

Dorset's
Poem, and
Notes, p. 22

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Hither & surrounded wth trees
Hither to feel & fringed
& at myne eyes & at myne ears
Receive such balms as elfe cure evry thinge
But o selfe-traytor I do bringe
A spider Love that transubstantiates all
& can convert Manna to gall
& that this place may thoroughly be thought
True Paradise, I Love & Serpent brought

I were halfe-pommes for me that winter did
Be might & glory of this place;
& that a grave frost did forbidde
These trees to laugh & mocke me to my face
But that I cannot this I grieve
Endure, nor leave this garden, (Love) but will
Sum jewelles parts of this place bee:
Make me a mandrake so I may live here,
Or a stone fountayne weeping out my greeves

Hither wth christall rocks (Lovers) cum,
& take my teares wth an luss some,
& toyse yo^r Mistresses teares at heart
For all wth false that taste not just like mine
Alas looks do oft in eyes shine
Nor can you more judge womans thoughts by teares
Then by her shadow what she means
O perfume face, where mine is true but shee
Who is therefore true, because her countenance