Poems.

But yet thou canst not dye, I know,
To leave this world behinde, is death,
But when thou from this world wilt goe,
The world world vapours with thy breath.

Or if, when thou, the worlds soule, goest,
It stay, 'tis but thy Carcasse then,
The fairest woman, but thy ghost,
But corrupt worms, the worstiest men.

O wrangling schooles, that search what fire
Shall burne this world, had none the wit
Vnto this knowledge to aspire,
That this her seaver might be it?

And yet she cannot waife by this,
Nor long bear this torturing wrong,
For more corruption needfull is
To fuel such a seaver long.

These burning fīts but meteoros be,
Whose matter in thes is soone spent.
Thy beauty, and all parts, which are thes,
Are unchangeable armament.

Yet t'was of my minde, seing thes,
Though it in thes cannot persever.
For I had rather owner bee
Of thee one houre, then all else ever.

Songs and Sonets.

Aire and Angels.

Wice or thrice had I loved thee,
Before I knew thy face or name;
So in a voice, so in a shapelesse flame,
Angels affect us oft, and worship'd bee,
Still when to where thou wert, I came,
Some lovely glorious nothing I did see,
But since, my soule, whose child love is,
Takes limbes of hell, and else could nothing doe,
More jubile than the parent is,
Love must not be, but take a body too,
And therefore what thou wert, and who
I bid love ask, and now
That it assume thy body, I allow,
And fixe it selfe in thy lip, eye, and brow.

Whilst thus to ballaste love, I thought,
And so more steddily to have gone,
With wares which would finde admiration,
I saw, I had loves pinnace over fraught,
Every thy haire for love to worke upon
Is much too much, some fitter must be sought;
For, nor in nothing, nor in things
Extreme, and scattering bright, can love inhere;
Then as an Angell, face, and wings
Of aire, not pure as it, yet pure doth weare,
So thy love may be my loves sphear;
Luft such dissparite
As is 'twixt Aire and Angels puretie,
Twixt womans love, and mens will ever be.

Breaks of day. 214

'Tis true, 'tis day; what though it be?
O wilt thou therefore rise from me?
Why should we rise, because 'tis light?
Did we lie downe, because 'twas night?
Love which in spite of darknesse brought us hither,
Should in spite of light keepe us together.

Light hath no tongue, but is all eye;
If it could speake as well as sight,
This were the worke that it could say,
That being well, I faine would stay,
And that I lov'd my heart and honour so,
That I would not from him, that had them, goe.

Must businesse thee from hence remove?
Oh, that's the worst disease of love,
The poore, the foule, the false love can
Admire, but not the bested man.

The which hath businesse, and makes love, doth doe
Such wrong, as when a married man shoudl wooe.

The Anniversary.

All kings, and all their favorites,
All glory of honours, beauties, wits,
The Sun it selfe, which makes times, as these passe,
Is elder by a yeare now, then, it was
When thou and I first one another saw:
All other things to their destruction draw,
Onely our love hath no decay:
This, no to morrow hath, nor yesterday;
Running it never runs from us away,
But truely keeps his first, last, everlasting day.

Two graves must hide thine and my coarse;
If one might, death were no divorce,
Alas, as well as other Princes, we,
(Who Prince enough in one another be,
Musst leave at last in death, these eyes and cares,
Oft fed with true oathes, and with sweetest tears:
But soules where nothing dwells but love;
(All other thoughts being inmates) then shall prove
This, or a love increased there above,
When bodies to their grave, soules from their graves
And then we shall be throughly blest;
But now no more than all the rest.
Here upon earth, we're Kings, and none but we
Can be such Kings, nor of such subiects be;
Who is so safe as we? Where none can doe

Treason