

7 While some of their bad friends do say
The breath goes now, and some say, no.
So let us part, and make no noise
Nor hear flouds, or sighs, or soft moans
Nor prophane of our ioy
To tell the last, of our loue.
moving of the earth bring's harmes, and waies,
Then reckon what it did, and meant.
But tripudiation of the spheres,
Though greater farre is innocent.
Dull sublimari of louds loud,
Whose foules sense cannot admit
Absurd, by cause it doth remove
Those things which I lamented it.
But now art by a loue for much refined
That our senses know not what it is.
Fertile, assured of the mind,
Eachesse eyes, lips, and hands do miss
Our two foules therefore which are one
Though I must goe, and we not yet
A breath, but an expansion
Like to gold on a way, thinses beate.
If they be two, they be two for
As stiffe twine compasses are two.
They foule the figure, take make no share
To moue, but doth if the other doe.
And though it in the venture sit,
Yet when the other fauor doth see
It dances, or hurleth after it,
And groweth sweet as it goeth home.
Such will thou be to me, who must
Like the other take obliquely, me.
They firmnesse draws my ierle west
And makes me end where I begin.

On a chame.

Not that in colour it was like thy haire,
Nor as me like of that thou maist let me weare.
For that thy hand it oft embraced, & list
For soe it had that which ought I mist.

not for that filly, old morality,
That at thyse liues words thyse our honob should bee.
mouning, that if thy, souer told chaine haue toft,
not for the lube sake, but the bitter cost.

O shall is righteous angells, which as yet
no leauer of the wild filuer did admitt,
nor yet by any fault haue strayed, or gone
from the first state of their creation;
angells which heauen commaunded to prouide
all things to me, and be my faithfull guide
To game new freinds, to appease greate enemies,
To sum fort my soule, when as thy, or zife:

shall these is imocents by thy seuer
sentence (dread Judge) my, fine greate burthen beare.
shall they, be damd, and in the furnace throwne?

And purg'd for offences not their owne?
They saue not me, they doe not ease my paines,
when in the hell th'axe burnt, and tyd in chaines.
were they, but crownes of Fraunce feared not
For most of these their naturall countries of
if kinde possessors, they come to vs
soe pale, soe lame, soe leane, soe rumour.

And howe ere french Kings most christian bee,
their crownes are circumfiz'd most dimly;

which as the soule quickens head, and heart,
As streames by the maines run through the earths empty,
visit all countries, and haue shily made
gorgeous Fraunce ruin'd, rag'd, and decay'd.

Scotland which knew no state proud in one day;
And mangled seenteene headed Belgia.

or were they, spanish stamps still traveling,
that are become as Cathlicke as their King.

These vnlid beare whelps, vnid Pistols,
that more then camon shot auails, or lets.
Which negligently left vncouid, looke

by the many, angled figures in the booke
of some greate Coniderer, that would enforce
nature, as these doe iustice, from her course.

Or were it such gold as that where with all
Allmighty, Chimicks from each minerall,
flawing by, subtle fire a soule exhalls,
and durtily, and desperately, glad:

I would not spit to quench the fire th'axe in,
for they, are guilty, of much ruinous sin.

(part)