

On a toothless woman
 Scylla is toothless, yet when she was young
 she had both tooth enough and too much young
 what would I now of toothless Scylla say
 But that her young hath worn her teeth away.

On his faire Mistress
 If shee not wondrous faire? But oh if shee
 shee is so much too sweete, too faire for mee.
 What I forget my flames and a new fire
 hath taught mee not to love, but to admire.
 Just like the same methinks I see her face
 wh' I must gaze on still yet not embrace.
 For his heavens pleasure shee shee would bee sent
 As just to heave againe as shee was lent
 To us: and bids us see mee hope for blishe
 Not to profane her with a mortall kiss.
 Then how cold grows my love, & I how hot
 & how I love her, how I love her not?
 Thus both my age love torment by turns
 for now it freezeth, now againe it burnes.

On a gentlewoman injured by a fox
 If beauty sweeter than in Juoey plaine
 Laid by the fox inauspiciously was plaine:
 'Twas not the fox: love sent a thousand darts
 And made those yitts for graces to beate hearts.
 But since that beauty hath regained its light
 That hearts are doubly plaine, it shines so bright.

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On a fly drowned in his mistress's eye.
 When this fly kind mee used to play
 on the sunshine of the day
 till coming neere my Celia's sight
 shee felt a strang and unknown light
 but full of glorie that it made
 the midday seeme but as a shade.
 Then this amorous fly became
 my rivall, & did court my flames
 from head to bottom shee did fly
 and on her breast, her neck, her lip
 sought all y^e nicety, & the spice
 and grew y^e bird of paradise
 at length into her eye shee flew
 where shee with flame, and deereht wth dew
 in Phacton from y^e sun's pleasure
 shee fell, & with her dropt a teare
 in which a pearl was straight composd
 which shee never by the world
 yet shee received from Celia's eye
 thenceforth fire, toombe, obsequie.

On Mr Washington
 Howe of what these ashes were
 Hence of wondrous swaying swears
 the same fates were as hee appears
 counting his vertues for his years
 his goodness mad them overture
 will send him four score at eight score.
 Enquire not his Disease or paine
 hee died of nothing else but Spaine.
 Now he is not allow'd to have
 into his vault, a quiet grave
 hee needs no epitaph or stone.
 But this; here lies Cou'd Washington
 with this will trace in y^e loof dur:
 And every queid behold, must
 when he weighe him, and from his gaze,
 Remov y^e letters with his teares.

D. Lewis