

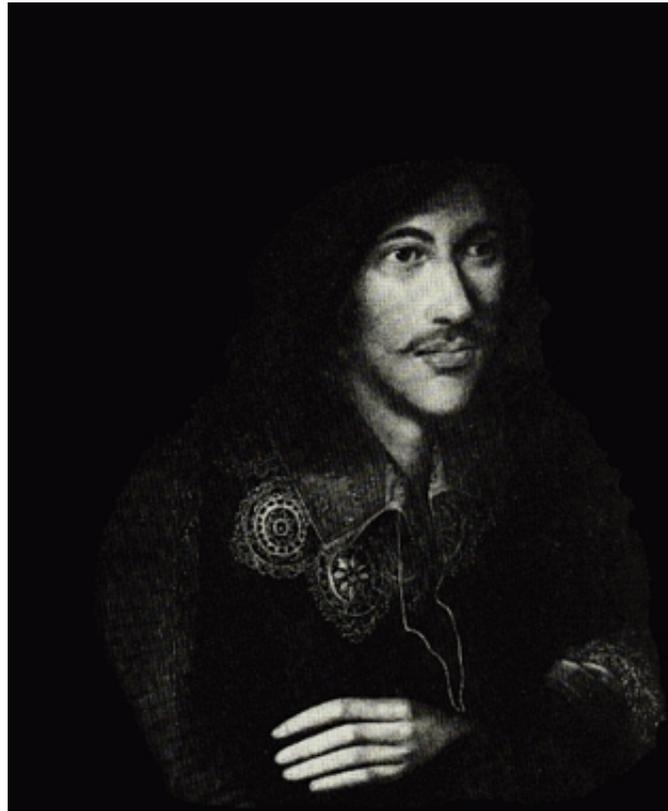
# Elegies

by

**JOHN DONNE**

*a 1631*

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# John Donne: Elegies

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**JEALOSIE**

FOND woman, which would'st have thy husband die,  
 And yet complain'st of his great jealousy;  
 If swolne with poyson, hee Jay in'his last bed,  
 His body with a sere-barke covered,  
 Drawing his breath, as thick and short, as can 5  
 The nimblest crocheting Musitian,  
 Ready with loathsome vomiting to spue  
 His Soule out of one hell, into a new,  
 Made deafe with his poore kindreds howling cries,  
 Begging with few feign'd teares, great legacies, 10  
 Thou would'st not weepe, but jolly,'and frolicke bee,  
 As a slave, which to morrow should be free;  
 Yet weep'st thou, when thou seest him hungerly  
 Swallow his owne death, hearts-bane jealousies  
 O give him many thanks, he'is courteous, 15  
 That in suspecting kindly warneth us.  
 Wee must not, as wee us'd, flout openly,  
 In scoffing ridles, his deformitie;  
 Nor at his boord together being satt,  
 With words, nor touch, scarce lookes adulterate. 20  
 Nor when he swolne, and pamper'd with great fare  
 Sits downe, and snorts, cag'd in his basket chaire,  
 Must wee usurpe his owne bed any more,  
 Nor kisse and play in his house, as before.  
 Now I see many dangers; for that is 25  
 His realme, his castle, and his diocesse.  
 But if, as envious men, which would revile  
 Their Prince, or coyne his gold, themselves exile  
 Into another countrie,'and doe it there,  
 Wee play'in another house, what should we feare? 30  
 There we will scorne his household policies,  
 His seely plots, and pensionary spies,  
 As the inhabitants of Thames right side  
 Do Londons Major; or Germans, the Popes pride.

## THE ANAGRAM

MARRY, and love thy *Flavia*, for, she  
 Hath all things, whereby others beauteous bee,  
 For, though her eyes be small, her mouth is great,  
 Though they be Ivory, yet her teeth be jeat,  
 Though they be dimme, yet she is light enough, 5  
 And though her harsh haire fall, her skinne is rough,  
 What though her cheeks be yellow, her haire's red,  
 Give her thine, and she hath a maydenhead.  
 These things are beauties elements, where these  
 Meet in one, that one must, as perfect, please. 10  
 If red and white and each good quality  
 Be in thy wench, ne'r aske where it doth lye.  
 In buying things perfum'd, we aske; if there  
 Be muske and amber in it, but not where.  
 Though all her parts be not in th'usuall place, 15  
 She'hath yet an Anagram of a good face.  
 If we might put the letters but one way,  
 In the leane dearth of words, what could we say?  
 When by the Gamut some Musitians make  
 A perfect song, others will undertake, 20  
 By the same Gamut chang'd, to equall it.  
 Things simply good, can never be unfit.  
 She's faire as any, if all be like her,  
 And if none be, then she is singular.  
 All love is wonder; if wee justly doe 25  
 Account her wonderfull, why not lovely too?  
 Love built on beauty, soone as beauty, dies,  
 Chuse this face, chang'd by no deformities.  
 Women are all like Angels; the faire be  
 Like those which fell to worse; but such as thee, 30  
 Like to good Angels, nothing can impaire:  
 'Tis lesse grieffe to be foule, than to'have beene faire.  
 For one nights revels, silke and gold we chuse,  
 But, in long journeyes, cloth, and leather use.  
 Beauty is barren oft; best husbands say, 35  
 There is best land, where there is foulest way.  
 Oh what a soveraigne Plaister will shee bee,  
 If thy past sinnes have taught thee jealousies  
 Here needs no spies, nor eunuches; her commit  
 Safe to thy foes; yea, to a Marmosit. 40  
 When Belgiaes citties, the round countries drowne,  
 That durty foulnesse guards, and armes the towne:

So doth her face guard her; and so, for thee,  
Which, forc'd by businesses absent oft must bee,  
Shee, whose face, like clouds, turnes the day to night, 45  
Who, mightier than the sea, makes Moores seem white,  
Who, though seaven yeares, she in the Stews had laid,  
A Nunnery durst receive, and thinke a maid,  
And though in childbeds labour she did lie,  
Midwives would swear, 'twere but a tympanie, 50  
Whom, if shee accuse her selfe, I credit lesse  
Than witches, which impossibles confesses  
Whom Dildoes, Bedstaves, and her Velvet Glasse  
Would be as loath to touch as Joseph was:  
One like none, and lik'd of none, fittest were, 55  
For, things in fashion every man will weare.

## CHANGE

ALTHOUGH thy hand and faith, and good workes too,  
 Have seal'd thy love which nothing should undoe,  
 Yea though thou fall backe, that apostasie  
 Confirme thy love; yet much, much I feare thee.

Women are like the Arts, forc'd unto none, 5  
 Open to'all searchers, unpriz'd, if unknowne.  
 If I have caught a bird, and let him flie,  
 Another fouler using these meanes, as I,  
 May catch the same bird; and, as these things bee,  
 Women are made for men, not him, nor mee. 10  
 Foxes and goats; all beasts change when they please.  
 Shall women, more hot, wily, wild than these,  
 Be bound to one man, and did Nature then  
 Idly make them apter to'endure than men?

They'are our clogges, not their owne; if a man bee 15  
 Chain'd to a galley, yet the galley'is free;  
 Who hath a plow-land, casts all his seed corne there,  
 And yet allows his ground more corne should beare;  
 Though Danuby into the sea must flow,  
 The sea receives the Rhene, Volga, and Po. 20  
 By nature, which gave it, this liberty  
 Thou lov'st, but Oh! canst thou love it and mee?  
 Likenesse glues love: and if that thou so doe,  
 To make us like and love, must I change too?

More than thy hate, I hate'it, rather let mee 25  
 Allow her change, than change as oft as shee,  
 And soe not teach, but force my'opinion  
 To love not any one, nor every one.  
 To live in one land, is captivitie,  
 To runne all countries, a wild roguery; 30  
 Waters stincke soone, if in one place they bide,  
 And in the vast sea are more putrifi'd:  
 But when they kisse one banke, and leaving this  
 Never looke backe, but the next banke doe kisse,  
 Then are they purest; Change'is the nursery 35  
 Of musicke, joy, life, and eternity.

**THE PERFUME**

ONCE, and but once found in thy company,  
 All thy supposd escapes are laid on mee;  
 And as a thiefe at barre, is question'd there  
 By all the men, that have beene rob'd that yeare,  
 So am I, (by this traiterous meanes surpriz'd) 5  
 By thy Hydroptique father catechiz'd.  
 Though he had wont to search with glazed eyes,  
 As though he came to kill a Cockatrice,  
 Though he hath oft sworne, that he would remove  
 Thy beauties beauties and food of our love, 10  
 Hope of his goods, if I with thee were seene,  
 Yet close and secret, as our soules, we've beene.  
 Though thy immortall mother which doth lye  
 Still buried in her bed, yet will not dye,  
 Takes this advantage to sleepe out day-light, 15  
 And watch thy entries, and returns all night,  
 And, when she takes thy hand, and would seeme kind,  
 Doth search what rings, and armelets she can finde,  
 And kissing notes the colour of thy face,  
 And fearing least thou'art swolne, doth thee embrace; 20  
 To trie if thou long, doth name strange meates,  
 And notes thy palenesse, blushing, sighs, and sweats;  
 And politiquely will to thee confesse  
 The sinnes of her owne youths ranke lustinesse;  
 Yet love these Sorceries did remove, and move 25  
 Thee to gull thine owne mother for my love.  
 Thy little brethren, which like Faiery Sprights  
 Oft skipt into our chamber, those sweet nights,  
 And kist, and ingled on thy fathers knee,  
 Were brib'd next day, to tell what they did see: 30  
 The grim eight-foot-high iron-bound serving-man,  
 That oft names God in oathes, and onely then,  
 He that to barre the first gate, doth as wide  
 As the great Rhodian Colossus stride,  
 Which, if in hell no other paines there were, 35  
 Makes mee feare hell, because he must be there:  
 Though by thy father he were hir'd to this,  
 Could never witsse any touch or kisse.  
 But Oh, too common ill, I brought with mee  
 That, which betray'd mee to my enemy: 40  
 A loud perfume, which at my entrance cryed  
 Even at thy fathers nose, so were wee spied.

When, like a tyrann King, that in his bed  
 Smelt gunpowder, the pale wretch shivered.  
 Had it beene some bad smell, he would have thought 45  
 That his owne feet, or breath, that smell had wrought.  
 But as wee in our Ile emprisoned,  
 Where cattell onely, 'and diverse dogs are bred,  
 The pretious Unicornes, strange monsters call,  
 So thought he good, strange, that had none at all. 50  
 I taught my silkes, their whistling to forbearer  
 Even my opprest shoes, dumbe and speechlesse were,  
 Onely, thou bitter sweet, whom I had laid  
 Next mee, mee traiterously hast betraid,  
 And unsuspected hast invisibly 55  
 At once fled unto him, and staid with mee.  
 Base excrement of earth, which dost confound  
 Sense, from distinguishing the sicke from sound;  
 By thee the seely Amorous sucks his death  
 By drawing in a leprous harlots breath; 60  
 By thee, the greatest staine to mans estate  
 Falls on us, to be call'd effeminate;  
 Though you be much lov'd in the Princes hall,  
 There, things that seeme, exceed substantiall.  
 Gods, when yee fum'd on altars, were pleas'd well, 65  
 Because you'were burnt, not that they lik'd your smell;  
 You'are loathsome all, being taken simply alone,  
 Shall wee love ill things joyn'd, and hate each one?  
 If you were good, your good doth soone decay;  
 And you are rare, that takes the good away. 70  
 All my perfumes, I give most willingly  
 To'embalme thy fathers corse; What? will hee die?

**HIS PICTURE**

HERE take my Picture; though I bid farewell,  
 Thine, in my heart, where my soule dwels, shall dwell.  
 'Tis like me now but I dead, 'twill be more  
 When wee are shadowes both, than'twas before. 5  
 When weather-beaten I come backe; my hand,  
 Perhaps with rude cares torne, or Sun beams tann'd,  
 My face and brest of hairecloth, and my head  
 With cares rash sodaine stormes, being o'spread,  
 My body'a sack of bones, broken within,  
 And powders blew staines scatter'd on my skinne; 10  
 If rivall fooles taxe thee to'have lov'd a man,  
 So foule, and course, as, Oh, I may seeme then,  
 This shall say what I was: and thou shalt say,  
 Doe his hurts reach mee? doth my worth decay?  
 Or doe they reach his judging minde, that hee 15  
 Should now love lesse, what hee did love to see?  
 That which in him was faire and delicate,  
 Was but the milke, which in loves childish state  
 Did nurse it: who now is growne strong enough  
 To feed on that, which to disus'd tasts seemes tough. 20

## OH, LET MEE NOT SERVE

OH, let mee not serve so, as those men serve  
 Whom honours smoakes at once fatten and sterve;  
 Poorely enrich't with great mens words or lookes;  
 Nor so write my name in thy loving bookes  
 As those Idolatrous flatterers, which still 5  
 Their Princes stiles, with many Realmes fulfill  
 Whence they no tribute have, and where no sway.  
 Such services I offer as shall pay  
 Themselves, I hate dead names: Oh then let mee  
 Favorite in Ordinary, or no favorite bee. 10  
 When my Soule was in her owne body sheath'd,  
 Nor yet by oathes betroth'd, nor kisses breath'd  
 Into my Purgatory, faithlesse thee,  
 Thy heart seem'd waxe, and steele thy constancie:  
 So, carelesse flowers strow'd on the waters face, 15  
 The curled whirlepooles suck, smack, and embrace,  
 Yet drowne them; so, the tapers beanie eye  
 Amorously twinkling, beckens the giddie flie,  
 Yet burnes his wings; and such the devill is,  
 Scarce visiting them, who are intirely his 20  
 When I behold a streamer which, from the spring,  
 Doth with doubtfull melodious murmuring,  
 Or in a speechlesse slumber, calmely ride  
 Her wedded channels bosome, and then chide  
 And bend her browes, and swell if any bough 25  
 Do but stoop downe, or kisse her upmost brow:  
 Yet, if her often gnawing kisses winne  
 The traiterous banke to gape, and let her in,  
 She rusheth violently, and doth divorce  
 Her from her native, and her long-kept course, 30  
 And rores, and braves it, and in gallant scorne,  
 in flattering eddies promising retorne,  
 She flouts the channell, who thenceforth is drie  
 Then say I; that is shee, and this am I.  
 Yet let not thy deepe bitterness beget 35  
 Carelesse despaire in mee, for that will whet  
 My minde to scorne; and Oh, love dull'd with paine  
 Was ne'r so wise, nor well arm'd as disdaine.  
 Then with new eyes I shall survay thee, and spie  
 Death in thy cheekes, and darknesse in thine eye. 40  
 Though hope bred faith and love: thus taught, I shall  
 As nations do from Rome, from thy love fall.

My hate shall outgrow thine, and utterly  
I will renounce thy dalliance: and when I  
Am the Recusant, in that resolute state,  
What hurts it mee to be'excommunicate?

45

## NATURES LAY IDEOT

NATURES lay Ideot, I taught thee to love,  
 And in that sophistries Oh, thou dost prove  
 Too subtile: Foole, thou didst not understand  
 The mystique language of the eye nor hand:  
 Nor couldst thou judge the difference of the aire 5  
 Of sighes, and say, this lies, this sounds despaire:  
 Nor by the'eyes water call a maladie  
 Desperately hot, or changing feaverously.  
 I had not taught thee then, the Alphabet 10  
 Of flowers, how they devisefully being set  
 And bound up, might with speechlesse secrecie  
 Deliver arrands mutely, and mutually.  
 Remember since all thy words us'd to bee  
 To every suitor; *I, if my friends agree;* 15  
 Since, household charmes, thy husbands name to teach,  
 Were all the love trickes, that thy wit could reach;  
 And since, an houres discourse could scarce have made  
 One answer in thee, and that ill arraid  
 In broken proverbs, and tome sentences. 20  
 Thou are not by so many duties his,  
 That from the worlds Common having sever'd thee,  
 Inlaid thee, neither to be seene, nor see,  
 As mine: who have with amorous delicacies  
 Refin'd thee'into a blis-full Paradise. 25  
 Thy graces and good words my creatures bee;  
 I planted knowledge and lifes tree in thee,  
 Which Oh, shall strangers taste? Must I alas  
 Frame and enamell Plate, and drinke in Glasse?  
 Chafe waxe for others seales? breake a colts force  
 And leave him then, beeing made a ready horse? 30

### THE COMPARISON

AS the sweet sweat of Roses in a Still,  
 As that which from chaf'd muskats pores doth trill,  
 As the Almighty Balme of th'early East,  
 Such are the sweat drops of my Mistris breast,  
 And on her [brow] her skin such lustre sets, 5  
 They seeme no sweat drops, but pearle coronets.  
 Ranke sweaty froth thy Mistresse's brow defiles,  
 Like spermatique issue of ripe menstruous boiles,  
 Or like the skumme, which, by needs lawlesse law  
 Enforc'd, Sanserra's starved men did draw 10  
 From parboild shooes, and bootes, and all the rest  
 Which were with any soveraigne fatnes blest,  
 And like vile lying stones in saffronde tinne,  
 Or warts, or wheales, they hang upon her skinne.  
 Round as the world's her head, on every side, 15  
 Like to the fatall Ball which fell on Ide,  
 Or that whereof God had such ieaalousie,  
 As, for the ravishing thereof we die.  
 Thy *head* is like a rough-hewne statue of jeat,  
 Where marks for eyes, nose, mouth, are yet scarce set; 20  
 Like the first Chaos, or flat seeming face  
 Of Cynthia, when th'earths shadowes her embrace.  
 Like Proserpines white beauty-keeping chest,  
 Or joves best fortunes urne, is her faire breast.  
 Thine's like worne eaten trunkes, cloth'd in seals skin, 25  
 Or grave, that's dust without, and stinke within.  
 And like that slender stalke, at whose end stands  
 The wood-bine quivering, are her armes and hands.  
 Like rough bark'd elmboughes, or the russet skift  
 Of men late scurg'd for madnes, or for sinne, 30  
 Like Sun-parch'd quarters on the citie gate,  
 Such is thy tann'd skins lamentable state.  
 And like a bunch of ragged carrets stand  
 The short swolne fingers of thy gouty hand.  
 Then like the Chymicks masculine equall fire, 35  
 Which in the Lymbecks warme wombe doth inspire  
 Into th'earths worthlesse durt a soule of gold,  
 Such cherishing heat her best lov'd part doth hold.  
 Thine's like the dread mouth of a fired gunne,  
 Or like hot liquid metalls newly runne 40  
 into clay moulds, or like to that Ætna  
 Where round about the grasse is burnt away.

Are not your kisses then as filthy, and more,  
As a worme sucking an invenom'd sore?  
Doth not thy fearefull hand in feeling quake, 45  
As one which gath'ring flowers, still feares a snake?  
Is not your last act harsh, and violent,  
As when a Plough a stony ground doth rent?  
So kisse good Turtles, so devoutly nice  
Are Priests in handling reverent sacrifice, 50  
And such in searching wounds the Surgeon is  
As wee, when wee embrace, or touch, or kisse.  
Leave her, and I will leave comparing thus,  
She, and comparisons are odious.

## THE AUTUMNALL

NO *Spring*, nor *Summer* Beauty hath such grace,  
 As I have seen in one *Autumnall* face.  
 Yong, *Beauties* force our love, and that's a *Rape*,  
 This doth but *counsaile*, yet you cannot scape.

5

If t'were a *shame* to love, here t'were no *shame*,  
*Affection* here takes *Reverences* name.  
 Were her first yeares the *Golden Age*; That's true,  
 But now she's *gold* oft tried, and ever new.  
 That was her torrid and inflaming time,  
 This is her tolerable *Tropique clyme*.

10

Faire eyes, who asks more heate than comes from hence,  
 He in a fever wishes pestilence.  
 Call not these wrinkles, *graves*; If *graves* they were,  
 They were *Loves graves*; for else he is no where.  
 Yet lies not Love *dead* here, but here doth sit

15

Vow'd to this trench, like an *Anachorit*.  
 And here, till hers, which must be his *death*, come,  
 He doth not digge a *Grave*, but build a *Tombe*.  
 Here dwells he, though he sojourne ev'ry where,  
 In *Progresse*, yet his standing house is here.

20

Here, where still *Evening* is; not *noone*, nor *night*;  
 Where no *voluptuousness*, yet all *delight*.  
 In all her words, unto all hearers fit,  
 You may at *Revels*, you at *Counsaile*, sit.

25

This is loves timber, youth his under-wood;  
 There he, as wine in *June*, enrages blood,  
 Which then comes seasonabliest, when our tast  
 And appetite to other things, is past.  
*Xerxes* strange *Lydian* love, the *Platane* tree,  
 Was lov'd for age, none being so large as shee,

30

Or else because, being yong, nature did blesse  
 Her youth with ages glory, *Barrennesse*.  
 If we love things long sought, *Age* is a thing  
 Which we are fifty yeares in compassing.

35

If transitory things, which soone decay,  
*Age* must be loveliest at the latest day.  
 But name not *Winter-faces*, whose skin's slack;  
 Lanke, as an unthrifts purse; but a soules sacke;  
 Whose *Eyes* seeke light within, for all here's shade;  
 Whose *mouthes* are holes, rather worne out, than made;

40

Whose every tooth to a severall place is gone,  
 To vex their soules at *Resurrection*;

Name not these living *Deaths-heads* unto mee,  
For these, not *Ancient*, but *Antique* be. 45  
I hate extreames; yet I had rather stay  
With *Tombes*, than *Cradles*, to weare out a day.  
Since such loves naturall lation is, may still  
My love descend, and journey downe the hill,  
Not panting after growing beauties, so,  
I shall ebbe out with them, who home-ward goe. 50

### THE DREAME

IMAGE of her whom I love, more than she,  
     Whose faire impression in my faithfull heart,  
 Makes mee her *Medall*, and makes her love mee,  
     As Kings do coynes, to which their stamps impart  
 The value: goe, and take my heart from hence, 5  
     Which now is growne too great and good for me:  
*Honours* oppresse weake spirits, and our sense  
     Strong objects dull; the more, the lesse wee see.  
 When you are gone, and *Reason* gone with you,  
     Then *Fantasie* is Queene and Soule, and all; 10  
 She can present joyes meaner than you do;  
     Convenient, and more proportionall.  
 So, if I dreame I have you, I have you,  
     For, all our joyes are but fantasticall.  
 And so I scape the paine, for paine is true; 15  
     And sleepe which locks up sense, doth lock out all.  
 After a such fruition I shall wake,  
     And, but the waking, nothing shall repent;  
 And shall to love more thankfull Sonnets make,  
     Than if more *honour*, *teares*, and *paines* were spent. 20  
 But dearest heart, and dearer image stay;  
     Alas, true joyes at best are *dreame* enough;  
 Though you stay here you passe too fast away:  
     For even at first lifes *Taper* is a snuffe.  
 Fill'd with her love, may I be rather grown 25  
 Mad with much heart, *than ideot* with none.

## THE BRACELET

*Upon the losse of his Mistresses Chaine, for which he made satisfaction*

NOT that in colour it was like thy haire,  
 For Armelets of that thou maist let me weare:  
 Nor that thy hand is oft embrac'd and kist,  
 For so it had that good, which oft I mist:  
 Not for that silly old moralitie, 5  
 That as these linkes were knit, our love should bee:  
 Mourne I that I thy seavenfold chaine have lost;  
 Nor for the luck sake; but the bitter cost.  
 O, shall twelve righteous Angels, which as yet  
 No leaven of vile soder did admit; 10  
 Nor yet by any way have straid or gone  
 From the first state of their Creation;  
 Angels, which heaven commanded to provide  
 All things to me, and be my faithfull guide;  
 To gaine new friends, t' appease great enemies; 15  
 To comfort my soule, when I lie or rise;  
 Shall these twelve innocents, by thy severe  
 Sentence (dread judge) my sins great burden beare?  
 Shall they be damn'd, and in the furnace throwne,  
 And punisht for offences not their owne? 20  
 They save not me, they doe not ease my paines,  
 When in that hell they're burnt and tyed in chains.  
 Were they but Crownes of France, I cared not,  
 For, most of these, their naturall Countreys rot  
 I think possesseth, they come here to us, 25  
 So pale, so lame, so leane, so ruinous;  
 And howsoe'r French Kings most Christian be,  
 Their Crownes are circumcised most jewishly.  
 Or were they Spanish Stamps, still travelling,  
 That are become as Catholique as their King, 30  
 Those unlickt beare-whelps, unfil'd pistols  
 That (more than Canon shot) availes or lets;  
 Which negligently left unrounded, looke  
 Like many angled figures, in the booke  
 Of some great Conjurer that would enforce 35  
 Nature, as these doe justice, from her course;  
 Which, as the soule quickens head, feet and heart,  
 As streames, like veines, run through th'earth's every part,  
 Visit all Countries, and have slily made  
 Georgeous *France*, ruin'd, ragged and decay'd; 40  
*Scotland*, which knew no State, proud in one day:

And mangled seventeen-headed Belgia.  
 Or were it such gold as that wherewithall  
 Almighty *Chymiques* from each minerall,  
 Having by subtle fire a soule out-pull'd; 45  
 Are dirtely and desperately gull'd:  
 I would not spit to quench the fire they're in,  
 For, they are guilty of much hainous Sin.  
 But, shall my harmlesse angels perish? Shall  
 I lose my guard, my ease, my food, my all? 50  
 Much hope which they should nourish will be dead,  
 Much of my able youth, and lustyhead  
 Will vanish; if thou love let them alone,  
 For thou wilt love me lesse when they are gone;  
 And be content that some lowd squeaking Cryer 55  
 Well-pleas'd with one leane thred-bare groat, for hire,  
 May like a devill roare through every street;  
 And gall the finders conscience, if they meet.  
 Or let mee creepe to some dread Conjuror,  
 That with phantastique scheames fills full much paper; 60  
 Which hath divided heaven in tenements,  
 And with whores, theeves, and murderers stuff his rents,  
 So full, that though hee passe them all in sin,  
 He leaves himselfe no roome to enter in.  
 But if, when all his art and time is spent, 65  
 Hee say 'twill ne'r be found; yet be content;  
 Receive from him that doome ungrudgingly,  
 Because he is the mouth of destiny.  
 Thou say'st (alas) the gold doth still remaine,  
 Though it be chang'd, and put into a chaine; 70  
 So in the first false angels, resteth still  
 Wisdome and knowledge; but, 'tis turn'd to ill:  
 As these should doe good works; and should  
 provide Necessities; but now must nurse thy pride.  
 And they are still bad angels; Mine are none; 75  
 For, forme gives being, and their forme is gone:  
 Pitty these Angels; yet their dignities  
 Passe Vertues, Powers, and Principalities.  
 But, thou art resolute; Thy will be done!  
 Yet with such anguish, as her onely sonne 80  
 The Mother in the hungry grave doth lay,  
 Unto the fire these Martyrs I betray.  
 Good soules, (for you give life to every thing)  
 Good Angels, (for good messages you bring)  
 Destin'd you might have beene to such an one, 85  
 As would have lov'd and worship'd you alone:

One that would suffer hunger, nakednesse,  
 Yea death, ere he would make your number lesse.  
 But, I am guilty of your sad decay;  
 May your few fellowes longer with me stay. 90  
 But ô thou wretched finder whom I hate  
 So, that I almost pittie thy estate:  
 Gold being the heaviest metal amongst all,  
 May my most heavy curse upon thee fall:  
 Here fetter'd, manacled, and hang'd in chains, 95  
 First mayst thou bee; then chaine'd to hellish paines;  
 Or be with forraine gold brib'd to betray  
 Thy Country, and faile both of that and thy pay.  
 May the next thing thou stoop'st to reach, containe  
 Poyson, whose nimble fume rot thy moist braine; 100  
 Or libels, or some interdicted thing,  
 Which negligently kept, thy ruine bring.  
 Lust-bred diseases rot thee; and dwell with thee  
 Itchy desire, and no abilitie.  
 May all the evils that gold ever wrought; 105  
 All mischiefes that all devils ever thought;  
 Want after plenty; poore and gouty age;  
 The plagues of travellers; love; marriage  
 Afflict thee, and at thy lives last moment,  
 May thy swolne sinnes themselves to thee presen 110  
 But, I forgive; repent thee honest man:  
 Gold is Restorative, restore it then:  
 But if from it thou beest loath to depart,  
 Because 'tis cordiall, would 'twere at thy heart.

### HIS PARTING FROM HER

SINCE she must go, and I must mourn, come Night,  
 Environ me with darkness, whilst I write:  
 Shadow that hell unto me, which alone  
 I am to suffer when my Love is gone.  
 Alas the darkest Magick cannot do it, 5  
 Thou and greate Hell to boot are shadows to it.  
 Should *Cynthia* quit thee, *Venus*, and each starre,  
 It would not forme one thought dark as mine are.  
 I could lend thee obscureness now, and say,  
 Out of my self, There should be no more Day, 10  
 Such is alread my felt want of sight,  
 Did not the fires within me force a light.  
 Oh Love, that fire and darkness should be mixt,  
 Or to thy Triumphs soe strange torments fixt!  
 Is't because 'thou thy self art blind, that wee 15  
 Thy Martyrs must no more each other see?  
 Or tak'st thou pride to break us on the wheel,  
 And view old Chaos in the Pains we feel?  
 Or have we left undone some mutual Rite,  
 Through holy fear, that merits thy despight? 20  
 No, no. The falt was mine, impute it to me,  
 Or rather to conspiring destinie,  
 Which (since I lov'd for forme before) decreed,  
 That I should suffer when I lov'd indeed:  
 And therefore now, sooner than I can say, 25  
 I saw the golden fruit, 'tis rapt away.  
 Or as I had watcht one drop in a vast stream,  
 And I left wealthy only in a dream.  
 Yet Love, thou'rt blinder than thy self in this,  
 To vex my Dove-like friend for my amiss: 30  
 And, where my own sad truth may expiate  
 Thy wrath, to make her fortune run my fate:  
 So blinded justice doth, when Favorites fall,  
 Strike them, their house, their friends, their followers all.  
 Was't not enough that thou didst dart thy fires 35  
 Into our blouds, inflaming our desires,  
 And made'st us sigh and glow, and pant, and burn,  
 And then thy self into our flame did'st turn?  
 Was't not enough, that thou didst hazard us  
 To paths in love so dark, so dangerous: 40  
 And those so ambush'd round with household spies,  
 And over all, thy husbands towring eyes

That flam'd with oylie sweat of jealousie:  
 Yet went we not still on with Constancie?  
 Have we not kept our guards, like spie on spie? 45  
 Had correspondence whilst the foe stood by?  
 Stoln (more to sweeten them) our many blisses  
 Of meetings, conference, embracements, kisses?  
 Shadow'd with negligence our most respects?  
 Varied our language through all dialects, 50  
 Of becks, winks, looks, and often under-boards  
 Spoak dialogues with our feet far from our words?  
 Have we prov'd all these secrets of our Art,  
 Yea, thy pale inwards, and thy panting heart?  
 And, after all this passed Purgatory, 55  
 Must sad divorce make us the vulgar story?  
 First let our eyes be rivited quite through  
 Our turning brains, and both our lips grow to:  
 Let our armes clasp like Ivy, and our fear  
 Freese us together, that we may stick here, 60  
 Till Fortune, that would rive us, with the deed,  
 Strain her eyes open, and it make them bleed.  
 For Love it cannot be, whom hitherto  
 I have accus'd, should such a mischief doe.  
 Oh Fortune, thou'rt not worth my least exclame, 65  
 And plague enough thou hast in thy own shame.  
 Do thy great worst, my friend and I have armes,  
 Though not against thy strokes, against thy harmes.  
 Rend us in sunder, thou canst not divide  
 Our bodies so, but that our souls are ty'd, 70  
 And we can love by letters still and gifts,  
 And thoughts and dreams; Love never wanteth shifts.  
 I will not look upon the quickning Sun,  
 But straight'her beauty to my sense shall run,  
 The ayre shall note her soft, the fire most pure; 75  
 Water suggest her clear, and the earth sure.  
 Time shall not lose our passages; the Spring  
 How fresh our love was in the beginning;  
 The Summer how it ripened in the eare;  
 And Autumn, what our golden harvests were. 80  
 The Winter I'll not think on to spite thee,  
 But count it a lost season, so shall shee.  
 And dearest Friend, since we must part, drown night  
 With hope of Day, burthens well born are light.  
 Though cold and darkness longer hang somewhere, 85  
 Yet *Phoebus* equally lights all the Sphere.  
 And what he cannot in like Portions pay,

The world enjoys in Mass, and so we may.  
Be then ever your self, and let no woe  
Win on your health, your youth, your beauty: so 90  
Declare your self base fortunes Enemy,  
No less by your contempt than constancy:  
That I may grow enamoured on your mind,  
When my own thoughts I there reflected find.  
For this to th'comfort of my Dear I vow, 95  
My Deeds shall still be what my words are now;  
The Poles shall move to teach me ere I start;  
And when I change my Love, I'll change my heart;  
Nay, if I wax but cold in my desire,  
Think, heaven hath motion lost, and the world fire: 100  
Much more I could, but many words have made  
That, oft, suspected which men would perswade;  
Take therefore all in this: I love so true,  
As I will never look for less in you.

## JULIA

HARKE newes, ô envy, thou shalt heare descry'd  
 My *Julia*; who as yet was ne'r envy'd.  
 To vomit gall in slander, swell her vaines  
 With calunmy, that hell it selfe disdaines,  
 Is her continuall practice; does her best, 5  
 To teare opinion even out of the brest  
 Of dearest friends, and (which is worse than vilde)  
 Sticks jealousie in wedlock; her'owne childe  
 Scapes not the showres of envie, To repeate  
 The monstrous fashions, how, were, alive, to eate 10  
 Deare reputation. Would to God she were  
 But halfe so loath to act vice, as to heare  
 My milde reproofe. Liv'd *Mantuan* now againe,  
 That fœmall Mastix, to limme with his penne  
 This she *Chymera*, that hath eyes of fire, 15  
 Burning with anger, anger feeds desire,  
 Tongued like the night-crow, whose ill boding cries  
 Give out for nothing but new injuries,  
 Her breath like to the juice in *Tenarus*  
 That blasts the springs, though ne'r so prosperous, 20  
 Her hands, I know not how, us'd more to spill  
 The food of others, than her selfe to fill.  
 But oh her minde, that *Orcus*, which includes  
 Legions of mischiefs, countlesse multitudes  
 Of formlesse curses, projects unmade up, 25  
 Abuses yet unfashion'd, thoughts corrupt,  
 Mishapen Cavils, palpable untroths,  
 Inevitable errorrs, self-accusing oaths:  
 These, like those Atoms swarming in the Sunne,  
 Throng in her bosome for creation. 30  
 I blush to give her halfe her due; yet say,  
 No poyson's halfe so bad as *Julia*.

## A TALE OF A CITIZEN AND HIS WIFE

I SING no harme good sooth to any wight,  
 To Lord or foole, Cuckold, begger or knight,  
 To peace-teaching Lawyer, Proctor, or brave  
 Reformed or reduced. Captaine, Knave,  
 Officer, Jugler, or Justice of peace, 5  
 Juror or Judge; I touch no fat sowes grease,  
 I am no Libeller, nor will be any,  
 But (like a true man) say there are too many.  
 I feare not *ore tenus*; for my tale,  
 Nor Count nor Counsellour will redd or pale. 10  
 A citizen and his wife the other day  
 Both riding on one horse, upon the way  
 I overtooke, the wench a pretty peate,  
 And (by her eye) well fitting for the feate.  
 I saw the lecherous Citizen turne backe 15  
 His head, and on his wifes lip steale a smacke,  
 Whence apprehending that the man was kinde,  
 Riding before, to kisse his wife behinde,  
 To get acquaintance with him I began  
 To sort discourse fit for so fine a man: 20  
 I ask'd the number of the Plaguy Bill,  
 Ask'd if the Custome Farmers held out still,  
 Of the Virginian plot, and whether Ward  
 The traffique of the I [ n ] land seas had marr'd,  
 Whether the Brittain *Burse* did fill apace, 25  
 And likely were to give th'Exchange disgrace;  
 Of new-built *Algate*, and the *More-field* crosses,  
 Of store of Bankerouts, and poore Merchants losses  
 I urged him to speake; But he (as mute  
 As an old Courtier worne to his last suite) 30  
 Replies with onely yeas and nayas; At last  
 (To fit his element) my theame I cast  
 On Tradesmens gaines', that set his tongue agoing:  
 Alas, good sir (quoth he) *There is no doing*  
*In Court nor City now*; she smil'd and I, 35  
 And (in my conscience) both gave him the lie  
 In one met thought: but he went on apace,  
 And at the present time with such a face  
 He rail'd, as fray'd me; for he gave no praise,  
 To any but my Lord of *Essex* dayes; 40  
 Call'd those the age of action true (quoth Hee)  
 There's now as great an itch of bravery,

And heat of taking up, but cold lay downe,  
 For, put to push of pay, away they runne;  
 Our onely City trades of hope now are 45  
 Bawd, Tavern-keeper, Whore and Scrivener;  
 The much of priviled'd kingsmen, and the store  
 Of fresh protections make the rest all poore;  
 In the first state of their Creation,  
 Though many stoutly stand, yet proves not one 50  
 A righteous paymaster. Thus ranne he on  
 In a continued rage: so void of reason  
 Seem'd his harsh talke, I sweat for feare of treason.  
 And (troth) how could I lesse? when in the prayer  
 For the protection of the wise Lord Major 55  
 And his wise brethrens worships, when one prayeth,  
 He swore that none could say Amen with faith.  
 To get him off from what I glowed to heare  
 (In happy time) an Angel did appeare,  
 The bright Signe of a lov'd and wel-try'd Inne, 60  
 Where many Citizens with their wives have bin  
 Well us'd and often; here I pray'd him stay,  
 To take some due refreshment by the way'  
 Looke how hee look'd that hid the gold (his hope)  
 And at's returne found nothing but a Rope, 65  
 So he on me, refus'd and made away,  
 Though willing she pleaded a weary day:  
 I found my misse, struck hands, and praid him tell  
 (To hold acquaintance still) where he did dwell;  
 He barely nam'd the street, promis'd the Wine, 70  
 But his kinde wife gave me the very Signe.

## THE EXPOSTULATION

TO make the doubt cleare, that no woman's true,  
     Was it my fate to prove it strong in you?  
 Thought I, but one had breathed purest aire,  
     And must she needs be false because she's faire?  
 Is it your beauties marke, or of your youth, 5  
     Or your perfection, not to study truth?  
 Or thinke you heaven is deafe, or hath no eyes?  
     Or those it hath, smile at your perjuries?  
 Are vowes so cheape with women, or the matter  
     Whereof they are made, that they are writ in water, 10  
 And blowne away with winde? Or doth their breath  
     (Both hot and cold at once) make life and death?  
 Who could have thought so many accents sweet  
     Form'd into words, so many sighs should meete  
 As from our hearts, so many oathes, and teares 15  
     Sprinkled among, (all sweeter by our feares  
 And the divine impression of stolne kisses,  
     That seal'd the rest) should now prove empty blisses?  
 Did you draw bonds to forget? signe to breake?  
     Or must we reade you quite from what you speake, 20  
 And finde the truth out the wrong way? or must  
     Hee first desire you false, would wish you just?  
 O I prophane, though most of women be  
     This kinde of beast, my thought shall except thee;  
 My dearest love, though froward jealousies 25  
     With circumstance might urge thy'inconstancie,  
 Sooner I'll thinke the Sunne will cease to cheare  
     The teeming earth, and that forget to beare,  
 Sooner that rivers will runne back, or Thames  
     With ribs of Ice in June would bind his streames, 30  
 Or Nature, by whose strength the world endures,  
     Would change her course, before you alter yours.  
 But O that treacherous breast to whom weake you  
     Did trust our Counsells, and wee both may rue,  
 Having his falsehood found too late, 'twas hee 35  
     That made me *cast* you guilty, and you me,  
 Whilst he, black wretch, betray'd each simple word  
     Wee spake, unto the cunning of a third.  
 Curst may hee be, that so our love hath slaine,  
     And wander on the earth, wretched as *Cain*, 40  
 Wretched as hee, and not deserve least pittie;  
     In plaguing him, let misery be witty;

Let all eyes shunne him, and hee shunne each eye,  
 Till hee be noysome as his infamie;  
 May he without remorse deny God thrice, 45  
 And not be trusted more on his Soules price;  
 And after all selfe torment, when hee dyes,  
 May Wolves teare out his heart, Vultures his eyes,  
 Swine eate his bowels, and his falser tongue  
 That utter'd all, be to some Raven flung, 50  
 And let his carrion coarse be a longer feast  
 To the Kings dogges, than any other beast.  
 Now have I curst, let us our love revive;  
 In mee the flame was never more alive;  
 I could beginne againe to court and praise, 55  
 And in that pleasure lengthen the short dayes  
 Of my lifes lease; like Painters that do take  
 Delight, not in made worke, but whiles they make;  
 I could renew those times, when first I saw  
 Love in your eyes, that gave my tongue the law 60  
 To like what you lik'd; and at maskes and playes  
 Commend the self same Actors, the same wayes;  
 Aske how you did, and often with intent  
 Of being officious, be impertinent;  
 All which were such soft pastimes, as in these 65  
 Love was as subtilly catch'd, as a disease;  
 But being got it is a treasure sweet,  
 Which to defend is harder than to net:  
 And ought not be prophan'd on either part,  
 For though'tis got by *chance*, 'tis kept by *art*. 70

## ON HIS MISTRIS

BY our first strange and fatall interview,  
 By all desires which thereof did ensue,  
 By our long starving hopes, by that remorse  
 Which my words masculine perswasive force  
 Begot in thee, and by the memory 5  
 Of hurts, which spies and rivals threatned me,  
 I calmly beg: But by thy fathers wrath,  
 'By all paines, which want and divorcement hath,  
 I conjure thee, and all the oathes which I  
 And thou have sworne to seale joynt constancy, 10  
 Here I unswear, and overswear them thus,  
 Thou shalt not love by wayes so dangerous.  
 Temper, ô faire Love, loves impetuous rage,  
 Be my true Mistris still, not my faign'd Page;  
 I'll goe, and, by thy kinde leave, leave behinde 15  
 Thee, onely worthy to nurse in my minde,  
 Thirst to come backe; ô if thou die before,  
 My soule from other lands to thee shall soare.  
 Thy (else Almighty) beautie cannot move  
 Rage from the Seas, nor thy love teach them love, 20  
 Nor tame wilde Boreas harshnesse; Thou hast reade  
 How roughly hee in peeces shivered  
 Faire Orithea, whom he swore he lov'd.  
 Fall ill or good, 'tis madnesse to have prov'd  
 Dangers unurg'd; Feed on this flattery, 25  
 That absent Lovers one in th' other be.  
 Dissemble nothing, not a boy, nor change  
 Thy bodies habite, nor mindes; bee not strange  
 To thy selfe onely; All will spie in thy face  
 A blushing womanly discovering grace; 30  
 Richly cloath'd Apes, are call'd Apes, and as soone  
 Ecclips'd as bright we call the Moone the Moone.  
 Men of France, changeable Camelions,  
 Spittles of diseases, shops of fashions,  
 Loves fuellers, and the rightest company 35  
 Of Players, which upon the worlds stage be,  
 Will quickly know thee, and no lesse, alas!  
 Th' indifferent Italian, as we passe  
 His warme land, well content to thinke thee Page,  
 Will hunt thee with such lust, and hideous rage, 40  
 As *Lots* faire guests were vext. But none of these  
 Nor spongy hydroptique Dutch shall thee displease,

If thou stay here. O stay here, for, for thee  
England is onely a worthy Gallerie, hence  
To walke in expectation, till from thence 45  
Our greatest King call thee to his presence.  
When I am gone, dreame me some happinesse,  
Nor let thy lookes our long hid love confesses  
Nor praise, nor dispraise me, nor blesse nor curse  
Openly loves force, nor in bed fright thy Nurse 50  
With midnights starlings, crying out, oh, oh  
Nurse, ô my love is slaine, I saw him goe  
O'r the white Alpes alone; I saw him I,  
Assail'd, fight, taken, stabb'd, bleed, fall, and die.  
Augure me better chance, except dread *Jove* 55  
Thinke it enough for me to'have had thy love.

## VARIETY

THE heavens rejoyce in motion, why should I  
 Abjure my so much lov'd variety,  
 And not with many youth and love divide?  
 Pleasure is none, if not diversifi'd:

5

The sun that sitting in the chaire of light  
 Sheds flame into what else soever doth seem bright,  
 Is not contented at one Signe to Inne,  
 But ends his year and with a new beginnes.  
 All things doe willingly in change delight,  
 The fruitfull mother of our appetite:

10

Rivers the clearer and more pleasing are,  
 Where their fair spreading streames run wide and farr;  
 And a dead lake that no strange bark doth greet,  
 Corrupts it self and what doth live in it.  
 Let no man tell me such a one is faire,  
 And worthy all alone my love to share.

15

Nature in her hath done the liberall part  
 Of a kinde Mistresse, and imploy'd her art  
 To make her loveable, and I aver  
 Him not humane that would turn back from her:

20

I love her well, and would, if need were, dye  
 To doe her service. But followes it that I  
 Must serve her onely, when I may have choice  
 Of other beauties, and in change rejoyce?  
 The law is hard, and shall not have my voice.

25

The last I saw in all extreames is faire,  
 And holds me in the Sun-beames of her haire;  
 Her nymph-like features such agreements have  
 That I could venture with her to the grave:  
 Another's brown, I like her not the worse,

30

Her tongue is soft and takes me with discourse:  
 Others, for that they well descended are,  
 Do in my love obtain as large a shaxe;  
 And though they be not fair, 'tis much with mee  
 To win their love onely for their degree.

35

And though I faile of my required ends,  
 The attempt is glorious and it self commends.  
 How happy were our Syres in ancient time,  
 Who held plurality of loves no crime!  
 With them it was accounted charity

40

To stirre up race of all indifferently;  
 Kindreds were not exempted from the bands:

Which with the Persian still in usage stands.  
 Women were then no sooner asked than won,  
 And what they did was honest and well done. 45  
 But since this title honour hath been us'd,  
 Our weake credulity hath been abus'd;  
 The golden laws of nature are repeald,  
 Which our first Fathers in such reverence held;  
 Our liberty's revers'd, our Charter's gone, 50  
 And we're made servants to opinion,  
 A monster in no certain shape attir'd,  
 And whose originall is much desir'd,  
 Formlesse at first, but growing on it fashions,  
 And doth prescribe manners afid laws to nations. 55  
 Here love receiv'd immedicable harmes,  
 And was despoiled of his daring armes.  
 A greater want than is his daring eyes,  
 He lost those awfull wings with which he flies;  
 His sinewy bow, and those immortall darts 60  
 Wherewith he's wont to bruise resisting hearts.  
 Onely some few strong in themselves and free  
 Retain the seeds of antient liberty,  
 Following that part of Love although deprest,  
 And make a throne for him within their brest, 65  
 In spight of modern censures him avowing  
 Their Sovereigne, all service him allowing.  
 Amongst which troop although I am the least,  
 Yet equall in perfection with the best,  
 I glory in subjection of his hand, 70  
 Nor ever did decline his least command:  
 For in whatever forme the message came  
 My heart did open and receive the same.  
 But time will in his course a point discry  
 When I this loved service must deny, 75  
 For our allegiance temporary is,  
 With firmer age returns our liberties.  
 What time in years and judgement we repos'd,  
 Shall not so easily be to change dispos'd,  
 Nor to the art of severall eyes obeying; 80  
 But beauty with true worth securely weighing,  
 Which being found assembled in some one,  
 Wee'l love her ever, and love her alone.

## LOVES PROGRESS

WHO ever loves, if he do not propose  
 The right true end of love, he's one that goes  
 To sea for nothing but to make him sick:  
 Love is a bear-whelp born, if we o're lick  
 Our love, and force it new strange shapes to take, 5  
 We erre, and of a lump a monster make.  
 Were not a Calf a monster that were grown  
 Face'd like a man, though better than his own?  
 Perfection is in unities: preferr  
 One woman first, and then one thing in her. 10  
 I, when I value gold, may think upon  
 The ductilness, the application,  
 The wholesomness, the ingenuitie,  
 From rust, from soil, from fire ever free:  
 But if I love it, 'tis because 'tis made 15  
 By our new nature (Use) the soul of trade.  
 All these in women we might think upon  
 (If women had them) and yet love but one.  
 Can men more injure women than to say  
 They love them for that, by which they're not they? 20  
 Makes virtue woman? must I cool my bloud  
 Till I both be, and find one wise and good?  
 May barren Angels love so. But if we  
 Make love to woman; virtue is not she:  
 As beauty's not nor wealth: He that straves thus 25  
 From her to hers, is more adulterous,  
 Than if he took her maid. Search every sphear  
 And firmament, our *Cupid* is not there:  
 He's an infernal god and under ground,  
 With *Pluto* dwells, where gold and fire abound: 30  
 Men to such Gods, their sacrificing Coles  
 Did not in Altars lay, but pits and holes.  
 Although we see Celestial bodies move  
 Above the earth, the earth we Till and love:  
 So we her ayres contemplate, words and heart, 35  
 And virtues; but we love the Centrique part.  
 Nor is the soul more worthy, or more fit  
 For love, than this, as infinite as it.  
 But in attaining this desired place  
 How much they erre; that set out at the face? 40  
 The hair a Forest is of Ambushes,  
 Of springes, snares, fetters and manacles:

The brow becalms us when 'tis smooth and plain,  
 And when 'tis wrinckled, shipwrecks us again. 45  
 Smooth, 'tis a Paradice, where we would have  
 Immortal stay, and wrinkled 'tis our grave.  
 The Nose (like to the first Meridian) runs  
 Not 'twixt an East and West, but 'twixt two suns;  
 It leaves a Cheek, a rosie Hemisphere  
 On either side, and then directs us where 50  
 Upon the Islands fortunate we fall,  
 (Not faynte *Canaries*, but *Ambrosiall*)  
 Her swelling lips; To which when wee are come,  
 We anchor there, and think our selves at home,  
 For they seem all: there Syrens songs, and there 55  
 Wise Delphick Oracles do fill the ear;  
 There in a Creek where chosen pearls do swell,  
 The Remora, her cleaving tongue doth dwell.  
 These, and the glorious Promontory, her Chin  
 Ore past; and the streight *Hellespont* betweene 60  
 The *Sestos* and *Abydos* of her breasts,  
 (Not of two Lovers, but two Loves the neasts)  
 Succeeds a boundless sea, but yet thine eye  
 Some Island moles may scattered there descry;  
 And Sailing towards her *India*, in that way 65  
 Shall at her fair Atlantick Navell stay;  
 Though thence the Current be thy Pilot made,  
 Yet ere thou be where thou wouldst be embay'd,  
 Thou shalt upon another Forest set,  
 Where many Shipwrack, and no further get. 70  
 When thou art there, consider what this chace  
 Mispent by thy beginning at the face.  
 Rather set out below; practice my Art,  
 Some Symetry the foot hath with that part  
 Which thou dost seek, and is thy Map for that 75  
 Lovely enough to stop, but not stay at:  
 Least subject to disguise and change it is;  
 Men say the Devil never can change his.  
 It is the Emblem that hath figured  
 Firmness; 'tis the first part that comes to bed. 80  
 Civilitie we see refin'd: the kiss  
 Which at the face began, transplanted is,  
 Since to the hand, since to the Imperial knee,  
 Now at the Papal foot delights to be:  
 If Kings think that the nearer way, and do 85  
 Rise from the foot, Lovers may do so too;  
 For as free Spheres move faster far than can

Birds, whom the air resists, so may that man  
Which goes this empty and Ætherial way,  
Than if at beauties elements he stay. 90  
Rich Nature hath in women wisely made  
Two purses, and their mouths aversely laid:  
They then, which to the lower tribute owe,  
That way which that Exchequer looks, must go:  
He which doth not, his error is as great, 95  
As who by Clyster gave the Stomack meat.

### TO HIS MISTRIS GOING TO BED

COME, Madam come, all rest my powers defie,  
 Until I labour, I in labour lie.  
 The foe oft-times having the foe in sight,  
 Is tir'd with standing though he never fight.  
 Off with that girdle, like heavens Zone glistening, 5  
 But a far fairer world encompassing.  
 Unpin that spangled breastplate which you wear,  
 That th'eyes of busie fooles may be stopt there.  
 Unlace your self, for that harmonious chyme,  
 Tells me from you, that now it is bed time. 10  
 Off with that happy busk, which I envie,  
 That still can be, and still can stand so nigh.  
 Your gown going off, such beauteous state reveals,  
 As when from flowry meads th'hills shadow steales.  
 Off with that wyerie Coronet and shew 15  
 The haiery Diademe which on you doth grow:  
 Now off with those shooes, and then safely tread  
 In this loves hallow'd temple, this soft bed.  
 In such white robes, heaven's Angels us'd to be  
 Receavd by men; Thou Angel bringst with thee 20  
 A heaven like Mahomets Paradiçe; and though  
 Ill spirits walk in white, we easly know,  
 By this these Angels from an evil sprite,  
 Those set our hairs, but these our flesh upright.  
 Licence my roaving hands, and let them go, 25  
 Before, behind, between, above, below.  
 O my America! my new-found-land,  
 My kingdome, safeliest when with one man man'd,  
 My Myne of precious stones, My Emperie,  
 How blest am I in this discovering thee! 30  
 To enter in these bonds, is to be free;  
 Then where my hand is set, my seal shall be.  
 Full nakedness! All joyes are due to thee,  
 As souls unbodied, bodies uncloth'd must be  
 To taste whole joyes. Gems which you women use 35  
 Are like Atlanta's balls, cast in mens views,  
 That when a fools eye lighteth on a Gem,  
 His earthly soul may covet theirs, not them.  
 Like pictures, or like books gay coverings made  
 For lay-men, are all women thus array'd; 40  
 Themselves are mystick books, which only wee  
 (Whom their imputed grace will dignifie)

Must see reveal'd. Then since that I may know;  
As liberally, as to, a Midwife, shew  
Thy self: cast all yea, this white linnen hence,  
There is no pennance due to innocence.  
    To teach thee, I am naked first; why then  
What needst thou have more covering than a man.

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## LOVES WARR

TILL I have peace with thee, warr other Men,  
 And when I have peace, can I leave thee then?  
 All other Warrs are scrupulous; Only thou  
 O fayr free Citty, maist thyselfe allow  
 To any one: In Flanders, who can tell 5  
 Whether the Master presse; or men rebell?  
 Only we know, that which all Ideots say,  
 They beare most blows which come to part the fray.  
 France in her lunatique giddines did hate  
 Ever our men, yea and our God of late; 10  
 Yet she relyes upon our Angels well,  
 Which nere returne; no more than they which fell.  
 Sick Ireland is with a strange warr possest  
 Like to an Ague; now raging, now at rest;  
 Which time will cure: yet it must doe her good 15  
 If she were purg'd, and her head vayne let blood.  
 And Midas joyes our Spanish journeys give,  
 We touch all gold, but find no food to live.  
 And I should be in the hott parching clime,  
 To dust and ashes turn'd before my time. 20  
 To mew me in a Ship, is to inthrall  
 Mee in a prison, that weare like to fall;  
 Or in a Cloyster; save that there men dwell  
 In a calme heaven, here in a swaggering hell.  
 Long voyages are long consumptions, 25  
 And ships are carts for executions.  
 Yea they are Deaths; Is't not all one to flye  
 Into an other World, as t'is to dye?  
 Here lett mee warr; in these armes lett mee lye;  
 Here lett mee parle, batter, bleede, and dye. 30  
 Thyne armes imprison me, and myne armes thee,  
 Thy hart thy ransome is, take myne for mee.  
 Other men war that they their rest may gayne;  
 But wee will rest that wee may fight agayne.  
 Those warrs the ignorant, these th'experienc'd love, 35  
 There wee are always under, here above.  
 There Engins farr off breed a just true feare,  
 Neere thrusts, pikes, stabs, yea bullets hurt not here.  
 There lyes are wrongs; here safe uprightly ly;  
 Tltere men kill men, we'll make one by and by, 40  
 Thou nothing; I not halfe so much shall do  
 In these Warrs, as they may which from us two

Shall spring. Thousands wee see which travaile not  
To warrs; But stay swords, armes, and shott  
To make at home; And shall not I do then  
More glorious service, staying to make men?

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