A Hymn to S. & Marquess Hamilton.

Whether that soul which in Jerusalem to you shall my former rank, or make a new 11
Whether it be a name, name, which before
Or be a name it is itself, or order more
Then was in heaven till now, for may not be
23 a soul, if every soul well may proceed
A kind a lord, what ever order grows
Grew by him in heaven we do not last
One of four orders grows by his worship
20 & by his loss grows all his orders lives
The name of fathers master, having the name
Of infallible, and of princes in one all good
Haves birth is change, and penetration black
The house of widows, and the master slave
The shallower wants an hour, Emmet shall story
A throne, and music he wants a song
23 list order that hath him, the loss of him
Gang the all orders here, all lost a limb
Drown made such a hort to confound
What a soul was, all former doubles
Lost in a minute, when thy soul was gone
And having lost thy body, would have none
3 So lost I mention in an instant gone!
First to lost houses, but in heaps of town.
So sent his body, that they all in it were
Into the sublunary of forms, and both before
His soul shall dwell with his soul in all name
Anticipate a suspension
For as in his frame now his soul is him.
So in the form of this of his bodies there
And if fayre Souls not to first immort
The motion bee, but with the moments
(And who shall dare to ask, when that I am
To so freight in the blood of that purest lamb
Whether the dolefull which was freighted the
Dove slate on white before In eyes of men
When they remember what fings they didst find
Amongst those many friends they lefts behind
And first such fings as they are, with these
Set then your report and let it bee
Thy wish to wish all thine, to wash them clean
With him a david, how a Magdalenine. / / / /

Epigraph:

Twenty two years not full told, a weary breath
I have exchanged for a colary death
My soufe was short the longest of my rest
God take them soonest whom he longeth best
For this that most to day, and dyes to morrow
Least should some days of my youth, but months of sorrow

Mr John Clarke being in prison. 1625.

I that for oft have robbd am now but stand
death and the law assault me, and demand
my life and means I asuer god men for
But having spent their mony let them you,
yet I must dye and is there no relief?
So his king of Kings had mercy on a thief.