[Illegible text] on R.S. Marriage.

How happy is she then, that may
With Hope's dainty Bell go play!
Yet not a tear drop from that eye:
Safe for ever in their eye.
Let your wish it continue, May
Your whole eye see a Wedding day.--Cath Dunt.

R.S. on his Wives Departure. II.

Since she must go, and I must mourn, come Night
Expire me with darkness robust of witt.
Shadows that fell into me, which alone
I am to suffer, when my Love is gone.
Take me, for this, kept guard, like Spy or Spy?
And correspondence, whilst the toe stand by.
Solve yet more sweetness, than our many inklings
Of making conference, in attachment, Misses?
Intend with negligence our best respects!
Verify our language through all dialects
Of Echo, winds, corner, and often underbeds?
Speak dialects with our feet, yet fast from words?
Fortune she worst, whilst she and love arms
Though not consistent, the stone, against the harms.
I will not lose upon your quickening Sume,
But strand her beauty to my sheen and runne
And still to comfort of my heart, it goes
My eyes shall still see, what my words are now.
She Rose shall draw near ere he be or start.
And when I change my eye, it change my heart.

On the