

Why should not Pilgrims to thy body come
 And Miracles be wrought at thy poore tombe?
 Thou like Religious men which thou didst live
 A blind obedience to thy will didst give
 And though it cold thee from thy shepe to playe
 To drinke to whore, to fight thou didst obey
 As they doe these Superstitious, & not regard
 Nor ever make the thy feble reason Judge
 This brought thee into prison holes, to stocks
 To beatings whippings & the primitive rocks
 So pure that no physician could it doubt
 To be the Stone Scythia or gout.

To all the worldly persecution
 That an afflicted member can put on
 Thy strickt obedience drew thee, yet thy minde
 Apt to endure wth patience would not finde
 The way to prayre. But took the crosses sent
 Wth reflection, & did not repent
 These are great Symptomes of a Saynt but were
 Who whilst some of thee lived did praise & see
 How many reliques thou didst have behinde
 For holy men in a few byns to finde
 In piffotts, brothels & thy barbers hand
 (Sufficient to convert a Savage land)
 Dost fear that price wth came the queere vnt
 Is not enough a mirable to doe

J. B.

Sat.

Dorne

fo. 74

Ed: 1635

Marcy & love thy Flavia for sure
 hath all things whereby others beautious bee
 For though his eyes be small, his mouth is great
 though they be Ivory yet his teeth be fitt
 though they be dim yet she is light enough
 And though his haire hayer fall, his skin is tough
 what though his Shakes be qualdore, his haire is red
 Give thy thine and she hath a mayden head
 these things are bidwies elements: where these
 make in one: that one must perfect phase
 As red and white & each good qualite
 be in thy counsel, may aske where it doth lye
 In byring things perfume, one aske if there
 be muske and Amber in it: & not where
 though all his parts be not in the usual place
 yet she hath an Amquam of a good face
 If we might put the Les but one waye
 In the deam death of words what should we saye?
 when by the Gamut some Musicians make
 a perfect song, others will contradict
 by the same Gamut change to admitt it
 things by the same can never be out of it.
 She is faire as any if all be like his
 And if none be why then she's singular
 All love is wonder, if we mighte doe
 account his wonderfull why not lovely too?
 Love built on beautye seeme as beautye does
 choose this face, change by no deformities.
 women are all like angels, the faire bee
 like those that fell to woise, But such as she
 like to good Angels, nothing an imperice
 tis lesse quere to be foule, than these bein faire

For one night's rest, she fills & goulds her face
 But in longer wear, cloth and leather use
 Beauty is barren oft, best husbands say
 There is bid land, where there is for all ways
 Oh what a sovereign pleasure will she be
 If thy part firm have taught the Filese
 When neither no eyes nor humors. His amitt
 Safe to thy face: yet to a Macmillan
 When Belgians ditty the round countries dead
 That dully foul miss arms & guards the bow
 So doth his face good live & safe for thee
 Who forced by business absent oft must be
 She whose face like the clouds turns day to night
 Who (mightier than the sea) make Moors firm white
 Altho' (though seven years in storm she had been laid)
 A Nurse's chest receive & think a Mayde
 And though in childbirths labor she did be
 Midwives would swear for ever but a Tympany
 Whome if she accuse herself & credit be
 Thine wittes that impossibles can see
~~She whose face like the clouds turns day to night~~
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F  D

Donne
 Jo 42
 Ed. 1635
 As virtuous men pass mildly away
 & whisper to their souls to go
 While some of their sad friends do say
 Now his breath goes, & some say no:
 So let us melt, & make no noise
 No tear-floods, nor sigh-tempests move
 'Twere profanation of our joys
 To tell the layke of our Love
 Mornings of their earth cause harms & fears
 Men reckon what they did & meant
 But precipitants of the spheres
 (Though aether face) are Innocent

Dull sublimar loves Love
 Whose Love is sense cannot admit
 Absence; because it doth remove
 Those things which element it
 But we by Love for much refine
 That our souls know not what it is
 Hence a sensual of the mind
 Careless eyes, lipps & hands do miss
 One two but the face which are one
 Though I must goe, mine eye not yet
 a breath, but an expansion
 As Goulde's to aye shines best
 If they be two they are two so
 As stiff = wind compasses are two
 Thy soule the first foot makes no showe
 To move, yet doth if to three doe
 And though it in the Centre sitt
 yet while the other face doth roame
 It leans & harbours after it
 & grows erect as that comes home