

Upon Armilla by Dr Donne.

Not that in colour it was like thy kaye  
 Amulets of that thou still mightest see weare  
 Nor that thy hand it oft imbued and kept  
 For so it had that good that oft I miss  
 Nor for that filthy old Mortality  
 That as these Lynkes are tyed but loves should be  
 Mourne of that if thy favour foule decayd have  
 Not for the Lynkes sake, but for the bitter rest  
 I shall twelfe righteous Angells which are yet  
 No favour of reds Jove or Disarmitt  
 Nor yet by any taynt have stayd or gone  
 From the first state of their Creation  
 Angells which Heaven commaunded to provide  
 All things for mee and be my faithful guides  
 To guide new friends to appease new enemies  
 To comfort my soule when I fly or arise  
 Shall these twelfe innocents by thy favour  
 Be sent to great Judge my Sin great burthen bear  
 Shall they be burnt or in the Furnace thrown  
 And punished for offences not their own  
 They save not mee, they doo not save my paynes  
 When in that hell they are burnt and tyed in chaines  
 Were they but drawnes of Heaven which some times  
 See beane, so pale, so lame, so ominous  
 And how fore French Kings most Christian  
 Their drawnes are circumcised most Jewishly  
 They would the Spanish stampes still have  
 That are becom as Catholique as their King.

Chase

These unlickt whelpes, those unfild yiftolts  
 That more then Janon shall awayes or tolls  
 Which negligently left unwarded: look  
 Like many angled figures in the Booke  
 Of fons quiet ~~conscience~~ which would enforce  
 Nature, as this doe Justice from the course  
 Which as the South, quickens Head, ffoote, and Heart,  
 As streames like voyages run through Earths every part  
 Visit all Countreys and haue stily made  
 Dangerous fraize: nay'd ruind and drouyd  
 England which knowe no state found in our day  
 And mangler of auntsong headed Belgia  
 Our word but it fureh goe, as word withal  
 Almighty skimmiks from dark Mindz all  
 Handing by subtle fire: a Soale out pull  
 And dually and desperately gull  
 I would spitt to ye y quench the fire they were in  
 For they are guilty of much haynous crime  
 But shall my haymles Angells perishe, shall  
 I loose my guard, my safe, my food, my all  
 Much hope which they should nourish will bee dead  
 Much of thy able youth and lusty head  
 Will waish awaye if thou lovd for them alone  
 For thou wilt love me less when I am gone  
 Oh too content that some loud speaking dryer  
 Shall please with one hand thoud hand great to him  
 May like a diuell run into every street  
 And gull the frowns confidenc if they meete  
 Thru all me scope to some dread Conjuror  
 Who with phantastique charms fill full much vapour  
 Which hath divided Heaven in Condemnts  
 And with words, sounds, and muddy stufte their Deale

God