

Did nurse ye. who now is growne strange enough
So feede on & eat, wch to his taste seems tough.

I. Legye. 8th

Sorrow, who to this house, scarce knew the way
As, oh, heere of ye, our all is his pray.
This strange chance, claymes strange wonder, as to be
Not thinge can be soe strange, as to seepe thus.
Tis well his lyffe loud speakinge poor his Describer,
And give praye too, our cold tongues could not sturbe.
Tis well, he kept teares from our eyes before
That to fitt this deepe ill, we might eate store
Oh, if a sweete boye, climbe up by a tree
If to a Paradise that transplanted be,
Or pild, and burnt for holy Sacrifice,
Yet if must weather, wch by ye did see,
As we for him deade. Though no family
For rigg'd a Soule for heabens discovery.
With some more ventrous more bold lyfe dare
Venter theyre States wth him in Joy to share.
We loose what all friends lou'd, wth, We gaine more
But lyfe by death, wch worst for would allowe.
If it could haue for, in wch practice gone
All vertues, wch names subtile Schoolmen knowe.
We eat eate, can hope if we shall see him, but yet
When we must dye first, and cannot dye yett.
His Children age his pictures, oh they see
Pictures of him deade, senecles, cold as hee,
Hee needs no marble ston, since he is gone,
Hee, and about him, his, are toun'd to Stone.

I. Legye. 9th

Oh, Lett me not serbe you, as those Men serbe
By home honors smoakes at once fatten and sterbe
poortly enricht wth greate mens words or looks,
Nor to write my name in they colbringe booke.
(As those)

As thou Idolatrous Flatterer, is still
Thy Princers Styles, so many Realms full fill
Whence thy nois Girdle hath, and where no way
Such Services I offer, as death pay
Themselves, I hate dead Names: Oh then let Meo
Favorite in ordinary, or no favorite be.
When my Soule was in her own Bodys sheath
Nor yet by oaths betroth'd, nor kisses breath'd.
Into my Purgatorye faythlesse Choe
Thy Spert surind/waxe, and Stee to thy Constancye
She carles flowers strande on the waters face
The Curled whirlepooles sucks, smacks, and embrace,
Yett droome Blom: See the Sapers beamy eye
Amorous lye twinkling, beckens the Gydyt flye,
Yett burnes his wings; And such the beall is
Scarce visitinge them, who are intirelye Lis.
When I behold a Stream, wh from the Springe
Dott wth Doubtfull melodious murmuring,
Or in a speechles Slumber calmly ride
Her widdid Channells bosom, and then Chyde
And bend her bowes, and swell off any bowe
She but stoops downe, or kisse her upmost Broto
Gett up for often Guarlinge kisses com
The statures banks to gape, and let her in.
She rusheth violently, and doth divorce
Her from her Match, and her long kept Coure.
And roares and braves yt, and in gallant scorn,
In flattinge Liddys promising retourn,
She flouts the Chamell, who thence forth ys drye,
Then say, I, that ys shee, and thys am I,
Yett lett not thy Duple bitterus begett
Carols despayre in mee, for that with wett
My mynd be scorn: And oh Loue dulld wth payre
Wol be newe for Meo, nor will arid, as Dwyghe.
Then wth newe eyes I shall survey thee, And spye
Death in thy Cheekes, and Darkness in thys eye.
I should.