

Not an I jealous but could well abide
My Toe to lie in guilt by thy side.
Yes Veras (my Ribald) whilst thou was alive,
How many thousands wert there, that did strike
To have thy freedom. For thou shalt forbear
Unnecessarily in this life to weare.
But if you must (as what Veras can oblige
To trust her tender body) yet refuse
By the gods words to be caught to some law,
And had you felt as at you must may grace her
First through her back tippes see you make a game
Of holes, with as y^e most inclined here
Frenes into Water, may y^e closed drop take.
And in her Eyes a trace of Jewels make.
Had you not yett enough of her White skin?
The Touch of which in times past would have beene
Enough to ransom many a thousand Soule
Captivd to Vice. If not, then had youd wish
Your little Brides, where I would you have
This Epitaph upon her Jewels made:

Vixit hinc was Yong, Fere, and full of Wit,
Dead all her Jewels are in her Toveled with.

M^r T. J. On D^r Searchfeild B^p of Bristol.

Qui Patre Agricola est Me misit in Arde Colarum,
Vincan et haec Cure tradidit fide Mee.
Evelo Spinax, Colo, Semino, Corripo Nitax;
In Domini Fructum et Gratia pergit opus.
Munera in hoc quatuor nisi non concesserat annos,
Puin dicit ad Fidei Peania carta mea;
Euge modo accedat ad me Bona Serbo, Fidebi.
In parbo, Domini gaudia sumo Jur.
Exeo cum gamita Populi, maxore Mlerum;
Lae Mili, des Fuis Gardia, sume Deas.

Inquised thus. Per Eudem.

God yt Heabenly Husband man sent mee into his Field,
And plac'd this Vineyard in my trust, to see what Fruits itt yeilds.
Here do I pluck upp Weeds, I plow, I sow with paine,
Forrae and keepe my Vine, in pliant unto y^e Owners quaine.
Not 4 yeeres had thee given mee grace in Peace to employ,
But y^e thee calls mee unto him, for Paines to give mee Joy.
Come come Good Seabart unto mee, in little Faith had tried,
Come share thou in thy W^{ch} Distle, & eye with mee a side.
So hence part I with Peoples Griefe, Great sorrow unto Mine,
Good God, y^e Joies thou hast Given mee, y^e I am to them incline.

D^r Deane. Upon y^e Lady Michell.

Thou art y^e Heavens and Deaths y^e Deane,
To wit God gives y^e lower parts of Heavens
The Sea contains all: The things on y^e Earth
God hath sett markes and boundes, w^{ch} us and Th^r
Yet with itt rooves, and ceav, and fill w^{ch} rooves,
And breake of Daafe Her ice itt takes a Feare.
Thou art y^e Sea: Waters (Tears of Passion) w^{ch} us
At Waters Her words of Tronament
Tears w^{ch} of Soule for her finnes lets fall
Take all a brackill Teat, and Tronament
And ever those Tears w^{ch} should wash some are Sinne;
W^{ch} after Gods Neck, sinne y^e Heavens agen.
Nether, but Men of all endow'd things
Doin worke can itt fight with inferne things.

In Her this Sea of Death hath made no Beach,
But as y^e Ties, lett w^{ch} y^e Sluy Beach,
And leade in broddered yokes upon y^e Sand.
So is Her Fleish refid in Deaths cold hand.
So men of China after an lyes Joy,
Do take upp Porcelane, where they digge Clay:
So all this yeare (thee Vinibell) w^{ch} w^{ch} w^{ch}
The Diamonds, Rubies, Sapphires, Pearles, and W^{ch}
Of w^{ch} the Fleish was, Her Soule shall inspire
Fleish of such stuffe, as in w^{ch} we had thee
Anault the World, to recongize itt shall
W^{ch} and came Heavens y^e S^{ch} of this h^{ch}.
They say y^e Sea when itt garnes losate loe,
It Carrell Death y^e Yonger Brother Dea
Usure y^e Body, of Soule, w^{ch} subject is
To in Her Death y^e sinne, & roed by the.
They paine Both when They attempt y^e Just,
For Grades their Feoplies are, and so Death's Dute.
So wee onaxious, now hath byewd itt,
For none to Death sinne w^{ch} to sinne are both,
N^{ch} is They die, yett are not both to Dis.
So thee with sinne and that Proximity
Grace was in her extremely diligent,
That sett Her from sinne, yett adds Her Regent.

What Small Specks Pure White complexion? His
How little Poison breeds a Carbottle Case?
Thee sim'd but just enough to lett us see
That Gods Word must see thee All Sinners see.
So much did I care for conscience saving,
That extreme Truth lecht little in a y^e;
W^{ch} Omissions flots, saying y^e touch
Of sinne, on things w^{ch} sometimes may be fall

As Moses Charming, who by Nature do
Say such all good, and by Fate misdeed too;
So would her Soule already in Heaven seeme than
Fortune by Years like the Crow, Strives of Man.

How full she was for God, of an content
To speak, that Death he never hath any report;
How full for us, how earnest, and how sweet,
How good in all her titles, and how meet
To have perform'd this forward Reverence,
That Woman can no part of Friendship be.
How Abroad, how Private, shall not be told,
Least they that know her Vertues think her Old;
Had best we take Deaths part, and take him glad
Of such a Prey, and to his Triumphe add.

In Mr Francis Beaumont.

See ye had youth and Friends, and so much wit
As would aske five good heads to handle it;
See ye had wits so well, till no man durst
Refuse that for his part, yet him be sure,
Beaumont is dead by with one act appears,
With a Disease consumes men in few Yeares!

In Mr Bulstrode.

Death I recant, and say unaid by mee
To hat one both slipp, ye hath dimissit mee;
Spiritual Treason, Atheisme tis to say
That any can thy Sumons dushe.
Th' Earths Fate is but thy Fate, whether we sett
Plants, Cattle, Men, Dishes for Death to eate.
In a rude hang'et now see Millions dreame
Into his Bloody, or Plaguy, or Steadfast Jewes;
Now hee will seeme to speake, and doth more wast
Eating ye self first, too well preserved, to last.
Now next only see smiles, and eat us not,
But beards of Friends, and lets us pecceriale velt.
Now will ye Earth lette him; see sinks ye Deape,
Whoe her males with Non oblige I sende her go;
Who (were Death Dead) by Lees of living dead
Night sponge ye Element, and make it a
See round ye Live, and breath ye Synique notes
In Birds, Heavens, Cuister, Igeuick throates;
With if they did not die, might seeme to see
A death Ranche in his shadowly Hierarchie.
Strong and long did Death, how canst thou in
Had how without Creation did begin
Then last and shall see dead before thou die.
Allye 4. Hierarchies, and Antichrist.

How could I think that nothing that I see
In all this World, would be so great a
Mortall, that, Prudence and Reason
Mortall consumption and decay of
For we to live, o' Death, we never
For we are mortal, dying, and but
And though they say, that's right, but of
So well reclined by God, of this
All ye that fall at his Feet, yet
Reverence but you, e' scarce ye
And of these few now that
One whom Thy Blow makes no
Shee was more strong, than
To her soule, thou hast
Her Soule and Body was a
But thou hast both of
As Houses fall not though ye
Bodies of Saints will
Doubt ye, that Soules and
As Soules immortals
With we a Separation, no
For Soule is gone to
with halberd another
Bodies are pure, then
Because in her
For Yeares, wouldst thou
I'd fill her young to
of Beauty, and with
What though thou
In every eye a
Thou mightst have
Swiftly Amittines,
Shee might have
Might once have
If all her Vertues
Abundant Vertues
Had shee perished,
Some it would
Such as would
To Societies a
Or sinne by
By wishing,
Thus mightst
Thy self, and
Velt though
With ye
But we may
If Teares
Besides some
Because ye
Because ye