

Leaving her ditty to the owls

when I spye

Among^r skye

Falling stars my myrrour

Then designe if you

if you shine

In any orb of love but mine

Returne my Corinna and revive my soule

— 128 A song to Horace

1 Lye still my deare

why wouldst thou rise

The light that shines comes from thy eyes

The day breaks not

o it grieves my heart

to thinke if thou and I must part

o stay o stay or else my joyes will dye

And perish in their infancy

2 In truth its day

is though it be

will thou therefore arise from mee

did wee lye downe

because tway night

And shall wee rise for feare of light

o no o no since I in darknesse wee ^{came}

despite of light wee lye together

Ritton

3

Draw let mee lye
 on thy draw burst
 more precious then y^e Phoenix nest
 Love calls desire
 By thys wrete chaimes
 win y^e girdle of thy army
 O let thy blessed Kisses cherish
 my ⁱⁿ faint joyes or else Furies must gish

129 In memoriam

Johannes comitis Oxoniae

when thou idst live and shine thy name was
 Like a Prometheus giving fire to man ^{then}
 None thy brave soule advanced is and ^{now}
 But to write Oxeford is an Elgye
 sad as y^e grave thou lyest in, whence if we
 should raise thy worth wee better might spare ^{that}
 But y^e o thou art lost and wee have none
 can keepe vs now for our Palladium gone
 gone as a Pearle dropt in y^e maine, to gill
 we may sinke but not recover it
 why wast thou gone so soone? Dull Holland why
 must thou find warre, and wee find men to dy
 But o thou gainst byt having none but ill
 And such as scarce be good enough to Kill
 That are thy own T^hat offred him to fate
 whose work y^e limbe way worke most.
 then thy st^{ate}