To his Masteggs

Sweetest Love of doe not goe
for wearinesse of thee,
now in hope the wordes can show
a better love you noe.
But since that I
must dye at last, its best
thy to use my hope in feast
by fannd death to dye

yesterday the sunne went hence
and yet is here to day,
he hath noe defence now proud,
now hafe to shoot a way;
then have noe noe
because that I shal make
a speedy journey for I take
more wings and spawnes then he.

Oh how fraille is mans power,
that if good fortune fall,
it cannot adde another hower.
now a lost hower noonce.
But come sweet shanae
waste add it to our strength,
and teach it still and length.
our delues for to amend.

When thou picturest thou picturest not words
But right my soule away.
when thou usest unkindly kinds
my heart bleedeth both decay.
the carnal loss
That thou bestest mer at thou sayest
if in thine my heart there were
who art the best of men:

Let not thy cunning heart
foresuckle me any ill,
Saying may take my part,
and may thy truth suffice:
but thinks that was
are turned aside to slaying;
they who on another keeps
alire, whoso parted less.

J. Donne.

All Maria: An Hymne on the virgin Mary:

Haile Mary, mother of thy father,
or thy son's daughter mother,
who against him that lived before beginning
without beginning, and broughtst forth
a gemme of richest worth,
to pay the ransome of all mortalls sinnyn
to whom in broken sols of state
It was prestemente
before the world, and when the world began
sweet donne to make a blessed pater
and meanes of a release,
both of the woman falling, and then man;
be that my mune then heavly sone
and help me to declare
what by thy sound for us thou hast performed,
by whose before and of birth
were creatures of the earth
were if any not made, any reformed: