Come lett's our selves together twine,
Soe close as art those Armes off mine,
And when our Wordes are half Exquest,
Then wee will whisper out the rest.
Pish doe nott strive thou shalt nott goe,
Before thou Love, & tell mee soe.

Sonnett. 2

Lye still my deare why wilt thou rise,
The Light that shines comes from thine Eyes,
The day breakes nott itt is my heart,
To thinke that thou and I must part.
Oh stay, oh stay, since in darkenesse wee came hitter
In spite of Light weele lie together.

Tis true tis day what if itt bee,
wilt thou therfore arise from mee,
Did wee lie downe because of night,
or shall wee rise for feare off Light,
Oh noe, o no, being in darkenesse wee came hitter,
In spight &c.

Deare lett mee lie betweene those Brests,
More sweete then is the Phenix nest,
Love doth desirely these sweete Charmes,
Oh lett mee die within Loves Armes.
O Lett, O Lett, those blissefull Kisses Cherish,
or else my Endlesse Joyes will perish.

Sonnett. 3

Beauty and Love once fell att oddes,
And thus revild each other,
Said Love I am one of the Gods,
And then waites on my Mother,
Then hast noe power, or Men att all,
But what I gave to thee,
Nor art longer faire, nor sweete,
Then I acknowledge thee.

Away fond Boy then Beauty said,
I see that then art blinde,
For men have knowing Eyes & can,
our better graces finde.
Tis I begott & Mortall snow,
And cast thee fond desires,
I made thy Quiver, & thy Bowe,
And wings to fire.

Love heere in Anger fled away,
And straight to vulcan prayd,
That hee would tippe his shafts with scorne,
To punish this proud Maid
Soe beauty ever since hath bin,
But Courted for an Hower,
To Love a day is now a sin,
'Gainst Cupid & his power.