

J. T. on R. C. Marriage. I.

How happy is the Ken, that may
 With Hoop'd dainty Balls goe play!
 Let not a tear dropp from that Eye:
 In life for very joy they crye.
 O Let your Mirth continue, May
 Your whole Eye see a Wedding day. --- Letta depart.

R. C. on his Wives departure. II.

Since shee must goe, and I must mourn, come Night
 Inpiron mee with darknesse whilst I write.
 Shadow that Hell into mee, which alone
 I am to suffer, when my Love is gone.
 Hake wee, for this, kept guard, like spy on spy?
 Had correspondance, whilst the toe stood by.
 Stolne yet more Sweetnesse, than our many blisses
 Of meeting Conference, Embracement, Kisses?
 Shadowed with negligence our best respects?
 Varied our Language through all Dialects
 Of winks, winks, looks, and often underboords?
 Spake Dialects with our feet, yet farr from words?
 Fortune doe they worst; whilst shee of have armes
 Though not against thy throne, against thy harmes.
 I will not looke upon your quickning Sunne,
 But strait Her beauty to my fence shall runne.
 And still to comfort of my feare, I (now)
 My deed's shall still bee, what my words are now.
 The Pole shall draw mee, ere I move, or start;
 And when I change my Love, she change my heart.

On the