

But yet thou canst not dye, I know,
 To leave this world behinde, is death,
 But when thou from this world wilt goe,
 The whole world vapours with thy breath

Or if, when thou, the worlds soule, goest,
 It stay, 'tis but thy Carcasse then,
 The fairest woman, but thy ghost,
 But corrupt wormes, the worthiest men.

O wrangling schooles, that search what fire
 Shall burne this world, had none the wit
 Vnto this knowledge to aspire,
 That this her feaver might be it?

And yet she cannot waste by this,
 Nor long beare this torturing wrong,
 For more corruption needfull is
 To fuell such a feaver long.

These burning fits but meteors be,
 Whose matter in thee is soone spent.
 Thy beauty, and all parts, which are thee,
 Are unchangeable firmament.

Yet t'was of my minde, seising thee,
 Though it in thee cannot perseuer.
 For I had rather owner bee

Of thee one hour, then all else ever.

Ayre and Angels. 211.

Twice or thrice had I loved thee,
 Before I knew thy face or name;
 So in a voice, so in a shapelesse flame,
 Angels affect us oft, and worship d bee,
 Still when, to where thou wert, I came,
 Some lovely glorious nothing I did see,
 But since, my soule, whole child love is,
 Takes limbes of flesh, and else could nothing doe,
 More subtle than the parent is,
 Love must not be, but take a body too,
 And therefore what thou wert, and who
 I bid love aske, and now
 That it assume thy body, I allow,
 And fixe it selfe in thy lip, eye, and brow.

Whilst thus to ballast love, I thought,
 And so more steddily to have gone,
 With waies which would sinke admiration,
 I saw, I had loves pinnace overfraught,
 Every thy haire for love to worke upon
 Is much too much, some fitter must be sought;
 For, nor in nothing, nor in things
 Extreme, and scattering bright, can love inhere;
 Then as an Angell, face, and wings
 Of aire, not pure as it, yet pure doth weare,
 So thy love may be my loves spheare;
 Iust such disparitie

As is 'twixt Aire and Angels puritie,
Twixt womens love, and mens will ever be.

Break of day. 212.

TIs true, 'tis day; what though it be?
O wile thou therefore rise from me?
Why should we rise, because 'tis light?
Did we lie downe, because 'twas night?
Love which in spight of darknesse brought us hither,
Should in spight of light keepe us together.

Light hath no tongue, but is all eye;
If it could speake as well as spie,
This were the worst that it could say,
That being well, I faine would stay,
And that I lov'd my heart and honour so,
That I would not from him, that had them, goe.

Must businesse thee from hence remove?

Oh, that's the worst disease of love,
The poore, the soule, the false love can
Admit, but not the busted man.

Luk. 24. He which hath businesse, and makes love, doth doe
34 Such wrong, as when a married man should wooe.

20th

The

The Anniversary. 213.
Revolution of year

ALL Kings, and all their favorites,
All glory of honours, beauties, wits,
The Sun it selfe, which makes times, as these passe,
Is elder by a yeare now, then, it was
When thou and I first one another saw:
All other things to their destruction draw,
Onely our love hath no decay;
This, no to morrow hath, nor yesterday;
Running it never runs from us away,
But truely keeps his first, last, everlasting day.

Two graves must hide thine and my coarfe;
If one might, death were no divorce,
Alas, as well as other Princes, we,
(Who Prince enough in one another be,)
Must leave at last in death, these eyes, and eares,
Oft fed with true oathes, and with sweet salt teares:
But soules where nothing dwels but love;
(All other thoughts being inmates) then shall prove
This, or a love increased there above,
When bodies to their grave, soules from their graves
(remove.)

And then we shall be throughly blest;
But now no more than all the rest.
Here upon earth, we are Kings, and none but we
Can be such Kings, nor of such subjects be;
Who is so safe as we? where none can doe

Treason