

A. D. 1610, or Poete spoke; and all wth shall
Be' amoy'd in Schedules unto his by mee
shall on that man: for if it be a shew
Nature before mee gett' out curled mee

A. D. 1610

Mummy

Some that have deeper digg'd Loves. More than I
Say, where his Contriue happyness doth lie
I have loud and gott and told
But should I gott, tell, till I were old
I should not find that hidden mystery
Oh tis' misfortune all,
And as no Chimique yet th' Elixer gott,
But glorified his pregnant woth
As by the waye to him befall
Some ~~say~~ odoriferous things or Medicinall
So lovers dreame a while, and long delight
But gette a winter fawning Somers night

Our ease and thrift, our honor and our daye
Shall wee for this vaine bubbles shadow paye?
Ende love in this? that my man

Can be as happy as I can, if he can

Endure the short storme of a Bridgroomes playe?

That looke weeke that swears
Tis not the boddie marry, but the minde

wth hee in for Angelique findes

would sworne as wittly that hee findes

In that dayes rude speake Mistralize the swears

Are not for minde in woman: or at best

Sweetnes, and witt, they are but Mummies wofull

A. D. 1610

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The Canonization

For Gods sake Gould yo^r tongue, and let me love
or chide my walfie, or my Goute

My fine gray hayre, or rime fortune flouted
with wealth your state, yo^r minde with Art's misgroue

Take yo^r course, gott yo^r place

Observe yo^r honor, or yo^r grace

And the Kinge shall, or yo^r stamped face

Contemplate what yo^r will approve

Soe yo^r will let me love.

Alas, alas who's miurd by my love

what Marchant's Shippes gave my sighs drowned?

Woe sayd my teares gave overflow'd yo^r ground

~~Woe~~ did my words and forward springe remove?

When did those yeates with my beind fill

Add one man to the plagui Bill

Souldiers finde wars, and Lawyers finde out still

Sitigious men with quarrells more

Though shee and I doe love

Call us what yo^r will, we are made sure by love

Call for one, and mee in other flie

Wee're Tapers too, and at our owne Post dye

And wee in us finde th' Eagle, and the Dove

The Phoenix widdle sayes more with

By us, wee two beinge one, and it

Go to one naturall thinge, both sexes fitt

wee die and rise the same, and groose

Mysterious by this love

Wee can die by it, if not live by love

And if unfitt for Combe or Spurke

Our Legend bee, it will be fitt for verse

And