

on the death of m^r Bonstred

Stay widow thro' stone, and if thou beest not fire
woud know a little that thou maist know more
it showed first a virgin, and then one
that must be set in Saint's picture alone
to fill an epitaph, but shee had more
shee might haire to hand made the guards
taught all our language, Cynthia modest
was fitt to hand on worlds the harmony
of Exhards as light of stars, shee was
the sole religious hope, the potent
not bound by light, but confirmed more
shee was soft, Bonstred in wife the name
will never be mine, but shee
might make the fable of good women true

A Hymne to Christ upon occasion
of takinge shippe from England

An what townes shippe favour I in barke
that shippe shall be mye embleme of thy dirke
what sea favour shall owne mee that flood
shall be to mee the embleme of thy blood
then thou raise clouds of Anger dost dispurse
thy fard, yet through that masse I see thy eyes
whise though they burne away some times, they never
close

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I Consecrate this land to thee
and all that I love there and who love me
and when I will the sea be with thee
and you the sea be with mye
and the birds be with thee
in all in love in all in love
where none but thee the small world
I shall love

It is then now thy religion, do not trouble
 the Anon ungodly of an Anon ungodly soul
 but thou wouldst have that land thy selfe for thou
 art jealous lord, soe from jealous now
 thou loyest not till by landings more thou free
 my soul who ever gives liberty
 of thou loyest not to home of land, alas thou loyest not me

A Sonnet

Orpheus I am come from the dark shades below
 to the fond man the plagues of fond to shroud
 to the faire fields where you go to dwell
 there none that come but first must pass through hell
 hearts and to wardness then pass lands over
 below againe thou shalt see those things never
 hearts howe they growne that they despairing
 on late heds then
 hearts howe they hore for outdaring
 all these were men
 they that be fooles and dy for fame
 they lose their name
 and they that bleed
 hearts howe they bleed
 now by cold frost, and by things fire
 they sit and miss their lost desire
 now shall their souls be free from paine of fear
 till women wash them over with their tears
 John Plot

A Sonnet

Do not sorrow, do not weep all thy dayes
 all thy lament, and all thy weeping
 burne out your livinge monuments of love
 fade full on your face now with and over flow
 we are in dead, oh canell fate
 all you be in flesh all our lament to late
 o noble you be, to thy newe dyinge fame
 o happy you be, to thy still growinge fame
 to thy longe spare in youth, this sander knoll
 our last land, our last farewell, farewell, farewell