As virtuous men pass mildly away
And whisper to their souls to go
While some of their old friends to say
Now his breath partes & from say no.

Go let us part & make no noise
No transviolence, nor frightsuppieth mowe,
Thus proclamation of our joys
To tell to layst of our side.

Dull, dulcified song & song
What soule of sense cannot admit
Antichrist & never, for things yet she remembe it.

But we by a love so much remembe
As our sweetes know not what it is
Fotumfounded of all minde
Cane slept eyes, hands & hips to myke.

Our two later than no or out one
Though I must go, indure not get
A breath, but an expansion
As good to every thombe breake.

If we be two, we be two so
His selfthride compasses as two,
Thy sake the first stout makes no hold
To move, yet both if the other do.

And though it my center sit
The whilst the other faire doth remorse
It learns and increaseth after it
And grows worse as that comes home.
Such will thou be to me, who must
like the other fate obliquely run;
The firmers make my circle just
and makes me ends where I begun.

To a curious lady.

Still to be near, still to be drest
as you were going to a feast;
still to be poudre, still perfum'd
Lady, it is to be perfum'd.

If artes hid cause worse but founds
all is not swaste, all is not founds.

Give me a forme, give me a face,
that makes simplicity a grace.
Reads loosely flowing, hairs as free
such swacht neglects more taketh me
than all the adulteries were in art
these strike mine eyes, but not mine hart.