A Sonnet. By Mr. Donne. pub. 1638

1. For God's sake hold your Tongue, let me love,
   To choose my patience, or my fault.
   My true gray Hair, or mind fortune flow,
   As Wealth, your stake your mind with thee improve,
   Take you a course, set you a place,
   Above his ROMAN, or his grace,
   Or if king real or his stamped issue
   Contemplate, what you will approve,
   You will let me love.

Also, Also, what praised by my love?
What Merchants ships have my right ground?
Who says my them have overflown my ground?
When did my settle a forward spring remove?
When did ye read which my veins fill,
All once more to the plague call,
All wise men, lawyers find no skill
In physic, which quarel, move;
Though she wise, love.

No. 2.

Paraphrased from Mr. Donne by Mr. John 1689.

Forbear thy voice, advice and let me love,
Or lay on Nature, not on me, the blame.
Can Words, the very ablest be remove
From age kind, or punish a trying flame?
As soon the rainbow, when the August
May cease to fly, as soon foreordain my breast;
Let other labour be rich and great
Tunic not the hoppings that change.