

J. D.

Legacie

107.

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When I died last, (and heart I die  
as often as from you I go)  
I thought it be an hour ago  
And I thought I were full (Eximia)  
I can remember yett that I  
Thoughting did said, and something did be some.  
I thought I be dead, and sent me, I should see.  
My own executor and Legacie

I heard me said, Tell her anon  
That my self, (that's ye, not I)  
Did kill me, and when I felt me die  
I bid me send my heart, when I was gone.  
But I altho' could gett find none,  
When I was rip'd, and I thought my heart should lie  
It kill'd me againe, that I was still was true  
in Life, in my last will (should reason ye)

Yett, I found something like a heart,  
But could not it and Corneus said.  
It was not good, it was not bad;  
It was entire to none, and few had part;  
As good as could be made by debt  
it seem'd; and I was for our losses sad,  
I thought to send that heart in stead of myne;  
But, oh, no man would sell it; for I was fine

James

Madie Broken Heart

It is stark mad not to see  
That he hath him in love on love.  
Yett not that love he soon detains,  
But that it can see in least part devious.

Who will believe me, if I protest  
That I have had the plague of love?  
Who would not laugh at me if I should say  
I saw a flash of powder burnt a day.

Alas, what a trifling is a part  
If out into love's hands it come?  
All other griefs, allow apart  
To other griefs, and all the same but some.

They come to us, but we love draw;  
Let sorrow be, and never draw;

Why, Sir, as by your self I see,  
Let it be from love, our hearts be free.

It were not so, what would become  
Of my heart when I first saw you?

I brought a heart into the room,  
And from the room, I turned none to me.

If it had you to find, I know  
None would have sought for heart to love  
None with me; but love is a glass  
At our first blow did shiver it as glass.

Yett nothing can be so great a fall;  
Now my place is empty quite.

Therefore I find my breast full all  
Of such words still, though they be not true.

And now, as broken glasses show  
A thousand lesser faces, so

My words of love, are like, wise, and adored  
But after one true love, can love not more.

Finis



