

n. 35.

Exor.

I like bynding, ~~but~~ for all thas mindes  
 word with false appellation call that loue  
 spirit altho it hath it alterations fnde  
 he with the ~~same~~ hath a voice of honour  
 Not such unlike the Heretics words  
 That y<sup>e</sup> god haue scripture, but serueth the fowles

Noe, lew is an ewe fixed mark  
 That lookes on a suspect, but is neuer shaken  
 It is the Starr to eury wondrous barke  
 whose wretched unknowne, altho it be height be taken  
 Noe Maritabants, with eye delecting of flash  
 But flaming Martir in the holy flah

Loue not lymes floode, though <sup>the</sup> top of the  
 within the bondinge of little compass come  
 Lew alters, not with his broode of horrowe & rosette  
 But beares it out, even to the Edge of doome  
 If this be a worde, and not truth approved  
 Cupids no god, nor no Man ever lov'd

n. 36.

When by thy frowne (oh Murtherer) I am dead  
 And thou shalt think mee free  
 I shall solicitation from mee  
 My ghost shall come unto thy bed  
 And thou shalt see, in worse Armes shall see:

When thy fiers Vapor shall boogie to winks  
 And howe perhaps thou art then beinge <sup>by</sup> before  
 I shall if thou doo, or spind, to waite on, <sup>by</sup> mee  
 thou shalt see more  
 And in a faine flumbox from thee shun be

Whilt you neglect thou shalt be  
 batted in a cold quick fibox sweat  
 a very or ghost thou f:

What I shall say, I will not tell thee now  
 least that you should see  
 for since my love is gone  
 I do rather thou shouldst painfully repent  
 Then by my ear noinge have thee innocent.

Ex

In all the ages, since the world began,  
 Adwised nature, sent to curious man,  
 Nothing of beauty, worth, which in thee  
~~Exceeds~~ will not confesse, and vnto see  
 Could all the staines of beauty which did shine  
 Amongst the Romanes, in their Infants, Time,  
 Like to our fight with thee, thou wouldst before,  
 To see their forme, and them with light to see!  
 Had Paris seen thee, whom hee stole away,  
 Hee wouldt have <sup>looked</sup> ~~been~~ as a faithlesse Troy,  
 In his Roy ~~had~~ had stayd him from her way,  
 Had hee seen thee, of so faire a shape!

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Learned that face, that staid upon the fight,  
 Lookt for to leave such excellent delight.  
 In thee, hath nature, shewne her perfect art,  
 Zealously intending to imitate,  
 In thee to thee, a beauty of all moritt,  
 Better then which, the best doth not imitt.  
 Euen yonge Adam, had hee hid and seene,  
 Hee wouldt have of thy face, hee wouldt have bene,  
 Ready to love thee, though the storme of hell  
 Had come of love, to love, was proud and coy.  
 All that is faire in woman, is in thee,  
 without the robes of Art, or ostent,  
 That shall fitt out thy birth, must some faire shew,  
 If thy desert in goodness, and in vertue,  
 Not enuoyse of it, nor shall maintaine,  
 Thy Miracles of beauty, and thy name.