To Mr. Rawland Woodward

Lay one who in her third widowed, doth present
Herself in Nuns, and of reverend
Let affords my thankfulness, a chief follower.

Since she is one, yet so many of her own
Happy, loving needs, and subjective things are grown:
Where weak is of better, Art, heart easily smoke,
Though to live, and love I pray, to me.

Brought not to see Art, false Adulteries,
Possessions of good, ill, as ill desires for.

The thought of it is strong, and to light, and what
With another faith all scales, earthy-odd thrown in
Vainly work, Vanity Being as much as sun.

If our souls have stood there first might, yet now
May clothe them with earth, and dear kindness,
Such God imparts as true Virtue.

Sith as no secret, but Religion.
Ye least, valiant, sober, wise, art names, much near
Many, of none not vice-entering Discussion.

Seek not then our selves in ourselves, for as
Men force the sun with much great force to pass
By gathering the beam with a Christell glass;

Seek not of men in our selves and burn
Burning our sparks of virtue, may our burn
The flame, n'ck thrice about our three station.

You know this when they would infer
Into our eyes the scale of Simple, see:
Where, where they may lift still more so Censer.

So worketh returneth as he, to Rome
Eldidge, and the more where last so one.
Such freedom death a banishment become.

We are but Farmers of ourselves, yet may
If we can strike our selves and straiten whole.
Much, much Dear' treasurers for the great fight day.

Stab the self then, to the self for approved
And not circle toward others that are mere people,
But to know this? From there, and would be told.
Here is no more novelty then formerly, I may as well
still you educate, or at Michael's take the order, as still
it is not with both, habitually, dwell.

yet as to great stomachs now make up or down;
And try to amuse a jest as may ye please;
If but to have both, I haunt Court on Sunnes.

For this of one is from the Extremities
Of vice, if any other reason free,
But that this next to him, still is more than here.

In this world, worst, they whom regard least
Pride, Vanity, might, or the pride of Art;
As in the Court, so in the Country, State.

If they stand arm'd, with the Harquebus;
With Shooting, Prayers, and more Intreaty.
Like Indians against Spanish dhies they live.

Suspicious soldiers at this place belongs,
And it shall as many, ears as all know,
Tender to know, though we're much in wrings.
But let me know in my scarce giddy days,
When so it was, that Court was a place;
Prayers not art to the Court, as Courts are the places.

This letter as to these Mimicke Antiquers hits,
To show ye deepest Pictures, honouring states.
Are but dull Marralls, the game of Diesel.

But new his Incurious is to smile;
Without I end, thank'd first for a while;
At last, as I live, the better still.

Madam,

To the Countess of Bedford.

Reason is our scale to find, Faith her right,
By these we reach Puriety, thank you;
Diver, brothers, who have the blessing of your sight,
Gained from this reason, may't from this now excel.

But as, although a saint, less than a king,
Being gents, yet we cannot want that lead.
Our minds not to increase, but to express;
My fear, as I believe, as understand.

Therefore I charge you, first in your company,
These friends, whom your election designes,
Then in your Deeds, Actions and Performances.
And what ye read, and what your selfe devise;