I loued thee once I'le loue thee no more
Thine be ye greife as is the blame
Thou art not what thou wert before
No reason I should be the same
He that can loue not loued againe
Not Hath better store of loue then brayne
God grant mee loue loues debts to pay
While vnthrifts foole ther loues away.

Nothing could haue my mind orethrowne
Hadst thou but still continued mine
Nay hadst thou but bene still thy owne
I might perhaps haue yet bene thine
But thou thy freedome didst recall
That thou it else where might enthrall
How could I choose then but disdayne
A captiues captiue to remaine.

When new desires had conquered thee
And changd the obiect of thy will
It had bene Lethergye in mee
In constancye to loue thee still
Nay it had bene a sinne to goe
And prostitute affection so
Since wee are taught no prayers to say
To them yt doe to others pray.

Now let her glory in her choyce
And hee of her affection boast
I'le nether greiue nor yet reioyce
To see him gayne what I haue lost
The hight of my disdayne shall bee
To smile at him and blush for thee
To wish thee well, but goe no more
A begging to a beggars doore.

Ad Solem,

Busy old foole vnruly Sunne
why doest thou thus
Through windowes and through casements call on vs
Must to thy motions, Louers seasons runne
Saw sye Pedantique wretch goe chide
Late Schoole boyes and slow prentices
Goe tell Court-huntsmen yt ye King will ride
Call Country Aunts to harvest offices
Loue all alike noe season knowes nor clime
Nor dayes nor houres the very raggs of time

2

Thy beames so reuerend and strong
why shouldst thou thinke
I could Eclipse and cloud them with a winke
But yt I would not want her sight so long
If her eyes haue not blinded thine
Looke and to morrow-morne tell mee
If both ye Indyes of sweet spice and Mine
Bee where yu Lestest them or else here with mee
Aske for ye whole worlds choisest rarityes
And see how all in one bed treasured lyes.

3

All ~~princes~~ states all empiry
But vs two is
Whom Princes doe but play compared to this
All honors Mimiques are, wealth Alchimye
Thou happy halfe art sunne as wee
In that ye world's contracted thus
Thine age askes ease, and since thy dutyes bee
To warme ye world, tis done in warming vs
Shine here to vs and thou art every where
This bedd thy Center is these walls thy Spheare