

Like One who in her third Widowhead doth profess
 Herself a Nun, tyed to retiresnes,
 So affects my Husband a Chast fallowes.

Since she to fewe yett to so many hath shonne
 Glowe lovesong weddes, and satyrique thornes are growne
 Where seeds of better Arts, nearer cartly stone,
 I though to see, and love Portraye to mee
 Beworthd to not one Art becom' A lubotres,
 Omissions of good, ill, as ill decides bee.

For though to us it seeme, and be light, and thin
 yett in those faythfull scales, where God throws in
 Mens workes, Vanitie wags as much as sin.

If our soules have straynd there first night, yett wee
 May cloath them with fayth, and deare honestie,
 Whch God imputes as native Puritie.

There is no vertue, but Religion,
 Wise, valiant, sober, iust, are names, wch none
 want, wch want not vice-covering Discretion.

Seeke wee then our selues in our selues; for as
 Men force the sun with much great force to pass
 By gathering hys beams with a Christall Glas;
 So wee, yf we into our selues will turne
 blowing our sparkes of vertue, may our burne
 The strawe, wch doth about our Parts serorne.

You knowe Phisicians when they would infuse
 Into any Gyle the soules of Symples, yett
 Places, where they may lye still warme to Chuse.

So weeke retiresnes in us, to Rome
 Tiddilye, and be exyle where but at home.
 Such freedom doth a banishment become.

Wee are but Farmers of our selues, yett may
 if wee can stroke our selues, and thence xpleas
 Much, much Deare treasure for the great Tent day.

Manare thy selfe then, to thy selfe bee approv'd
 And with thyne outward things be not more mov'd,
 But so knowe that I love thee and would be lov'd.

Here is no more noise then vertue, I may as well
Tell you Calys, or S^t Michells sale for James, as tell
I had vice doth here habitually dwell.

yet as to good stomackes we walke up, & downe,
And toyde to sweeten rest, so may God forgive,
If but so loth both, I haunt Courts or Towne.

For here no one is from the Exortation
Of vice, by any other reason free,
But that the next to him, still is worse then hee

In this worlds warfare, they whom rugged Fate
Gods Commissarye) dook so throughlye last,
As in the Courts equiron so Marshall's keyre state,
If they stand arm'd, with sooly Honeste
With wishinge Prayers, and neatte Integritye
Like Indians gainst spanish hostes they bee.

Suspicious boldnes to this place belongs,
And to haue as manye Eares as all haue Tongues
Tender to knowe, tough to acknowledge wronges.

Behere me S^r in my youths giddyest dayes,
When to be like the Court was a Playes prayse,
Playes were not so like Courts, as Courts are like playes.
Then lets us at these Mimicke Antiques rest
Whose deepest Proicess, & egregius gress
Are but dull Mortalls o' Kagame at Chests.

But now tis Incongruitye to smile,
Therefore I end; And bid farewell a while,
At Court, ~~where~~ Court near the better stile.

Maddam To the Countesse of Bedford.

Reason ye our soules left hand, Faith her right,
By these we reach Diuinitye, that's you;
Their loves, who haue the blessings of your sight,
Growe from theyre reason, Mune from faire Hoytlye grent.

But as, Although a squint left handidnes,
Be' vngratious, yett we cannot want that hand.
So would I not to increase, but to expresse
My faith, as I beleue, so understand.

Therefore I studie you, first in your saynts,
I hope friends, whom your Election glorifies.
Then in your Deedes, Pleasies and Exortations.
And what you reade, and what yourselfe devise