A fly fluttering about a lady's face
Adventurous fly, I daresay loves too closely,  
So lest she not how she troubles  
Flying in those streams in the limitation of love  
There's a new Phaeton prove.  
Hide thy self on her dangling curls, fond fly.  
Rather in her thee, than thyself.  
I see thy from eyes, to heads, yet wouldest wilt does.  
For her having flamed thrice too fast.

To a diffusing lady
Send home my straying eyes to woe,  
Which in too long have taken on the  
Yet once; they have learnt such ill,  
Such sweet fashions,  
And false fashions,  
That they be.  
Made by this  
Fed for me you keep them still  
Send home my heart's heart again;  
Which not unworthily thought did strange  
Yet once of thine taught by time.  
To make us strange  
Of past strange,  
And weath  
 Ward and oath  
Keep it for the near of mine  
Yet send once back my heart and eyes  
And may love and see thy life's  
And may laugh and say when then  
Yet in anguish  
And death's language  
The same, that will near  
Or prove as false as thou art now.

From the sky
Love's feet upon her burning eyes  
Buzzes about, sheches his worming and dies.