On a certaine farmar

& his wife

A farmar whose good wife was bent
hearing y children to ye parson went
and said on yt my children shall learne thine
for thou charmest rich of all things y are mine
true quoth he pan con bitt yes I do confesse
the children which thou hast are rare as mine

The Mrs walking

I saw faire flora walke ye other day
when y heavens ye day ye searching sun
ye drops of rain which down did rayne
ye gan retire a shamed to be
that he was wet from kissing thee
but Boreas when more such disdaine
shall soone be dried ye drops againe
a cunning stitch but mett ye eyne
ye change and mix is neigh with thine

On ye Lord smith

Ye zelus lechemish died of late
for which he lay at heavens gate
ye reason is hee will not knocke
because he means to pick ye locke

To a ladies brush

Stand lasty cloud where canst thou seeke
soe blest a place as in her cheeke
how canst thou from this place retayne
wherebeauty doth command desire
but if thou canst not stay when flow
downe either panting pape below
flow like a deluge thether breasts
where yeare two mines have built theire nests
and soe to glory & disdaine
with azure glew each swelling vaine
& ye sun trolling through each part
in all thou hast warmed but yt rosie heart
ref from love it will retire
mayst it with gentle fire
and having searched each secret place
fly thou back into her face
yt her cleare blest in hanging those
white lilies & a redye rose

To his mistres as shee was lanning

to bed

Come madame come all rights my powers deyt
on pitie & thine eyes & mine eyes beg
the for of grim having thee in sight
fired in shadeing thought seek nearer light
off with those spheares from heavens zone glistering
put on those faces where each grace
emprisoned shyning orbs of day
beames of clearest rayes which you weare
on cheeke or brest to make heaven there.
off with that hayre which curles so fast
yt rellisheth each touch with scorne or taste
off with those cloudes & give me leave to whisper what
yt starre can be compared to your haire
your gowne going off such beauties shade reveales
as when ye moone new leapt from enimy clouds doth gleame
off with your wiery bodice then softly bid
ye breathing jewells imprisoned worke unhid
now off with those shoos and then softly tread
on loue rose leaves lillies which ye tread
no scarce seem to bend as you by
receaved by my thoughts paradise and though
if heavens faire lights blushes no more shine
all spirits walke in white by night
these angells easily from an easie sight
these sweet your keepers shall not know
leave off your hands and feet those
treasuries of snow alabaster pearle and gold
these mine Indias mine new found land
my kingdomes safest when with in man maine
my mines of precious stones my empery
how blest am I in this discovering thee
go enter these mine eyes since how
shine these mine hands since these
strict hours bondage prove
as soules in bodies lockt up these
so loath these cages bee
that ready not against these
when a goddess eye receptive
lies easie shut so
like pictures or like books gay coveting made
the lay-men are all art my apes are apish
themselves are mistake or else with mine
presume spectrum plaid true wise dig mine

Must shee remaine? then since as I may know
as liberally, as to a mistresse show
thy selfe, cast all, yea this white linen from thee
there is noe penance for true innocence
to speak thee I am naked first, why then
what needs you haue more couering then a man

On his mrs absence

Come, come, thou fine thy beames lend
downe these cleare houres of the day
the minutes haste of wingèd time
makes age tedious not seeming to moue
O night
O night
and thou night
wherein my sight
Sh could beleiue the sea forgot his flight
Shee now is dressing marigold
whose leaues like grieuing starres are folded
me longing neighbour can explaine
but soule and body rent in twaine
Night more
and sight and groane
on sole alone

O should I cease my soule were gone from home
Shees gone, shees gone, away she is fled
with in thy breast to make her bed
in mee there rests her pleasant roue
and sighs are all the breath I giue
shee come to mee
engraue thee
well make me leaue

If liuing thus I die, or dead I liue
Inuitation to mrs to come and

Come liue with mee and be my loue
and wee will proue new pleasures, wee
of golden sands, or chrisall brookes
with siluer scaly rocks, or christall rocks
there will I make thee beds of roses
and a thousand fragrant posies
a cap of flowers, and a kirtle
imbroidered all with leaues of myrtle
and there will I sit vpon rocks
and see the shepheards feed their flocks
by shallow riuers, to whose falls
melodious birds sing madrigalls
and I will make thee beds of roses
and a thousand fragrant posies
a cap of flowers, and a kirtle
imbroidered all with leaues of myrtle
and there will I sit vpon rocks
and see the shepheards feed their flocks
by shallow riuers, to whose falls
melodious birds sing madrigalls

Answere

If all the world and loue were young
and truth in euery shepheards tongue
these pleasures might me moue to liue
with thee and be thy loue

Time drives the flocks from field to fold
when riuers rage and rocks grow cold
and Philomel becommeth dombe
the rest complaines of cares to come

The flowers do fade and wanton fields
to wayward winters reckoning yields
a honny tongue a heart of gall
is fancies spring but sorrowes fall

Thy gownes thy shoes thy beds of roses
thy cap thy kirtle and thy posies
soone breake soone wither soone forgotten
in folly ripe in reason rotten

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds
thy coral clasps and amber studs
all these in me no meanes can moue
to come to thee and be thy loue

But could youth last and loue still breede
had ioyes no date nor age no need
then these delights my mind might moue
to liue with thee and be thy loue

Cogging themselues for to be trim
when they should swime in christall brook
when they should swime in christall brook
each fish which euery channell hath
will amorously on them spring
ready to eate when they them bring
O thou soule sleepe most
O thou worse then death
O sun of mine thou darknest both
and me to whom thou ought to giue
light art thou to whom I liue
O sleepe O spotlesse light O peace
O truest image of decease
with wanton heapes of poppie pressed
O careless heauens still rocke in quiet rest
the buddie fish in streames out-wearied
and euery bird and beast
for thee thou onely not seeke deceiue
for thou alone art thing to me waite
for thou alone art thing to me waite
thou fish: I neuer caught thereby
thou bird: I neuer trapt thee
as these I neuer more shall see

In commendation of musicke

That sweet whispering strings doe greatly moue
with creeping passion and melting heart
and when at euery touch we feele
our pulses beate, and heare a part
which they can make
a ravishing shake
luxuriously
can tease and tickle
our soules consists of harmony
O call me all me charming aire
my senses rocke in wonder entire
like snow on wooll thy fallings are
soft like a spirit and thy first feare
a pretty doubtfulness
but ah what pleasure
to drink the ayre
and languish in delight
to melt away
in extasies of sweetness
and change his soule for harmony