

## A Lovers Will.

Before I sigh my last gasps let mee breathe  
 (Great Love) some Legations, howe I bequeath  
 Mine eyes to Argus, if mine eyes can see;  
 If they be blind (Love) I bequeath 'em thee  
 My tongue to Fame, & Ambassadors mine eares  
 To a woman on the sea my towers  
 Thou, Love, hast taught mee how to fore  
 By making mee serve her who had twenty more  
 That I should give to none, but such as had too much  
 before

My constancy I to the Planets give  
 My teeth to them that at the Court doe live  
 My ingenuity and opennesse  
 To Jesuits, to Buffons & my penziveness  
 My silence to any who abroad have bin,  
 My money to a Capuchin  
 Thou taughtst mee, Love, by appointing mee  
 To love there where no love at all could be  
 Only to give to such as have an incapacity.  
 My faith I give to Romish Catholics  
 All my good worles unto the Schismatics  
 Of Amsterdam, but my best quality  
 And courtlynesse to an University  
 My modesty I give to Soldiers bars  
 My Patience let gamesters share  
 Thou (Love) taughtst mee by making mee  
 Love her, that holds my Loves disparity quite  
 Only to give to thee, that count my love, indignity

I give my reputation unto those  
 Who were my friends, my industry to foes  
 To schoolmen I bequeath my doubtfulness  
 My sickness to Whistlers or ~~opposites~~  
 To nature all that I in time have writt  
 And to my company my will  
 Thou, Loue, by making mee adore  
 Loe who begott this Loue long time in mee before  
 Caughtst mee to make as though I gave, when I did but restore

To him for whom the passing bell next tolls  
 I give my Physicke booke, my written rolls  
 Of mortall dounsell I to Bedlam give  
 My brason Meddolls unto them which live  
 In want of bread; to them which passe among  
 All forreiners my English tongue  
 Thou Loue by making mee loue one  
 Who thinks her friendship onely a fitt portion  
 For younger Brothers, dost my gifts thus disproportion.

Therefore I give noe more but I do undoe.  
 The world by dying because Loue dyes too  
 Then all your beauties will bee noe more worth  
 Then gold in mines wher none doth draw it forth  
 And all your graces noe more use shall haue

Then a sunne dyall in a grane  
 Thou taughtst mee, Loue by making mee  
 Loue her, who doth neglect & scorn both mee and thee  
 I invent and practise this one way & annihilate all thee  
 J. D.