where ? Mirreus
Thinking her unhous'd here, and fled from us,
Seekes her at Rome, there, because he doth know
That she was there a thousand yeares agoe,
And loves the ragges so, as we here obey
The stated cloth where the Prince sate yesterday.
Crants to such brave Loves will not be inthrall'd,
But loves her onely, who at Geneva is call'd
Religion, plaine, simple, sullen, young,
Contemptuous yet unhandsome. As among
Lecherous humors, there is one that judges
No wenches wholesome, but coarse country drudges.
Grajus staves still at home here, and because
Some Preachers, vile ambitious bawds, and lawes
Still new like fashions, bids him thinke that she
Which dwels with us, is onely perfect, he

Imbraceth

Imbraceth her, whom his Godfathers will
Tender to him, being tender; as Wards still
Take such wives as their Guardians offer, or
Pay valewes. Carelesse Phrygius doth abhorre
All, because all cannot be good; as one
Knowing some women whores, dares marry none.
Gracchus loves all as one, and thinkes that so
As women doe in divers cuntryes goe
In divers habits, yet are still one kinde;
So doth, so is Religion; and this blind-
nesse too much light breeds. But unmoved thou
Of force must one, and forc'd but one allow;
And the right; aske thy Father which is thee,
Let him aske his. Though truth and falsehood bee
Neare twins, yet truth a little elder is.
Be busie to seeke her; beleewe me this,
Hee's not of none, nor worst, that seekes the best.
To adore, or scorne an Image, or protest,
May all be bad. Doubt wisely, in strange way
To stand inquiring right, is not to stray;
To sleepe, or runne wrong, is. On a huge hill,
Cragg'd, and steep, Truth stands, and he that will
Reack her about must, and about must goe;
And what the hills suddenesse resists, win so.
Yet strive so, that before age, deaths twilight,
Thy Soule rest, for none can worke in the night.
To will, implies delay, therefore now doe.
Hard deeds, the bodies paines; hard knowledge to
The mindes indeavours reach; and mysteries
Are like the Sunne, dazling, yet plaine to all eyes.
Keepe the truth which thou hast found; men doe not
In so ill case, that God hath with his hand (stand
Signe

Sign'd Kings blank-charters to kill whom they hate
 Nor are they Vicars, but hangmen to Fate.
 Foole and wretch; wilt thou let thy soule be tyed
 To mans lawes, by which she shall 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 thee this?
 Is not this excuse for mere contraries,
 Equally strong; cannot both sides say so? (know;
 That thou mayest rightly obey power, her bounds
 Those past, her nature, and name is chang'd; to be,
 Then, humble to her, is idolatry. (dwell
 As streames are, Power is; those blest flowers that
 At the rough streams calme head, thrive and do wel,
 But having left their roots, and themselves given
 To the streames 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 Soules, which more chuse mens unjust
 Power, from God claim'd, then God himself to trust.

Satyre

Satyre IV.

VWell; I may now receive, and die. My sinne
Indeed is great, but yet I have beene in
A Purgatory, such as fear'd hellis
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 seene,
I had no suit there, nor new suite to shew,
Yet went to Court; But as Glare which did goe
To Masse in jest, catch'd, was faine to disburse
The hundred markes, which is the Statutes curse;
Before he scapt, So't pleas'd my destinie
(Guiltie of my sinne in going,) to thinke me
As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
Full, as proud, lustfull, and as much in debt,
As vaine, as witleffe, and as false as they
Which dwell in Court, for once going that way.
Therefore I sufferd this; Towards me did runne
A thing more strange, than on Niles slime, the Sunne
E'r bred, or all which into *Noahs* Arke came:
A thing which would have pos'd *Adam* to name:
Stranger than seven Antiquaries studies,
Than *Africks* Monsters, *Guianae* rarities,
Stranger than strangers; One, who for a Dane,
In the Danes Massacre had sure beene slaine,
If he had liv'd then; and without helpe dies,
When next the Prentises 'gainst Strangers rise.

One

One, whom the watch at noone lets scarce goe by,
 One, to whō, the examining Iustice sure would cry:
 Sir, by your Priesthood tell me what you are.
 His cloaths were strange, though coarse; and black,
 Sleevelesse his jerkin was, & it had bin (though bare)
 Velvet, but 'twas now (so much ground was seene,
 Become Tufftaffaty; and our children shall
 See it plain Rashe awhile, then nought at all.
 The thing hath travail'd, & saith, speaks all tongues
 And onely knoweth what to all States belongs.
 Made of th' Accents, and best phrase of all these,
 He speakes one language. If strange meats displease
 Art can deceive, or hunger force my taste,
 But Pedants motley tongue, souldiers bumbast,
 Mountebanks drugtongue, nor the termes of law
 Are strong enough preparatives, to draw
 Me to beare this, yet I must be content
 With his tongue: in his tongue, call'd complement:
 In which he can win widdowes, and pay scores,
 Make men speake treason, cozen subtlest whores,
 Outflatter favourites, or outlie either
 Iovius, or Surius, 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 judgement; Whom doe you preferre,
 For the best Linguist? And I feelily
 Said, that I thought Calepines Dictionarie.
 Nay, but of men, most sweet Sir. Beza then,
 Some Iesuits, and two reverend men
 Of our two Academies I named; here
 He stopt me, and said: Nay, your Apostles were

Good

Good pretty Linguists, and so Panurge was ;
Yet a poore Gentleman ; All these may passe
By travaile. Then, as if he would have sold
His tongue, he praised it, and such wonders told,
That I was faine 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 taste
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 talke of Kings. At Westminster,
Said I, the man that keeps the Abbey tombes,
And for his price doth with who ever comes,
Of all our Harries, and our Edwards talke,
From King to King, and all their kin can walke :
Your eares shall heare nought, but Kings ; your eyes
Kings onely ; The way to it is Kingsstreet. (meet
He smack'd, and cry'd, He's base, Mechanique, coarse,
So are all your Englishmen in their discourse.
Are not your Frenchmen neat ? Mine ? as you see,
I have but one Sir, looke, he followes me.
Certes they are neatly cloath'd. I, of this minde am,
Your onely wearing is your Grogaram,
Not so Sir, I have more. Under this pitch
He would not flie ; I chaff'd him, But as Itch
Scratch'd into smart, and as blunt Iron grownd
Into an edge, hurts worse : So, I (foole) found,

K

Crossing

Crossing hurt me. To fit my sullenness,
 He to another key his stile doth dresse,
 And asks, what newes? I tell him of new playes.
 He takes my hand, and as a Still which staves
 A Sembrife, 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,
 As, loath to enrich me, so tels many a lye,
 More then ten Hollensheads, or Halls, or Stowes,
 Of triviall household trash. He knowes; He knowes:
 When the Queen frown'd, or smil'd, and he knowes:
 A suble States-man may gather of that; (wha
 He knowes who loves; whom, and who by poyson
 Hafts to an Offices reversion;
 He knows who hath sold his land, and now doth be
 A licensè, old iron, bootes, shooes, and egge-
 shels 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 knowes what Lady is not painted. Thus
 He with home meats cloyes me. I belch, spue, spit,
 Looke pale, and sickly, like a Patient, Yet
 He thrusts on more; And as he had undertooke
 To say Gallo-Belgicus without booke,
 Speakes of all States and deeds that have been since
 The Spanyards came, to the losse of Amyens.
 Like a bigge wife, at sight of loathed meate,
 Readie to travaile: so I sigh, and sweate
 To heare this Makaron talke, in vaine: For yet,
 Either my humour, or his owne 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 warres thrive ill, because delay'd;

Tha

That offices are intailed, and there are
 Perpetuities of them, lasting as farre
 As the last day; and that great officers
 Doe with the Pirates share, and Dunkirkers.
 Who wasts in meate, in cloathes, in horse, he notes;
 Who loves Whores, who boyes, and who goates.
 more amaz'd than Circes prisoners, when
 they felt themselves turne beasts, felt my selfe then
 ecomming Traytor, and me thought I saw
 One of our Giant Statues ope his jaw
 'o suck me in, for hearing him, I found
 hat as burnt venomie Leachers doe grow sound
 y giving others their soares, I might grow
 iultry, and he free: Therefore I did shew
 all signes of loathing; But since I am in,
 must pay mine, and my forefathers sinne
 'o the last farthing. Therefore to my power
 oughly and stubbornly I beare this crosse; but the
 f mercy now was come: He tries to bring ('houre
 le to pay a fine to scape his torturing,
 nd sayes, Sir, can you spare me? I said; willingly;
 ay, Sir, can you spare me a Crowne? Thankfully I
 ave it, as Ransome; but as fiddlers, still,
 hough they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
 hrut one more jigge upon you: so did he
 Vith his long complementall thanks vex me.
 ut he is gone, thanks to his needy want,
 and the Prerogative of my Crowne: Scant
 is thanks were ended, when I (which did see
 ll the Court fill'd with more strange things than he)
 an from thence with such, or more haste than one
 Who feares more actions, doth hast from prison.

At home in wholesome solitarinesse
 My piteous soule began, the wretchednesse
 Of suiters at Court to mourne, and a trance
 Like his, who dreamt he saw hell, did advance
 It selfe o'r mee : Such men as he saw there,
 I saw at Court, and worse, and more ; Low feare
 Becomes the guilty, not the accuser ; Then,
 Shall I, noes slave, of high borne or rais'd men
 Feare frownes ? and, my Mistresse Truth, betray the
 To huffing, braggart, puffed Nobilitie ?
 No, no, Thou which since yesterday hast beene
 Almost about the whole world, hast thou seene,
 O Sunne, in all thy journey, Vanitie,
 Such as swels the bladder of our Court ? I
 Thinke he which made your waxen garden, and
 Transported it, from Italy, to stand
 With us, at London, flouts our Courtiers, for
 Iust such gay painted things, which no sappe, nor
 Taste have in them, ours are ; and naturall
 Some of the stocks are, their fruits, bastard all.
 'Tis ten a clocke and past ; All whom the Mues,
 Baloune, Tennis, Diet, or the stewes
 Had all the morning held, now the second
 Time made ready, that day, in flocks, were found
 In the Presence, and I. (God pardon me.)
 As fresh and sweet their Apparels be, as bee
 The fields they sold to buy them. For a King
 Those hose are, cry his flatterers ; And bring
 Them next weeke to the Theatre to sell.
 Wants reach all states. Me seemes they doe as well
 At stage, as Court ; All are players ; who e'r lookes
 (For them selves dare not goe) o'r Cheapside Book

Sh

hall finde their wardrobes Inventory. Now,
the Ladies come. As Pirats, which doe know (nel,
that there came weake ships fraught with Cutchan-
the men board them; and praise, as they think, well,
their beauties; they the mens wits; both are bought.
Vhy good wits ne'r weare scarlet gowns, I thought
his cause, These men, mens wits for speeches buy,
and women buy all reds which scarlets die.
He call'd her beautie limetwigs, her haire net
hee feares her drugs ill laid, her haire loose set.
Would not Heraclitus laugh to see Macrine,
rom hat, to shooe, himselfe at doore refine;
as if the Presence were a Moschite : and lift
his skirts and hose, and call his clothes to shrift;
taking them confesse not onely mortall
reat stains and holes, in them, but veniall
eathers and dust; wherewith they fornicate :
and then by *Durers* rules survey the state
of his each limbe, and with strings the oddes tries
of his necke to his legge, and waste to thighes.
o 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 throwne
Ten Cardinals into the Inquisition ;
And whispers by Jesu, so often, that a
purseyant 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 Glorius that will plague them both,
 Who in the other extreme, onely doth
 Call a rough carelesnesse, good fashion;
 Whose cloake his spurres teare; or whom he spits on
 He cares not hee. His ill words doe no harme
 To him; he rushes in, as if arme, arme,
 He meant to crie; And though his face be as ill
 As theirs, which in old hangings whip Christ, still
 He strives to looke worse; he keepes all in awe;
 Iests like a licens'd foole, commands like law.
 Tyr'd, now I leave this place, and but pleas'd so
 As men from gaoles to execution goe,
 Goe through the great chamber (why is it hung
 With the seven deadly sinnes) being among
 Those Askaparts, men big enough to throw
 Charing Crosse for a barre, men that doe know
 No token of worth, but Queenes man, and fine
 Living barrels of beefe, flaggons of wine.
 I shooke like a spied Spie. Preachers which are
 Seas of Wits and Arts, you can, then dare,
 Drowne the sinnes of this place, for, for mee
 Which am but a scant brooke, it enough shall be
 To wash the staynes away: Although I yet
 With *Machabees* modesty, the knowne merit
 Of my worke lessen: yet some wise man shall,
 I hope, esteeme my writs Canonickall.

Satyr

Satyre V.

THou shalt not laugh in this lease, Muse, nor they
Whom any pittie warmes. He which did lay
Rules to make Courtiers, (hee being understood
May make good courtiers, but who courtiers good?)
Frees from the sting of jests all who in extreme
Are wretched or wicked : of these two a Theame
Charitie and libertie give me. What is he
Who Officers rage, and Suitors misery
Can write, and jest? If all things be in all,
As I thinke, since all, which were, are, and shall
Bee, 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 drie which, to
That which drownes them, run : These selfe reasons
Prove the world a man, in which, officers (doe
Are the devouring stomacke, and Suitors
The excrements which they void; all men are dust,
How much worse are Suitors, who to mens lust
Are made preys. O worse than dust or worms meat,
For they doe eate you now, whose selves worms shall
They are the mills which grind you, yet you are (eat.
The winde which drives them ; and a wastfull warre
Is fought against you, and you fight it; they
Adulterate law, and you prepare the way,

Like wittals, th' issue your owne ruine is.
 Greatest and fairest Empreffe, know you this ?
 Alas, no more than Thames calme head doth know
 Whose meades her armes drowne, or whose corne
 You sir, whose righteousnes she loves, who I (o'r flow.
 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 equall it ;)
 The iron Age *that* was, when justice was sold (now
 Injustice is sold dearer) did allow
 All claim'd fees, and duties. Gamesters, anon
 The money which you sweat, and sweare for, is gone
 Into other hands : So controverted lands
 Scape, like Angelica, the strivers hands.
 If Law be in the Iudges heart, and hee
 Have no heart to resist letter, or fee, (low
 Where wilt thou appeale ? power of the Courts be
 Flow from the first maine head, and these can throw
 Thee, if they suck thee in, to miserie,
 To fetters, halters. But if the injury
 Steele thee to dare complaine, Alas, thou goest
 Against the stream, whe' upwards: when thou art most
 Heavy and most faint; and in these labours they, (way
 'Gainst whom thou should'st complaine, will in thy
 Become great seas, o'r which, when thou shalt be
 Forc'd to make golden bridges, thou shalt see
 That al thy gold was drown'd in them before. (more
 Al things follow their like, only who have, may have
 Iudges are Gods ; he who made and said them so,
 Meant not that men should be forc'd to them to goe
 By meanes of Angels. When supplication

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We send to God, to Dominations,
Powers, Cherubins, and all heavens Courts, if we
Should pay fees as here, Daily bread would bee
Scarce to Kings ; so 'tis; Would it not anger
A Sticke, a Coward, yea a Martyr,
To see a Pursivant come in, and call
All his clothes, Copes, Bookes, Primers; and all
His Plate, Chalice; and mistake them away,
And lack a fee for comming? Oh, ne'r may
Faile lawes white reverend name be strumpeted,
To warrant thefts : she is established
Recorder to Destiny, on earth, and shee
Speaks Fates words, and tells who must bee
Rich, who poore, who in chaires, who in jayles :
Shee is all faire, but yet hath foule long nayles,
With which she scratcheth Suiters : In bodies
Of men, so in law, nailles are extremities.
So Officers stretch to more than Law can doe,
As our nailles reach what no else part comes to.
Why barest thou to yon Officer? Foole, Hath he,
Got those goods, for which erst men bar'd to thee?
Fool, twice, thrice, thou hast bought wrōg, & now hū-
Beg'st right, but that dole comes not til these die. (gerly
Thou had'st much, & lawes Vrīm and Thummin 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, if he sold his Antiquities.
O wretch that thy fortunes should moralize
Esops fables, and make tales, prophesies.
Thou art the swimming dog who shadows cozened,
Which div'st, neare drowning, for what vanished.

Satyre

Satyre V I.

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, faire and free,
All these are reasons why she should scorne thee.
Thou dost protest thy love, and wouldst it shew
By matching her as she would match her foe:
And wouldst perswade her to a worse offence,
Then that whereof thou didst accuse her wench.
Reason there's none for thee, but thou may'st vex
Her with example. Say, for feare her sexe
Shunne her, she needs must change; I doe not see
How reason e'r can bring that *must* to thee.
Thou art a match a Iustice to rejoyce,
Fit to be his, and not his daughters choyce.
Dry'd with his threats shee'd scarcely stay with thee,
And wouldst th'have this to chuse thee, being free?
Goe then and punish some spoone-gotten stuffe,
For her dead husband this hath mourn'd enough,
In hating thee. Thou maist one like this meet;
For spight take her prove kinde, make thy breath
Let her see she hath cause, & to bring to thee (sweet,
Honest children. let her dishonest bee.
If shee be a widow I'll warrant her
Shee'll thee before her first husband preferre,

And

And will wish thou hadst had her maidenhead,
 (Shee'll love thee so) for, then thou hadst bid dead.
 But thou such strong love, and weake 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, she'll beg thee now,
 Doe what she can, love for nothing shee'll allow.
 Besides, here were too much gaine and merchandise,
 And when thou art rewarded, desert dies.
 Now thou hast odds of him she loves, he may doubt
 Her constancy, but none can put thee out.
 Againe, be thy love true, shee'll prove divine,
 And in the end the good on't will be thine.
 For, though thou must ne'r thinke of other love,
 And so wilt advance her as high above
 Vertue as cause above effect can bee,
 'Tis vertue to be chaste, which shee'll make thee.

The end of the Satyres.

LETTERS

LETTERS TO SEVERALL PERSONAGES.

THE STORME.

To Mr. Christopher Brooke, from the Island voyage with the Earle of Essex.

THou which art I, ('tis nothing to be so)
Thou which art still thy selfe, by this shalt know
Part of our passage; And, a hand, or eye
By *Hilliard* drawne, is worth a History,
By a worse painter made; and (without pride)
When by thy judgement they are dignifi'd,
My Lines are such. 'Tis the preheminance,
Of friendship onely to 'impute excellence.
England, to whom we owe, what we be, and have,
Sad that her sonnes did seeke a forraine grave
(For, Fates, or Fortunes drifts none can southsay,
Honour and misery have one face one way.)
From out her pregnant intrailes sigh'd a winde
Which at th'ayres middle marble roome did finde
Such strong resistance, that it selfe it threw
Downward againe; and so when it did view

How

SHow in the port, our fleet deare time did leese,
Withering like prisoners, which lie but for fees,
Mildly it kist our sailes, and, fresh, and sweet,
As, to a stomach sterv'd, whose insides meet,
Meate comes, it came; and swole our sayles, when we
So joy'd, as *Sara* her swelling joy'd to see,
But 'twas, but so kinde, as our countrey men, (then,
Which bring friends one dayes way, and leave them
Then like two mighty Kings, which dwelling farre
Asunder, meet against a third to warre,
The South and West winds joyn'd, &c, 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 sailes assaile;
And what at first was call'd a gust the same
Hath now a stormes, anon a tempests name.
Jonas, I pittie thee, and curse those men,
Who when the storme rag'd most, did wake thee
Sleepe is paines easiest salve, and doth fulfill (then
All offices of death, except to kill.
But when I wak'd, I saw, that I saw not.
I, and the Sunne, which should teach me, 'had forgot
East, West, day, night; and I could onely say,
If the world had lasted, yet it had beene 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 Sunne had drunke the sea before,
Some coffin'd in their cabbins lie, 'equally
Griev'd that they are not dead, and yet must die.
And as sinburd'ned foules from grave will creep,
At the last day, some forth their cabbins pcepe:

And

And trembling aske what newes, and doe heare so
 As jealous husbands, what they would not know.
 Some sitting on the hatches, would seeme there,
 With hideous gazing to feare away feare.
 Then note they the ships sicknesses, the Mast
 Shak d with an ague, and the Hold and Waste
 With a salt dropsie clogg'd, and all our tacklings
 Snapping, like too-too-high-stretch'd treble strings,
 And from our totter'd sailes, raggs drop downe so,
 As from one hang'd in chaines, a yeare agoe.
 Yea even our Ordinance plac'd for our defence,
 Strives to breake loose, and scape away from thence.
 Pumping hath tir'd our men, and what's the gaine?
 Seas into seas throwne, we suck in againe;
 Hearing hath deaf'd our Sailers, and if they (say
 Knew how to heare, there's none knowes what to
 Compar'd to these stormes; death is but a qualme,
 Hell somewhat lightsome, the Bermudas calme.
 Darknesse, lights eldest brother, his birth-right
 Clames o'r the world, & to heaven hath chas'd light.
 All things are one, and that one none can be,
 Since all formes, uniforme deformitie
 Doth cover; so that we, except God say
 Another *Fiat* shall have no more day.
 So violent, yet long these furies be, (thee.
 That though thine absence sterve me, 'I wish not

The

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The Calme.

OVR storme is past, & that stormes tyrannous rage,
A stupid calme, but nothing it, doth swage.
The fable is inverted, and farre more
A block afflicts, now, then a stroke before.
Stormes chafe, and soon weare out themselves, or us;
In calmes, Heaven laughs to see us languish thus.
As steady as I could with my thoughts were,
Smooth as thy Mistresse glasse, or what shines there,
The sea is now, and, as the lles which we
Seeke, when we can move, our ships rooted bee.
As water did in stormes, now pitch runs out:
As Lead, when a fir'd Church becomes one spout.
And all our beautie, and our trimme, decayes,
Like courts removing, or like ended playes.
The fighting place now seamens ragges supply;
And all the tackling is a frippery.
No use of Lanthornes; and in one place lay
Feathers and dust, to day and yesterday.
Earths hollownes, which the worlds lungs are,
Have no more winde than the upper valt of ayre.
We can nor lost friends, nor sought foes recover,
But Meteor-like, save that we move not, hover.
Onely the Calenture together drawes
Deare friends; which meet dead in great fishes
And on the hatches, as on Altars lies (mawes,
Each one, his owne Priest, and owne Sacrifice.

Who

Who live, that miracle doe multiplie
 Where walkers in hot Ovens, doe 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 turne,
 Like parboy'd wretches, on the coales to burne.
 Like *Rajazet* encag'd, the shepheards scoffe,
 Or like slack-sinew'd *Sampson*, his haire off,
 Languish our ships. Now as a Miriade
 Of Ants, durst th' Emperours lov'd Snake invade:
 The crawling Gallies, Sea-gulls, finny chips,
 Might brave our Pinnaces, now bed-rid ships.
 Whether a rotten state, and hope of gaine,
 Or, to disuse me from the queasie paine
 Of being belov'd, and loving: or the thirst
 Of honour, or faire death, out-pulst me first,
 I lose my end: for here as well as I
 A desperate may live, and coward die.
 Stagge, dogge, and all which from, or towards flies,
 Is paid with life, or pray, or doing dyes.
 Fate grudges us all, and doth subtly lay
 A scourge, gainst which we all forget to pray.
 He that at sea prays for more winde, as well
 Vnder 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, wee are for nothing fit;
 Chance, or our selves still disproportion it.
 We have no powers, no will, no sense; I lie,
 I should not then thus feeble this misery.

To S^r Henry Wootton.

SIR, more than kisses, letters mingle Soules,
For, thus friends absent speak. This ease controules
The tediousnesse of my life : But for these
I could ideate nothing, which could please,
But I should wither in one day, and passe
To a bottle of Hay, that am a lock of Grasse.
Life is a voyage, and in our lives wayes
Countries, Courts, Townes are Rocks, or Remoraes;
They breake or stop all ships, yet our stat's such
That though then pitch they staine worse, we must
If in the furnace of the raging line, (touch.
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 countrey frozen ?
Shall cities built of both extremes be chosen ?
Can dung or garlike be 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 Theaters, where some men play
Princes, some slaves, all to one end, of one day.
The Countrey is a desert, where the good,
Gain'd inhabits not, borne, is not understood.

L

There

There men become beasts, and prone to all evils ;
In Cities blockes, and in a lewd court, devils.

As, in the first Chaos, confusedly
Each elements qualities were in th' 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. Vertue is barbarous.

Let no man say there, Vertues flinty wall
Shall locke vice in me, I'll doe none, but know all.

Men are sponges, which to powre out, receive :
Who know false play, rather than lose, deceive.

For in best understandings sinne began,
Angels sinn'd first, then devils, and then man.

Onely perchance beasts sinne not ; wretched wee
Are beasts in all, but white integritie.

I thinke if men, which in these places live
Durst looke in themselves, and themselves retrive,
They would like strangers greet themselves, seeing
Vtopian youth, growne old Italian. (that)

Be then thine owne home, and in thy selfe dwell
Inne any where ; continuance maketh hell.

And seeing the snail, which every where doth roome
Carrying his owne house still, still is at home :

Follow (for he is easie pac'd) this snail,
Be thine owne Palace, or the world's thy gale.

And in the worlds sea doe not like corke sleepe
Vpon the waters face ; nor in the deepe

Sinke like a lead without a line : but as
Fishes glide, leaving no print where they passe,

Nor making sound : so, closely thy course goe,
Let men dispute, whether thou breathe, or no :

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Onely 'in this be no Galenist. To make
 Courts hot ambitions wholesome, doe not take
 A dramme of Countries dulnesse; doe not adde
 Correctives, but as chymiques, purge the bad.
 But, Sir, I advise not you, I rather doe
 Say o'r those lessons, which I learn'd of you:
 Whom, free from Germanies schismes, and lightnes
 Of France, and faire Italies faithlesnesse,
 Having from these suck'd all they had of worth;
 And brought home that faith which you carried
 Throughly love, But if my selfe I have won (forth;
 To know my rules, I have, and you have **DONNE**.

To Sr Henry Goodjere.

Who makes the Past, a pattern for next yeare,
 Turns no new leaf, but still the same things reads,
 Eene things he sees againe, heard things doth heare,
 And makes his life but like a paire of beads.

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

Who had your body 'her morning, hath her noone,
 And shall not better; her next change is night:
 But her faire larger guest, to whom Sun and Moone
 Are sparkes, and short liv'd, claimes another right.

The noble Soule by age growes lustier,
 Her appetite, and her digestion mend;
 We must not sterue, nor hope to pamper her
 With womens milke, and pappe, unto the end.

Provide you manlier diet. You have seene
 All Libraries, which are Schools, Camps, & Courts
 But aske your Garners if you have not beene
 In harvests, too indulgent to your sports.

Would you redeeme it? then your selfe transplant
 A while from hence. Perchance outlandish ground
 Beares no more wit, than ours, but yet more scant
 Are those diversions there, which here abound.

To be a stranger hath that benefit.
 Wee can beginnings, but not habits choke.
 Goe, whither? hence you get, if you forget;
 New faults till they prescribe to us, are smooke.

Our soule, whose country's heavē, & God her father,
 Into this world, corruptions sinke, is sent,
 Yet so much in her travaile she doth gather,
 That she returnes home wiser than she went;

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

However, keepe the lively taste you hold
 Of God, love him now, but feare him more,

And

And in your afternoones thinke what you told
And promis'd him, at morning prayer before.

Let falshood like a discord anger you,
Else be not froward. But why doe I touch
things, of which none is in your practise new,
And Tables, or fruit-trenchers teach as much.

But thus I make you keepe your promise Sir,
Riding I had you, though you still stay'd there,
And in these thoughts, although you never stirre,
You came with me to Micham, and are here.

To Mr Rowland Woodward.

Ike one who'in her third widdowhood doth pro-
Her selfe a Nunne, tyed to retirednesse,
affects my Muse, now, a chaste fallownesse,
Since she to few, yet to too many hath flowne,
How long loves weeds, and Satyrique thornes are
Where seeds of better arts, were early sown? (grown,
ough to use, and love Poëtry, to mee,
etroth'd to no'one Art, be no Adultery;
missions of good, ill, as ill deeds bee.

For though to us it seeme but light and thin,
Yet in those faithfull scales, where God throwes in
Mens workes, vanitie weiges as much as sinne.

If our soules have stain'd their first white, yet wee
May cloath them with faith, and deare honestie,
Which God imputes as native puritie.

There is no Vertue, but Religion.
Wise, valliant, sober, just, are names, which none
Want, which want not Vice-covering discretion.

Seeke we then our selves in our selves ; for as
Men force the Sunne with much more force to pass
By gathering his beames with a Chrystall glasse ;

So wee (if wee into our selves will turne,
Blowing our sparkes of vertue) may out-burne
The straw which doth about our hearts sojourne.

You know, Physitians, when they would infuse
Into any 'oyle the Soules of Simples, use
Places, where they may lie still warme, to chuse ;

So workes retirednesse in us ; To some
Giddily and be every where, but at home,
Such freedome 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 selfe then, to thy selfe be' approv'd,
And with vaine outward things be no more mov'd,
But to know that I love thee and would be lov'd.

To Sr Henry Wootton.

Here's no more newes, than vertue. 'I may as well
Tell you *Calis*, or Saint *Michaels* tales, as tell
That vice doth here habitually dwell.

Yet, as to get stomachs, we walke up and downe,
And toyle to sweeten rest: so, may God frowne,
If, but to loath both, I haunt Court, or Towne.

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

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

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

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

Beleeve me fir, in my youths giddiest dayes,
When to be like the Court was a players praise,
Playes were not so like Courts, as Courts like playe:

Then let us at these mimique antiques jeast,
Whose deepest projects, and egregious gests
Are but dull Morals of a game at Chests.

But now 'tis incongruitie to smile,
Therefore I end; and bid farewell a while.
At Court: though from Court, were the better stile.

To the Countesse of Bedford.

MADAM,

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

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

Therefore I study you first in your Saints,
Those friends whom your election glorifies;
Then in your deeds, accessses and restraints,
And what you reade, and what your selfe devise.

But

ut soone, the reasons why you're lov'd by all,
grow infinite, and so passe reasons reach,
then backe againe to implicite faith I fall,
and rest on what the Catholique voyce doth teach;

hat you are good: and not one Heretique
denies it; if he did, yet you are so.
or, rockes, which high to sense deepe-rooted stick,
Waves wash, not undermine, nor overthrow.

in every thing there naturally growes
A *Balsamum* to keepe it fresh, and new,
if 'twere not injur'd by extrinsique blowes;
Your birth and beautie are this balme in you.

But, you of learning and religion,
And vertue, 'and such ingredients, have made
A Mithridate, whose operation
keepees 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 Angell since the worlds frame stood,
That ever did in womans shape appeare.

Since you are then Gods masterpeece, and so
His Factor for our loves; doe as yo doe,
Make your returne home gracious; and bestow
This life on that: so make one life of two.

For so God helpe me, I would not misse you there
For all the good which you can doe me here.

To the Countesse of Bedford.

MADAM,

YOU have refin'd me, and to worthiest things
Vertue, Art, Beautie, Fortune; now I see
Rarenesse, or use, not nature value brings;
And such, as they are circumstanc'd, they bee.

Two ills can nere perplex us, sin t'excuse;
But of two good things we may leave and chuse.

Therefore at Court, which is not vertues clime,
Where a transcendent height, (as, lownesse mee)
Makes her not be, or not show: all my rime
Your vertues challenge, which there rarest bee;
For, as darke texts need notes: there some must be
To usher vertue, and say, *This is she.*

So in the countrey's beautie. 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. (shrines
Widow'd and reclus'd else, her sweets she'en-
As China, when the Sunne at Brasill dines,

Out 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 reckonings goe.

This

This shewes that you from nature loathly stray,
That suffer not an Artificiall day.

In this you have made the Court the Antipodes,
And will'd your Delegate, the vulgar sunne,
To doe prophane autumnall offices,
Whil'st here to you, we sacrificers runne;

And whether Priests, or Organs, you wee'obey,
We found your influence, and your Dictates say.

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

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

As all which goe to Rome, doe not thereby,
Esteeme religions, and hold fast the best,
But serve discourse, and curiosity,
With that which doth religion but invest,
And shun th'entangling labyrinths of Schools,
And make it wit, to thinke the wiser fooles:

So in this pilgrimage I would behold
You as you are Vertues Temple, not as she,
What wals of tender christall her enfold,
What eyes, hands, bosome, her pure Altars be,
And after this survey, oppose to all
Babblers of Chapels, you th'Escuriall.

Yet not as consecrate, but meerly'as faire;
 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 booke of Fate, that it admit
 No sad nor guiltie legends, you are it.

If good and lovely were not one, of both
 You were the transcript, and originall,
 The Elements, the Parent and the Growth
 And every peece of you, is worth their All,
 So intire are all your deeds, and you, that you
 Must doe the same things still: you cannot two.

But these (as nice thinne Schoole divinitie
 Serves heresie to furdere or repress)
 Taste of Poëtique rage, or flatterie,
 And need not, where all hearts one truth professe;
 Oft from new proofs, and new phrase, new doubts
 As strange attire alters the men we know. (grow

Leaving then busie praise, and all appeale,
 To higher Courts, senses decree is true.
 The Mine, the Magazine, the common-weale,
 The story of beautie, in Twicknam is, and you.
 Who hath seen one, would both; As, who hath bin
 In Paradise, would seeke the Cherubin.

To

To Sr. Edward Herbert, now Lord Herbert of
Cherbury, being at the siege of Iuliers.

MAn is a lumpe, where all beasts kneaded be,
Wisdome makes him an Arke where all agree;
The foole, in whom these beasts doe live at jarre,
Is sport to others, and a Theater,
Nor scapes he so, but is himselfe their prey;
All which was man in him, is eate away,
And now his beasts on one another feed,
Yet couple in anger, and new monsters breed,
How happy 'is he, which hath due place assign'd
To his beasts; and disforested his minde?
Empal'd himselfe to keepe them out, not in;
Can sow, and dares trust corne, where they have bin;
Can use his horse, goate, wolfe, and every beast,
And is not Ass himselfe to all the rest.
Else, man not onely is the heard of swine,
But he's those devils too, which did incline
Them to an headlong rage, and made them worse:
For man can adde weight to heavens heaviest curse,
As Soules (they say) by our first touch, take in
The poysonous tincture of Originall sinne,
So, to the punishments which God doth fling,
Our apprehension contributes the sting.
To us, as to his chickens, he doth cast
Hemlocke, and we as men, his hemlocke taste.

We

We doe infuse to what he meant for meat,
Corrosivenesse, or intense cold or heat.
For, God no such specifick poyson hath
As kils men know not how; his fiercest wrath
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 devill, that might be his God.
Since then our businesse is, to rectifie
Nature, to what she was; we're led awry
By them, who man to us in little show,
Greater than due, no forme we can bestow
On him; for man into himselfe 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 workes not, but it is in all
Poysonous, or purgative, or cordiall.
For, knowledge kindles Calentures in some;
And is to others joy *Opium*.
As brave as true, is that profession than
Which you doe use to make; that you know man.
This makes it credible, you have dwelt upon
All worthy bookes; and now are such an one.
Actions are Authors, and of those in you
Your friends finde every day a mart of new.

To

To the Countesse of Bedford.

Have written then, when you writ, seem'd to me
Worst of spirituall vices, Simony :
And not t'have written then, seemes little lesse
Than worst of civill vices, thanklesnesse.
In this, my doubt I seem'd loath to confesse,
That, I seem'd to shunne beholdingnesse.
But 'tis not so, *nothings*, as I am, may
Say all they have, and yet have all to pay.
Which borrow in their payments, and owe more
Than having leave to write so, than before.
Yet since rich mines in barren grounds, are showne,
May not I yeeld (not gold but) coale or stone?
Temples were not demolish'd, though prophane:
Where *Peter*, *Ioves*; there *Paul* hath *Dian's* Fane.
So whether my hymns you admit or chuse,
In me you've hallowed a Pagan Muse,
And denizend a stranger, who mis-taught
By blamers of the times they mard, hath sought
Vertues in corners, which now bravely doe
Shine in the worlds best part, or all It; you.
Have beene told, that vertue in Courtiers hearts
Suffers an Ostracisme, and departs.
For profit, ease, fitnesse, plenty, bid it goe,
But whither, onely knowing you, I know;
Your, or you vertue, two vast uses serves,
That transomes one sexe, and one Court preserves:

There's

There's nothing but your worth, which being true,
 Is knowne to any other, not to you.
 And you can never know it; To admit
 No knowledge of your worth, is some of it.
 But since to you, your praises discords bee,
 Stoop others ill, to meditate with mee.
 Oh! to confesse we know not what we should;
 Is halfe excuse, we know not what we would.
 Lightnesse depresseth us, emptinesse fills,
 We sweat and faint, yet still goe downe the hils;
 As new Philosophy arrests the Sunne,
 And bids the passive earth about it runne,
 So we have dull'd our minde, it hath no ends;
 Onely the bodie's busie, and pretends.
 As dead low earth eclipses and controules
 The quick high Moone: so doth the body, Soules.
 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-lesse labours, or, without this, prayes;
 Doth but one half, that's none; He which said, *Plough*
And looke not back, to looke up doth allow.
 Good seed degenerates, and oft obeyes
 The soyles disease, and into cockle strays.
 Let 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 forraigne tyrants could remove,
 These not ingrav'd, but inborne dignities
 Caskets of soules; Temples, and Palaces.
 For, bodics shall from death redeemed bee,
 Soules but preserv'd, borne naturally free;

As men to 'our prisons now, soules to us are sent,
Which learne 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 beene (scene :
That stones, wormes, frogs, and snakes in man are
But who ere saw, though nature can worke so,
That pearle, or gold, or corne in man did grow ?
We have added to the world Virginia, and sent
Two new starres lately to the firmament ;
Why grudge we us (not heaven) the dignitie
T' increase with ours those faire soules company ?
But I must end this letter, though it doe
Stand on two truths, neither is true to you.
Vertue hath some perversenesse ; For shee will
Neither beleeve her good, nor others ill,
Even in you vertues best paradise,
Vertue hath some, but wise degrees of vice,
Too many vertues, or too much of one
Begets in you unjust suspicion.
And ignorance of vice, make vertue lesse,
Quenching compassion of our wretchednesse.
But these are riddles ; some asperion
of vice becomes well some complexion.
Statesmen purge vice with vice, and may corrode
The bad with bad, a spider with a toad :
For so, ill thrals not them, but they tame ill
And make her doe much good against her will,
But in your Common-wealth, or world in you,
Vice hath no office, or good worke to doe.
Take then no vicious purge, but be content
With cordiall vertue, your knowne nourishment.

*To the Countesse of Bedford.**On New-yeares day.*

THis twilight of two yeares, not past nor next,
Some embleme is of me, or I of this,
Who (Meteor-like, of stuffe and forme perplex,
Whose *what* and *where*, in disputation is,)
If I should call me *any thing*, should misse.

I summe the yeares, and me, and finde me not
Debtor to th'old, nor Creditour 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 (such
What you were, and teach them to urge towards
Verse embalmes vertue; 'and Tombes, or Thrones o
Preserve fraile transitory fame, as much (rimes
As spice doth bodies from corrupt aires 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 warme and cherish us, doe waste
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 soone, and so possesse no place,
And you, and it, too much grace might disgrace.

When all (as truth commands assent) confesse
All truth of you, yet they will doubt how I
(One corne of one low anthills dust, and lesse,)
Should name know or expresse a thing so high,
And (not an inch) measure infinitie.

I cannot tell them, nor my selfe, nor you,
But leave, lest truth b'endangered by my praise,
And turne to God, who knowes I thinke this true,
And useth oft, when such a heart mis-sayes,
To make it good, for, such a praiser prayes.

He will best teach you, how you should lay out
His stocke of *beautie, learning, favour, blood*;
He will perplex securitie with doubt, (you good,
And cleare those doubts; hide from you, and shew
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 pitty is not good there, some vaine disport,
On this side, sin, with that place may comport.

Yet he as he bounds seas, will fixe your houres,
Which pleasure, and delight may not ingresse,

And though what none else lost, be truest yours,
 He will make you, what you did not, possesse,
 By using others, not vice, but weaknesse.

He will make you speake truths, and credibly,
 And make you doubt that others doe not so :
 He will provide you keyes, and lockes, to spie,
 And scape spies, to good ends, and he will shew
 What you may not acknowledge, what not know.

For your owne conscience, he gives iannocence,
 But for your fame, a discreet warinesse,
 And (though to scape, then to revenge offence
 Be better,) he shewes both, and to repressse
Joy, when your state swels, *sadnesse* when 'tis lesse.

From need of teares he will defend your soule,
 Or make a rebaptizing of one teare ;
 He cannot, (that's, he will not) dis-inroule
 Your name; and when with active joy we heare
 This private Gospell, then 'tis our New Yeare.

To the Countesse of Huntingdon.

MADAM,

MAn to Gods Image; *Eve*, to mans was made,
 Nor finde we that God breath'd a soule in her,
 Canons will not Church functions you invade,
 Nor lawes to civill office you preferre.

Who

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

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

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

If the worlds age, and death be argued well (bend,
By the Sunnes fall, which now towards earth doth
Then we might feare that vertue, since shee fell
So low as woman, should be neare 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
She was in all men thinly scatter'd then, (you,
But now a masse contracted in a few.

Shee guilded us : but you are gold ; and She,
Informed us, but transubstantiates you,
Soft dispositions which ductile bee,
Elixarlike, shee makes not cleane, but new.

Though you a wifes and mothers name retaine,
'Tis not as woman, for all are not so,

But vertue, having made you vertue, 'is faine
T'adhere in these names, her and you to show,

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

Taught by great constellations, (which being fram'd,
Of the most starres, take low names, *Crab, & 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 vaile of kindred others see ;
To some you are reveal'd, as in a friend,
And as a vertuous Prince farre off, to me.

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

If you can thinke these flatteries, they are,
For then your judgement is below my praise.
If they were so, oft, flatteries worke a farre,
As Counsels, and as farre th'endeavour raise,

So my ill reaching you might there grow good,
But I remaine a poysoned fountaine still ;
And not your beauty, vertue, knowledge, blood
Are more above all flatterie, than my will.

And

And if I flatter any, 'tis not you
 But my owne judgement, who did long agoe
 Pronounce, that all these praises should be true,
 And vertue should your beautie, & birth outgrow.

Now that my prophecies are all fulfill'd,
 Rather then God should not be honour'd too,
 And all these gifts confests'd, which he instill'd,
 Your selfe were bound to say that which I doe.

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

I was your Prophet in your yonger dayes,
 And now your Chaplaine, God in you to praise.

To M. I. W.

ALL haile sweet Poët, more 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 workes, though toughly laboured, will bee
 Like infancy or age to mans firme stay,
 Or earely and late twilights to mid-day.

M 4

Men

Men say, and truly, that they better be
 Which be envy'd than pittied : therefore I,
 Because I wish thee best, doe thee envie :
 O wouldst thou by like reason, pittie 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 Schoole)
 A Monster and a beggar, am a foole.

Oh how I grieve, that late-borne modesty
 Hath got such root in easie waxen hearts, (parts
 That men may not themselves, their owne good
 Extoll, without suspect of surquedrie,
 For, but thy selfe, no subject can be found
 Worthy thy quill, nor any quill resound
 Thy worke but thine : how good it were to see
 A Poëm 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 devill.
 'Twill be good prose, although the verse be evill.
 If thou forget the rime as thou dost passe,
 Then write, then I may follow, and so bee
 Thy debter, thy eccho, thy foyle, thy zancee.
 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, & pleasure
I have given thee, and yet thou art too weake,
Feet and a reasoning soule, and tongue to speake.
Tell him, all questions, which men have defended
Both of the place and paines 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 pawnes, or else my Testament.

To M. T. W.

PRegnant again with th'old twins Hope, and Feare,
Oft have I askt 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 conceive some hope thereby.

And

And now thy Almes is given, thy letter is read,
The body risen againe, the which was dead,
And thy poore starveling bountifully fed,

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

Incerto.

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

Yet as a firme house, though the Carpenter
Perish, doth stand: as an Embassadour
Lyes safe, how e'r his King be in danger:

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

Therefore I envy them, and doe repent,
That from unhappy me, things happy are sent;
Yet 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.

THy friend, whom thy deserts to thee enchainē,
Vrg'd by this unexcusable occasion
Thee and the Saint of his affection
Leaving behinde, doth of both wants complaine;
And let the love I beare to both sustaine
No blot nor maimē by this division,
Strong is this love which ties our hearts in one,
And strong that love pursu'd with amorous painē;
But though besides thy selfe I leave behinde
Heavens liberall, and the thrice faire Sunne,
Going to where sterv'd winter aye doth wonne,
Yet, loves hot fires which martyr my sad minde,
Doe send forth scalding fighes, 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 knowledge, hast with courage and advice
Lately launch'd into the vast Sea of Arts,
Disdaine not in thy constant travelling
To do as other Voyagers, and make

Some

Some turnes into lesse Creekes, 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 sparkes of Poëtry,
 I, thought I brought no fuell, 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 weane thy selfe at last, and thee withdraw
 From Cambridge thy old nurse, and, as the rest,
 Here toughly chew, and sturdily digest
 Th'immenſe vast volumes of our common law;
 And begin soone, lest my griefe grieve thee too,
 Which is, that that which I should have begun
 In my youths morning, now late must be done;
 And I, as Giddy Travellers, must doe,
 Which stray or sleepe all day, and having lost (poſt)
 Light and strength, darke and tir'd must then ride
 If thou unto thy Muse be married,
 Embrace her ever, ever multiply,
 Be farre from me that strange Adultery

To tempt thee, and procure her widdowhood,
 My nurse, (for I had one) because I'm cold,
 Divorc'd her selfe, the cause being in me,
 That I can take no new in Bigamye,
 Not my will onely, but power doth withhold,
 Hence comes it, that these Rimes which never had
 Mother, want matter, and they onely have
 A little forme, the which their Father gave;
 They are prophane, imperfect, oh, too bad
 To be counted Children of Poëtry
 Except confirm'd and Bishoped by thee.

To M. R. W.

[F, as mine is, thy life a slumber be, (me,
 Seeme, when shou read'st these lines, to dreame of
 Never did Morpheus nor his brother weare
 Shapes so like those Shapes, whom they would ap-
 As this my letter is like me, for it (peare,
 Hath my name, words, hand, feet, heart, minde and
 It is my deed of gift of me to thee, (wit;
 It is my Will, my selfe the Legacie.
 So thy retyrings 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 Piëture to his absent Love hath sent.

All newes I thinke sooner reach thee than me ;
 Havens are Heavens, and Ships wing'd Angels be,
 The which both Gospell , and sterne threatnings
 Guianaes harvest is nipt in the spring, (bring
 I feare; And with us (me thinkes) Fate deales so
 As with the Jewes guide God did; he did show
 Him therich land, but barr'd his entry in,
 Our slownesse is our punishment and sinne;
 Perchance, these Spanish busineses being done ;
 Which as the earth between the Moon and Sunne
 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 formes forme, and our soules soule 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 drinke of Po, Sequan, or Danubie,
 There's none that sometime greets us not, and yet
 Your Trent is Lethe', that past, us you forget.
 You doe not duties of Societies,

f from th' embrace of a lov'd wife you rise, (fields,
view your fat beasts, stretch'd Barnes, and labour'd
state, play, ride, take all joyes which all day yeelds,
and then againe to your imbracements goe :
some houres on us your friends, and some bestow
upon your Muse, else both we shall repent,
that my love, she that her guifts 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 darke is our Clime;
Heavens Sun, which staid so long from us this yeare,
Staid in your North (I thinke) for she was there,
And hither by kinde nature drawne from thence,
Here rages chafes and threatens pestilence ;
Yet I, as long as she from hence doth stay,
Thinke this no South, no Sommer, nor no day,
With thee my kinde and unkinde heart is runne,
There sacrifice it to that beauteous Sunne :
So may thy pastures with their flowery feasts,
As suddenly as Lard, fat thy leane beasts ;
So may thy woods of poll'd, yet ever weare
A greene, and (when she list) a golden haire ;
So may all thy sheep bring forth Twins; and so
In chase and race may thy horse all out-goe ;
So may thy love and courage ne'r be cold ;
Thy Son ne'r Ward; Thy lov'd wife ne'r seem old;
But maist thou wish great things, and them attaine,
As thou tell'st her, and none but her my paine.

To

To E. of D. with sixe holy Sonets.

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

*To Sir H.W. at his going Ambassadour
 to Venice.*

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

A Taper of his Torch, a copie writ
From his Originall, and a faire beame
Of the same warme, and dazelling Sunne, though it
Must in another Sphere his vertue streame :

After 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 :

After those loving papers which friends send
With glad griefe 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 selfe would aske ;
What you must say at Venice this meanes now,
And hath for nature what you have for taske.
To sweare 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 oppresse)
To want, then governe greatnesse for we are
In that, our owne and onely businesse,
In this we must for others vices care.

'Tis therefore well your spirits now are plac'd
In their last Furnace, in Activitie ;

Which fits them (Schooles and Courts and warres
To touch and test in any best degree. (o'rpast

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

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

To M. M. H.

MAd paper stay, and grudge not here to burne
With all those sonnes whom thy braine did
At least lie hid with me, till thou returne (creat
To rags againe, which is thy native state.

What though thou have enough unworthinesse
To come unto great place as others doe,
That's much, emboldens, puls, thrusts I confesse,
But 'tis not all, thou shouldst be wicked too.

And, that thou canst not learne, or not of me.
Yet thou wilt goe, Goe, 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 claimes *love* and *reverence* :
Thou wilt not long dispute it, thou wilt die ;
And, having little now, have then no sense.

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

Then as a mother which delights to heare
Her early childe mis-speake halfe uttered words,
Or, because majestie doth never feare
Ill or bold speech, she Audience affords,

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

Yet maist thou praise her servants, though not her,
And wit, and vertue, and honour her attend, (erre
And since they are but her cloathes, thou shalt not
If thou her shape & beautie, and grace commend.

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

When thou art there, if any, whom we know,
Were sav'd before, and did that heaven partake,

When she revolves his papers, marke what show
Of favour, she, alone, to them doth make.

Marke, if to get them, she o'rskip the rest,

Marke if she reade them twice, or kisse the name

Marke if she doe the same that they protest.

Marke, if she marke whither her woman came,

Marke if sleight things be'objected, and o'rblowne,

Marke if her oathes against him be not still

Reserv'd, and that she grieve she's not her owne,

And chides the doctrine that denies Freewill.

I bid thee not doe this to be my spie ;

Nor to make my selfe her familiar ;

But so much I doe love her choyce, that I

Would faine love him that shall be lov'd of her

To the Countesse of Bedford.

HONOUR is so sublime perfection,
And so refin'd ; that when God was alone
And creaturelesse at first, himselfe 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 wonne
From grosse, by Stilling, this is better done
By despis'd dung, than by the fire of Sunne:

Care not then, Madam, 'how low your praises lie;
In labourers ballads oft more piety
God findes, than in *Te Deums* melodie.

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 than were true,
Your radiation can all clouds subdue,
But one, 'tis best light to contemplate you.

You, for whose body God made better clay,
Or tooke Soules stuffe, such as shall late decay,
Or such as needs small change at the last day.

This, as an Amber drop enwraps a Bee,
Covering discovers your quick Soule; that wee (see.
May in your through-shine front our hearts thoughts

You teach (though wee learn not) a thing unknown
To our late times, the use of specular stone, (showne.
Through which all things within without were

Of such were Temples; so and such you are;
Beeing and *seeming* is your equall care,
 And *vertues* whole *summe* is but *know* and *dare*.

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

But as our Soules of growth and Soules of sense
 Have birthright of our reasons Soule, yet hence
 They flie not from that, nor seeke presidence:

Natures first lesson, so, discretion,
 Must not grudge zeale a place, nor yet keepe none,
 Not banish it selfe, nor Religion.

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

In those poore types of God (round circles) so
 Religions types the peecelesse centers flow,
 And are in all the lines which alwayes goe.

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

Goe thither still, goe the same way you went,
 Who so would change, doe covet or repent;
 Neither can reach you, great and innocent.

To the Countesse of Huntington.

THat unripe side of earth, that heavy clime
That gives us man up now, like *Adams* time
Before he ate ; mans shape, that would yet bee
(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 newes could not arrived bee
Of *Adams* tasting the forbidden tree ;
Depriv'd of that free state which they were in,
And wanting the reward, yet beare the sinne.

But, as from extreme hights who downward looks,
Sees men at childrens shapes, Rivers at brookes,
And loseth younger formes ; so, to your eye,
These (Madame) that without your distance lie,
Must either mist, or nothing seeme to be,
Who are at home but wits mere *Atomi*.
But, I who can behold them move, and stay,
Have found my selfe to you, just their midway ;
And now must pittie them ; for, as they doe
Seeme sick to me, just so must I to you,
Yet neither will I vex your eyes to see
A sighing Ode, nor crosse-arm'd Elegie.
I come not to call pittie from your heart,
Like some white-liver'd dotard that would part
Else from his slipperie soule with a faint groane,
And faithfully, (without you smil'd) were gone.

I cannot feele the tempest of a frowne,
I may be rais'd by love, but not throwne down:
Though I can pittie those sigh twice a day,
I hate that thing whispers it selfe away.
Yet since all love is fever, who to trees
Doth talke, doth yet in loves cold ague freeze.
T'is love, but, with such fatall weaknesse made,
That it destroyes it selfe with its owne shade.
Who first look'd sad, griev'd, pin'd, and shew'd his
Was he that first taught women, to disdaine. (paine.

As all things were one nothing, dull and weake,
Vntill this raw disordered heape did breake,
And severall desires led parts away,
Water declin'd with earth, the ayre 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 willingnesse 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 those dayes 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, both knew not why.
That naturall fearefulnesse that struck man dumbe,
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

Man's better part consists of purer fire,
And findes it selfe allowed, ere it desire.
Love is wise here, keepes home, gives reason sway,
And journeys not till it finde summer-way.
A weather-beaten Lover but once knowne,
Is sport for every girle to practise on. (know.
Who strives through womans scornes, women to
Is lost, and seekes his shadow to outgoe ;
It must be sicknesse after one disdaine,
Though he be call'd aloud, to looke againe.
Let others sinne, and grieve; one cunning sleight
Shall freeze my Love to Christall in a night.
I can love first, and (if I winne) love still ;
And cannot be remov'd, unlesse she will.
It is her fault if I unsure remaine,
Shee onely can untie, I binde againe.
The honesties of love with ease I doe,
But am no porter for a tedious woe.

But (Madame) I now thinke on you ; and here
Where we are at our hights, you but appeare,
We are but clouds, you rise from our noon-ray,
But a foule shadow, not your breake of day.
You are at first hand all that's faire and right,
And others good reflects but backe your light.
You are a perfectnesse, so curious hit,
That youngest flatteries doe scandall it.
For, what is more doth what you are restraine,
And though beyond, is downe the hill againe.
We have no next way to you, we crosse 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

These are your pictures to the life. From farre
We see you move, and here your *Zani's* are :
So that no fountaine good there is, doth grow
In you, but our dimme actions faintly shew.

Then finde I, if mans noblest part be love,
Your purest luster must that shadow move.
The soule with body, is a heaven combin'd
With earth, and for mans ease, but nearer joyn'd.
Where thoughts the starres of soule we understand,
We guesse not their large natures, but command.
And love in you, that bountie is of light,
That gives to all, and yet hath infinite.
Whose heat doth force us thither to intend,
But soule we finde too earthly to ascend,
Till slow accesse hath made it wholly pure,
Able immortall clearnesse to endure.
Who dare aspire this journey with a staine,
Hath waight will force him headlong backe againe.
No more can impure man retaine 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 : (speak ;
Such may have eye, and hand ; may sigh, may
But like swoln bubbles, whē they are high't they break
Though far removed Northerne fleets scarce finde
The Sunnes comfort ; others thinke him too kinde.
There is an equall distance from her eye,
Men perish too farre off, and burne too nigh.
But as ayre takes the Sunne-beames equall bright
From the first Raves, to his last opposite :
So able man, blest with a vertuous Love,
Remote or neare, or howsoe'r they move ;

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There vertue breakes all clouds that might annoy,
There is no Emptinesse, but all is Ioy.
He much profanes whom valiant hearts doe move
To stile his wandering rage of passion, Love.
Love that imparts in every thing delight,
Is fancied
Why love among the vertues is not knowne
Is, that love is them all contracted one.

*A Dialogue betweene Sr Henry Wootton,
and Mr Donne.*

IF her disdain least change in you can move,
you doe not love,
For when the hope gives fuell to the fire,
you sell desire.

Love is not love, but given free,
And so is mine, so should yours bee.

Her heart that melts to heare of others moane,
to mine is stone.

Her eyes that weepe a strangers eyes to see,
joy to wound mee :

Yet I so well affect each part,
As (caus'd by them) I love my smart.

Say her disdaynings justly must be grac't
with name of chaste,

And

And that shee frownes least longing should exceed,
 and raging breed
 So her disdaines can ne'r offend;
 Vnlesse selfe-love take private end.

'Tis love breeds love in mee, and cold disdaine
 kills that againe,
 As water causeth fire to fret and fume,
 till all consume.

Who can of love more gift make,
 Then to love selfe for loves sake.

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

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

A frowne may be sometimes for physick good,
 But not for food;
 And for that raging humour there is sure
 A gentler Cure.

Why barre you love of private end,
 Which never should to publike tend?

To

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*To the Countesse 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 thinke my selfe to bee,
So many resurrections waken mee.
That thankfulness your favours have begot
In mee, embalmes me ; that I doe 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 confesse I have to others lent
Your stock, and over prodigally spent
Your treasure, for since I had never knowne
Vertue or beautie, but as they are growne
In you, I should not thinke 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 mindes sincere complexion blush.
Next I confesse my impenitence, for I
Can scarce repent my first fault, since thereby
Remote low Spirits, which shall ne'r reade you,
May in lesse lessons finde enough to doe,
By studying copies, not Originals,

*Desunt Cetera.**To*

*A Letter to the Lady Carey, & M^{rs} Essex Riche,
From Amysens.*

MADAME,

Here where by All All Saints invoked are,
Twere too much schisme to be singular,
And 'gainst a practice generall to warre.

Yet turning to Saints, should my 'humilitie
To other Saint than you directed bee,
That were to make my schisme, heresie.

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.

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

That is, of you, who are a firmament
Of virtues, where no one is growne, 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

or when through tasslesse flat humilitie
n drownd men some harmelesnesse we see,
Tis but his *flegme* that's *Vertuous*, and not Hee :

Riche, 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 feare
All contributions to this life forbear,
Have Vertue in *Melancholy*, and onely there.

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

We're thus but parcell guilt; to Gold we're grown
When Vertue is our Soules complexion;
Who knowes his Vertues name or place, hath none.

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

This Vertue thinking to give dignitie
To your soule, found there no infirmitie,
For, your soule was as good Vertue, as she;

Shee therefore wrought upon that part of you
Which is scarce lesse than soule, as she could doe,
And so hath made your beautie, Vertue too.

Hence

Hence comes it, that your Beauty wounds not hearts
As others, with prophane and sensuall Darts,
But as an influence, vertuous 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 thinke that influence must doe,
Where it findes sympathie and matter too,
Vertue, and beautie of the same stufte, as you ?

Which is, your noble worthy sister ; shee
Of whom, if what in this my Extasie
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 roome 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 by the other not to stray.

May therefore this be enough to testifie
My true devotion, free from flatterie ;
He that beleeves himselfe, doth never lie.

To the Countesse of Salisbury. August. 1614.

FAire, great, and good, since seeing you, we see
What heaven can doe, what any Earth can be:
Since now your beautie shines, now when the Sunne
Growne stale, is to so low a value runne,
That his dishevel'd beames, and scattered fires
Serve but for Ladies Periwigs and Tyres
In Lovers Sonnets : you come to repaire
Gods booke of creatures, teaching what is faire,
Since now, when all is withered, thrunk, and dry'd,
All vertues ebb'd out to a dead low tyde,
All the worlds frame being crumbled into sand,
Where every man thinks by himsele to stand,
Integritie, friendship, and confidence,
(Ciments of greatnesse) being vapour'd hence,
And narrow man being fill'd with little shares,
Court, Citie, Church, are all shops of small-wares,
All having blowne to sparkes their noble fire,
And drawne their sound gold ingot, into wyre ;
All trying by a love of littlenesse
To make abridgements, and to draw to lesse,
Even that nothing, which at first we were ;
Since in these times your greatnesse doth appeare,
And that we learne by it, that man to get
Towards him thats infinite, must first be great.
Since in an age so ill, as none is fit
So much as to accuse, much lesse mend it,

O

(For

(For Who can judge, or witnesse 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 phantasticall :
 Since now you durst be good, and that I doe
 Discerne by daring to contemplate you,
 That there may be degrees of faire, great, good,
 Through your light, largenesse, vertue understood :
 If in this sacrifice of mine, be showne
 Any small sparke of these, call it your owne.
 And if things like these have beene said by me
 Of others; call not that Idolatrie.
 For had God made man first, and man had secne
 The third daies fruits and flowers, & various Greene,
 He might have said the best that he could say
 Of those faire 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 condemne a man,
 If when he spoke them, they were both true than.
 How faire a prooffe of this in our soule growes,
 We first have soules of growth, and sense ; and those,
 When our last soule, our soule immortall came,
 Were swallow'd into it, and have no name.
 Nor doth he injure those soules, which doth cast
 The power and praise of both them on the last ;
 No more doe I wrong any, if I adore
 The same things now which I ador'd before,

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The subject chang'd, and measure; the same thing
In a low constable, and in the King
I reverence; His power to worke on me ;
So did I humbly reverence each degree
Of faire, great, good, but more, now I am come
From having found their *walks*, to finde their *home*.
And as I owe my first soules thanks, that they
For my last soule 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 doe.
Nor lack I light to read this booke, though I
In a darke 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 doe finde
To have profest all Arts, was one borne blinde :
He lackt those eyes beasts have as well as wee,
Not those, by which Angels are seene and see ;
So, though I'am borne without those eyes to live,
Which fortune, who hath none her selfe, doth give,
Which are fit meanes to see bright courts and you,
Yet may I see you thus, as now I doe ;
I shall by that all goodnesse have discern'd,
And though I barne my Library, be learn'd.