

See fir how as the Sun's holl maketh flame  
 by it's strange creatures on Nites dusky time  
 In me yo' fatherly yet lusty some  
 for these Tonge are the fruits I have wrought the same.  
 But though thine inward force from whence they came  
 be strong enough and Nature do admitt  
 reason to be borne at once, I send as yett  
 But six, they say the seventh hath still some name  
 I hope y<sup>e</sup> indgent with the same degree  
 Both of two fishes got inention had  
 As five these dusky omis to Lurifer  
 Or as Elisar to change them to gold.  
 y<sup>e</sup> are that Alchimist I always had  
 with, whose our sparks could make good the end of bad.

COUNTRY

Wrought againe w<sup>th</sup> should having Hope & Fear  
 oft have I sighd for thee, both how and where  
 thou wert, and what my hopes & Letters were.  
 As in d' streets thy biggest narrowly  
 mark'd motions of the gibets hand & eye  
 and w<sup>th</sup> more conceit some hope therein  
 And now thou art about to give, thy Letters read  
 the body risen againe the w<sup>th</sup> was dead  
 and thy poore starveling bound'ly fed.  
 After this banquet my soule doth say grace  
 and praise thee for it, and zealously embrace  
 thy love, thought I thinke thy love in this case  
 To be as gluttons, w<sup>th</sup> say misdeed their meate  
 They love yt best & eat they meate w<sup>th</sup> rate.

At once from hence my Lines I depart  
 To my selfe still walke, they to my heart  
 In the nourse they be the child of art  
 yet as a frowne house, though the Carpenter  
 say safe how ere his King be in danger  
 So though I languish first I w<sup>th</sup> know  
 my w<sup>th</sup> the steele, Mark of my misery  
 shall live to see it for whose want I dy.  
 Therefore I envy them and do repent  
 that from unhappy me things happy are sent  
 As a picture or bare sacrament  
 Except these Lines and if w<sup>th</sup> them thou see  
 My will of Love, between that Lode on me.

2  
zealously my muse doth salute all three.  
Enquiring of <sup>the</sup> musesque trimities  
wherof thou and all be into heavens do infuse  
like fire, are made. Thy body, mind, & Muse.  
Do thou enquire, silences, or present!  
Or is thy mind travaill'd out discontent!  
or art thou parted from the world to rest  
in a good thorow of the worlds vanities!  
or is thy about muse retired to sing  
upon her tender Elysiacque string!  
Our minds sure not, loyne then thy Muse at myre  
for myre is barren thus divorced from thyre.

hides mind

Myre not that by thy mind thy body is led:  
for by thy mind, my mind is distemper'd.  
So thy love hides loy for I bearing part  
It rates not onely thyne but my Iovln heart.  
And when it gives us information  
we take who hardly for it to see d upon,  
but as a lay-mans <sup>pen</sup> <sup>with</sup> both controule  
body and mind; the Muse being the soules soule  
I feele, & our thinking should rise & answer  
although I bodies wither and minds I any m<sup>is</sup>  
wright then that thy griefes at myre got may be  
Curd by thy charming Poreargue carolles.

3.

Thy friend whom thy desires to thee suchans  
W<sup>ord</sup> by this miserable ceasing  
Ther to the fount of thy affection  
Leaving behind little of both wants complaine.  
And till the Love I bear to little sustains  
no shall nor name by this definition  
Strong is this Love with his I have in mine  
And strong that Love pursued at amorous paine.  
And though besides thy selfe I leave behind  
Heavenly Librell & earthly thines fairer some  
going to where stone water, my deeth wound  
yet Loves hot fires, w<sup>ord</sup> my sat mind

Do not with falling eyes, w<sup>ord</sup> the Art  
No with all yet but it w<sup>ord</sup> her heart