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ON THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25TH, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 26TH,

AND MONDAY, NOVEMBER 29TH, 1886,

AT TEN MINUTES PAST ONE O'CLOCK PRECISELY.

MAY BE VIEWED THE DAY BEFORE AND ON THE MORNINGS OF THE SALE.

what ere she meant byt bury it <sup>with</sup> ~~by~~ <sup>me</sup>

For since I am

Loves Martire it might breed Idolatrie  
If into anothers hand those reliques came  
As 'twas humilitie  
To afford to it all which a foule can doe  
See tis some brauorie

That since yo would saue none of me I bury some of yo

To Flea

St. m. 312.

J. D.

Mark but this Flea and mark in this  
How little that wh thou deniest me is  
Now it sucks first and now sucks the  
And in this Flea our twoe bloodes mingled be  
Confesse it: thou know'st that this cannot be said  
Of sin, or shame, or losse of maiden head  
Yet this enioyes before it coo  
And pampred swells with one blood made of twoe  
And this alas is more than we would doe

It stay three lues in one Flea space  
where we almoste, nay more than married are  
The Flea is yo and I, and this  
Our marriage bod and temple is  
Thought parents grudge, and yo, yet we be not  
And Coystered in thow luvings walls of Gode  
Thought we makes the apt to kill mee  
Let not to this self murder added be  
And sacratedge three sines in killinge three

Each and suddaine haiste thou since  
Gurpled thy nailes in blood of innocens  
In what could this Flea guilty be  
Except in that drop wh it sucks from thee  
yet thou be unplesit, and say it that thou  
Fmildit not thy self nor me the weake nor none  
But saue then leaue howe false forces be  
Just for muche honor when thou yettest so and  
will waste as this Fleas doubt takes life from thee

J. D.

The Apparition

When by thy scoene. o Murderer I am dead  
 And that thou thinkest the free  
 From all solicitation from mee  
 Thou shalt my Ghosts come unto thy bed  
 And the fained vestall in a word at mee shall see  
 Thou thy sick Paper will begin to write  
 And he whoe thou art <sup>then</sup> bringe tyrd before  
 will if thou <sup>strike</sup> <sup>or</sup> and pinke him to wake, <sup>by make him</sup> think  
 Thou calst for more  
 And in fals Sloop will from the strimke  
 Thou poore aspect wretche neglected thou  
 Bathed in a cold quicksilver sweat will live  
 A verier ghoste than I.

what I will say I will not tell the name  
 Leaste that preserve thee, and since my love is spent  
 I had rather thou shouldst painfully repent  
 Than by thy threatenings keep the innocent  
 my rest still I

Blasted with sighs, and surrounded with teares  
 Hither I come to seek the springe  
 And at myne eyes and at myne ears  
 Receive such balme as will cure any thinge  
 But o selfe traitor I doe bringe  
 The Spider love wh transubstantiates all  
 And can convert Mana to Gall  
 And that this place may thoughtfully be thought  
 True Paradise I have the Serpent brought  
 Were wholesomer for me that wintered  
 Beneight the glorie of this place  
 And that a gray froste would forbid  
 These trees to laugh and mocke me to my face  
 But I may not this disgrace  
 Indure nor leave this Garden, Love, let me  
 Some secluded parte of this place be  
 Make me a Mandrake soe I may grow there  
 Or a stone fountaine weeping out the yeare.

Heere with