

A Hymne to y^e S^t & Marquies Hamilton.

Whether that foule which was ~~your~~ ^{your} to you
fill any former name, or make a new
whether it take a name named thine before
Or be a name it's selfe, or order more
Thou was in heave till now, for may not live
300000, if every severall Angell be
A kind a love, what ever order growe
Created by him in heave wee doo not see
One of your orders growe by his ~~order~~
But by his loss, growe all his orders less,
The name of father, master, friend, the name
Of subject, and of Prince in one and same
flame with is damp, and vexation blacke
The household widowed and the Garter flacke
The Shappell wants an eare, ~~Severall~~ a tongue
Story a thame, and musick wants a Song
Blest order that hath him, the loss of him
Gangred all orders here, all lost a limb
Droove made ~~every~~ ^{body} such a hart to confesse
What a foule was, all former ~~ambitions~~
fled in a minute when thy foule was gone
And having lost thy body, would have none
So fled o' monasteries, in an instant ~~gone~~
Not to less houses, but to heapes of stone
So sent his bodie that faynt forme it went
Unto the spheres of firmes, and doth before
His soule shall fill wth his sepulchrell Stone
Anticipate a Resurrection
How as in his fame now his soule is here
So in the ~~be~~ forme thereof his bodie there

And if fayre Soules not th first inuents
Thy Station bee, but with the penitents
(And who shall dare to aske, when that I am
Dide scarlet in the blood of that poble lambe
Whether the Colour which was scarlet then
Nowe blacke or white before in eyes of men,
When thou remembrest what finnes thou didst finde
Amongst those many friends, thou lests behinde,
And feast such finnes as they are, with those
Gott thither by importunie let it bee
Thy wish to wish all these, to wash them cleane
With him a David, her a Magdalene. // // //

Epitaph.

I mine twelue yeares not full told, a weary breath
I haue exchanged for a solitary death
My soule was short the longer is my rest
God takes them soonest whom he londest best
For hee that's bound to day, and dyes to morrow
Looseth some dayes of mynth, but months of sorrow.

M^r John Clauile being in prison. 1625.
to y^e King.

I that for oft haue robbd am now but stand
Death and the Law assault mee, and demand
My life and meanes I neuer vsd men for,
But havinge tane their money let them go,
yet I must dye and is there no redife?
O he King of Kings had mercy on a thiefe