

To his Mistress

Sweetest Love I doe not goe
for weariness of thee,
nor in hope the world can show
a fitter love for mee;

But since that I
must dye at last, tis best
thus to use my selfe in feast
by feigned death to dye:

Yest evnyng the sunne went hence
and yet is here to day,
he hath noo desire nor fere
nor halfe so short a way;

Then feare not mee
boleme that I shall make
a speedier journey, for I take
more wings and spawes then hee:

Oh how feeble is mans power,
that if good fortune fall,
it cannot add another tower,
nor a lost tower recall.

But come sweet Chaunces
wells adds it to our strength,
and teach it Art and length
our selves for to advance:

When thou sighest, thou sighest not winds
But sighest my soule away,
when thou weepst unkindly Rinds
my heart Clew doth decay,
It cannot be

That thou lovest me as thou sayest
 if in thine my heart thou wast
 who art the best of men;

Let not thy divining heart
 forethink me any ill,
 lest my may take my part,
 and may thy traves fulfill;

But think that we
 are turn'd aside to sleep;
 they who one another keep
 alive, nor partre bee.

J. Donne.

Ave Maria: An Hymne on the virgin Mary:

10 Haile Mary, mother of thy father,
 or thy Sonnes daughter rather,
 who beganst him, that lived before beginning
 without beginning, and broughtst forth
 a gemme of richest worth,
 to pay the ransoms of all mortalls sinning
 to whom in brazen rolls of fate
 it was predestinate
 before the world, and when the world beganst
 sweet Dame, to make a blessed state
 and means of a release,
 both of the woman falling, and then man;
 Be thou my muse then heavenly faire
 and help me to declare
 what by thy Sonne for us thou hast performed,
 by whose before unheard of birth,
 we creatures of the earth
 were if anew not made, anew reformed;