

7 While some of their bad friends do say  
The breath goes now, and some say, now  
So let us part, and make no noise  
Nor hear flouds, or sighs, or soft moans  
To see prophesie of our ioy  
To tell the last, of our loue  
Mouing of the earth bring's harmes, and waies,  
Then reckon what it did, and meant.  
But tripudiation of the spheres  
Though greater fauor is innocent.  
Dull sublimari of louds loud,  
Whose foules founts cannot admit  
Absurd, by cause it doth remove  
Those things which I lamented it.  
But now art by a loue for much refined  
That our plumes know not what it is.  
Futize, assured of the mind,  
Eachesse eyes, lips, and hands do miss  
Our two foules therefore which are one  
Though I must goe, and we not yet  
A breath, but an expansion  
Like to gold on a way, thinses beate.  
If they be two, they be two for  
As stiffe twine compasses are two.  
They foule the figure, tooke make no shew  
To moue, but doth if the other do.  
And though it in the ventur'd fit,  
Yet when the other fauor doth see  
It haies, or haue on at her it,  
And groweth euer as it goe home.  
Such will thou be to me, who must  
Like the other took obliquely, me.  
They firmnesse drawes my iurle mist,  
And makes me end where I begin.

On a chame.

Not that in colour it was like thy haire,  
Nor as me like of that thou maist let me weare.  
For that thy hand it oft embraced, & list  
For for it had that which ought I mist.

not for that filly, old morality,  
That at thyse liues words by our honob should bee.  
moune, that if thy souer to chaine haue toft,  
not for the lube sake, but the bitter cost.

O shall is righteous angells, which as yet  
no leauer of the wild filuer did admitt,  
nor yet by any fault haue strayed, or gone  
from the first state of their creation;  
angells which heauen commaunded to prouide  
all things to me, and be my faithfull guide  
To game new freinds, to appease greate enemies,  
To sum fort my soule, when as thy, or zife:  
shall these is imocents by thy seuer  
sentence (vread Judge) my fine greate burthen beare.

shall they be damd, and in the furnace throwne?  
And purg'd for offences not their owne?  
They saue not me, they doe not ease my paines,  
when in the hell th'axe burnt, and by in chaines.  
were they but crownes of Fraunce feared not  
for most of these their naturall curties of  
if kinde possessors, they come to vs  
soe pale, soe lame, soe leane, soe rumour.

And howe ere french Kings most christian bee,  
their crownes are circumfized most dimly;  
which as the soule quickens head, and heate,  
As streames by the maines run through the earths empty  
visit all countries, and haue shily made  
gorgeous Fraunce ruind, ragd, and decayd.

Scotland which knew no state proud in one day;  
And mangled seenteene headed Belgia.

or were they spanish stamps still traveling,  
that are become as Cathlicke as their King.

These vnlid beare whelps, vnid Pistols,  
that more then camon shot auales, or lets.

Which negligently left vncouid, looke  
by the many angled figures in the booke

of some greate Conider, that would enforce  
nature, as these doe iustice, from her course.

Or were it such gold as that where with all  
Allmighty, Chimicks from each minerall,  
flawing by subtle fire a soule exhalls,

and durtily, and desperately, glad:  
I would not spit to quench the fire th'axe in,

for they are guilty of much ruinous sin.

part.