

19th
Century
Language

SONGS AND SONNETS

The Good-Morrow

-darling

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 seaven sleepers den?
T'was so; But this, all pleasures fancies bee. 5
If ever any beauty I did see,
Which I desir'd, and got, t'was 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, 10
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 appeares, 15
And true plain hearts doe in the faces rest,
Where can we finde two better hemisphaeres
Without sharpe North, without declining West?
What ever dyes, was not mixt equally;
If our two loves be one, or, thou and I 20
Love so alike, that none doe slacken, none can die.

image.

Song

Goe, and catche a falling starre,
Get with child a mandrake roote,
Tell me where all past yeares are,
Or who cleft the Divels foot,

Teach me to heare Mermaides singing, 5
 Or to keep off envies stinging,
 And finde
 What winde
 Serves to advance an honest minde.

If thou beest borne to strange sights, 10
 Things invisible to see,
 Ride ten thousand daies and nights,
 Till age snow white haies on thee,
 Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell mee
 All strange wonders that befell thee, 15
 And swear
 No where
 Lives a woman true, and faire.

If thou findest one, let mee know,
 Such a Pilgrimage were sweet; 20
 Yet doe not, I would not goe,
 Though at next doore wee might meet,
 Though shee were true, when you met her,
 And last, till you write your letter,
 Yet shee 25
 Will bee
 False, ere I come, to two, or three.

Womans Constancy

Now thou hast lov'd me one whole day,
 To morrow when thou leav'st, what wilt thou say?
 Wilt thou then Antedate some new made vow?
 Or say that now
 We are not just those persons, which we were? 5
 Or, that oathes made in reverentiall feare
 Of Love, and his wrath, any may forswear?
 Or, as true deaths, true maryages untie,
 So lovers contracts, images of those,
 Binde but till sleep, deaths image, them unloose? 10
 Or, your owne end to Justifie,

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, 15
 Which I abstaine to doe,
 For by to morrow, I may thinke so too.

The Undertaking

I have done one braver thing
 Then all the *Worthies* did,
 And yet a braver thence doth spring,
 Which is, to keepe that hid.

It were but madnes now t'impart 5
 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 10
 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 skinne, 15
 Loves but their oldest clothes.

If, as I have, you also doe
 Vertue'attir'd in woman see,
 And dare love that, and say so too,
 And forget the Hee and Shee; 20

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

Then you have done a braver thing 25
 Then all the *Worthies* did;
 And a braver thence will spring,
 Which is, to keepe that hid.

The Sunne Rising

Busie old foole, unruly Sunne,
 Why dost thou thus,
 Through windowes, and through curtaines call on us?
 Must to thy motions loyers seasons run?
 Sawcy *pedantic* wretch, goe chide *→ squats 5*
 Late schoole boyes, and sowre prentices,
 Goe tell Court-huntsmen, that the King will ride,
 Call country ants to harvest offices;
 Love, all alike, no season knowes, nor clyme, *→ dine*
 Nor houres, dayes, moneths, which are the rags of time.

Thy beames, so reverend, and strong
 Why shouldst thou thinke?
 I could eclipse and cloud them with a wink,
 But that I would not lose her sight so long:
 If her eyes have not blinded thine, 15
 Looke, and to morrow late, tell mee,
 Whether both the 'India's of spice and Myne *→ mine*
 Be where thou leftst them, or lie here with mee *→*
 Aské for those Kings whom thou saw'st yesterday,
 And thou shalt hearé, All here in one bed lay. 20

She'is all States, and all Princes, I,
 Nothing else is.
 Princes doe but play us; compar'd to this,
 All honor's mimique; All wealth alchymie. *→ alchymy*
 Thou sunne art halfe as happy as wee, 25
 In that the world's contracted thus;
 Thine age askes ease, and since thy duties bee
 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 walls, thy spheare. 30

honours
mimic

The Indifferent

I can love both faire and browne,
 Her whom abundance melts, and her whom want betraies,
 Her who loves lonenesse best, and her who maskes and plaies,
 Her whom the country form'd, and whom the town,
 Her who beleeves, and her who tries, 5
 Her who still weepes 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? 10
 Will it not serve your turn to do, as did your mothers?
 Or have you all old vices spent, and now would finde out
 others?
 Or doth a feare, that men are true, torment you?
 Oh we are not, be not you so,
 Let mee, and doe you, twenty know. 15
 Rob mee, but binde me not, and let me goe.
 Must I, who came to travaile thorow you,
 Grow your fixt subject, because you are true?

Venus heard me sigh this song,
 And by Loves sweetest Part, Variety, she swore, 20
 She heard not this till now; and that 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 bee,
 Which thinke to stablish dangerous constancie. 25
 But I have told them, since you will be true,
 You shall be true to them, who'are false to you.

Loves Usury

For every houre that thou wilt spare mee now,
 I will allow,
 Usurious God of Love, twenty to thee,
 When with my browne, my gray haire equal bee;

Till then, Love, let my body raigne, and let 5
 Mee travell, sojourne, snatch, plot, have, forget,
 Resume my last yeares relict: thinke that yet
 We'had never met.

Let mee thinke any rivalls letter mine,
 And at next nine 10
 Keepe midnights promise; mistake by the way
 The maid, and tell the Lady of that delay;
 Onely let mee love none, no, not the sport;
 From country grasse, to comfitures of Court,
 Or cities quelque choses, let report 15
 My minde transport.

This bargaine's good; if when I'am old, I bee
 Inflam'd by thee,
 If thine owne honour, or my shame, or paine,
 Thou covet most, at that age thou shalt gaine. 20
 Doe thy will then, then subject and degree,
 And fruit of love, Love I submit to thee,
 Spare mee till then, I'll beare it, though she bee
 One that loves mee.

The Canonization

For Godsake hold your tongue, and let me love,
 Or chide my palsie, or my gout,
 My five gray hairees, or ruin'd fortune flout,
 With wealth your state, your minde with Arts improve,
 Take you a course, get you a place, 5
 Observe his honour, or his grace,
 Or the Kings reall, or his stamped face
 Contemplate, what you will, approve,
 So you will let me love.

Alas, alas, who's injur'd by my love? 10
 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 plaguie Bill? 15
 Soldiers finde warres, and Lawyers finde out still
 Litigious men, which quarrels move,
 Though she and I do love.

Call us what you will, wee are made such by love;
 Call her one, mee another flye, 20
 We'are Tapers too, and at our owne cost die,
 And wee in us finde the'Eagle and the Dove.
 The Phœnix ridle hath more wit
 By us, we two being one, are it.
 So, to one neutrall thing both sexes fit, 25
 Wee dye and rise the same, and prove
 Mysterious by this love.

Wee can dye by it, if not live by love,
 And if unfit for tombes and hearse
 Our legend bee, it will be fit for verse; 30
 And if no peece of Chronicle wee prove,
 We'll build in sonnets pretty roomes;
 As well a well wrought urne becomes
 The greatest ashes, as halfe-acre tombes,
 And by these hymnes, all shall approve 35
 Us *Canoniz'd* for Love:

And thus invoke us; You whom reverend love
 Made one anothers hermitage;
 You, to whom love was peace, that now is rage;
 Who did the whole worlds soule contract, and drove
 Into the glasses of your eyes
 So made such mirrors, and such spies,
 That they did all to you epitomize,
 Countries, Townes, Courts: Beg from above
 A patterne of your love! 45

The Triple Foole

I am two fooles, I know,
 For loving, and for saying so
 In whining Poëtry;
 But where's that wiseman, that would not be I,
 If she would not deny? 5
 Then as th'earths inward narrow crooked lanes
 Do 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, 10
 For, he tames it, that fetters it in verse.

But when I have done so,
 Some man, his art and voice to show,
 Doth Set and sing my paine,
 And, by delighting many, frees againe 15
 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, 20
 And I, which was two fooles, do so grow three;
 Who are a little wise, the best fooles bee.

Lovers Infinitenesse

If yet I have not all thy love,
 Deare, I shall never have it all,
 I cannot breath one other sigh, to move;
 Nor can intreat one other teare to fall.
 And all my treasure, which should purchase thee, 5
 Sighs, teares, and oathes, and letters I have spent,
 Yet no more can be due to mee,
 Then at the bargaine made was ment,
 If then thy gift of love were partiall,
 That some to mee, some should to others fall, 10
 Deare, I shall never have Thee All.

Or if then thou gavest mee all,
 All was but All, which thou hadst then,
 But if in thy heart, since, there be or shall,
 New love created bee, by other men, 15
 Which have their stocks intire, and can in teares,
 In sighs, in oathes, and letters outbid mee,
 This new love may beget new feares,
 For, this love was not vowed by thee.
 And yet it was, thy gift being generall, 20
 The ground, thy heart is mine, what ever shall
 Grow there, deare, I should have it all.

Yet I would not have all yet,
 Hee that hath all can have no more,
 And since my love doth every day admit 25
 New growth, thou shouldst have new rewards in store;
 Thou canst not every day give me thy heart,
 If thou canst give it, then thou never gavest it:
 Loves riddles are, that though thy heart depart,
 It stayes at home, and thou with losing savest it: 30
 But wee will have a way more liberall,
 Then changing hearts, to joyne them, so wee shall
 Be one, and one anothers All.

Song

Sweetest love, I do not goe,
 For wearinesse of thee,
 Nor in hope the world can show
 A fitter Love for mee;
 But since that I 5
 Must dye at last, 'tis best,
 To use my selfe in jest
 Thus by fain'd deaths to dye;

Yesternight the Sunne went hence,
 And yet is here to day, 10
 He hath no desire nor sense,
 Nor halfe so short a way:

Then feare not mee,
 But beleeve that I shall make
 Speedier journeyes, since I take 15
 More wings and spurres then hee.

O how feeble is mans power,
 That if good fortune fall,
 Cannot adde another houre,
 Nor a lost houre recall! 20
 But come bad chance,
 And wee joyne to't our strength,
 And wee teach it art and length,
 It selfe o'r us to'advance.

When thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st not winde, 25
 But sigh'st my soule away,
 When thou weep'st, unkindly kinde,
 My lifes blood doth decay.

It cannot bee
 That thou lov'st mee, as thou say'st, 30
 If in thine my life thou waste,
 Thou art the best of mee.

Let not thy divining heart
 Forethinke me any ill,
 Destiny may take thy part, 35
 And may thy feares fulfill;

But thinke that wee
 Are but turn'd aside to sleepe;
 They who one another keepe
 Alive, ne'r parted bee. 40

The Legacie

When I dyed last, and, Deare, I dye
 As often as from thee I goe,
 Though it be but an houre agoe,
 And Lovers houres be full eternity,

I can remember yet, that I
 Something did say, and something did bestow;
 Though I be dead, which sent mee, I should be
 Mine owne executor and Legacie. 5

I heard mee say, Tell her anon,
 That my selfe, (that is you, not I,) 10
 Did kill me, and when I felt mee dye,
 I bid mee send my heart, when I was gone,
 But I alas could there finde none,
 When I had ripp'd me, 'and search'd where hearts did lye;
 It kill'd mee againe, that I who still was true, 15
 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. 20
 As good as could be made by art
 It seem'd; and therefore for our losses sad,
 I meant to send this 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 die, I know; 5
 To leave this world behinde, is death,
 But when thou from this world wilt goe,
 The whole world vapors with thy breath.

Or if, when thou, the worlds soule, goest,
 It stay, tis but thy carkasse then, 10
 The fairest woman, but thy ghost,
 But corrupt wormes, the worthyest men.

O wrangling schooles, that search what fire
 Shall burne this world, had none the wit
 Unto this knowledge to aspire, 15
 That this her feaver might be it?

And yet she cannot wast by this,
 Nor long beare this torturing wrong,
 For much corruption needfull is
 To fuell such a feaver long. 20

These burning fits but meteors bee,
 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, 25
 Though it in thee cannot persever.
 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,
 Angells affect us oft, and worship'd bee;
 Still when, to where thou wert, I came, 5
 Some lovely glorious nothing I did see.
 But since my soule, whose child love is,
 Takes limmes of flesh, and else could nothing doe,
 More subtile then the parent is,
 Love must not be, but take a body too, 10
 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, 15
 And so more steddily to have gone,
 With wares which would sinke admiration,
 I saw, I had loves pinnace overfraught,
 Ev'ry thy haire for love to worke upon
 Is much too much, some fitter must be sought; 20
 For, nor in nothing, nor in things
 Extreme, and scatt'ring 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;
 Just such disparitie 25
 As is twixt Aire and Angells puritie,
 'Twixt womens love, and mens will ever bee.

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 hether, 5
 Should in despight 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, 10
 And that I lov'd my heart and honor 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 15
 Admit, but not the busied man.
 He which hath businesse, and makes love, doth doe
 Such wrong, as when a maryed man doth wooe.

The Anniversarie

All Kings, and all their favorites,
 All glory of honors, beauties, wits,
 The Sun it selfe, which makes times, as they passe,
 Is elder by a yeare, now, then it was
 When thou and I first one another saw: 5
 All other things, to their destruction draw,
 Only our love hath no decay;
 This, no to morrow hath, nor yesterday,
 Running it never runs from us away,
 But truly keepses his first, last, everlasting day. 10

Two graves must hide thine and my coarse,
 If one might, death were no divorce,
 Alas, as well as other Princes, wee,
 (Who Prince enough in one another bee.)
 Must leave at last in death, these eyes, and eares, 15
 Oft fed with true oathes, and with sweet salt teares;
 But soules where nothing dwells but love
 (All other thoughts being inmates) then shall prove
 This, or a love increased there above, 19
 When bodies to their graves, soules from their graves
 remove.

And then wee shall be throughly blest,
 But wee no more, then all the rest;
 Here upon earth, we'are Kings, and none but wee
 Can be such Kings, nor of such subjects bee;
 Who is so safe as wee? where none can doe 25
 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. 30

A Valediction: of my Name, in the Window

I

My name engrav'd herein,
 Doth contribute my firmnesse 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 5
 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. 10
 But all such rules, 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 showers and tempests can outwash, 15
 So shall all times finde 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, 20
 It, as a given deaths head keepe,
 Lovers mortalitie to preach,
 Or thinke this ragged bony name to bee
 My ruinous Anatomie.

V

Then, as all my soules bee, 25
 Emparadis'd in you, (in whom alone
 I understand, and grow and see,
 The rafters of my body, bone
 Being still with you, the Muscle, Sinew, and Veine,
 Which tile this house, will come againe: 30

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 35
 When these starres have supremacie:

VII

So since this name was cut
 When love and grieffe their exaltation had,
 No doore 'gainst this names influence shut;
 As much more loving, as more sad, 40
 'Twill 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, 45
 New battry to thy heart may frame,
 Then thinke this name alive, and that thou thus
 In it offendst my Genius.

IX

And when thy melted maid,
 Corrupted by thy Lover's gold, and page, 50
 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 55
 To an overt act, and that thou write againe;
 In superscribing, this name flow
 Into thy fancy, from the pane.
 So, in forgetting thou remembrest right,
 And unaware to mee shalt write. 60

XI

But glasse, and lines must bee,
 No meanes our firme substantiall love to keepe;
 Neere death inflicts this lethargie,
 And this I murmure in my sleepe;
 Impute this idle talke, to that I goe, 65
 For dying men talke often so.

Twicknam 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 balmes, as else cure every thing;
 But O, selfe traytor, I do bring 5
 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 mee, that winter did 10
 Benight the glory of this place,
 And that a grave frost did forbid
 These trees to laugh, and mocke mee to my face;
 But that I may not this disgrace
 Indure, nor yet leave loving, Love let mee 15
 Some senselesse peece of this place bee;
 Make me a mandrake, so I may groane here,
 Or a stone fountaine weeping out my yeare.
 Hither with christall vyals, lovers come,
 And take my teares, which are loves wine, 20

And try your mistresse Teares at home,
 For all are false, that tast not just like mine;
 Alas, hearts do not in eyes shine,
 Nor can you more judge womans thoughts by teares,
 Then by her shadow, what she weares. 25
 O perverse sexe, where none is true but shee,
 Who's therefore true, because her truth kills mee.

A Valediction: of the 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 Esloygne me thus,
 And how posterity shall know it too;
 How thine may out-endure 5
 Sybills 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 finde, and name.

Study our manuscripts, those Myriades 10
 Of letters, which have past twixt thee and mee,
 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 15
 No schismaticque 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 tome 20
 In cypher writ, or new made Idiome,
 Wee for loves clergie only'are instruments:
 When this booke is made thus,
 Should againe the ravenous
 Vandals and Goths inundate us, 25
 Learning were safe; in this our Universe
 Schooles might learne Sciences, Spheares Musick, Angels Verse.

Here Loves Divines, (since all Divinity
 Is love or wonder) may finde all they seek,
 Whether abstract spirituall love they like, 30
 Their Soules exhal'd with what they do not see,
 Or, loth so to amuze
 Faiths infirmitie, they chuse
 Something which they may see and use;
 For, though minde be the heaven, where love doth sit, 35
 Beauty a convenient type may be to figure it.

Here more then 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, 40
 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. 45

Here Statesmen, (or of them, they which can reade,)
 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 50
 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 Alchimy.

Thus vent thy thoughts; abroad I'll studie thee, 55
 As he removes farre off, that great heights takes;
 How great love is, presence best tryall makes,
 But absence tryes how long this love will bee;
 To take a latitude
 Sun, or starres, are fittest view'd 60
 At their brightest, but to conclude
 Of longitudes, what other way have wee,
 But to marke when, and where the darke eclipses bee?

Loves Growth

I scarce beleeve my love to be so pure
 As I had thought it was,
 Because it doth endure
 Vicissitude, and season, as the grasse;
 Me thinks I lyed all winter, when I swore, 5
 My love was infinite, if spring make't more.

But if this medicine, love, which cures all sorrow
 With more, not onely bee no quintessence,
 But mixt of all stuffes, paining soule, or sense,
 And of the Sunne his working vigour borrow, 10
 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 do.

And yet no greater, but more eminent, 15
 Love by the spring is growne;
 As, in the firmament,
 Starres by the Sunne are not inlarg'd, but showne.
 Gentle love deeds, as blossomes on a bough,
 From loves awakened root do bud out now. 20

If, as in water stir'd more circles bee
 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 heate, 25
 As princes doe in times of action get
 New taxes, and remit them not in peace,
 No winter shall abate the springs encrease.

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; 5
 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 do not sue from thee to draw 10
 A *non obstante* on natures law,
 These are prerogatives, they inhere
 In thee and thine; none should forswear
 Except that hee *Loves* minion were.

Give mee thy weaknesse, make mee blinde, 15
 Both wayes, as thou and thine, in eies 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 20
 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 shot
 Enforce them, by warres law *condition* not. 25
 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 Idolatrie of any land, 30
 This face, which wheresoe'r it comes,
 Can call vow'd men from cloisters, dead from tombes,
 And melt both Poles at once, and store

Deserts with cities, and make more
Mynes in the earth, then Quarries were before. 35

For this, Love is enrag'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 40
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, himselfe being false or weake,
Thought his paine and shame would be lesser,
If on womankind he might his anger wreake,
And thence a law did grow, 5
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 10
If they leave their mate, or lie abroad a night?
Beasts doe no joyntures lose
Though they new lovers choose,
But we are made worse then those.

Who e'r rigg'd faire ship to lie in harbors, 15
And not to seeke new lands, or not to deale withall?
Or built faire houses, set trees, and arbors,
Only to lock up, or else to let them fall?
Good is not good, unlesse
A thousand it possesse, 20
But doth wast with greedinesse.

A Valediction: of Weeping

Let me powre forth
 My teares before thy face, whil'st I stay here,
 For thy face coines them, and thy stampe they beare,
 And by this Mintage they are something worth,
 For thus they bee 5
 Pregnant of thee;
 Fruits of much griefe they are, emblemes of more,
 When a teare falls, that thou falst which it bore,
 So thou and I are nothing then, when on a divers shore.

 On a round ball 10
 A workeman that hath copies by, can lay
 An Europe, Afrique, and an Asia,
 And quickly make that, which was nothing, *All*,
 So doth each teare,
 Which thee doth weare, 15
 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 dissolved so.

 O more then Moone,
 Draw not up seas to drowne me in thy spheare, 20
 Weepe 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; 25
 Since thou and I sigh one anothers breath,
 Who e'r sighes most, is cruellest, and hasts the others death.

Oh stay, three lives in one flea spare, 10
 Where wee 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 cloysterd in these living walls of Jet. 15
 Though use make you apt to kill mee,
 Let not to that, selfe murder added bee,
 And sacrilege, three sinnes in killing three.

Cruell and sodaine, hast thou since
 Purpled thy naile, in blood of innocence? 20
 Wherein could this flea guilty bee,
 Except in that drop which it suckt from thee?
 Yet thou triumph'st, and saist that thou *sick*
 Find'st not thy selfe, nor mee the weaker now;
 'Tis true, then learne how false, feares bee; 25
 Just so much honor, when thou yeeld'st to mee,
 Will wast, as this flea's death tooke life from thee.

≡ The Curse ≡

Who ever guesses, thinks, or dreames he knowes
 Who is my mistris, wither by this curse;
 His only, and only his purse
 May some dull heart to love dispose,
 And shee yeeld then to all that are his foes; 5
 May he be scorn'd by one, whom all else scorne,
 Forswear to others, what to her he'hath sworne,
 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: 10
 And may he feele no touch
 Of conscience, but of fame, and bee
 Anguish'd, not that 'twas sinne, but that 'twas shee:
 In early and long scarcenesse may he rot,
 For land which had been his, if he had not 15
 Himselfe incestuously an heire begot:

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 bee, 20
 Inherite nothing but his infamie:
 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 venom of all stepdames, gamsters gall, 25
 What Tyrans, and their subjects interwish,
 What Plants, Mynes, Beasts, Foule, Fish,
 Can contribute, all ill which all
 Prophets, or Poets spake; And all which shall
 Be annex'd in schedules unto this by mee, 30
 Fall on that man; For if it be a shee
 Nature before hand hath out-cursed mee.

The Message

Send home my long strayd 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, 5
 That they be
 Made by thee
 Fit for no good sight, keep them still.

 Send home my harmlesse heart againe,
 Which no unworthy thought could staine; 10
 But if it be taught by thine
 To make jestings
 Of protestings,
 And crosse both
 Word and oath, 15
 Keepe it, for then 'tis none of mine.

Yet send me back my heart and eyes,
 That I may know, and see thy lyes,
 And may laugh and joy, when thou
 Art in anguish 20
 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 seaven houres herself unmaskes,
 The Sunne is spent, and now his flasks
 Send forth light squibs, no constant rayes;
 The worlds whole sap is sunke: 5
 The generall balme th'hydroptique 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 mee, who am their Epitaph.

Study me then, you who shall lovers bee 10
 At the next world, that is, at the next Spring:
 For I am every dead thing,
 In whom love wrought new Alchimie.
 For his art did expresse
 A quintessence even from nothingnesse, 15
 From dull privations, and leane emptinesse:
 He ruin'd mee, 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 beeing have; 20
 I, by loves limbecke, am the grave
 Of all, that's nothing. Oft a flood
 Have wee two wept, and so
 Drownd the whole world, us two; oft did we grow
 To be two Chaosses, when we did show 25

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 grown;
 Were I a man, that I were one, 30
 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, 35
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, 40
 Enjoy your summer all;
Since shee enjoyes her long nights festivall,
Let mee prepare towards her, and let mee call
This houre her Vigill, and her Eve, since this
Both the yeares, and the dayes deep midnight is. 45

Witchcraft by a Picture

I fixe mine eye on thine, and there
 Pitty my picture burning in thine eye,
My picture drown'd in a transparent teare,
 When I looke lower I espie;
 Hadst thou the wicked skill 5
By pictures made and mard, to kill,
How many wayes mightst thou performe thy will?

But now I have drunke thy sweet salt teares,
 And though thou poure more I'll depart;
My picture vanish'd, vanish feares, 10
 That I can be endamag'd by that art;
 Though thou retaine of mee
One picture more, yet that will bee,
Being in thine owne heart, from all malice free.

The Baite

Come live with mee, and bee 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 whispering runne 5
Warm'd by thy eyes, more then the Sunne.
And there the'inamor'd fish will stay,
Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swimme in that live bath,
Each fish, which every channell hath, 10
Will amorously to thee swimme,
Gladder to catch thee, then thou him.

If thou, to be so seene, beest loath,
By Sunne, or Moone, thou darknest both,
And if my selfe have leave to see, 15
I need not their light, having thee.

Let others freeze with angling reeds,
And cut their legges, with shells and weeds,
Or treacherously poore fish beset,
With strangling snare, or windowie net: 20

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

For thee, thou needst no such deceit, 25
For thou thy selfe art thine owne bait;
That fish, that is not catch'd thereby,
Alas, is wiser farre then I.

The Apparition

When by thy scorne, O murdresse I am dead,
 And that thou thinkst thee free
 From all sollicitation from mee,
 Then shall my ghost come to thy bed,
 And thee, fain'd vestall, in worse armes shall see; 5
 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 call'st for more,
 And in false sleepe will from thee shrinke, 10
 And then poore Aspen wretch, neglected thou
 Bath'd in a cold quicksilver sweat wilt lye
 A veryer ghost then I;
 What I will say, I will not tell thee now,
 Lest that preserve thee'; and since my love is spent, 15
 I'had rather thou shouldst painfully repent,
 Then by my threatnings rest still innocent.

The Broken Heart

He is starke mad, who ever sayes,
 That he hath beene in love an houre,
 Yet not that love so soone decayes,
 But that it can tenne in lesse space devour;
 Who will beleeve mee, if I sweare 5
 That I have had the plague a yeare?
 Who would not laugh at mee, if I should say,
 I saw a flaske of powder burne a day?

Ah, what a trifle is a heart,
 If once into loves hands it come! 10
 All other griefes allow a part
 To other griefes, and aske themselves but some;
 They come to us, but us Love draws,
 Hee swallows us, and never chawes:
 By him, as by chain'd shot, whole rankes doe dye, 15
 He is the tyran Pike, our hearts the Frye.

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 mee: 20
 If it had gone to thee, I know
 Mine would have taught thine heart to show
 More pittie unto mee: but Love, alas,
 At one first blow did shiver it as glasse.

Yet nothing can to nothing fall, 25
 Nor any place be empty quite,
 Therefore I thinke my breast hath all
 Those peeces still, though they be not unite;
 And now as broken glasses show
 A hundred lesser faces, so 30
 My ragges of heart can like, wish, and adore,
 But after one such love, can love no more.

✓ A Valediction: Forbidding Mourning

As virtuous 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} make no noise, (be seperated) 5
 No teare-floods, nor sigh-tempests move,
 T'were prophanation of our joyes
 To tell the layetie our love. ^{intelligible}

Moving of th'earth brings harmes and feares,
^{disgrees} ^{calculate} Men reckon what it did and meant,
 But trepidation of the spheares, — ^{common people} ^{havenly} ^{bodies} 10
 Though greater farre, is innocent.

Dull sublunary lovers love
 (Whose soule is sense) cannot admit
 Absence, because it doth remove 15
 Those things which elemented it.

Poet we make conceit to strengthen the idea

But we by a love, so much refin'd,
 That our selves know not what it is,
 Inter-assured of the mind,
 Care lesse, eyes, lips, and hands to misse. 20

Our two soules therefore, which are one,
 Though I must goe, endure not yet
 A breach, but an expansion,
 Like gold to ayery thinnesse beate.

If they be two, they are two so 25
 As stiffe twin compasses are two,
 Thy soule the fixt foot, makes no show
 To move, but doth, if the'other doe.

And though it in the center sit,
 Yet when the other far doth rome, 30
 It leanes, and hearkens after it,
 And growes erect, as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to mee, who must
 Like th'other foot, obliquely runne;
 Thy firmnes makes my circle just, 35
 And makes me end, where I begunne.

W. S. P. 187
 The Extasie

Where, like a pillow on a bed,
 A Pregnant banke swel'd up, to rest
 The violets reclining head,
 Sat we two, one anothers best.
 Our hands were firmly cimented 5
 With a fast balme, which thence did spring,
 Our eye-beames twisted, and did thred
 Our eyes, upon one double string;
 So to'entergraft our hands, as yet
 Was all the meanes to make us one, 10
 And pictures in our eyes to get
 Was all our propagation.

As 'twixt two equal Armies, Fate
 Suspends uncertaine victorie,
 Our soules, (which to advance their state, 15
 Were gone out,) hung 'twixt her, and mee.
 And whil'st our soules negotiate there,
 Wee like sepulchrall statues lay;
 All day, the same our postures were,
 And wee said nothing, all the day. 20
 If any, so by love refin'd,
 That he soules language understood,
 And by good love were growen all minde,
 Within convenient distance stood,
 He (though he knew not which soule spake, 25
 Because both meant, both spake the same)
 Might thence a new concoction take,
 And part farre purer then he came.
 This Extasie doth unperplex
 (We said) and tell us what we love, 30
 Wee see by this, it was not sexe,
 Wee 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, 35
 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. 40
 When love, with one another so
 Interinanimates two soules,
 That abler soule, which thence doth flow,
 Defects of lonelinesse controules.
 Wee then, who are this new soule, know, 45
 Of what we are compos'd, and made,
 For, th'Atomies of which we grow,
 Are soules, whom no change can invade.
 But O alas, so long, so farre
 Our bodies why doe wee forbear?) 50
 They're ours, though they're not wee, Wee are
 The intelligences, they the spheare.

and
 in
 the

metaphors

We owe them thanks, because they thus,
 Did us, to us, at first convey,
 Yeelded their forces, sense, to us,
 Nor are drosse to us, but allay *→ metaphor* 55
 On man heavens influence workes not so,
 But that it first imprints the ayre,
 Soe soule into the soule may flow,
 Though it to body first repaire. 60
 As our blood labours to beget
 Spirits, as like soules as it can,
 Because such fingers need to knit
 That subtile knot, which makes us man:
 So must pure lovers soules descend 65
 T'affections, and to faculties,
 Which sense may reach and apprehend,
 Else a great Prince in prison lies.
 To'our bodies turne wee then, that so
 Weake men on love reveal'd may looke; 70
 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 75
 Small change, when we'are to bodies gone.))

Loves Deitie

I long to talke with some old lovers ghost,
 Who dyed before the god of Love was borne:
 I cannot thinke that hee, who then lov'd most,
 Sunke so low, as to love one which did scorne.
 But since this god produc'd a destinie, 5
 And that vice-nature, custome, lets it be;
 I must love her, that loves not mee.

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, 10
 His office was indulgently to fit

Actives to passives. Correspondencie
 Only his subject was; It cannot bee
 Love, till I love her, that loves mee.

But every moderne god will now extend 15
 His vast prerogative, as far as Jove.
 To rage, to lust, to write to, to commend,
 All is the purluwe of the God of Love.
 Oh were wee wak'ned by this Tyrannie
 To ungod this child againe, it could not bee 20
 I should love her, who loves not mee.

Rebell and Atheist too, why murmure I,
 As though I felt the worst that love could doe?
 Love might make me leave loving, or might trie
 A deeper plague, to make her love me too, 25
 Which, since she loves before, I'am loth to see;
 Falshood is worse then hate; and that must bee,
 If shee whom I love, should love mee.

Loves Diet

To what a combersome unwioldinesse
 And burdenous corpulence my love had growne,
 But that I did, to make it lesse,
 And keepe it in proportion,
 Give it a diet, made it feed upon 5
 That which love worst endures, *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, 10
 And thought to feast on that, I let him see
 'Twas neither very sound, nor meant to mee.

If he wroung from mee'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 15

'Twas not a teare, which hee had got,
His drinke was counterfeit, as was his meat;
For, eyes which rowle towards all, weepe not, but sweat.

What ever he would dictate, I writ that,
But burnt my letters; When she writ to me, 20
And that that favour made him fat,
I said, if any title bee
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 flye 25
At what, and when, and how, and where I chuse;
Now negligent of sport I lye,
And now as other Fawknrs use,
I spring a mistresse, sweare, write, sigh and weepe:
And the game kill'd, or lost, goe talke, and sleepe. 30

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 eares; 5
To women or the sea, my teares.
Thou, Love, hast taught mee heretofore
By making mee serve her who'had twenty more,
That I should give to none, but such, as had too much before.

My constancie I to the planets give; 10
My truth to them, who at the Court doe live;
Mine ingenuity and opennesse,
To Jesuites; to Buffones my pensiveness;
My silence to 'any, who abroad hath beene;
My mony to a Capuchin. 15
Thou Love taught'st me, by appointing mee
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 works unto the Schismatics 20
 Of Amsterdam; my best civility
 And Courtship, to an Universitie;
 My modesty I give to souldiers bare;
 My patience let gamesters share.
 Thou Love taughtst mee, by making mee 25
 Love her that holds my love disparity,
 Onely to give to those that count my gifts indignity.

I give my reputation to those
 Which were my friends; Mine industrie to foes;
 To Schoolemen I bequeath my doubtfulness; 30
 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 mee adore
 Her, who begot this love in mee before, 35
 Taughtst me to make, as though I gave, when I did but
 restore.

To him for whom the passing bell next tolls,
 I give my physick bookes; my writen rowles
 Of Morall counsels, I to Bedlam give;
 My brazen medals, unto them which live 40
 In want of bread; To them which passe among
 All forrainers, mine English tongue.
 Thou, Love, by making mee love one
 Who thinks her friendship a fit portion
 For yonger lovers, dost my gifts thus disproportion. 45

Therefore I'll give no more; But I'll undoe
 The world by dying; because love dies too.
 Then all your beauties will bee no more worth
 Then gold in Mines, where none doth draw it forth;
 And all your graces no more use shall have 50
 Then a Sun dyall in a grave.
 Thou Love taughtst mee, by making mee
 Love her, who doth neglect both mee and thee,
 To'invent, and practise this one way, to'annihilate all three.

The Funerall

Who ever comes to shroud me, do not harme
 Nor question much
 That subtile wreath of haire, which crowns my arme;
 The mystery, the signe you must not touch,
 For 'tis my outward Soule, 5
 Viceroy to that, which then to heaven being gone,
 Will leave this to controule,
 And keepe these limbes, her Provinces, from dissolution.

For if the sinewie thread my braine lets fall
 Through every part, 10
 Can tye those parts, and make mee one of all;
 These haire which upward grew, and strength and art
 Have from a better braine,
 Can better do'it; Except she meant that I
 By this should know my pain,
 As prisoners then are manacled, when they're condemn'd to die.

What ere shee meant by'it, bury it with me,
 For since I am
 Loves martyr, it might breed idolatrie,
 If into others hands these Reliques came; 20
 As 'twas humility
 To afford to it all that a Soule can doe,
 So, 'tis some bravery,
 That since you would save none of mee, I bury some of you.

The Blossome

Little think'st thou, poore flower,
 Whom I have watch'd sixe or seaven 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, 5
 Little think'st thou
 That it will freeze anon, and that I shall
 To morrow finde thee falne, or not at all.

Little think'st thou poore heart
 That labour'st yet to nestle thee, 10
 And think'st by hovering here to get a part
 In a forbidden or forbidding tree,
 And hop'st her stiffnesse by long siege to bow:
 Little think'st thou,
 That thou to morrow, ere that Sunne doth wake, 15
 Must with this Sunne, and mee a journey take.

But thou which lov'st to bee
 Subtile to plague thy selfe, wilt say,
 Alas, if you must goe, what's that to mee?
 Here lyes my businesse, and here I will stay: 20
 You goe to friends, whose love and meanes present
 Various content
 To your eyes, eares, and tongue, and every part.
 If then your body goe, what need you a heart?

Well then, stay here; but know, 25
 When thou hast stayd and done thy most;
 A naked thinking heart, that makes no show,
 Is to a woman, but a kinde of Ghost;
 How shall shee know my heart; or having none,
 Know thee for one? 30
 Practise may make her know some other part,
 But take my word, shee doth not know a Heart.

Meet mee at London, then,
 Twenty dayes hence, and thou shalt see
 Mee fresher, and more fat, by being with men, 35
 Then if I had staid still with her and thee.
 For Gods sake, if you can, be you so too:
 I would give you
 There, to another friend, whom wee shall finde
 As glad to have my body, as my minde. 40

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

Upon this Primrose hill,
Where, if Heav'n would distill
A shoure of raine, each severall drop might goe
To his owne primrose, and grow Manna so;
And where their forme, and their infinitie 5
Make a terrestriall Galaxie,
As the small starres doe in the skie:
I walke to finde a true Love; and I see
That 'tis not a mere woman, that is shee,
But must, or more, or lesse then woman bee. 10

Yet know I not, which flower
I wish; a sixe, or foure;
For should my true-Love lesse then woman bee,
She were scarce any thing; and then, should she
Be more then woman, shee would get above 15
All thought of sexe, and thinke to move
My heart to study her, and not to love;
Both these were monsters; Since there must reside
Falshood in woman, I could more abide,
She were by art, then Nature falsify'd. 20

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 25
Belonge 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, and they fall
First into this, five, women may take us all. 30

The Relique

When my grave is broke up againe
 Some second ghest to entertaine,
 (For graves have learn'd that woman-head
 To be to more then one a Bed)
 And he that digs it, spies 5
 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 soules, at the last busie day, 10
 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 digges us up, will bring
 Us, to the Bishop, and the King, 15
 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, 20
 I would have that age by this paper taught
 What mirades wee harmeslesse lovers wrought.

First, we lov'd well and faithfully,
 Yet knew not what wee lov'd, nor why,
 Difference of sex no more wee knew, 25
 Then our Guardian Angells doe;
 Comming and going, wee
 Perchance might kisse, but not between those meales;
 Our hands ne'r toucht the seales,
 Which nature, injur'd by late law, sets free: 30
 These miracles wee did; but now alas,
 All measure, and all language, I should passe,
 Should I tell what a miracle shee was.

The Dampie

When I am dead, and Doctors know not why,
 And my friends curiositie
 Will have me cut up to survay each part,
 When they shall finde your Picture in my heart,
 You thinke a sodaine dampie of love 5
 Will through all their senses move,
 And worke on them as mee, and so preferre
 Your murder, to the name of Massacre.

Poore victories! But if you dare be brave,
 And pleasure in your conquest have, 10
 First kill th'enormous Gyant, your *Disdaine*,
 And let th'enchantresse *Honor*, next be slaine,
 And like a Goth and Vandall rize,
 Deface Records, and Histories
 Of your owne arts and triumphs over men, 15
 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 neyther looke for, nor professe; 20
 Kill mee as Woman, let mee die
 As a meere man; doe you but try
 Your passive valor, and you shall finde than,
 In that you'have odds enough of any man.

The Dissolution

Shee'is dead; And all which die
 To their first Elements resolve;
 And wee were mutuall Elements to us,
 And made of one another.
 My body then doth hers involve, 5
 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 earthly sad despaire, 10
 Which my materialls bee,
 But neere worne out by loves securitie,
 Shee, to my losse, doth by her death repaire,
 And I might live long wretched so
 But that my fire doth with my fuell grow. 15
 Now as those Active Kings
 Whose foraine conquest treasure brings,
 Receive more, and spend more, and soonest breake:
 This (which I am amaz'd that I can speake)
 This death, hath with my store 20
 My use encreas'd.
 And so my soule more earnestly releas'd,
 Will outstrip hers; As bullets flowen before
 A latter bullet may o'take, the powder being more.

A Jet Ring Sent

Thou art not so black, as my heart,
 Nor halfe so brittle, as her heart, thou art;
 What would'st thou say? shall both our properties
 by thee bee spoke,
 Nothing more endlesse, nothing sooner broke?

 Marriage rings are not of this stuffe; 5
 Oh, why should ought lesse precious, or lesse tough
 Figure our loves? Except in thy name thou have bid it say,
 I'am cheap, and nought but fashion, fling me'away.

 Yet stay with mee since thou art come,
 Circle this fingers top, which did'st her thombe. 10
 Be justly proud, and gladly safe, that thou dost dwell with me,
 She that, Oh, broke her faith, would soon breake thee.

Yet, love and hate mee too,
 So, these extreames shall neithers office doe;
 Love mee, that I may die the gentler way;
 Hate mee, because thy love'is too great for mee; 20
 Or let these two, themselves, not me decay;
 So shall I, live, thy Stage, not triumph bee;
 Lest thou thy love and hate and mee undoe,
To let mee live, O love and hate mee 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 mee turne this,
 And let our selves benight our happiest day,
 We ask'd none leave to love; nor will we owe 5
 Any, so cheape a death, as saying, Goe;

Goe; and if that word have not quite kil'd thee,
 Ease mee with death, by bidding mee goe too.
 Or, if it have, let my word worke on mee,
 And a just office on a murderer doe. 10
 Except it be too late, to kill me so,
 Being double dead, going, and bidding, goe.

The Computation

For the first twenty yeares, since yesterday,
 I scarce beleev'd, thou could'st be gone away,
 For forty more, I fed on favours past,
 And forty'on hopes, that thou would'st, they might last.
 Teares drown'd one hundred, and sighes blew out two,
 A thousand, I did neither thinke, nor doe,
 Or not divide, 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? 10

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 woe; 15
 Being had, enjoying it decays:
 And thence,
 What before pleas'd them all, takes but one sense,
 And that so lamely, as it leaves behinde
 A kinde of sorrowing dulnesse to the minde. 20

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) 25
 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 posterity. 30

Since so, my minde
 Shall not desire what no man else can finde,
 I'll no more dote and runne
 To pursue things which had indammag'd me.
 And when I come where moving beauties be, 35
 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. 40

Of new-toucht youth; nor Ring to shew the stands
 Of our affection, that as that's round and plaine,
 So should our loves meet in simplicity;
 No, nor the Coralls which thy wrist infold, 10
 Lac'd up together in congruity,
 To shew our thoughts should rest in the same hold;
 No, nor thy picture, though most gracious,
 And most desir'd, because best like the best;
 Nor witty Lines, which are most copious, 15
 Within the Writings which thou hast address.

Send me nor this, nor that, t'increase my store,
 But swear thou thinkst I love thee, and no more.

Selfe Love

He that cannot chuse but love,
 And strives against it still,
 Never shall my fancy move;
 For he loves 'gaynst his will;
 Nor he which is all his own, 5
 And can att pleasure chuse,
 When I am caught he can be gone,
 And when he list refuse.
 Nor he that loves none but faire,
 For such by all are sought; 10
 Nor he that can for foul ones care,
 For his Judgement then is nought:
 Nor he that hath wit, for he
 Will make me his jest or slave;
 Nor a fool, for when others . . . , 15
 He can neither . . .
 Nor he that still his Mistresse payes,
 For she is thrall'd therefore:
 Nor he that payes not, for he sayes
 Within, shee's worth no more. 20
 Is there then no kinde of men
 Whom I may freely prove?
 I will vent that humour then
 In mine owne selfe love.

EPIGRAMS

Hero and Leander

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

Pyramus and Thisbe

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
Neere 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 of a Wall

Under an undermin'd, and shot-bruis'd wall
A too-bold Captaine perish'd by the fall,
Whose brave misfortune, happiest men envi'd,
That had a towne for tombe, his bones to hide.

A Lame Begger

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

Cales and Guyana

If you from spoyle of th'old worlds farthest end
 To the new world your kindled valors bend,
 What brave examples then do prove it trew
 That one things end doth still beginne a new.

Sir John Wingfield

Beyond th'old Pillers many have travailed
 Towards the Suns cradle, and his throne, and bed:
 A fitter Piller our Earle did bestow
 In that late Island; for he well did know
 Farther then Wingfield no man dares to goe.

A Selfe Accuser

Your mistris, that you follow whores, still taxeth you:
 'Tis strange that she should thus confesse it, though't be true.

A Licentious Person

Thy sinnes and hairees may no man equall call,
 For, as thy sinnes increase, thy hairees doe fall.

Antiquary

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

Disinherited

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

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 hee be beleev'd?

Klockius

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

Raderus

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

Mercurius Gallo-Belgicus

Like *Esops* fellow-slaves, O *Mercury*,
Which could do 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 beleeve all: Change thy name: thou art like
Mercury in stealing, but lyst like a *Greeke*.

Ralphius

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

The Lier

Thou in the fields walkst out thy supping howers,
And yet thou swear'st thou hast supp'd like a king:
Like *Nebuchadnezar* perchance with grass and flowers,
A sallet worse then Spanish dieting.

ELEGIES

ELEGIE I

Jealousie

Fond woman, which would'st have thy husband die,
And yet complain'st of his great jealousy;
If swolne with poyson, hee lay in 'his last bed,
His body with a sere-barke covered,
Drawing his breath, as thick and short, as can 5
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, 10
Thou would'st not weepe, but jolly, 'and frolicke bee,
As a slave, which to morrow should be free;
Yet weep'st thou, when thou seest him hungerly
Swallow his owne death, hearts-bane jealousy.
O give him many thanks, he's courteous, 15
That in suspecting kindly warneth us.
Wee must not, as wee us'd, flout openly,
In scoffing ridles, his deformitie;
Nor at his boord together being satt,
With words, nor touch, scarce lookes adulterate. 20
Nor when he swolne, and pamper'd with great fare,
Sits downe, and snorts, cag'd in his basket chaire,
Must wee usurpe his owne bed any more,
Nor kisse and play in his house, as before.
Now I see many dangers; for that is 25
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 countrie, 'and doe it there,
Wee play'in another house, what should we feare? 30
There we will scorne his houshold policies,
His seely plots, and pensionary spies,
As the inhabitants of Thames right side
Do Londons Major; or Germans, the Popes pride.

ELEGIE II

The Anagram

Marry, and love thy *Flavia*, for, shee
 Hath all things, whereby others beautious bee,
 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, 5
 And though her harsh haire fall, her skinne is rough;
 What though her cheeks be yellow, her haire's red,
 Give her thine, and she hath a maydenhead.
 These things are beauties elements, where these
 Meet in one, that one must, as perfect, please. 10
 If red and white and each good quality
 Be in thy wench, ne'r aske where it doth lye.
 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, 15
 She'hath yet an Anagram of a good face.
 If we might put the letters but one way,
 In the leane dearth of words, what could wee say?
 When by the Gamut some Musitions make
 A perfect song, others will undertake, 20
 By the same Gamut chang'd, to equall it.
 Things simply good, can never be unfit.
 She's faire as any, if all be like her,
 And if none bee, then she is singular.
 All love is wonder; if wee justly doe 25
 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 shee, 30
 Like to good Angels, nothing can impaire:
 'Tis lesse grieve to be foule, then to'have beene faire.
 For one nights revels, silke and gold we chuse,
 But, in long journeyes, cloth, and leather use.
 Beauty is barren oft; best husbands say, 35
 There is best land, where there is foulest way.

Oh what a soveraigne Plaister will shee bee,
 If thy past sinnes have taught thee jealousy!
 Here needs no spies, nor eunuches; her commit
 Safe to thy foes; yea, to a Marmosit. 40
 When Belgiaes citties, the round countries drowne,
 That durty foulness guards, and armes the towne:
 So doth her face guard her; and so, for thee,
 Which, forc'd by businesse, absent oft must bee,
 Shee, whose face, like clouds, turnes the day to night,
 Who, mightier then the sea, makes Moores seem white,
 Who, though seaven yeares, she in the Stews had laid,
 A Nunnery durst receive, and thinke a maid,
 And though in childbeds labour she did lie,
 Midwifes would swear, 'twere but a tympanie, 50
 Whom, if shee accuse her selfe, I credit lesse
 Then witches, which impossibles confesse,
 Whom Dildoes, Bedstaves, and her Velvet Glasse
 Would be as loath to touch as Joseph was:
 One like none, and lik'd of none, fittest were, 55
 For, things in fashion every man will weare.

ELEGIE III

Change

Although thy hand and faith, and good workes too,
 Have seal'd thy love which nothing should undoe,
 Yea though thou fall backe, that apostasie
 Confirme thy love; yet much, much I feare thee.
 Women are like the Arts, forc'd unto none, 5
 Open to'all searchers, unpriz'd, if unknowne.
 If I have caught a bird, and let him flie,
 Another fouler using these meanes, as I,
 May catch the same bird; and, as these things bee,
 Women are made for men, not him, nor mee. 10
 Foxes and goats; all beasts change when they please,
 Shall women, more hot, wily, wild then these,
 Be bound to one man, and did Nature then
 Idly make them apter to'endure then men?

They're our clogges, not their owne; if a man bee 15
 Chain'd to a galley, yet the galley's free;
 Who hath a plow-land, casts all his seed come there,
 And yet allows his ground more come should beare;
 Though Danuby into the sea must flow,
 The sea receives the Rhene, Volga, and Po. 20
 By nature, which gave it, this liberty
 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 mee 25
 Allow her change, then change as oft as shee,
 And soe 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 wild roguery; 30
 Waters stincke 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 backe, but the next banke doe kisse,
 Then are they purest; Change'is the nursery 35
 Of musicke, joy, life, and eternity.

ELEGIE IV

The Perfume

Once, and but once found in thy company,
 All thy suppos'd escapes are laid on mee;
 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) 5
 By thy Hydroptique father catechiz'd.
 Though he had wont to search with glazed eyes,
 As though he came to kill a Cockatrice,
 Though hee hath oft sworne, that hee would remove
 Thy beauties beautie, and food of our love, 10
 Hope of his goods, if I with thee were seene,
 Yet close and secret, as our soules, we've beene.

Though thy immortall mother which doth lye
 Still buried in her bed, yet will not dye,
 Takes this advantage to sleepe out day-light, 15
 And watch thy entries, and returns all night,
 And, when she takes thy hand, and would seeme kind,
 Doth search what rings, and armelets she can finde,
 And kissing notes the colour of thy face,
 And fearing least thou'art swolne, doth thee embrace; 20
 To trie if thou long, doth name strange meates,
 And notes thy palenesse, blushing, sighs, and sweats;
 And politiquely will to thee confesse
 The sinnes of her owne youths ranke lustinesse;
 Yet love these Sorceries did remove, and move 25
 Thee to gull thine owne mother for my love.
 Thy little brethren, which like Faiery 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: 30
 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, 35
 Makes mee feare hell, because he must be there:
 Though by thy father he were hir'd to this,
 Could never witsse any touch or kisse.
 But Oh, too common ill, I brought with mee
 That, which betray'd mee to myemie: 40
 A loud perfume, which at my entrance cryed
 Even at thy fathers nose, so were wee spied.
 When, like a tyran King, that in his bed
 Smelt gunpowder, the pale wretch shivered.
 Had it beene some bad smell, he would have thought 45
 That his owne feet, or breath, that smell had wrought.
 But as wee in our Ile emprisoned,
 Where cattell onely, and diverse dogs are bred,
 The pretious Unicornes, strange monsters call,
 So thought he good, strange, that had none at all. 50
 I taught my silkes, their whistling to forbear,
 Even my opprest shoes, dumbe and speechlesse were,

Onely, thou bitter sweet, whom I had laid
 Next mee, mee traiterously hast betraid,
 And unsuspected hast invisibly 55
 At once fled unto him, and staid with mee.
 Base excrement of earth, which dost confound
 Sense, from distinguishing the sicke from sound;
 By thee the seely Amorous sucks his death
 By drawing in a leprous harlots breath; 60
 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, 65
 Because you'were burnt, not that they lik'd your smell;
 You'are loathsome all, being taken simply alone,
 Shall wee 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. 70
 All my perfumes, I give most willingly
 To'embalme thy fathers corse; What? will hee die?

ELEGIE V

His Picture

Here take my Picture; though I bid farewell,
 Thine, in my heart, where my soule dwels, shall dwell.
 'Tis like me now, but I dead, 'twill be more
 When wee are shadowes both, then 'twas before.
 When weather-beaten I come backe; my hand, 5
 Perhaps with rude oares torne, or Sun beams tann'd,
 My face and brest of hairecloth, and my head
 With cares rash sodaine stormes, being o'rspread,
 My body'a sack of bones, broken within,
 And powders blew staines scatter'd on my skinne; 10
 If rivall fooles taxe thee to'have lov'd a man,
 So foule, and course, as, Oh, I may seeme than,
 This shall say what I was: and thou shalt say,
 Doe his hurts reach mee? doth my worth decay?

Or doe they reach his judging minde, that hee 15
 Should now love lesse, what hee 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 disused tasts seemes tough. 20

ELEGIE VI

Oh, Let Mee not Serve So

Oh, let mee not serve so, as those men serve
 Whom honours smoakes at once fatten and sterue;
 Poorely enrich't with great mens words or lookes;
 Nor so write my name in thy loving bookes
 As those Idolatrous flatterers, which still 5
 Their Princes stiles, with 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 mee
 Favorite in Ordinary, or no favorite bee. 10
 When my Soule was in her owne body sheath'd,
 Nor yet by oathes betroth'd, nor kisses breath'd
 Into my Purgatory, faithlesse thee,
 Thy heart seem'd waxe, and steele thy constancie:
 So carelesse flowers strow'd on the waters face, 15
 The curled whirlepooles suck, smack, and embrace,
 Yet drowne them; so, the tapers beemie eye
 Amorously twinkling, beckens the giddie flie,
 Yet burnes his wings; and such the devill is,
 Scarce visiting them, who are intirely his. 20
 When I behold a streame, which, from the spring,
 Doth with doubtfull melodious murmuring,
 Or in a speechlesse slumber, calmely ride
 Her wedded channels bosome, and then chide
 And bend her browes, and swell if any bough 25
 Do but stoop downe, or kisse her upmost brow;
 Yet, if her often gnawing kisses winne
 The traiterous banke to gape, and let her in

She rusheth violently, and doth divorce
 Her from her native, and her long-kept course, 30
 And rores, and braves it, and in gallant scorne,
 In flattering eddies promising retorne,
 She flouts the channell, who thenceforth is drie;
 Then say I; that is shee, and this am I.
 Yet let not thy deepe bitternesse beget 35
 Carelesse despaire in mee, 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 disdaine.
 Then with new eyes I shall survay thee, 'and spie
 Death in thy cheekes, and darknesse in thine eye. 40
 Though hope bred faith and love; thus taught, I shall
 As nations do from Rome, from thy love fall.
 My hate shall outgrow thine, and utterly
 I will renounce thy dalliance: and when I
 Am the Recusant, in that resolute state, 45
 What hurts it mee to be'excommunicate?

ELEGIE VII

Natures Lay Ideot

Natures lay Ideot, I taught thee to love,
 And in that sophisticrie, Oh, thou dost prove
 Too subtile: Foole, thou didst not understand
 The mystique language of the eye nor hand:
 Nor couldst thou judge the difference of the aire 5
 Of sighes, and say, this lies, this sounds despaire:
 Nor by the'eyes water call a maladie
 Desperately hot, or changing feaverously.
 I had not taught thee then, the Alphabet
 Of flowers, how they devisefully being set 10
 And bound up, might with speechlesse secrecie
 Deliver arrands mutely, and mutually.
 Remember since all thy words us'd to bee
 To every suitor; *I, if my friends agree;*
 Since, household charmes, thy husbands name to teach, 15
 Were all the love trickes, that thy wit could reach;

And since, an houres 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, 20
 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 blis-full Paradise.
 Thy graces and good words my creatures bee; 25
 I planted knowledge and lifes tree in thee,
 Which Oh, shall strangers taste? Must I alas
 Frame and enamell Plate, and drinke in Glasse?
 Chafe waxe for others seales? breake a colts force
 And leave him then, beeing made a ready horse? 30

ELEGIE VIII

The Comparison

As the sweet sweat of Roses in a Still,
 As that which from chaf'd muskats pores doth trill,
 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, 5
 They seeme no sweat drops, but pearle coronets.
 Ranke sweaty froth thy Mistresse's brow defiles,
 Like spermatique issue of ripe menstruous boiles,
 Or like the skumme, which, by needs lawlesse law
 Enforc'd, Sanserra's starved men did draw 10
 From parboild shooes, and bootes, and all the rest
 Which were with any soveraigne fatnes blest,
 And like vile lying stones in saffronnd tinne,
 Or warts, or wheales, they hang upon her skinne.
 Round as the world's her head, on every side, 15
 Like to the fatall Ball which fell on Ide,
 Or that whereof God had such jealousy,
 As, for the ravishing thereof we die.
 Thy *head* is like a rough-hewne statue of jeat,
 Where marks for eyes, nose, mouth, are yet scarce set; 20

Like the first Chaos, or flat seeming face
 Of Cynthia, when th'earths shadowes her embrace.
 Like Proserpines white beauty-keeping chest,
 Or Joves best fortunes urne, is her faire brest.
 Thine's like worme eaten trunkes, cloth'd in seals skin, 25
 Or grave, that's dust without, and stinke within.
 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 skin
 Of men late scurg'd for madnes, or for sinne, 30
 Like Sun-parch'd quarters on the citie gate,
 Such is thy tann'd skins 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, 35
 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 40
 Into clay moulds, or like to that Ætna
 Where round about the grasse is burnt away.
 Are not your kisses then as filthy, and more,
 As a worme sucking an invenom'd sore?
 Doth not thy fearefull hand in feeling quake, 45
 As one which gath'ring flowers, 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, 50
 And such in searching wounds the Surgeon is
 As wee, when wee embrace, or touch, or kisse.
 Leave her, and I will leave comparing thus,
 She, and comparisons are odious.

ELEGIE IX

The Autumnall

No *Spring*, nor *Summer* Beauty hath such grace,
 As I have seen in one *Autumnall* face.
 Yong *Beauties* force our love, and that's a *Rape*,
 This doth but *counsaile*, yet you cannot scape.
 If t'were a *shame* to love, here t'were no *shame*, 5
Affection here takes *Reverences* name.
 Were her first yeares the *Golden Age*; That's true,
 But now shee's *gold* oft tried, and ever new.
 That was her torrid and inflaming time,
 This is her tolerable *Tropique clyme*. 10
 Faire eyes, who askes more heate then comes from hence,
 He in a fever wishes pestilence.
 Call not these wrinkles, *graves*; If *graves* they were,
 They were *Loves graves*; for else he is no where.
 Yet lies not Love *dead* here, but here doth sit 15
 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 dwells he, though he sojourne ev'ry where,
 In *Progresse*, yet his standing house is here. 20
 Here, where still *Evening* is; not *noone*, nor *night*;
 Where no *voluptuousnesse*, yet all *delight*.
 In all her words, unto all hearers fit,
 You may at *Revels*, you at *Counsaile*, sit.
 This is loves timber, youth his under-wood; 15
 There he, as wine in *June*, enrages blood,
 Which then comes seasonabliest, when our tast
 And appetite to other things, is past.
Xerxes strange *Lydian* love, the *Platane* tree,
 Was lov'd for age, none being so large as shee, 30
 Or else because, being yong, 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, 35
Age must be loveliest at the latest day.

But dearest heart, and dearer image stay;
 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.
 Fill'd with her love, may I be rather grown 25
 Mad with much *heart*, then *ideott* with none.

ELEGIE XI

The Bracelet

Upon 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, 5
 That as these linkes were knit, our love should bee:
 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; 10
 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;
 To gaine new friends, t'appease great enemies; 15
 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 punisht for offences not their owne? 20
 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 naturall Countreys rot
 I think possesseth, they come here to us, 25
 So pale, so lame, so leane, so ruinous;

And howsoe'r French Kings most Christian be,
 Their Crownes are circumcis'd most Jewishly.
 Or were they Spanish Stamps, still travelling,
 That are become as Catholique as their King, 30
 Those unlickt beare-whelps, unfil'd pistolets
 That (more than Canon shot) availles or lets;
 Which negligently left unrounded, looke
 Like many angled figures, in the booke
 Of some great Conjurur that would enforce 35
 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 part,
 Visit all Countries, and have slyly made
 Gorgeous *France*, ruin'd, ragged and decay'd; 40
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 subtle fire a soule out-pull'd; 45
 Are dirtely and desperately gull'd:
 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? 50
 Much hope which they should nourish will be dead,
 Much of my able youth, and lustyhead
 Will vanish; if thou love let them alone,
 For thou will love me lesse when they are gone.
 And be content that some lowd squeaking Cryer 55
 Well-pleas'd with one leane thred-bare goat, for hire,
 May like a devill roare through every street;
 And gall the finders conscience, if they meet.
 Or let mee creepe to some dread Conjurur,
 That with phantastique scheames fils full much paper; 60
 Which hath divided heaven in tenements,
 And with whores, theeves, and murderers stuf his rents,
 So full, that though hee passe them all in sinne,
 He leaves himselfe no roome to enter in.
 But if, when all his art and time is spent, 65
 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; 70
So in the first falne angels, resteth still
Wisdome 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; 75
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 80
The Mother in the hungry grave doth lay,
Unto 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, 85
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. 90

But Oh 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:
Here fetter'd, manacled, and hang'd in chains, 95
First mayst thou bee; then chaine'd to hellish paines;
Or be with forraine gold brib'd to betray
Thy Countrey, and faile both of that and thy pay.
May the next thing thou stoop'st to reach, containe
Poyson, whose nimble fume rot thy moist braine; 100
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; 105
All mischiefes 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. 110

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.

ELEGIE XII

His Parting from Her

Since she must go, and I must mourn, come Night,
 Environ me with darkness, whilst I write:
 Shadow that hell unto me, which alone
 I am to suffer when my Love is gone.
 Alas the darkest Magick cannot do it, 5
 Thou and greate Hell to boot are shadows to it.
 Should *Cinthia* quit thee, *Venus*, and each starre,
 It would not forme one thought dark as mine are.
 I could lend thee obscureness now, and say,
 Out of my self, There should be no more Day, 10
 Such is already my felt want of sight,
 Did not the fires within me force a light.

Oh Love, that fire and darkness should be mixt,
 Or to thy Triumphs soe strange torments fixt?
 Is't because thou thy self art blind, that wee 15
 Thy Martyrs must no more each other see?
 Or tak'st thou pride to break us on the wheel,
 And view old Chaos in the Pains we feel?
 Or have we left undone some mutual Right,
 Through holy fear, that merits thy despight? 20
 No, no. The falt was mine, impute it to me,
 Or rather to conspiring destinie,
 Which (since I lov'd for forme before) decreed,
 That I should suffer when I lov'd indeed:
 And therefore now, sooner then I can say, 25
 I saw the golden fruit, 'tis rapt away.

Or as I had watcht one drop in a vast stream,
 And I left wealthy only in a dream.
 Yet Love, thou'rt blinder then thy self in this,
 To vex my Dove-like friend for my amiss: 30
 And, where my own sad truth may expiate
 Thy wrath, to make her fortune run my fate:
 So blinded Justice doth, when Favorites fall,
 Strike them, their house, their friends, their followers all.
 Was't not enough that thou didst dart thy fires 35
 Into our blouds, inflaming our desires,
 And made'st us sigh and glow, and pant, and burn,
 And then thy self into our flame did'st turn?
 Was't not enough, that thou didst hazard us
 To paths in love so dark, so dangerous: 40
 And those so ambush'd round with household spies,
 And over all, thy husbands towring eyes
 That flam'd with oylie sweat of jealousy:
 Yet went we not still on with Constancie?
 Have we not kept our guards, like spie on spie? 45
 Had correspondence whilst the foe stood by?
 Stoln (more to sweeten them) our many blisses
 Of meetings, conference, embracements, kisses?
 Shadow'd with negligence our most respects?
 Varied our language through all dialects, 50
 Of becks, winks, looks, and often under-boards
 Spoak dialogues with our feet far from our words?
 Have we prov'd all these secrets of our Art,
 Yea, thy pale inwards, and thy panting heart?
 And, after all this passed Purgatory, 55
 Must sad divorce make us the vulgar story?
 First let our eyes be rivited quite through
 Our turning brains, and both our lips grow to:
 Let our armes clasp like Ivy, and our fear
 Freese us together, that we may stick here, 60
 Till Fortune, that would rive us, with the deed
 Strain her eyes open, and it make them bleed:
 For Love it cannot be, whom hitherto
 I have accus'd, should such a mischief doe.

Oh Fortune, thou'rt not worth my least exclaim,
 And plague enough thou hast in thy own shame.

Do thy great worst, my friend and I have armes,
 Though not against thy strokes, against thy harmes.
 Rend us in sunder, thou canst not divide
 Our bodies so, but that our souls are ty'd, 70
 And we can love by letters still and gifts,
 And thoughts and dreams; Love never wanteth shifts.
 I will not look upon the quickning Sun,
 But straight her beauty to my sense shall run;
 The ayre shall note her soft, the fire most pure; 75
 Water suggest her clear, and the earth sure.
 Time shall not lose our passages; the Spring
 How fresh our love was in the beginning;
 The Summer how it ripened in the eare;
 And Autumn, what our golden harvests were. 80
 The Winter I'll not think on to spite thee,
 But count it a lost season, so shall shee.

And dearest Friend, since we must part, drown night
 With hope of Day, burthens well born are light.
 Though cold and darkness longer hang somewhere, 85
 Yet *Phoebus* equally lights all the Sphere.
 And what he cannot in like Portions pay,
 The world enjoyes in Mass, and so we may.
 Be then ever your self, and let no woe
 Win on your health, your youth, your beauty: so 90
 Declare your self base fortunes Enemy,
 No less by your contempt then constancy:
 That I may grow enamoured on your mind,
 When my own thoughts I there reflected find.
 For this to th'comfort of my Dear I vow, 95
 My Deeds shall still be what my words are now;
 The Poles shall move to teach me ere I start;
 And when I change my Love, I'll change my heart;
 Nay, if I wax but cold in my desire,
 Think, heaven hath motion lost, and the world, fire: 100
 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 look for less in you.

ELEGIE XIII

Julia

Harke newes, Oh 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, 5
 To teare opinion even out of the brest
 Of dearest friends, and (which is worse than wilde)
 Sticks jealousie in wedlock; her owne childe
 Scapes not the showres of envie, To repeate
 The monstrous fashions, how, were, alive, to eate 10
 Deare reputation. Would to God she were
 But halfe so loath to act vice, as to heare
 My milde reprove. Liv'd *Mantuan* now againe,
 That foemall Mastix, to limme with his penne
 This she *Chymera*, that hath eyes of fire, 15
 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, 20
 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 mischiefs, countlesse multitudes
 Of formlesse curses, projects unmade up, 25
 Abuses yet unfashion'd, thoughts corrupt,
 Mishapen Cavils, palpable untroths,
 Inevitable errours, self-accusing oaths:
 These, like those Atoms swarming in the Sunne,
 Throng in her bosome for creation. 30
 I blush to give her halfe her due; yet say,
 No poyson's halfe so bad as *Julia*.

ELEGIE XIV

A Tale of a Citizen and his Wife

I sing no harme good sooth to any wight,
 To Lord or foole, Cuckold, begger or knight,
 To peace-teaching Lawyer, Proctor, or brave
 Reformed or reduced Captaine, Knave,
 Officer, Jugler, or Justice of peace, 5
 Juror or Judge; 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 redd or pale. 10

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 15
 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: 20
 I ask'd the number of the Plaguy Bill,
 Ask'd if the Custome Farmers held out still,
 Of the Virginian plot, and whether Ward
 The traffique of the Midland seas had marr'd,
 Whether the Brittain *Bourse* did fill apace, 25
 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) 30
 Replies with onely yeas and naves; At last
 (To fit his element) my theame I cast
 On Tradesmens gaines; that set his tongue agoing:
 Alas, good sir (quoth he) *There is no doing*
In Court nor City now; she smil'd and I, 35
 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; 40
 Call'd those the age of action; true (quoth Hee)
 There's now as great an itch of bravery,
 And heat of taking up, but cold lay downe,
 For, put to push of pay, away they runne;
 Our onely City trades of hope now are 45
 Bawd, Tavern-keeper, Whore and Scrivener;
 The much of Privileg'd kingsmen, and the store
 Of fresh protections make the rest all poore;
 In the first state of their Creation,
 Though many stoutly stand, yet proves not one 50
 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, 55
 And his wise brethrens worships, when one prayeth,
 He swore that none could say Amen with faith.
 To get him off from what I glowed to heare,
 (In happy time) an Angel did appeare,
 The bright Signe of a lov'd and wel-try'd Inne, 60
 Where many Citizens with their wives have bin
 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's returne found nothing but a Rope, 65
 So he on me, refus'd and made away,
 Though willing she pleaded a weary day:
 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, 70
 But his kinde wife gave me the very Signe.

But O that treacherous breast to whom weake you
 Did trust our Counsell, and wee both may rue,
 Having his falshood found too late, 'twas hee 35
 That made me *cast* you guilty, and you me,
 Whilst he, black wretch, betray'd each simple word
 Wee spake, unto the cunning of a third.
 Curst may hee be, that so our love hath slaine,
 And wander on the earth, wretched as *Cain*, 40
 Wretched as hee, and not deserve least pittie;
 In plaguing him, let misery be witty;
 Let all eyes shunne him, and hee shunne each eye,
 Till hee be noysome as his infamie;
 May he without remorse deny God thrice, 45
 And not be trusted more on his Soules price;
 And after all selfe torment, when hee dyes,
 May Wolves teare out his heart, Vultures his eyes,
 Swine eate his bowels, and his falsen tongue
 That utter'd all, be to some Raven flung, 50
 And let his carrion coarse be a longer feast
 To the Kings dogges, then any other beast.

Now have I curst, let us our love revive;
 In mee the flame was never more alive;
 I could beginne againe to court and praise, 55
 And in that pleasure lengthen the short dayes
 Of my lifes lease; like Painters that do 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 60
 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 65
 Love was as subtilly catch'd, as a disease;
 But being got it is a treasure sweet,
 Which to defend is harder then to get:
 And ought not be prophan'd on either part,
 For though 'tis got by *chance*, 'tis kept by *art*. 70

ELEGIE XVI

On his Mistris

By our first strange and fatall interview,
 By all desires which thereof did ensue,
 By our long starving hopes, by that remorse
 Which my words masculine perswasive force
 Begot in thee, and by the memory 5
 Of hurts, which spies and rivals threatned me,
 I calmly beg: But by thy fathers wrath,
 By all paines, which want and divorcement hath,
 I conjure thee, and all the oathes which I
 And thou have sworne to seale joynt constancy, 10
 Here I unswear, and overswear them thus,
 Thou shalt not love by wayes so dangerous.
 Temper, oh faire Love, loves impetuous rage,
 Be my true Mistris still, not my faign'd Page;
 I'll goe, and, by thy kinde leave, leave behinde 15
 Thee, onely worthy to nurse in my minde,
 Thirst to come backe; oh if thou die before,
 My soule from other lands to thee shall soare.
 Thy (else Almighty) beautie cannot move
 Rage from the Seas, nor thy love teach them love, 20
 Nor tame wilde Boreas harshnesse; Thou hast reade
 How roughly hee in peeces shivered
 Faire Orithea, whom he swore he lov'd.
 Fall ill or good, 'tis madnesse to have prov'd
 Dangers unurg'd; Feed on this flattery, 25
 That absent Lovers one in th'other be.
 Dissemble nothing, not a boy, nor change
 Thy bodies habite, nor mindes; bee not strange
 To thy selfe onely; All will spie in thy face
 A blushing womanly discovering grace; 30
 Richly cloath'd Apes, are call'd Apes, and as soone
 Ecclips'd as bright we call the Moone the Moone.
 Men of France, changeable Camelions,
 Spittles of diseases, shops of fashions,
 Loves fuellers, and the rightest company 35
 Of Players, which upon the worlds stage be,

Will quickly know thee, and no lesse, alas!
 Th'indifferent Italian, as we passe
 His warme land, well content to thinke thee Page,
 Will hunt thee with such lust, and hideous rage, 40
 As *Lots* faire guests were vext. But none of these
 Nor spongy hydroptique Dutch shall thee displease,
 If thou stay here. O stay here, for, for thee
 England is onely a worthy Gallerie,
 To walke in expectation, till from thence 45
 Our greatest King call thee to his presence.
 When I am gone, dreame me some happinesse,
 Nor let thy lookes our long hid love confesse,
 Nor praise, nor dispraise me, nor blesse nor curse
 Openly loves force, nor in bed fright thy Nurse 50
 With midnights startings, crying out, oh, oh
 Nurse, oh my love is slaine, I saw him goe
 O'r the white Alpes alone; I saw him I,
 Assail'd, fight, taken, stabb'd, bleed, fall, and die.
 Augure me better chance, except dread *Jove* 55
 Thinke it enough for me to'have had thy love.

ELEGIE XVII

Variety

The heavens rejoyce in motion, why should I
 Abjure my so much lov'd variety,
 And not with many youth and love divide?
 Pleasure is none, if not diversifi'd:
 The sun that sitting in the chaire of light 5
 Sheds flame into what else so ever doth seem bright,
 Is not contented at one Signe to Inne,
 But ends his year and with a new beginnes.
 All things doe willingly in change delight,
 The fruitfull mother of our appetite: 10
 Rivers the clearer and more pleasing are,
 Where their fair spreading streames run wide and farr;
 And a dead lake that no strange bark doth greet,
 Corrupts it self and what doth live in it.

Let no man tell me such a one is faite, 15
 And worthy all alone my love to share.
 Nature in her hath done the liberall part
 Of a kinde Mistresse, and imploy'd her art
 To make her loveable, and I aver
 Him not humane that would turn back from her: 20
 I love her well, and would, if need were, dye
 To doe her service. But followes it that I
 Must serve her onely, when I may have choice
 Of other beauties, and in change rejoice?
 The law is hard, and shall not have my voice. 25
 The last I saw in all extreames is faire,
 And holds me in the Sun-beames of her haire,
 Her nymph-like-features such agreements have
 That I could venture with her to the grave:
 Another's brown, I like her not the worse, 30
 Her tongue is soft and takes me with discourse.
 Others, for that they well descended are,
 Do in my love obtain as large a share;
 And though they be not fair, 'tis much with mee
 To win their love onely for their degree. 35
 And though I faile of my required ends,
 The attempt is glorious and it self commends.
 How happy were our Syres in ancient times,
 Who held plurality of loves no crime!
 With them it was accounted charity 40
 To stirre up race of all indifferently;
 Kindreds were not exempted from the bands:
 Which with the Persian still in usage stands
 Women were then no sooner asked then won,
 And what they did was honest and well done. 45
 But since this title honour hath been us'd,
 Our weake credulity hath been abus'd;
 The golden laws of nature are repeald,
 Which our first Fathers in such reverence held;
 Our liberty's revers'd, our Charter's gone, 50
 And we're made servants to opinion,
 A monster in no certain shape attir'd,
 And whose originall is much desir'd,
 Formlesse at first, but growing on it fashions,

And doth prescribe manners and laws to nations. 55
 Here love receiv'd immedicable harmes,
 And was dispoiled of his daring armes.
 A greater want then is his daring eyes,
 He lost those awfull wings with which he flies;
 His sinewy bow, and those immortall darts 60
 Wherewith he's wont to bruise resisting hearts
 Onely some few strong in themselves and free
 Retain the seeds of antient liberty,
 Following that part of Love although deprest,
 And make a throne for him within their brest, 65
 In spight of modern censures him avowing
 Their Soveraigne, all service him allowing.
 Amongst which troop although I am the least,
 Yet equall in perfection with the best,
 I glory in subjection of his hand, 70
 Nor ever did decline his least command:
 For in whatever forme the message came
 My heart did open and receive the same.
 But time will in his course a point discry
 When I this loved service must deny, 75
 For our allegiance temporary is,
 With firmer age returnes our liberties.
 What time in years and judgement we repos'd,
 Shall not so easily be to change dispos'd,
 Nor to the art of severall eyes obeying; 80
 But beauty with true worth securely weighing,
 Which being found assembled in some one,
 Wee'l love her ever, and love her alone.

ELEGIE XVIII

Loves Progress

Who ever loves, if he do not propose
 The right true end of love, he's one that goes
 To sea for nothing but to make him sick:
 Love is a bear-whelp born, if we o're lick
 Our love, and force it new strange shapes to take, 5

We erre, and of a lump a monster make.
 Were not a Calf a monster that were grown
 Face'd like a man, though better then his own?
 Perfection is in unities: preferr
 One woman first, and then one thing in her. 10
 I, when I value gold, may think upon
 The ductilness, the application,
 The wholsomness, the ingenuitie,
 From rust, from soil, from fire ever free:
 But if I love it, 'tis because 'tis made 15
 By our new nature (Use) the soul of trade.
 All these in women we might think upon
 (If women had them) and yet love but one.
 Can men more injure women then to say
 They love them for that, by which they're not they? 20
 Makes virtue woman? must I cool my bloud
 Till I both be, and find one wise and good?
 May barren Angels love so. But if we
 Make love to woman; virtue is not she,
 As beauty's not nor wealth: He that strays thus 25
 From her to hers, is more adulterous,
 Then if he took her maid. Search every spheare
 And firmament, our *Cupid* is not there:
 He's an infernal god and under ground,
 With *Pluto* dwells, where gold and fire abound: 30
 Men to such Gods, their sacrificing Coles
 Did not in Altars lay, but pits and holes.
 Although we see Celestial bodies move
 Above the earth, the earth we Till and love:
 So we her ayres contemplate, words and heart, 35
 And virtues; but we love the Centrique part.
 Nor is the soul more worthy, or more fit
 For love, then this, as infinite as it.
 But in attaining this desired place
 How much they erre; that set out at the face? 40
 The hair a Forest is of Ambushes,
 Of springes, snares, fetters and manacles:
 The brow becalms us when 'tis smooth and plain,
 And when 'tis wrinckled, shipwracks us again.
 Smooth, 'tis a Paradise, where we would have 45

Immortal stay, and wrinkled 'tis our grave
 The Nose (like to the first Meridian) runs
 Not 'twixt an East and West, but 'twixt two suns;
 It leaves a Cheek, a rosie Hemisphere
 On either side, and then directs us where 50
 Upon the Islands fortunate we fall,
 Not faynte *Canaries*, but *Ambrosiall*)
 Her swelling lips; To which when wee are come,
 We anchor there, and think our selves at home,
 For they seem all: there Syrens songs, and there 55
 Wise Delphick Oracles do fill the ear;
 There in a Creek where chosen pearls do swell,
 The Remora, her cleaving tongue doth dwell.
 These, and the glorious Promontory, her Chin
 Ore past; and the streight *Hellespont* betweene 60
 The *Sestos* and *Abydos* of her breasts,
 (Not of two Lovers, but two Loves the neasts)
 Succeeds a boundless sea, but yet thine eye
 Some Island moles may scattered there descry;
 And Sailing towards her *India*, in that way 65
 Shall at her fair Atlantick Navell stay;
 Though thence the Current be thy Pilot made,
 Yet ere thou be where thou wouldst be embay'd,
 Thou shalt upon another Forest set,
 Where many Shipwrack, and no further get. 70
 When thou art there, consider what this chace
 Mispent by thy beginning at the face.
 Rather set out below; practice my Art,
 Some Symetry the foot hath with that part
 Which thou dost seek, and is thy Map for that 75
 Lovely enough to stop, but not stay at:
 Least subject to disguise and change it is;
 Men say the Devil never can change his.
 It is the Emblem that hath figured
 Firmness; 'tis the first part that comes to bed. 80
 Civilitie we see refin'd: the kiss
 Which at the face began, transplanted is,
 Since to the hand, since to the Imperial knee,
 Now at the Papal foot delights to be:
 If Kings think that the nearer way, and do 85

Rise from the foot, Lovers may do so too;
 For as free Spheres move faster far then can
 Birds, whom the air resists, so may that man
 Which goes this empty and Ætherial way,
 Then if at beauties elements he stay. 90
 Rich Nature hath in women wisely made
 Two purses, and their mouths aversely laid:
 They then, which to the lower tribute owe,
 That way which that Exchequer looks, must go:
 He which doth not, his error is as great, 95
 As who by Clyster gave the Stomack meat.

ELEGIE XIX

Going to Bed

Come, Madam, come, all rest my powers defie,
 Until I labour, I in labour lie.
 The foe oft-times having the foe in sight,
 Is tir'd with standing though he never fight.
 Off with that girdle, like heavens Zone glittering, 5
 But a far fairer world encompassing.
 Unpin that spangled breastplate which you wear,
 That th'eyes of busie fooles may be stopt there.
 Unlace your self, for that harmonious chyme,
 Tells me from you, that now it is bed time. 10
 Off with that happy busk, which I envie,
 That still can be, and still can stand so nigh.
 Your gown going off, such beautious state reveals,
 As when from flowry meads th'hills shadow steales.
 Off with that wyerie Coronet and shew 15
 The haiery Diademe which on you doth grow:
 Now off with those shooes, and then safely tread
 In this loves hallow'd temple, this soft bed.
 In such white robes, heaven's Angels us'd to be
 Receavd by men; Thou Angel bringst with thee 20
 A heaven like Mahomets Paradise; and though
 Ill spirits walk in white, we easly know,
 By this these Angels from an evil sprite,
 Those set our hairs, but these our flesh upright.

Licence my roaving hands, and let them go, 25
 Before, behind, between, above, below.
 O my America! my new-found-land,
 My kingdome, safeliest when with one man man'd,
 My Myne of precious stones, My Emperie,
 How blest am I in this discovering thee! 30
 To enter in these bonds, is to be free;
 Then where my hand is set, my seal shall be.

Full nakedness! All joyes are due to thee,
 As souls unbodied, bodies uncloth'd must be,
 To taste whole joyes. Gems which you women use 35
 Are like Atlanta's balls, cast in mens views,
 That when a fools eye lighteth on a Gem,
 His earthly soul may covet theirs, not them.
 Like pictures, or like books gay coverings made
 For lay-men, are all women thus array'd; 40
 Themselves are mystick books, which only wee
 (Whom their imputed grace will dignifie)
 Must see reveal'd. Then since that I may know;
 As liberally, as to a Midwife, shew
 Thy self: cast all, yea, this white lynnens hence, 45
 There is no pennance due to innocence.

To teach thee, I am naked first; why than
 What needst thou have more covering then a man.

ELEGIE XX

Loves Warre

Till I have peace with thee, warr other men,
 And when I have peace, can I leave thee then?
 All other Warrs are scrupulous; Only thou
 O fayr free Citty, maist thyselfe allowe
 To any one: In Flanders, who can tell 5
 Whether the Master presse; or men rebell?
 Only we know, that which all Ideots say,
 They beare most blows which come to part the fray.
 France in her lunatique giddiness did hate
 Ever our men, yea and our God of late; 10
 Yet she relyes upon our Angels well,

Which nere returne; no more then they which fell.
 Sick Ireland is with a strange warr possest
 Like to an Ague; now raging, now at rest;
 Which time will cure: yet it must doe her good 15
 If she were purg'd, and her head vayne let blood.
 And Midas joyes our Spanish journeyes give,
 We touch all gold, but find no food to live.
 And I should be in the hott parching clyme,
 To dust and ashes turn'd before my time. 20
 To mew me in a Ship, is to intrall
 Mee in a prison, that weare like to fall;
 Or in a Cloyster; save that there men dwell
 In a calme heaven, here in a swaggering hell.
 Long voyages are long consumptions, 25
 And ships are carts for executions.
 Yea they are Deaths; Is't not all one to flye
 Into an other World, as t'is to dye?
 Here lett mee warr; in these armes lett mee lye;
 Here lett mee parlee, batter, bleede, and dye. 30
 Thyne armes imprison me, and myne armes thee;
 Thy hart thy ransome is; take myne for mee.
 Other men war that they their rest may gayne;
 But wee will rest that wee may fight agayne.
 Those warrs the ignorant, these th'experienc'd love, 35
 There wee are alwayes under, here above.
 There Engins farr off breed a just true feare,
 Neere thrusts, pikes, stabs, yea bullets hurt not here.
 There lyes are wrongs; here safe uprightly lye;
 There men kill men, we'll make one by and by. 40
 Thou nothing; I not halfe so much shall do
 In these Warrs, as they may which from us two
 Shall spring. Thousands wee see which travaile not
 To warrs; But stay swords, armes, and shott
 To make at home; And shall not I do then 45
 More glorious service, staying to make men?

HEROICALL EPISTLE

Sapho to Philænis

Where is that holy fire, which Verse is said
To have? is that enchanting force decaï'd?
Verse that drawes *Natures* workes, from *Natures* law,
Thee, her best worke, to her worke cannot draw.
Have my teares quench'd my old *Poétique* fire; 5
Why quench'd they not as well, that of *desire*?
Thoughts, my mindes creatures, often are with thee,
But I, their maker, want their libertie.
Onely thine image, in my heart, doth sit,
But that is waxe, and fires environ it. 10
My fires have driven, thine have drawne it hence;
And I am rob'd of *Picture*, *Heart*, and *Sense*.
Dwells with me still mine irksome *Memory*,
Which, both to keepe, and lose, grieves equally.
That tells me 'how faire thou art: Thou art so faire, 15
As, *gods*, when *gods* to thee I doe compare,
Are grac'd thereby; And to make blinde men see,
What things *gods* are, I say they're like to thee.
For, if we justly call each silly *man*
A *litle world*, What shall we call thee than? 20
Thou art not soft, and cleare, and strait, and faire,
As *Down*, as *Stars*, *Cedars*, and *Lillies* are,
But thy right hand, and cheek, and eye, only
Are like thy other hand, and cheek, and eye.
Such was my *Phao* awhile, but shall be never, 25
As thou, wast, art, and, oh, maist be ever.
Here lovers swear in their *Idolatrie*,
That I am such; but *Griefe* discolors me.
And yet I grieve the lesse, least *Griefe* remove
My beauty, and make me 'unworthy of thy love. 30
Plaies some soft boy with thee, oh there wants yet
A mutuall feeling which should sweeten it.
His chinne, a thorny hairy unevennesse
Doth threaten, and some daily change possesse.

Thy body is a naturall *Paradise*, 35
 In whose selfe, unmanur'd, all pleasure lies,
 Nor needs *perfection*; why shouldst thou than
 Admit the tillage of a harsh rough man?
 Men leave behinde them that which their sin showes,
 And are as theeves trac'd, which rob when it snows. 40
 But of our dallyance no more signes there are,
 Then *fishes* leave in streames, or *Birds* in aire.
 And betweene us all sweetnesse may be had;
 All, all that *Nature* yields, or Art can adde.
 My two lips, eyes, thighs, differ from thy two, 45
 But so, as thine from one another doe;
 And, oh, no more; the likenesse being such,
 Why should they not alike in all parts touch?
 Hand to strange hand, lippe to lippe none denies;
 Why should they brest to brest, or thighs to thighs?
 Likenesse begets such strange selfe flatterie,
 That touching my selfe, all seemes done to thee.
 My selfe I embrace, and mine owne hands I kisse,
 And amorously thanke my selfe for this.
 Me, in my glasse, I call thee; But, alas,
 When I would kisse, teares dimme mine *eyes*, and *glasse*.
 O cure this loving madnesse, and restore
 Me to mee; thee, my *halfe*, my *all*, my *more*.
 So may thy cheekes red outweare scarlet dye,
 And their white, whitenesse of the *Galaxy*, 60
 So may thy mighty, amazing beauty move
 Envy'in all *women*, and in all *men*, *love*,
 And so be *change*, and *sicknesse*, farre from thee,
 As thou by comming neere, keep'st them from me.

EPITHALAMIONS, OR MARRIAGE SONGS

*An Epithalamion, or Mariage 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 5
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 soone,
As doth the Goldfinch, or the Halcyon; 10
The husband cocke looks out, and straight is sped,
And meets his wife, which brings her feather-bed.
This day more cheerfully then ever shine,
This day, which might enflame thy self, Old Valentine.

II

Till now, Thou warmd'st with multiplying loves 15
Two larkes, two sparrowes, or two Doves,
All that is nothing unto this,
For thou this day couplest two Phœnixes;
Thou mak'st a Taper see
What the sunne never saw, and what the Arke 20
(Which was of foules, and beasts, the cage, and park,)
Did not containe, one bed containes, through Thee,
Two Phœnixes, whose joynd breasts
Are unto one another mutuall nests,
Where motion kindles such fires, as shall give 25
Yong Phœnixes, and yet the old shall live.
Whose love and courage never shall decline,
But make the whole year through, thy day, O Valentine.

III

Up then faire Phœnix Bride, frustrate the Sunne,
 Thy selfe from thine affection 30
 Takest warmth enough, and from thine eye
 All lesser birds will take their Jollitie.
 Up, up, faire Bride, and call,
 Thy starres, from out their severall boxes, take
 Thy Rubies, Pearles, and Diamonds forth, and make 35
 Thy selfe a constellation, of them All,
 And by their blazing, signifie,
 That a Great Princess falls, but doth not die;
 Bee thou a new starre, that to us portends
 Ends of much wonder; And be Thou those ends. 40
 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 meet thy Fredericke, and so 45
 To an unseparable union growe.
 Since separation
 Falls not on such things as are infinite,
 Nor things which are but one, can disunite,
 You're twice inseparable, great, and one; 50
 Goe then to where the Bishop staies,
 To make you one, his way, which divers waies
 Must be effected; and when all is past,
 And that you're one, by hearts and hands made fast,
 You two have one way left, your selves to'entwine, 55
 Besides this Bishops knot, or Bishop Valentine.

V

But oh, what ailes the Sunne, that here he staies,
 Longer to day, then other daies?
 Staies he new light from these to get?
 And finding here such store, is loth to get? 60
 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 delaies, 65
 Is eaten, and too long their meat they praise,
 The masquers come too late, and'I thinke, will stay,
 Like Fairies, till the Cock crow them away.
 Alas, did not Antiquity assigne
 A night, as well as day, to thee, O Valentine? 70

VI

They did, and night is come; and yet wee 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; 75
 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 she is laid; What though shee bee?
 Yet there are more delays, For, where is he? 80
 He comes, and passes through Spheare after Spheare,
 First her sheetes, then her Armes, then any where.
 Let not this day, then, but this night be thine,
 Thy day was but the eve to this, O Valentine.

VII

Here lyes a shee Sunne, and a hee Moone here, 85
 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, 90
 That neither would, nor needs forbear, nor stay;
 Neither desires to be spar'd, nor to spare,

They quickly pay their debt, and then
 Take no acquittances, but pay again;
 They pay, they give, they lend, and so let fall 95
 No such occasion to be liberall.
 More truth, more courage in these two do shine,
 Then all thy turtles have, and sparrows, Valentine.

VIII

And by this act of these two Phœnixes
 Nature againe restored is, 100
 For since these two are two no more,
 Ther's but one Phœnix still, as was before.
 Rest now at last, and wee
 As Satyres watch the Sunnes uprise, will stay
 Waiting, when your eyes opened, let out day, 105
 Onely desir'd, because your face wee see;
 Others neare you shall whispering speake,
 And wagers lay, at which side day will breake,
 And win by'observing, then, whose hand it is
 That opens first a curtaine, hers or his;
 This will be tryed to morrow after nine,
 Till which houre, wee thy day enlarge, O Valentine.

Epithalamion made at Lincolnes Inne

The Sun-beames in the East are spred,
 Leave, leave, faire Bride, your solitary bed,
 No more shall you returne to it alone,
 It nourseth sadnesse, and your bodies print,
 Like to a grave, the yielding downe doth dint; 5
 You and your other you meet there anon;
 Put forth, put forth that warme balme-breathing thigh,
 Which when next time you in these sheets wil smother,
 There it must meet another,
 Which never was, but must be, oft, more nigh; 10
 Come glad from thence, goe gladder then you came,
 To day put on perfection, and a womans name.

Daughters of London, you which bee
 Our Golden Mines, and furnish'd Treasure,
 You which are Angels, yet still bring with you 15
 Thousands of Angels on your mariage daies,
 Help 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 flower and jewell, 20
 Make her for love fit fewell

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

And you frolique Patricians, 25
Sonnnes of these Senators, wealths deep oceans,
Ye painted courtiers, barrels of others wits,
Yee country men, who but your beasts love none,
Yee of those fellowships whereof hee's one,
Of study and play made strange Hermaphrodits, 30
Here shine; This Bridegroom to the Temple bring.
Loe, in yon path which store of straw'd flowers graceth,
The sober virgin paceth;
Except my sight faile, 'tis no other thing;
Weep not nor blush, here is no grieffe nor shame, 35
To day put on perfection, and a womans name.

Thy two-leav'd gates faire Temple unfold,
And these two in thy sacred bosome hold,
Till, mystically joyn'd, but one they bee;
Then may thy leane and hunger-starved wombe 40
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 bee far for ever,
Which might these two dissever, 45
All wayes 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.

Oh winter dayes bring much delight,
Not for themselves, but for they soon bring night; 50
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 sweates;
Hee flies in winter, but he now stands still. 55
Yet shadowes turne; Noone point he hath attain'd,
His steeds nill bee restrain'd,
But gallop lively downe the Westerne hill;
Thou shalt, when he hath runne the worlds half frame,
To night put on perfection, and a womans name. 60

The 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 danciers take some truce
 With these your pleasing labours, for great use 65
 As much wearinesse as perfection brings;
 You, and not only you, but all toyl'd beasts
 Rest duly; at night all their toyles are dispensed;
 But in their beds commenced
 Are other labours, and more dainty feasts; 70
 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) lye
 A pleasing sacrifice; now dispossesse 75
 Thee of these chaines and robes which were put on
 T'adorne the day, not thee; for thou, alone,
 Like vertue'and truth, art best in nakednesse;
 This bed is onely to virginitye
 A grave, but, to a better state, a cradle; 80
 Till now thou wast but able
 To be what now thou art; then that by thee
 No more be said, *I may bee*, but, *I am*,
To night put on perfection, and a womans name.

Even like a faithfull man content, 85
 That this life for a better should be spent,
 So, shee a mothers rich stile doth preferre,
 And at the Bridegroomes wish'd approach doth lye,
 Like an appointed lambe, when tenderly
 The priest comes on his knees t'embowell her; 90
 Now sleep or watch with more joy; and O light
 Of heaven, to morrow rise thou hot, and early;
 This Sun will love so dearely
 Her rest, that long, long we shall want her sight;
 Wonders are wrought, for shee which had no maime, 95
To night puts on perfection, and a womans name.

Ecclogue
1613. December 26

Allophanes finding Idios in the country in Christmas time, reprehends his absence from court, at the mariage Of the Earle of Sommerset; Idios gives an account of his purpose therein, and of his absence thence.

Allophanes

Unseasonable 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 small birds, who by that courage dare, 5
 In numerous fleets, saile through their Sea, the aire.
 What delicacie can in fields appeare,
 Whil'st Flora'herselfe doth a freeze jerkin weare?
 Whil'st windes do all the trees and hedges strip
 Of leafes, to furnish roddes enough to whip 10
 Thy madnesse from thee; and all springs by frost
 Have taken cold, and their sweet murmures lost;
 If thou thy faults or fortunes would'st lament
 With just solemnity, do it in Lent;
 At Court the spring already advanced is, 15
 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. 20
 And then that early light, which did appeare
 Before the Sunne and Moone created were
 The Princes favour is defus'd o'r all
 From which all Fortunes, Names, and Natures fall;
 Then from those wombes of starres, the Brides bright eyes,
 At every glance, a constellation flies,
 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, 30
 And from their jewels torches do take fire,
 And all is warmth, and light, and good desire;

Most other Courts, alas, are like to hell,
 Where in darke plotts, fire without light doth dwell:
 Or but like Stoves, for lust and envy get 35
 Continuall, but artificiall heat;
 Here zeale and love growne one, all clouds disgest,
 And make our Court an everlasting East.
 And can'st thou be from thence?

Idios No, I am there.
 As heaven, to men dispos'd, is every where, 40
 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, 45
 Enlarging narrow men, to feele and see,
 And comprehend the blessings they bestow.
 So, reclus'd hermits often times do know
 More of heavens glory, then a worldling can.
 As man is of the world, the heart of man, 50
 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 one common soule, give life to both,
 I am not then from Court.

Allophanes Dreamer, thou art. 55
 Think'st thou fantastique that thou hast a part
 In the East-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? 60
 The earth doth in her inward 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, 65
 So, for best civil use, all tinctures move
 From higher powers; From God religion springs,

Wisdome, and honour from the use of Kings.
 Then unbeguile thy selfe, and know with mee,
 That Angels, though on earth employd they bee, 70
 Are still in heav'n, so is hee still at home
 That doth, abroad, to honest actions come.
 Chide thy selfe then, O foole, which yesterday
 Might'st have read more then all thy books bewray;
 Hast thou a history, which doth present 75
 A Court, where all affections do assent
 Unto the Kings, and that, that Kings are just?
 And where it is no levity to trust?
 Where there is no ambition, but to'obey,
 Where men need whisper nothing, and yet may; 80
 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, 85
 An earnest lover, wise then, and before.
 Our little Cupid hath sued Livery,
 And is no more in his minority,
 Hee is admitted now into that brest
 Where the Kings Counsell and his secrets rest. 90
 What hast thou lost, O 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 95
 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, 100
 But since I'am 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.

EPITHALAMION

The Time of the Mariage

Thou art repriv'd old yeare, thou shalt not die, 105
 Though thou upon thy death bed lye,
 And should'st within five dayes expire,
 Yet thou art rescu'd by a mightier fire,
 Then thy old Soule, the Sunne,
 When he doth in his largest circle runne. 110
 The passage of the West or East would thaw,
 And open wide their easie liquid jawe
 To all our ships, could a Promethean art
 Either unto the Northerne Pole impart
 The fire of these inflaming eyes, or of this loving heart. 115

Equality of Persons

But undiscerning 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 beauty, and than 120
 The bridegroome 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? 125
 Since both have both th'enflaming eyes, and both the loving heart.

Raising of the Bridegroome

Though it be some divorce to thinke of you
 Singly, so much one are you two,
 Yet let me here contemplate thee,
 First, cheerfull Bridegroome, and first let mee see, 130
 How thou prevent'st the Sunne
 And his red foming horses dost outrunne,
 How, having laid downe in thy Soveraignes brest
 All businesses, from thence to reinvest
 Them, when these triumphs cease, thou forward art 135
 To shew to her, who doth the like impart,
 The fire of thy inflaming eyes, and of thy loving heart.

Raising of the Bride

But now, to Thee, faire Bride, it is some wrong,
 To thinke thou wert in Bed so long,
 Since Soone thou lyst downe first, tis fit 140
 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,
 Art meant for Phœbus, would'st be Phaëton. 145
 For our ease, give thine eyes th'unusual part
 Of joy, a Teare; so quencht, thou maist impart,
 To us that come, thy inflaming eyes, to him, thy loving heart.

Her Apparrelling

Thus thou descend'st to our infirmitie,
 Who can the Sun in water see. 150
 Soe dost thou, when in silke and gold,
 Thou cloudst thy selfe; since wee which doe behold,
 Are dust, and wormes, 'tis just
 Our objects be the fruits of wormes and dust;
 Let every Jewell be a glorious starre, 155
 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,
 Which thy inflaming eyes have made within his loving heart.

Going to the Chappell

Now from your Easts you issue forth, and wee, 160
 As men which through a Cipres see
 The rising sun, doe thinke it two,
 Soe, as you goe to Church, doe thinke of you,
 But that vaile being gone,
 By the Church rites you are from thenceforth one. 165
 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 169
 All blessings, which are seene, or thought, by Angels eye or heart.

The Benediction

Blest payre of Swans, Oh may you interbring
 Daily new joyes, and never sing,
 Live, till all grounds of wishes faile,
 Till honor, yea till wisdome grow so stale,
 That, new great heights to trie, 175
 It must serve your ambition, to die;
 Raise heires, and may here, to the worlds end, live
 Heires from this King, to take thankes, you, to give,
 Nature and grace doe all, and nothing Art.
 May never age, or error overthwart 180
 With any West, these radiant eyes, with any North, this heart.

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. 185
 And were the doctrine new
 That the earth mov'd, this day would make it true;
 For every part to dance and revell goes.
 They tread the ayre, and fal not where they rose.
 Though six houres since, the Sunne to bed did part, 190
 The masks and banquets will not yet impart
 A sunset to these weary eyes, A Center to this heart.

The Brides going to Bed

What mean'st thou Bride, this companie to keep?
 To sit up, till thou faine wouldst sleep?
 Thou maist not, when thou art laid, doe so. 195
 Thy selfe must to him a new banquet grow,
 And you must entertaine
 And doe all this daies dances o'r againe.
 Know that if Sun and Moone together doe
 Rise in one point, they doe not set so too; 200
 Therefore thou maist, faire Bride, to bed depart,
 Thou art not gone, being gone; where e'r thou art,
 Thou leav'st in him thy watchfull eyes, in him thy loving heart.

The Bridegroomes comming

As he that sees a starre fall, runs apace,
 And findes a gellie in the place, 205
 So doth the Bridegroome hast as much,
 Being told this starre is falne, and findes her such.
 And as friends may looke strange,
 By a new fashion, or apparrells change,
 Their soules, though long acquainted they had beene, 210
 These clothes, their bodies, never yet had seene;
 Therefore at first shee modestly might start,
 But must forthwith surrender every part,
 As freely, as each to each before, gave either eye or heart.

The Good-Night

Now, as in Tullias tombe, one lampe burnt cleare, 215
 Unchang'd for fifteene hundred yeare,
 May these love-lamps we here enshrine,
 In warmth, light, lasting, equall the divine.
 Fire ever doth aspire,
 And makes all like it selfe, turnes all to fire, 220
 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 only that presents it, but of all; 230
 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. 235

