

were done to his remembrance, then his words  
 had joy'd a lunge, able to sett itt forth:  
 That death had before your face, or had with  
 his being with: for now, what lunge can man  
 or most his doore: or that w<sup>th</sup> words can raise  
 his att<sup>n</sup> for more, as they themselves doo praise  
 & rise: frowl in silence, is more eloquent  
 and that there halt, nor is this for now good.  
 In the straits p<sup>er</sup>form'd, of our govern'd walls  
 further the blacke spread of his funeral:  
 wrapping the North in plouds of sable griefe  
 York, thy oare York, frowl Oxford, & old be the  
 mourner to attend thy hearse: and sayes that she  
 was once a lunge, and ab loud by the.  
 All glaid p<sup>er</sup>ing w<sup>th</sup> sad p<sup>er</sup>form'd p<sup>er</sup>ing  
 a publique doate, a publique love, thou dyest:  
 (thou dyest) thou weeply mourner this doad found  
 in my w<sup>th</sup> breast, how weeply with itt p<sup>er</sup>form'd  
 and frowl my p<sup>er</sup>form'd: of which with w<sup>th</sup> frowl  
 my p<sup>er</sup>form'd frowl, w<sup>th</sup> frowl amard and the  
 (thou dyest) doad is my m<sup>th</sup> doad is my guilt  
 that now p<sup>er</sup>form'd doad my more: my eyes were fill.

## A Song.

It is time, tis day, what thought itt be?  
 O will thou therefore rise from me?  
 why should I w<sup>th</sup> rise? because his light  
 did w<sup>th</sup> eye doone, pause itt was night  
 Thou w<sup>th</sup> in sprig, of d or knes brought w<sup>th</sup> hither  
 should in despight of light doone w<sup>th</sup> hither  
 light hate, w<sup>th</sup> lunge, but is all eye  
 If itt w<sup>th</sup> frowl, a w<sup>th</sup> ab frowl  
 this w<sup>th</sup> the w<sup>th</sup>, that itt the frowl  
 that being w<sup>th</sup>, of frowl w<sup>th</sup> frowl  
 And that of loud, my heart of honor frowl  
 that I w<sup>th</sup> not from eye, that eye the w<sup>th</sup> god.  
 must busines the from h<sup>er</sup> p<sup>er</sup>form'd  
 that is the w<sup>th</sup> of doad of loud  
 the good, the fool, the false, loud p<sup>er</sup>form'd  
 doad, but not the busines w<sup>th</sup>  
 eye that hate the frowl, of w<sup>th</sup> loud d<sup>er</sup> doad  
 such p<sup>er</sup>form'd ab when a married man doth w<sup>th</sup>.

Upon a Misstrifer.

I prooveth a poor be about my might  
Invention helpe my art  
Beauty inspire my heart  
Love lead my hand a night.

Her hairs no graise, nor honor as itt ought  
It needs not her hairs  
It doth attire all this  
It is her own not bought.

Compared wth her, blacke doth mourne for sorrow  
The redde for anger burneth  
Whiter, pale for snuffe burneth  
The best from this doth borrow.

Her brow doth fouldne, quis of death of life  
Wher hope of sadde despair  
Beauty of phisnos wis  
Pombuid, yet good wife.

Her eyes to stare, I may compare a night  
Yett that were some other  
Be cause, yet in her face  
There are no signes of night.

The whiteness of her breast, all whiteness  
In the one sits love, in the other  
Sitts Venus his faire mother  
Poising their pure womanhood.

In Lander.

Send home my harmless heart againe  
Wch was unworthy thought did stand  
Yett since there is fault by them  
To make waiting of collogings  
and proffes betwix, word of oate  
Kepp, for now is none of mine.

Send home my love grayd eyes to me  
Wch to long have dwell on the  
Yett since there they have learnt just ill  
Such for it fashions, of false opinions  
that they do pass by the  
Yett for me good sight, kepps them full.

Yett send me home my heart of eyes  
that I may see & knowe my lye  
and may weep & laughe when thou  
art in anguish, & doest laughe  
for some one, that will none.