

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 jealousye!
 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 foulennesse 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 trunckes, 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 reproofe. 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 errorrs, 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.

ELEGIE XV

The Expostulation

To make the doubt cleare, that no woman's true,
 Was it my fate to prove it strong in you?
 Thought I, but one had breathed purest aire,
 And must she needs be false because she's faire?
 Is it your beauties marke, or of your youth, 5
 Or your perfection, not to study truth?
 Or thinke you heaven is deafe, or hath no eyes?
 Or those it hath, smile at your perjuries?
 Are vowes so cheape with women, or the matter
 Whereof they are made, that they are writ in water, 10
 And blowne away with winde? Or doth their breath
 (Both hot and cold at once) make life and death?
 Who could have thought so many accents sweet
 Form'd into words, so many sighs should meete
 As from our hearts, so many oathes, and teares 15
 Sprinkled among, (all sweeter by our feares
 And the divine impression of stolne kisses,
 That seal'd the rest) should now prove empty blisses?
 Did you draw bonds to forget? signe to breake?
 Or must we reade you quite from what you speake, 20
 And finde the truth out the wrong way? or must
 Hee first desire you false, would wish you just?

O I prophane, though most of women be
 This kinde of beast, my thought shall except thee;
 My dearest love, though froward jealousy, 25
 With circumstance might urge thy'inconstancie,
 Sooner I'll thinke the Sunne will cease to cheare
 The teeming earth, and *that* forget to beare,
 Sooner that rivers will runne back, or Thames
 With ribs of Ice in June would bind his streames, 30
 Or Nature, by whose strength the world endures,
 Would change her course, before you alter yours.

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 possess
 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 journeys 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 intrhall
 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?