

May. Sum. 1680.
His Book
1680.

A Collection
of Poems & Songs on
severall occasions.

Sour ends, sour means; yea Plants, yea Stones, detest,
And loud, All four proprietyes misbest
If of an ordinary nothing word,
As shadow, A light & body must be bred.

But I am now, now with my Sun went w.
You learn, for whose sake the light Sun
At this time to the Goat is runne
To fetch new lust & give it you
Enjoy your Summer all

Since she enjoys her long nights festuall
Let us prepare towards her, & let us call
This hour his vigill, & her due since this
Both the yeares & the dayes deep midnight is.

Abdiction.

So so, bow off this last lamenting life
which suckes ~~the~~ soules & vapours both away
I woe thou ghost that way, & let us turne this
And lett's soules be light & happy day.
wee aske now leave to love nor will we owe
Any so cheap a death as saying, God.

God, & if that word have not quite killed thee
ease mee with death by bidding me god too
or if it have, lett my word worke on me
And a just offer on a murderers doe
except it be too late to kill me for
Being double dead, going & bidding God.

Sonnet

Stay O sweet & doe not wiser
the light that shines comes from your eyes
The day breaks not, it is my heart
To thinke that you & I must part
O stay or else my eyes will dye
And perish in their Infancye.
