Twittnam Garden.

Blasted with sighes, & surrounded with teares
Hither I came to seeke the springe,
And at mine eyes, and at mine cares
Receive such balm as else cares every thing
But oh, self traitour, if doe bring
The spider love, which tran substantiates all
And can convert Manna to gall
And if this place might throngly bee thought
True Paradise, I have the serpent brought

I were holimer for mee that winter did
Benign the glory of this place
And that a graine frost would forbid
These trees to laugh, to mock mee to my face.
But I may not this disgrace
Endure, nor leave this garden, Love let mee
Some sentence of this place bee
Make mee a Mandrake so I may groane here
Or a stone soultaine sweeping out the yeare

Hither with Christall violets Lourers come
And take my teares, which are Lourers wine
And try ye Mistreſſs teares at home
For all are fairer which last not just like mine
Alas, Harts doe not in eyes shine
Nor can you more judge womans thoughts by tears
Then by her shadowe, what she weares
Oh perverse Sex, where none is true but shee
Who is therefore true, because her truth kills mee.

Sticie
Elegie

Tell I have peace with thee warr other men.
And when I have peace, can I leave thee then?
All other warrs are scrupulous; onelie thou
Of faire free Citty, maist thy self allowe.
To any one, in Flanders who can tell
Whether the Master press or men rebel.
Only wee know that both all Godds say
They bear most blows, I come to part the fray.
France in her Lunatique giddines did hate
Our men, yea, and our God of late,
Yet shee reyes upon our Angells well
And neve return no more then they with fell.
Sick Ireland is with a strange warr posset.
Like to an auge, none raging, none at rest
With tyme will cure; yet it must doe her good.
If shee were purgd, is her head void her head.
And Medias eyes, our Spanish journeys queire
Woe touch all gods, but find no food to live.
And I shoule be in the hot parching tyme.
To dust, and ashes turn'd before my tyme.
To move mee in a shipp is to m'thrall
Me in a prison that were like to fall
Or m a Cogster saue if there men dwell.
In a calm heau'n, here in a swaggering hell.
Long voyages are long consumptions.
And shippes are carts for executions.
Yea they are deaths, is't not all one to flye
Into an other world as tis to dye.

Here.