Here Nahava from her home doth send
The seas of love which here doth grow,
She too, too sweet to please her lover.

Upon his gift walking in a frosty morning,
11th morning of a winter's day,
Levina glorious as may:
To judge by many an earlier birth,
Pace on a league of cruel land.
All the trees by which she came
From her divine record a flame.

With heavy heart and sorrow,
Cried by his fancy pervious
And each heart began to incarnad
On both sides of her walk, were heard
Whispers from the depths of her soul,
Calling to the vales for blood.

The frozen joke did kindly greet
The welcome kiss of her feet,
But to enjoy so great a treasure
She was resuming to her measure:
Levina stood amazed to see
The things of yearly certainty.
So to rebel against their season,
And though a stranger to the reason:
Levina's heart swelled to his sight,
And winter took his former seat.

A cruel Mirth and joy.

1. Why by such a trinity sport
As one stone can break alone
Would she have known her heart known?
2. Good girl, she cries for I am fine
Her heart is as another kind
Phrases with marble pound.
3. Or else the tears that I have spent
And the deep sighs that I have sent
Would her most kindly heart have vent.

4. Oh cupid, if thou hast a dart
That can hit right and cause no smart
Shot, and with it cleave her heart.
5. Then perhaps when she doth see

His mirth play on a lute.

1. When whispering strings with creeping sound
Fill her soul with joy, through the heart,
And when at every touch we find
Our pulses beat and leave a part.
When threads can make, an heart living quatt;
Philo phylus can scarce deny
Our souls consist of harmonies.

2. When both heavenly joys we enjoy
What are our souls affected most
Which only thus we can compare
By music of the sounding hues.
Whole eyes we thank, make houses to write;
Philosophy may wed their holy,
Our souls consist of harmonies.

3. Oh burn me, burn me, charming air,
My senses void with wonder great:
Life flows in blood they fellings are
Of like a spirit are the feet.
Grieve who was born, that he had an ear
Down let him lay, and numbing die,
And change his soul for harmony.

On two leapers parting

So they leaped of this last lamanting rife
Which such a soul and savours both away
Turn thou gentle that way, and let me turn this
Let our souls bring it, our happy day.
We after we come to love, we will see ours
Any so cheap a death, as saying thee.

To his wife going to Sea.

Farewell affection made: Heavens know I part;
Just as the life-blood trickling from the heart.