

See truly I respect you: Nought shall move  
Me to unallow'd thoughts, because I love.  
See yet how well I love must see Divines,  
Whose for our Prayers would spoile a kinder mine.  
I should pleasure bringe long paine, & hope brings  
That doe not sweare hence is no love in Lust.

To go Commendation of gray Lio.



Looke you how soft morn'g drowls the night  
How sleekly yet yields to the Diamonds light.  
So fare ye bidding of ye gray bright eye,  
And bid the blacke in Loubly majesty.  
A morning mantled in a fleece of gray  
Laughes from her brow & shewes a gollers day.  
So soft the sparkling eye if it be gray  
To all the eyes a shewes will display.  
It makes no day beside it selfe, and can  
Make the Cymirian seeme Albidian.  
Light fere, tis fere, tis that we orby we see  
Like Darkness in the Opticks familie.  
Is but a single Element, tis on her  
Is not that eye the best we seeme dofe dwell  
How glorious light, yet Organe is Divine  
And more yn eye, weing is all Christalline.  
Tis such a bright faire, tis such a do. is longer  
A burninge Capet heat fere the looker on  
Blacke eye the off course beauties, wth the grass  
But is a soare smurst on a swartly face.  
Our me the eye the like the glorious sunne  
Whate no pure darke; tis the heat of the beames will shun  
Stone dy like fliss. upon eyes of every kind  
faunt at ye sun; at ye sun ye sun just blind,  
And shipp the mind a cloud, that all may say,  
The eye of all the world loves to be Gray.



Will I give ye more of the same...  
And when I have given shall I have by...  
All other warres are scrupulous, only...  
I have free City: maist the left all...  
So any one: In the Islands who can both  
we have the matter pressed, or not rebell?  
Civily we know that weing all...  
The eye bears most pleasure...  
France in her Lunaticus gibbiness...  
Eure our men, yea and our god of Lake.  
Yet the robes upon our Angels well,  
weing nor returns, no more than their...  
Dicks Ireland is with a strange warre...  
Like to an Ague; Now raging, now at rest.  
Whose time will turne; yet it might doe her good,  
It shew more purple, & her heads...  
And Midas eyes our Spanish Jewneys give,  
Over house all gold, but find no food to live.  
And I should see in that hott parting...  
To dust & Ashes hurnd before my time.  
To men mee in a Shipp; over to ont...  
mee in a Prison that were like to fall.  
Long Voyages are long Constructions.  
And Shippes are Carts for Executions,  
Yea they are Ases: Ist not all one to fly  
Into an other world as tis to dye?  
I have armes imprison mee, & my armes...  
The heart the ransom is, take mine for mee.

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But we will rest that we may print again.  
These warres for Ignorant, by his experience's loss;  
Few men are always under, less about.  
Their being in our hands off do breed true fears  
Meepe, Beasts, Pikes, Staffs, nor bulletts hurt not you.  
You for are wronges; for safe bringeth by;  
You men kill men, weel make one by and by.  
Come, come, thousands will see that stand not  
No warres, but stay sword, weapons, arms, & shott  
To make all Rome; And shall not I do to you  
More glorious service staying to make men?

Jo. Donne

Donne Donne speak to his  
going to balls.

Come Madam, Come, all rest my senses & his.  
Unill I labour I in Labour live.  
The for oft times Iaving by for a night  
As byrd with standing, though byrd never fight  
With your costly robes, & you break  
On Leurs, not Rattowd simple the soft ball.  
In such white robes Heaven's Angells be to be  
Respect by men; & how Angell bringst with you  
A heaven like Mahomett-Paradise, And by  
In spiritts walke in weite was easily know  
By you by Angells from an, evill spiritts,  
I hope litt o' haire, but by o' I look up  
Looke my rousing hands, & let by in go  
Behind, before, above, beneath, below  
O my America! my New-found-Land,  
My Kingdome Sabot upon with out man  
My mine of Precious-Stones; my Empire  
How blis am I in his discourcing byrd  
To enter into their hands is to be free  
There we're my hand is, litt my heale shall be  
But nakednes all joy is due to by  
Unough unobdied-bodies & no let must be  
To taste weeld joyes. Some vilit women are  
As by & talantas balls rest in men's view  
Like Pictures, or like books, gay rousing made,  
For Lay men are all women by as prayd.  
I know wher a mistique looks vilit only use  
Upon their imputed great will by vilit,  
And