Cares not an honor
But takes its decrees all three;
And lives all liberty
Which they pretend to.

In bondage, yet
Of a God whom we actually worship, with his people, we are also.

In the same subject by
Dr. John.

I long to talk of some old examples that
The did before the God of love was born.
I cannot think that he made them love much
Such for love as to be worshipped and serve.
But since this God produced a doctrine,
And that price (Nature, custom, let it be)
I must love, that love not me.
Sure they must make him, yet meant not too much
For I in his young Church did practice it
But when an even desire to heaven did touch
His office was indulgently to fell
Suffer to Patriots correspond;
ly In subject was it cannot do
Love, kill love her, that loves me.
But every modern God will now extend.
And so degree toward the one side least
That to your hopes it might the better spring
Danced little the dance of a nail
From a lust fiercely drawing out an eagle
And that we might not for our measure wrong
The balusters the whole light is made to stand
By each his measure, in an even hand
That did not move, and did never shrink.
Tell me that wanted goes now wanted drink.

George Massingham.

A religious use of taking tobacco.

The Indian weede withered quite
Green all Olives cast down all night
Blows thy mouth all flesh is lay
This thinks, then drinks, tobacco.
And when the smoke ascend on high
Thinks then beholds the vanity
Of worldly things, and in a pause
This thinks, then drinks, tobacco.
But when the fire grows from the fire
Think of thy soul, distill it thine.

And that the fire doth it require
This thinks, then drinks, tobacco.
She flaxen that is left behind
May serve to pull this 11.0 in our mind.
That into that returneth they mark
This thinks, then drinks, tobacco.

Robert Johnson.

Upon his death his confessor's departure.

Since this must go, and must went come night
Ensign me in the darkness, whilst I write
Shadow that Hell make me below.
I am to suffer where my love is gone
Yet the darkest Shadow cannot do it
Now, you great Hell, who too, are the Domes to do
I should entreat quiet here; Cynthia, and each other.
It could not from one thought dark at my eyes
I could lend them obsequies now and say
Out of myself, there should be new more day
And it already my full want of sight
Did not the fire in me some a light
A low that fire and darkness should be mix't
And to the triumph be stronger torment's lead
Is it because the child art blind that eyes
By illarts, most now more each other can
By taken then pride, to break us on the wheels.