

## Alegie.

J. D.

Image of her, whom I love, more then shee,  
 whose faire impressiō in my faithfull heart  
 makes mee her medall, and makes her love mee,  
 as Kings doe coynes, so wch their stampes impart  
 The value; Goe, & take my heart from hence,  
 wch now is growne too great, & good for mee  
 Honors oppresse weake spiritts; and our sence  
 strange objects dull, the more the lesse wee see.  
 when you are gone, and reason gone wth you  
 then Fantasie is Queene, & Soule, & all,  
 Shee can present ioyes meaner then you doe,  
 conuenient, and more proportionall.

Soe if I dreame I haue you, I haue you,  
 for all our ioyes are but fantasticall;  
 And soe I scape the pame; for pame is true,  
 and sleep, wch lockes up sence, doth look out all.  
 After a such fruition I shall wake  
 and but the waking, nothing shall repent,  
 And shall to Love more thankfull Sonnets make,  
 then if more honour, teares, & pames were spent.  
 But dearest heart, & dearer Image stay  
 alas, true ioyes at best are dreame enough  
 Though you stay here, yo<sup>u</sup> pass too fast away;  
 for euen at first, lifes taper is a snuffe  
 filld wth her love may I bee rather growne  
 Madd wth much heart, then I deott wth none.

Fimis.

Tis true

## Break of Daye.

'Tis true, 'tis daye; what though it bee  
 wilt thou therefore rise from mee?  
 Why, should wee rise because 'tis light?  
 Did wee lye downe because 'twas night?  
 Loue, if in despight of darknes brought vs hither  
 should in despight of light hold vs together.

Light hath noe tongue, but is all eye  
 If it could speak as well as spye  
 This is the worst that it could say  
 that being well, I fame would stay.  
 And that I loue my heart, & Louer, see  
 that I would not from him wch hath them goe.

Must buisines thee from hence remoue?  
 Oh thats the worst disease of Loue:  
 The poore, the fowle, the false, Loue can  
 admitt, but not the buisied man.  
 Hee that hath buisines, & makes Loue, doth doe  
 such wronge, as if a married man should wooe.

## Sun Riseinge

Busie old foole, unruly Sunne  
 why dost thou thus  
 Through windowes, & through curtaines call on vs?  
 Must to thy motions Louers seasons runn?  
 Saucy pedantique wretch, goe chide  
 Late schoole-boys, and sower prentices  
 Goe tell Court Huntsmen, that the Kinge doth ride  
 Call countrey Antes to haruest offices;  
 Loue all alike, noe season knowes, nor clyme,  
 Nor howers, dayes, moneths, wch are the raggs of tyme.

Thy

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