

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 Herbert

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 of 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 darkness 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 circle 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 owne That oxford him to fate
 whose every limbe way worke more.
 then thy selfe