

Cley: s.^a

Oh let not me serve so, as those men serve
Whom honors smokes at once fatten & sterne,
Poorely enricht wth great mens words or looks
Nor to write my name in thy loving booke
As those idolatrous flatterers, w^{ch} still
These termes stile, w^{ch} many realmes fullfill
Whence they no tribute have, & where no sway:
Such services offer, as shall pay
Themselves: Chase dead names, Oh then let mee
Favourit in ordinarie or no favourit bee
When my soule was in her owne boy sheath
Nor yet by othes betrothd, nor kisses breathd
Into my Labyrinth, faythles thee,
Thy hart seemd waxe, I steale thy constance
So careles flowers strawd on y^e waters face
The casted whirlepooles surch, smock, and embrace
Yet drowne them: So the tapers beamy ey
Amorously twinebling heighens the jidy fly
yet burnes his wings! I such of devill is
Scare visiting them who are intyrelly his
When I beholds a streame, w^{ch} fr^om the spring
Doth wth doudfull melodious murmuring
Or in a speechles shemben calmly ride
Her widd^e channels bosome, I then chide
And bend her browes, I swell yf any bow
So dat shope done to kine her y^e most brow;
yet if her open ~~eye~~ gnawing bites win
The trayferous banke to gape I let her in
She rusheth violently, I doth divorce
Her fr^om her native I her long best course
And rises I braues it, and in gallant shorne
In flattering edyes promising retorne
She floost y^e Channell, who thenceforth is dry
Then say I that is shee, and this ~~is~~ ^{ankle}
yet let not thy deepe bitternes begitt
Careles despayre in mee, for I will whett
My mind to shorne, And Oh love dull w^{ch} payne
was nere so wise, nor well armed as Didoyne
Then wth new eyes I shall survey thee, and spy
Search in thy cheekes, and darkness in thine ey.

Though Hope bred Faith & Love, thus taught I shal
As Nations do for Rome, for thy Love fall.
My hate shall outgrow thine, & utterly
I will renounce thy dalliance: & when I
Am of Accusant, in y^e resolute state
What hurts it me to be excommunicate?

Eleg: 6.^a

9-2.

Natures Lay Poet, I taught thee to Love
Am in of Sophistry; Oh thou dost prove
Too subtle: foole, thou dost not understand
The mistique Language of the eye nor hand:
Nor couldst thou indy the difference of the aire
of sighs, and say, This Eyes, this sounds dispayre.
Nor by th'eyes water call a malady
Desperately hott or changing feverously.
I had not taught thee then, the Alphabet
of flowers; how they devisefully being sett
And bound up, might wth speechless secrecy
Deliver arrands mutually and mutually
Remember since all thy words w^old to be
In every sator, I, yf my friends agree
Since household charmes thy husbands name to teach
We are all of Love-tricks if thy wit could reach.
And since an honors discourse w^old scarce have made
One answer in thee, and of ill arrayd
In broken Proverbs, and torne sentences.
Thou art not by so many Dutyes his
That for the words Common having served thee
Inlays thee, neyther to be seen nor see
As myne; w^h have wth amorous delicayes
Refind thee into a blisfull paradise;
Thy graces and good words my creatures bee,
I planted knowledge and lifes tree in thee
Which, Oh, shall strangers fast: Must I alas
Frame and enamell plate, and ringe in glas!
Chose waxe for others seals; breake a Colts face
And leave him then, being made a sedy horse!