

Twittnam Garden.

Blasted wth signes, & surrounded wth teares
 Hither I came to seeke the springe,
 And at mine eyes, and at mine eares
 Receiue such balme, as els cures euery thing
 But oh, self traitour I doe bring
 The spider Loue, w^{ch} transubstantiates all
 And can conuert Manna to gall
 And if this place might througely bee thought
 True Paradise; I haue the serpent brought.

I were holfomer for mee that winter did
 Benight the glorie of this place
 And that a graue frost woud forbid
 These trees to laugh, & mock mee to my face,
 But I may not this disgrace
 Endure; nor leaue this garden. Loue let mee
 Some senceless part of this place bee
 Make mee a Mandrake soe I may groane here
 Or a stone fountaine weeping out the yeare

Hither wth Christall violets Louers come
 And take my teares, w^{ch} are Louers wine
 And trye yo^r Mistresses teares at home
 For all are false w^{ch} tast not just like mine
 Alas, Flirts doe not in eyes shine
 Nor can you more iudge womans thoughts by teares
 Then by her shadowe what shee weares
 Oh, peruerse Sex, where none is true but shee
 Who is therefore true, because her truth kills mee.

Elegie

Elegie

Till I have peace with thee warr other men
 And when I have peace, can I leave thee then?
 All other warrs are scrupulous; onelie thou
 O faire free Cittie, maist thy self allowe
 To any one; In Flaunders who can tell
 Whether the Master press, or men rebell?
 Only wee know that wch all Gods say
 They beare most blowes if come to part the fray
 France in her Lunatique giddinels did hate
 Euer our men, yea, and our God of late,
 yet shee relies upon our Angells well
 wch neve return no more then they wch fell
 Sick Ireland is wth a strange warr possess
 Like to an aque, nowe raging, nowe at rest,
 wch tyme will cure; yet it must doe her good
 If shee were purg'd, & her head veine let blood
 And Medas ioyes our Spanish iourneyes giue
 wee touch all gold, but find no food to liue;
 And I should bee in the hott parching tyme
 To dust, and ashes turn'd before my tyme
 To mewe mee in a shipp is to murtherall
 Mee in a prifon that were like to fall
 Or in a Cloyster, saue if there men dwell
 In a calm Heau'n, here in a swaggering hell
 Long voyages are long consumptions,
 And shippes are carts for executions:
 yea they are deaths; is't not all one to flye
 Into an other world, as tis to dye?

Here