Of sleep agame, who was his ayde
And sleep so guiltie, and affrayde,
As since he dare not come within my sight,

"Finis"

A Captains Life

Pride, Vaine glory, hope, and fear,
Playe their Maye games euerie yeare where
And what youth layes out in last
Is returnd, with shame, and dust
Blest she skill from all begining
Which shames Ignorance in sinning

Some count Time by joye or care
But we reckon it by prayer
And more certaine watch cannt tell
Then village Cocke, or Curfewe Bell
The time whereof wee take most kepe
As the honore of our last sleepe

Obedience, from the Elephant
Wee borowe, and voluntarie want
(From that which sors, nor rapes, the sparrow)
Yet hath plentie for the morrowe

Custome from the Turtle Dove
Emblem of Eternall love
And of these three, Trevels three
A vowe which (Heaven, and Earth combine)

"Finis"

Come live with mee and bee my love,
And wee will some sweete pleasures prove
In gilded, sands, and silver brooke
With silke, lines, and silver hookes."
There will the River murmur in runn,
Warm'd by thine eye, more then, the Sunne
And there, th' immaculate fishe will place
Begging themselves they may betraie,

As thou wilt swimme in that clear Bathe
Each fishe, that every chanell hath,
Will amorously to thee, swimmme,
A ladder to catch thee, then shou shalt him.

Nay to bee scene, sweete, bee thou lost
By Sunne, or Moone, thoudarkest, both,
And if my selfe have leave to see,
I needes not their light, having thee.

Let other fishe, with angling reedes
And hurt their legs with shells and woode
Or treacherously, poor fishe beset
With strangling snare, or wounding nett.

Let course bold, hanges from slippy nest
The Bedded fishe, from banks out wreath
With curious Traitors, sleath, silke, flies
Bewitch, poor fishe, wondring eies.

For thee, thou needst not such deceite
Thou to the selfe art thine owne bait
That fishe, which is not caught thereby
A las is wiser farre then C.

Finis

The Picture of the Bodie

Seeing and reading bee dranone
What make these, velvets, silkes and Lawne

Sm.