

Love

A Letter to his Mistress.

Have you seen the white lillie grow,
Before rude hands have toucht it?
Have you markt the fall of the snow,
Before the soyle hath smelt it?
Have you felt to the woll of the beaver,
Or the Swans downe ever?
Have you smust to the budd of the hieer?
Or the hard in the fier?

Have you tasted the bagg of the Bee?
Oh so sweet, oh so soft, oh so ~~soft~~ sweet, so sweete is she.
Mr Dume. To the Summe that rise too early to call
Him and his Love from bedd.

Busy old foole, unruly Summe,
Why dost thou thus
Through Windows and through Curtaines call on us?
Must to thy motions Lovers Seasons come?
Sawyer of antique Wretch, goe hide
Lads of holbagg and poore Gentiles:
Do tell court-fauntomen that the King will ride,
Call Country Jutes to Hardest offices:

Love all alike no season knowes nor Climate;
Nor dayes, Houres, Months, nor are the raggs of Time
Thy beames so reberand and strong
Why shouldst thou thinke

If could eclipse and cloude them with a winke,
But that I will not loose her sight so long,
If her eyes have not blinded thine,
Looke and to morrow late go see,
Weather the Indias both of Spies and Mine,
Doe where thou listst them or by heere wth mee.
Looke for those things which thou sawest yesterday,
And thou shalt see all here in one bed lay.

Shoe is all Princes and all States, I
Nothing else she is;
Princes do but play us, compar'd to this
All Honours Mimi she, all Wealth Albany.
Thou Summe art halfe as happy as wee,
In that the Worlds contracted thus;
Thine age after ease, and since thy duties bee
To warme the world that's done by warming us:
Shine but to us, and thou art every where;
This bed thy Center is, this Wall thy Sphere.

A Lover to His Mistress.

She saies I ly, I say she lyes, I know not weather,
But if woo both of us, lets ly both together.

Sonnets

Mr Dume To his scornfull Mistress.

Cruell since that thou dost not feare the curse,
Wth thy disdain and my depaire procure;
My praies for thee shall torment thee worse,
Then all the paines thou couldst thereby endure.
May then that bitt, w^{ch} I did conceive
In the above the height of natures course,
When first thou didst my liberty bereave,
Be doubled in thee, and wth double force,
Change thousand passages in life the all with mee:
Why in thy glory thou must still desire,
As the poore Tropheis of that Victory,
Why thou hast only purchast by thine eyes,
And when thy triumphy so extended ate
That there is nought left to be conquest;
Mist thou with the great monarches mounafull care
Weepe that thy honours are so limited,
So thy disdain may melt it selfe to love
By an unlooked for and wondrous change,
W^{ch} to thy selfe above the rest may prove
In all the effects thereof powerfully strange,
When wealthy soverens subjects see,
Thee love the whole World, none of it love thee.

Mr Dume To the same.

When by thy Scornes granta Murthercase, I am dead,
Of all solicitations from mee,
My Ghost shall come unto thy bedd,
And thou I feignd Vestall, in w^{ch} I come shall see.
Then thy sick Taper shall begin to w^{sh},
And w^{ch} thou set then, being tickl before
Shall, if thou sleepe or smth to wake him, thinke
Thou callst for more,
And in a feignd sleepe from thee thinke.

When thou poor aspen Wretch, neglected thou,
Pattid in a cold, quicksilver, sweate shalt be
A better Ghost than I;

What I will say I will not tell the now
Least that greiveth thee, since my love is spent,
I had rather carefully thou shouldst repent,
I heereby my threatninges keepe the innocent

A Lovers Challenge sent to his Mistress

It is for abuses of ead mee made some at sic a clo^{se},
And by these lines I challenge thee at shiebe and sino^{ck},
Come private as I meane to doe, impart the same to noone,
For wee must have a meetic bout, betwixt us two alone.
I have show the courage if thou dost I meane to prove thy strength,
I thinke thou hast my weagon well, I neede not send the leant;
I meane to lie all on my thrusts, and on my rapiers trishes,
Looke to thy selfe, keepe close thy guard, and so farewell till die.