

Cares not an hower
 But laughs wth scorn at thee
 And lives at libertie
 Whilst poor enthralled I
 In bondage lye
 Oh, if a God thou wilt accounted be
 Heale me like her, or else wound her like me.
 William Lewis.

In the same subject by
 Dr Donne.

I long to talke wth some old Louers Ghost
 Who did before the God of Love was borne
 I cannot thinke that he who then lou'd most
 Sunk so low as to loue one that did scorne
 But since this God produced a Destinie
 And that wise Nature custom lets it be
 I must loue her that loues not me
 Sure they w^{ch} made him God meant not soe much
 Nor he in his young Godhead practis'd it
 But when an euen desire two hearts did touch
 His office was indulgently to fitt
 Actiues to Passiues correspondencie
 Only his subject was it cannot be
 Loue till I loue her, that loues me
 But every moderne God will now extend
 His

His vast prerogative as farr as Loue
 To rage, to lust, to write too, to commend
 All is the practise of the God of Loue
 I were mee wakened by this Tyrannie
 To raged this child againe, it could not be
 That I should loue who loues not me
 Rebel and Atheist too; why murmur I?
 As though I felt the worst, that loue could doe
 Loue might make me leaue Louing, or might try
 A deeper plague to make her loue me too
 W^{ch} since she loues before, I'm loath to see
 Falschood is worse then hate, and that must be
 If she whom I loue should loue me
 John Donne

Loues immutabilitie.

There is noe Louer, hee or shee
 That euer was or can be false
 His passion or simplicitie
 Or some Apostata that calls
 Those Votaries; those dead folke soe
 For if wee goe
 To voves, to prayers, to paynes, to all
 The penuries Monasticall
 Not barefoot man
 Rock Hermit, or Charthusian Can.

And by degrees toward the one side least
 That to your lippes it might the better stoop
 Varied a little the figure of a hoop
 From a iust Circle; drawing out an Angle
 And that we might not for our measure wrangle
 The Butlers self whose Staff is was & band
 Fild each his measure, wth an euen hand
 Thus did we round it, and did neuer shrink
 Till we that wanted Cupps now wanted Drinke
 George Marcham.

A religious Use of taking
 Tobacco.

The Indian Weeds withered quite
 Green: all Morn: cutt down: all night
 Shewes thy decay all flesh is hay
 Thus thinke, then drinke Tobacco.
 And when the smoake ascends on high
 Thinke thou beholds the Vanitie
 Of worldly stuffe, gone wth a puff
 Thus thinke, then drinke Tobacco.
 But when the Pipe grows fowle wth in
 Thinke of thy soule defild wth sinne
 And

And that the fire; doth it requir
 Thus thinke, then drinke Tobacco.
 The Ashes that are left behind,
 May serue to putt thee still in mynd
 That into dust returne thou must
 Thus thinke then drinke Tobacco.
 Roberts Wisdom.

Upon his M^rs her enforced
 departure.

Since shee must goe and I must mourne come night
 Environ me wth darkenes, whilst I write
 Shadow that Hell wth me wth alone
 I am to suffer when my loue is gone
 Alas the darkest Magick cannot doe it
 Thou, and great Hell. to boode are shadows to it
 Should Venus quith thee, Cynthia, and each starre
 It could not from one thought darke as mine are
 I could lend them obscures now and say
 Out of myself, there should be no more day
 Such is already my felt want of sight
 Did not the fire wth in me force a light
 I loue that fire and darkenes should be mixt
 And to thy triumphs see strange torments fixt
 So is because thyself art blind that we
 Thy Martyres; must no more each other see
 Or takest thou pride, to breake vs on the wheels
 Sad