God will my lodges balance
To other baits I cannot resign.
While my soul calls for quick salvation;
Travels to be in land of Zion.
Once the universal rock
Whose spring the noblest fountain.
And there the life of mine, the Book of life,
And drinks my soul's delight full of this.
Before the happy day is aright
I'll nothing do.
That hour, cast all the joined in clay.
And for especial seed like me,
And when our bottles 3' full are
Are filled with immortal life.
Then those holy pillars in the veins
Grate with rubies thick as gravel,
Causing of Victor, & safeties flowers
By walls of coral & pearl, copper,
There leads into heavens, scents, glad
Where no corrupted voices, &
No fast, nor bought or sold,
No conscience mizpahs into gold.
No cause defined or vain, spend joy
For there it shall the kings abound,
Are pleads, for all without its gates,
And his words, angels, and no feet.
And when the twelve good old million juries
Of our sins with an all good jury.
Against our souls, blackest divine,
Death leads his death, then we live,
And this is my eternal plea.
To him, that made heaven, earth, & sea
That silence my flesh, must be no more.
And want a head to see at home,
First, when you see should & read
Still on my soul an excelling head,
Then am I like a prophet still.
To lend these fathers of my words.

From Indiana University Library

An epiloseam to my best friend
Upon the death of the last
And best Elizabeth
May she by the Almighy guide her life
And all that she do to please her
And that her mind may be
Thou mayest have great success.
Then makes a blackbird's spirit appose
The truth of the good fourth of the hollow
The blue and cock roses, not of height of seed
And make the wise which bend it thine hand, if god
This day more cheerfully than was before shine,
This day will most shine the self, old Valentine.
For thou thou waxedd with multiplying lases,
For thou, dear heart, of a fair, of a fair.
And all that is nothing unto this.
For thou this day completed thy Phænix.
Then makes a Taper set,
What the sun next gave, what the Arks,
Which was of joyful, joyous, joyous acts,
Did not complete, one Solomon's, though their
Two Phænixes were not, though their
Are not another, another, another,
What motion Kindles Act, as that gave
Young then set, set the five acts, but,
What else courage enacts, and feeling
But makes the wise, the wise, the wise, the wise.
Then makes Phænix bid farewell to the sun
They set from thine affection
Talest warmth enough & from thine eye
All gentle birds will take there solace
Under, sweet, sweet, sweet.
They dance from out there several places, take
Many happy, happy, happy, happy
They do, they constitute of them all,
And be thy glories, thy glory.
That great point is made, yet dost not rise.
But let a new heart that be prepared
So much wonder, so much thine this,
Since then from this day in new glory shine
May all men dare exercise from thy Valentine.
Come forth, come forth, as one glorious flame
Meet the other, grower the same
Come forth, set forth, so
To an unspeakable vision grown
With separation
Falls all the days as we are finde,
That which art, but one can admire.

You are true, memorable, great, & one
But then two it, when of other stages
To make you on this way, which I write you as,
Must be affected; & in what all is past
And that you are one, unless it, which, made so
You two relief our way left your selves, to worse
After the display, our, or Dye, or Valentine.
But oh what aye! the sun, that rose he stays
Long in the day, then other stages
Stayed no light from other, to kill
And standing, rose, such stores in lots, to sell.
And yet am I the unworthy,
So slowly past in his procession
So all your care, but to be look upon
And to be others, spectacles & talkes.
The head with solemn delays
to make, and too long there, made they people
The Magi by the day they think we saw
(The Faries the cock crow them morning)
No: did not antiquity African
A night, as well as day, is a Valentine.
They said of night is come, if ye may see
Formality's choosing the

What means the lady, which, although
They need to take a cleft in pieces went
Specifically about the bed
A bride before a good night could be fed
And was, or varied, from two sides of both
As could, from body, details, art not pride
But now sent no mind through the bee
Yet there are more delays, for where is her
Her heart was making through sleep after sphere
First her thoughts, then she arises them, anything
Left not then this day, but this might be shew
This day was but the end to that, a Valentine.

After this a clear sunne, ye her moone, here
She gives the best light to her sphere
Or in a bath, or, all, so
They make not another, nothing once
And yet they do, but here.
And by the power of this same Power
Nature again reddish in
To rise but in darkness and as
And now at last is met
And thus we end this narrative.

The end of this narrative.

From Yale University Library