

of sleepe againe, whoe was his ayde  
And sleepe soe guiltie, and affrayde  
As since see dares not come within my sight

Finis

### A Capusins life

Pride, Vaine glorie, hope, and feare  
Playe their Maye games overie yea~~r~~re where  
And what youth layes out in lust  
Is return'd with shame and dust  
Blest she skill from all beginning  
Which shewes Ignorance in sinning

Some count Time by roye, or care  
But we reckon it by Prayer  
And more certaine watch cann tell  
Then village Cocke, or Curfewe Bell  
The time of which we take most keape  
Is the houre of our last sleepe

Obedience from the Elephant  
Wee borowe, and voluntarie want  
From that which soves, nor rapes, the Sparrowe  
Yett hath plentie for the morrowe  
Castitie from the Turtle Dole,  
Emblem of Eternall loue.  
And of these three Jewells twine  
A vowe which Heaven, and Earth combine

Finis

Come liue with mee and bee my loue  
And wee will some swete pleasures proue  
In gilded sands, and silver brookes  
With siluer lynes, and silver hookes

There will the River murmuring runn,  
Warm'd by thine eie, more then the Sunne  
And there th' mammour'd fishe will plaine  
Begging themselves they may betraye.

If thou wilt swimme in that cleare Bath  
Each fishe, that every channell hath,  
Will amorously to thee swymme  
Quadder to catch thee, then shou him

Nor to bee scene sweete bee thou loth  
By Sunn, or Moone; thou darkest both,  
And if my selfe haue leaue to see  
I neede not their light, having thee.

Lett others freeze with angling reedes  
And hurt their leggs with shells and weedes  
Or treacherously poore fishe beset  
With strangling snare; or winding nett

Lett couer, bold, handes from slimy nest  
The bedded fishe from banches out wrest  
With curious traitours, sleath silke flies  
Benitch poore fishes wandring eies.

For thee; thou needst noe such deceipte  
Thou to thy selfe art thine owne baites  
That fishe, which is not caught thereby,  
Alas is wiser farre then I.

Finis.

### The Picture of the Bodie

Sitting and readie to bee drawne  
What make these vellvets, silkes and lawnes?

Jm-