

Draige of middle age.

No spring nor summer beauty hath such grace,
As I have seen in one fall-winter face.
(Young people forced your looks, C^t a rapt.
This looks but could not yet your earnest grace.
If twere apparent to Lord, black hairs no shame.
Affection here takes reverences name.
Were her first years her golden age; is she by time,
But now she's gone off tried, C^t other time.
That was her sounding; her ruffling time;
This is her wretched Tristesse time.
Fay eyes are faded; more heat than comes fit hours.
He's in a fever with faded a fistula.
Call not blisters and other pustules, it grieves they be,
If they are these pustules; surely they are no where,
But here, whereof so long with his fit
Cried to his trench, C^t he an exhorter.
& here to the next, whereof death comes
He doth not die so young, he did a tomb,
Had thought to founde fewe years after where
On Prognostic, yet his shadowy life is bane.
Here where sick viewing is not some min'ight,
Where no recompence, but all delight.
In all his words unto all hearers fit,
You may at ev'ry, you say at counseil fit,
This looks winter youthly his summer
Colours, he (the youth in you) wrought blood,
With then comes deformable, when our last,
And appetite to other things is past.
Nexte strings when love like pleasure has
Was lost for aye, now living's large as thou.
Or else comes very young man to older
How of youth is always short here on you.
If thine's long, ought for play, yet is a king
With us are so years in compassing:
It transitorie things will shortly bring.
Age must be loselost at the latest day.
But none not winter faces, whereof skin glister,
Lanke^r an authority, perfe, but a faults bane.
whole eyes pecke light when he is born in bane,
whole mouthes are holes rabbit want ent'les ends.
Whole every tooth to a ferreall place is gone,
To wear these fakes of a regulation.
None not blith living creases bound unto me.
For these not ancient, but anticks be.
I hate batrachies yet had of rather stay
Fewe bodes, then comles to wear a cut of day.

Since such loves naturall ration is, may it be
My love deffend & warranty dwelle of her,
Not parting after growing earthly joy
Shall its on with such as honours gods.

Dums Pragle of an Old woman.

Mary & love thy Flame, for shee
Hath all thought & care with others feathers done.
What though her eyes be black? her mouth is great.
Her lips brown & long, yet her teeth are white.
Though they're dim, yet is shee light enough.
And though her hair may fall into a roughie.
Though yellow is her complexion her hairs is red.
(Give her time, & shee will be a perfect madam)
These things are ditties without the wider shire,
With in one, of me these are good & right.
Off white & red & yellow good qualities
Be in thy colour more used when I talk to you.
(In saying this I purposed to make it short)
Be white, & under it is not nor above.
Though all her parts be not in th' equal place,
Yet in both an tragedie of a good face.
Beauty wears off, but hardness as
Time's last hand it can't toucheth say.

This Parting w^t Mrs M^{rs}

As sorrows now take unto me
And changes to thyselfe on to your
Achis line of thy red raiment
Sow me with roses, & weay my bosome.
So let us make a make of us
Nor triflinge words nor high trapping noise.
Tis prophanation of our love
To tell of segret of our loves
Mornes of cattle coulde have no cause
Nor risson what stayd and meant.
But trappings of the greene
Though greater farre are innocent.
Darke pallidnes of Yore's love
Whose soule is safe cannot admitt
A blanke to come & dark removeth
The thought of almented it.
By wt if eit a much refined
As our falshes know not what it is,
Interfined of f' mind
Carries lips ready or ready to kisse.
Our two faulcs blawford all aarent,
Though I must sayt indee not yet
A blawnd out in empesie,
Like gods to very thomass boat.

If there are two they are two so
For strife tyme complices are two.
They come, I first foot makes no show
To move, but both if the other doth
And though it is a center fit
Which is clear for about both names,
It leaves & leavens after it
And grows white, as it comes home.
Such white then be to me who must
Like others not willingly rumme.
Thy bosome makes me greeve well
I'll make me end where I begin.

This parting w^t her
Sister shee that will dole I must mournes, come night
Endow me w^t darkness sollest & wiste.
Standes at side unto me w^t alone
And to after when my love is gone &c.

To Mrs M^{rs}

I wonder by my troth what then C^o
Did to me land. Wren is not around till then?
Or summet on th' hill ploughers filling,
Tis true so but this all ploughers fancies he.
If upon my bosome I did set
Else I'd find C^o got, has but a dreame of this.
And now good greeves to our working fancies
C^o watch unto me on other out of fancies
And makes a little room, as every where.
Let sea differences to new worlds have gone,
Let maps of other worlds to mortals here shew.
Let us passe for our owners, and both one & his own.
W^t his face in faine eyes, them in mans appere,
And before his hearts due in the faces bott.
C^o faine can we find to like hemispheres
W^t out shape heart, without declining west
(Whil^t this eyes is not point equally:
If both our loves be one, or them, or I
Love just alike in alle; none of these loves condye.

A Sonnet

Song home my long dropp'd eye to me
Work oh too long have dwelt on these
Yet since they have learned such ill,
Such forced fashions,
And false pageants;
Yet they be
Mise of these
Fit for no good, keeps them still.