He is (as he said) who ever says
That he hath been in love as long,
Yet not so long as some decay.
But that it can ten in five space deceive:
Nor will believe me if I swear,
That I have had the plague a year,
Who would not laugh at me if I should say,
I saw a fowl of powder burn a day.

Ah what a trifle is a heart
Yet once more loves he recovers it come
All other griefs allow a part
To other griefs, it affrights themselves but some,
They come to us, but we love our loves,
He swallows us, he never chews.
By him as by chaine-shot whole ranks dye,
He is the tyrant pike, our hearts the fly.

Of my hart, when I first saw those
I brought a hart into your noome
And from the room I carried none with me.
Yet it had gone so thine, I know
Mine would have taught thy hart to show
More pity unto me but love alas
At one first blow did shiver it as glass.

Yet nothing to nothing fall,
Nor any place be empty quite,
Therefore I think the best cloth all
Those poor soul although they be not unvile
And how a broken glasses show
A thousand lesser facts so.
My rags of hart can like with, Bradore,
But after one such love can love no more.
I wonder by my truth what thou saidst: didst it fall to our lot to seek happiness in childish pleasures? or thirsted we in the seam of sleepless day?

I saw so, but this all-pleasures fancies be

If ever any beauty I did see

Yet I desir'd to get, even but a dream of thee.

And now God-morrow to our waking souls,

With watch not one another out of lease

But love all love of other sights entwined

And makes a little room on every-where:

Let sea-rovers to view worlds have gone,

Let maps to others worlds or worlds have shown,

Let us ply our world each hath one this one.

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appears

And thine in me in the face yet

Where can we find two fitter hemispheres

Without sharp North, without Declining West?

What ever eyes are not meet equally:

Of both our loves the one, or thou or I

Love just alike in all, none of these loves martyr!