

17 To Christ.

14. Wilt thou forgive my sins whiche I comise
Wh' was my sinnes? yet nowe woulde I forsware
With these forgiueynge synges singeth through me from me
and for thyne sake brought ethel of doo deplor.
When syng fo dome, then had not dome

for to have more

Wilt thou forgiue my sinnes? wh' was me
syng to me, and brade synges giv me my dome
Wilt have forgiueynge synges singeth & did shew
A yowre or lass but swalwored in a stour
Wher hit is come by haire not dome

for to have more

15. Have a pere of bras, last standing spore my thred
my thred & perish on thy shore

I saw by thy selfe hat att my death light unthid
shall shine as thy shene now, and herafter

When hit is dome, then thou hast dome

& ask no more

16. To Dame

Heng, on ye Duke of Buckingham

For out my countrey did betrys
Wanted betrys, wh' lett me leue
His felicitie w't ploris; brought downe
The glorie of he English Cownre
The Countrey name w't Cuntry stale
anoynt for he Bennish stale
The Romish frend w't Golgotha too
The Charch and long shold our shew
Ffor and an odious Cargoff dwell
fote my soule returnd from Helle
wh' fud at hit w't shall infest
Such portions w't all faytys overwitt
Off knowne admitt of bisketys pride and lust
Expect my spottel fode amangst he faytys

17. To Margr

Another by ye same man for
ye Duke Comendacion

Honor, worth, valour, warre what parte leane
Conduyt to make Nobilitie lyke fayre
Enysse be silont, and monys poise for shame
To fayre by fayre on a doone ball ferme
Helle charrie fur foyfere the w't fayre
Thoughe Earth for Earth is soule to the Dulle

18. To

Wimble fouldre w'mon ga'fys faine
We live to Dose for honyng hym
Occasion w'ord and Retortys gone
Wimble fouldre w'mon ga'fys faine

for me

Come Madamme, come; all with my powers suffice
 until I labours & in labours ^{the}
 She fott off hymes, hanoring his fott for light,
 As tyde w^t shewes, though hit never light,
 Of w^t hat Godde life heauenly ^{the} gittering
 But A faire fayre word for compaffing
 Yor pris yor springtong, yor breast plate yor poures
 That I may see my chaine, yor shires for fayre
 Unless you folt for yor best humerous chyme
 Tell me from yor, hit now, hit yor selfe yow,
 Oh w^t hat happeyng buske, shat of prynce
 That still will be, and still can stand for night
 The Gowne going of such Bonioun shal remeable
 But when from floweres made, hit shal don shal
 Of rot with yor fayre, honest, and shew,
 That happeyng diuine; yett her both grove
 Now of both yor shooles, and yon brade
 The yor Lurell gladded Temp^t, yor soft Cade
 In such white Robe, thronen angell wh^t to bee
 Received by men, then Angell bringest with yow
 The Heavenly Mahomett Paradise, and thence
 All souleis walke in whiche ^{w^t} only know
 By this: that Angell from an euill spright
 Fleshe fott our hapeyng, but hope our fleshe oppyng,
 Iewes my Roaring hande, and battaoun god,
 Backind, before; a bone, betwix, beloued;
 Oh my Remoures my new foun Land
 My Kingdome saffly saffly when with on man munde
 My myre of yorehouse stondyng Empyre
 Now am I blit in this Recoueryng fy
 Full Xaphanys; al togidurme due to god
 Al souleis unbedid, Bodys uncladis shoud bee
 To tast white foyse, Informe that you women do
 Ave of attacted Bode, cast for men, bodes
 That rehon a fode eyes, lippeth on a fode
 Hit goodye thought, may Couett hys, not her
 Yft vado Bootis with a Gaudys, bounerayn made
 Lay men, women, and fayre fayre
 Hem felawis and fayre felawis, welch eyes were
 Whene hit impelle grow, most Dignitie
 Blust her vawels, then w^t best fode of may fawne
 As liberally as a Mistrissh sheare
 Thy selfe, cast all: yow, hit shal be knowne
 That w^t no pounches due to foderawne
 To Ende fels yor hands, to her fode
 Then shewes my hand, hit w^t my fode shold bee
 To teache thidz f^t am Radde, yor fayre fayre
 what rede yow haue meane, Comming from f^t man

John D. Brown 10th, 1697.

As dying saints who sweetly sing a song
To whilom to their fayring bended to goe
Some of your circumferent friends did say
I breath now goeth ought wch not
So let her goe, yet our deffigred love
no more shalde saye / but not with light lamentation
Dalle sublunary lounes / souall long
whose soule is fed by the age unpoladmitt
of least of aboues, leaste doth remane
These obiectes at first fayred it
but now by constant love / so youth refind
remayne affoud of stiueorthaynes mynd

One two scalles wch wch by lawes one
thought & begone from hi, you are not yet
a vrell breake but an appassion / yet
like fayrest yeald to ayeyle thymys & bott
thid forche absente may constreyne a time / &
depayne perhaps / but no defunction

Thid forche be two yng / and two far
ad stiffe train compasse of bruffe / and two
thy stale / so best look on / with madd methow
to stirre or move but doth if yeeper doon
bougher it stand fast, when thi ghe / haue doth come
at lemons and groneys / erock / & it comis hem
for must you daur me, poor me who much
like to haue / for Oblequy / vnu
thy constaunce / dothe made my brother just
my fermous make me / and wherefore thy geyne
Be loiall in thy action, ab for met
my herte / i / wye / & stroke my geyne

finis S Battawis

Songe the 22. 153

Stay silly herte / Do not brinke
but give a leuer leuer to speake
to tell A tale / but stony my memore
to make him by / & to leue
when I am dead true leuers memore
of A this wode yet / blus a doone
leue on next hand a sable gloue
to worship of god for leue

Then leue ferme boore me by her leue
3 E ff my death shal not deafe
E y leud / send Devons / yet perwele a leue
wongous / on her yet / flouher leue

Then in an defaynmented Caus
whore fayred herte / perwele my graine
A mongst wch the Sabich in a grove
that bay me / sing / yet for leue

Last byldy my Tomb of melle shone
Let neyst doo / coruld but leuer boore
My Escutchen bearing / vnu / leue
my Egypthe / & dyd for leue

finis

the roght
the 23 Song 154

Stay dearest herte / and Do not brinke
and give my leuer leuer to speake
Tell me not tales / for sondis to moue
or pretye fayle yet / dyd for leue

when Flymon shall wch / joy Dorne
Thy Neathall ryghes / hym caue to morrow
ward on eache hand a wobbling gloze
And fayre but you wildest fayly leue

Then shall we shippardye / a doone

A bandon wreath / and payreth fayleras

Ory Leode / when we / be hevilye pones
An Danes Lapp ryghes / goutin thorow

The fayre Kins / shall Dancen a Ring
And many a hys / thorow / bringes
To drofle / the Ladys / of he ground
To blase / he stonyt / of our leue

In stead of Tombs / of marble stone

A bogdale bode / e paron thronne

Two leued / in hym / Doreval / Joy

Resembling Deunes / and his boy

finis

the 24 155 (see next page)

Dore / friendes algor for leue or leue

Come helpe me to / a Corse

for my poore herte is gone / & I goe
after two yere yet / push his way

for he / my man / hym / yet / leue yet can
be bring me my herte againe

And / will / trulye say / him / for his payne

By god / markel / I will / you chose

that only / I / haue / thy / own

yet / it / a / herte / wch / on / thy / sickle / adew

Leue haunte / through out / it

C ryth / a / trouth / & wriggen round / a herte / is

yt / need / a / herte / & / a / leue

But / haunte / god / wch / haunte / & / leue

But / kindly / by / god / all / leue

for / god / sake / peyng / by / his / payne

If / you / my / herte / can / leue

Other / imponeable / it / for / a / stroge

or / feste / it / home / to / one

finis

the 25th Songe 156 (see next page)

foode / leue / why / god / haue / fully

to make / my / selfe / wch / thy / Alwyn

Shold / not / blise / whence / comest / it

foode / not / to / gloues / in / my / payne

but / to / be / fayre / to / my / selfe

hande / wch / devotion / fir

see / shall / wch / gloues / of / thy / sweete / answere

comfort / wch / you / of / my / former / diffyness

wch / my / past / herte / to / many / uppon

and / god / shall / leuely / you / quicke / cleare

finis

114 : 202

An Epitaph wrought by Doctor Donne
on the Death of Margaret Hambleton

whither that soule that now comes upp to you
will any former minche or make a newe
brother it take a name, march before
or bee a name it folfe or order more
yon dwelt in heauen too long; for may not he
bee free, if any funeral angel bee
a soul alone, what our order giveth
by hym in heauen was doe not see
one of you ordered grove by his accys
But by this loss grow all our orders losse
the name of father, master, frind; the name
of Subject, of friend in one wch hym
fancie onirth is least o' Constaftion blake
The knyghtes widdowes, and the Garter blake
The Chappel grene, an Erre Confort a tonge
stone a thorne and Mayfeth swanne a songe
Blest order hat hath hym, yis losse of hym
Gangrene all ordene; how all lost a lynde
Never made bode more best to Confesse
what A fente war; all forme Comlyngs
fled in a minute, when thy soule was gone
E having lost hat bawby, wch haue none
see fel our Monachorid in an instant growne
not to losse hauyn but to losse of stone
See sent his bodes hat fayre forme it paue
Unto the phane of formes; and shall before
his bodes fide upp his Segulcherall shone
Anticipate of Resurrection
for at his forme now his soule is here
See in ye forme hys of his soule is yere
And if frise soule not wch first gancon
thy chalid he, but wch be poniuent
(and who shall dauid say hym when I am
sewe dyde in ye blode of hat paue lambe
whether hat culle wch wch peacockt ym
paues blake or whyte before in eye of man
when thou remembrest what seems ym doyle finde
A monge hope monge frinde ym leffe behynd
And hast such former as they are wch there
gott beffer by resurrecyon, lass it be
Thy wch to wch all hope to wch hym cheare
wchsho hym a David haue a Maydalan

115 *finis Doctori Donne*

These liths now done, but late wch quiete
The Comey Corpis of her wostwif
who decessed fulchildid of her freust
Appon the 3rd day of Augyst
whole soule doulcetonge ore her
in heauen wch Christ in pay and Bliss
But yet for oder of Charyty
Appon her soule say god haue mercye

The Died 1556