

64

As virtuous men passe mildly away
And whisper to their soules to go
While some of their sad friends do say
Now his breath partes, & some say no.

So let vs pt & make no noise
No tearfloods, nor sigh-tempests move,
Thou' profanation of our ioyes
To tell of Layety of our loue.

Movings of y^e earth cause harmes & fears
Men reckon what it did & meant,
But trepidation of y^e spheres
Though greater farre, are innocent.

Dull sublunary lovers loue
Whose soules it fence cannot admitte
Absence, because it doth remoue
Those things y^e elements it.

But we by a loue so much refine,
As our senses know not what it is,
Intersur'd of y^e minds
Care lesse eyes, hands, & lippes to misse.

Our two soules then w^{ch} are but one
Though I must go, indure not yet
A breach, but an expansion
As gould to ayery thimmes beate

If we be two, we be two so
As stiffestwinde compasses of two,
Thy soule the first footr makes no shole
To moue, yet doth, if the other do.

And though it in y^e center sit,
The while the other faire doth roame
It heares and hearkens after it
And grows erect as that courss home.

100
102.
Such wilt thou be to me, who must
Like the other foote obliquely runne
Thy firmness make my circle iust
And makes me end where I begun.

To a curious Lady.

Still to be neat, still to be drest
As you were going to a feast
Still to be powdered, still perfum'd
Lady, it is to be presum'd
If artes hid causes were but founde
All is not sweete, all is not sounde.

Give me a forme, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace
Roakes loosely flowing, haire as free
Such sweet neglects more taketh me
Then all the adulteries vs'd in art
These strike mine eyes, but not mine hart