

Amongst for many and good for many things
of gold & men old & new to have the world
Let me have on long & wide room
And die w^{ch} such an entertainment on my Tomb. W. S.

or a beggar.

Mulla mihi vivadomas, ac nunc certa sepulchra est
vita pauperibus; mors mihi ditioribus;
vita mihi vulgum, requies & certa sepulchrum
vita vixit exanimis, mors vixit nec vigor.

More house of living founel, but dead a grave,
And in that ad much room, as rich men have
My life was banishment, in death here naked
I have clothed & covered, that in death was naked

An elegie on the death of a Lady

Mrs Ham. [By John Donne.]

Man is the world, & death is Ocean
The sea is god, & man is his bottom
The world is his sea, & man is his bottom
God hath set marches & boundries
To dole our & grow & still & stand
And breaked our banks, when it takes a friend
Then of sand waters, waves of passion rent
Our water on about our firmament
Fears what our soule doth for her sin let fall
Take all a bankrupt best & funeral
And we shall beare, w^{ch} whole wash sin in
drown or world again
All things but men of all unclean things
Doth worke upon it, selfe w^{ch} midne strings
Fears & falls, & what hee, nor can't see
through passion mist; w^{ch} we are, or we be
For her ye sia of death, hats made nor breach
But ad of dyde doth wash ye slimy breach

And laud embroidered work upon ye panels
Soe is her flesh refined by death call hand
As men of chymy after an ayres day
Doe take up quinton, when ye buriall clay
Soe at this grave her limbe take, w^{ch} is find
ye diamonds, rubies, sapphires, pearls, & mines
God w^{ch} this flesh was, his soule shall in
flight of such flight as god when his last fire
Annulles ye world to accomprize it shall
make, & here ye ye clip, the of his all
They say, w^{ch} ye brag gamete it loseth too
of carnall diats, ye younger brother thor
vsurps ye body, out soule w^{ch} subject is
to ye elder by sin, is freed by his
They speake both w^{ch} the attempt ye gust
For graves, or trophies are, and both diats dust
Soe now shall ye beurd both

Soe none to death, sinne w^{ch} to sin our south
All or doe they die, w^{ch} our not soate to die
Soe loath she is, and that virginity
Grace was in her extremely diligent
yt kept her from him that made her regret
of w^{ch} small spots, pure white complaine, alas
How little payson breakes a christall glass
She just enough to let us see
That gods word must be true, shall sinners be
For murdered deale her confinner ravish
That extreme truth, lacks little of a lie
Akinne omission; at's say ngr ye touch
of sin on those things, w^{ch} some imbr may be such
As Moses cherubim, whose naturall dor
surpasseth spud, by him an winged too
Soe wote her soule adradia in heaven sine thin
To chyme by trawp ye comon stayn of men
How fitt she was God I am content
To speake, that death his maine hast may regret
How fitt for us, how rare, & how sweet
How good in all her titles, & how meet

To have reform'd ye forward House
That women can nor yet of Friendship be
How moral how divine, that ye be told
It is she that has her virtues; think her old
And trust were take death yet; a make him glad
Of such a pry; and to his triumph add.
Dr Dunne

A hard man's words enjoyd
Do not see ye fayrest pictures made
Of hardest marble, if they shold not fade
By all consuming time, but still shold keep
Awake ye memory of those that sleep.
Why do ye see his hardest discomend
For that she will not be my wifes bend
It small anault, since nor small paine can gett
It is fouler at an high price sett
Alas ought she could have, but ye de lay
Can soften; make her cruel be decay
Soe do ye hope, her hard heart to allur
Do ye, & that constant sheild endure
Only to gett her in my paine ye gratise
But in enjoying her my joyd compleatise.

A fancy
Callinge to made eyes wint long aboute
To cause my heart for to forsake my breast
At m a rage, if thought to be gull him out
By whose advise I lived in little rest
It could they say againe to win my grace
For sooth she saith, she had seen my face
Another to my mind heart it cold to minde
Thinking to me ye fabled who had brought
Because that he to love his heart was fild
When of such warr my fancy never thought
What would hee say when would they him have deane
That he was here and forgone my claime.

All last we of praeiud my eyes & heart
Excuse ym I was not guilty of mine ill
I found my selfe ye cause of all my smart
And hold my selfe, ye of my selfe would kill.
Yet wth I saw my selfe to you was true
I love my selfe, because my selfe love you.

On Mr Stephens death
Be not offendid at our sad complaint
You Quire of Angells who have gaind a st
Wher all profusion mett in skill & voice
Wee mourne our losse but wee comend y choice.

On a strange gentlewoman parlour
By his window.
[By William Strode]
Half out of a Casement sent
mine eye as wandring as my thought
upon noe certain object bent
but only wth occasion brought
A sight surprisid my heart at last
Nor knowe it will not made it burst
Amazement held me yn for fast
I had noe leisure to disern
Sure t'was a mortall but her name
or happy parentage or place
or ye w^{ch} did mee yn inflame
I cannot bin hee very gaie
Nor turne yth I can to think I cold
And I shold pitch my thoughts too low
It was sett my love I shold
on that wth art or words can show
to ever man soe not before
to ever love soe blinde as this
with w^{ch} & wishes to implor
And yett not knowe for w^{ch} to wish!