

Not an I jealous but could well abide
My Ties to live in quiet by thy side.
Yet Veritas (my Rivall) while she was alive,
How many thousands would have, that she might strike
To have her freedom. For when shee forsooke
Unwillingly holes in this life, shee to receive
But if you must (as what Veritas can oblige
To trust her tender Body) yet refuse
By the way of divorcee to escape her
And thus yet follow so as you must may grace her
First through her face, till shee see you make a game
Of holes, with as y^e most inclosed Rive
Frenes into Water, may y^e closed drop take
And in her Eyes a place of Jewels make.
Hate you not yett enough of her White skin?
The Touch of which in times past would have beene
Enough to ransom many a thousand Soules
Captivd to Vice? If not, then her woad wash
Your little Brides, whereof you have
This Epitaph upon her Jeweled face:

Vixit hinc was Yong, Fere, and full of Wit,
Dead all her Jewels are in her forehead writ.

M^r T. T. On D^r Searchfeild B^p of Bristol.

Qui Patet Agricola est Me misit in Arde Colarum,
Vincan et hanc Cure Tradidit Fide Mee.
Evelo Spinax, Colo, Semina, Corripo Nitax;
In Domini Fructum et Gratia pergit opus.
Munera in hoc gratior nixi non concesserat annos,
Quin dicit ad Fidei Præmia certa mea;
Euge modo accedat ad me Bonus Sordis, Fideles
In parvo, Domini gratia sumo Tur.
Exeo cum gamita Populi, mæroræ Nærorum;
Læte Mili, des Fidei Gardia, sume Deas.

Inquised thus. Per Eudæa.

God yt Heabenly Husband man sent mee into his Field,
And plac'd this Vineyard in my trust, to see what Fruits itt yeilds.
Here do I pluck upp Weeds, I plow, I sow with paine,
Forrae and keepe my Vine, in plight unto y^e Owners quaine.
Not 4 yeeres had thee given mee grace in Peace to employ,
But y^e thee calls mee unto him, for Paines to give mee Joy.
Come come Good Seabart unto mee, in little Faithful tried,
Come share thou in thy M^r B^ps, & ayce with mee a side.
So hence part I with Peoples Griefe, Great sorrow unto Mine,
Good God, y^e Joies thou hast Given mee, y^e I am to them incline.

D^r Doro. Upon y^e Lady Michell.

Thou art y^e Heavens and Deaths y^e Decree,
To wit God gives y^e lower parts of Thee,
The Sea contains all: The thought on y^e top
God hath sett nether no bounds, nether us and Thee,
Yet with itt rooves, and ceav, and still beyond,
And breake of Death thee ice itt takes a friend.
Thou art y^e Sea: Waters (Tears of Passion) vent;
If Waters thee words of Truement
Tears with of Soules for her finnes lett's fall;
Take all a Brackell Test, and Truement
And even those Tears you should wish some are finnes;
Hec after Gods Neck, sinne y^e Heavens agen.
Nether, but Men of all endow'd things
Doin worke can itt fight with infernal things.

In the Sea of Death hath made no Decree,
But as y^e Sea doth wash y^e Sluggish Beach,
And leade in broodred yokes upon y^e Sand;
So is thee Fleish resist y^e Deaths cold hand.
He men of Chira after an hys Joy,
Do take upp Persians, where they digge Clay:
So all this yeare (thee Vinible) will regines
The Diamonds, Rubies, Sapphires, Pearles, and Stones
Of with the Fleish was, her Soule shall inspire
Fleish of such stuffe, as in with no last Fire
Annulls the World, to recongines itt shall
Thou art thee same Flea y^e Spleen of this hll.
They say y^e Sea when itt garnes loseth loe,
If Casual Death y^e Yonger Brother Doe
Usure y^e Body, of Soule, with subject is
To in thee Death y^e time, & rove by thee.
They praise Both when They attempt y^e Just
For Grades their Feoplies are, and so Death's Due.
So mee obnoxious, now hath byewd with
For none to Death finnes with to time are both,
Nec is They Die, you are not both to Die.
So thee with this and that Proximity
Grace was in her extremely diligent
That sett her from sinne, yett adds her Regent.

What Small Specks Pure White complexion? His
How little Poison breeds a Carbuncle base?
Thee sim'd but just enough to lett us see
That Gods Word must be true All Sinners see.
So much did I care for conscience saving,
That extreme Truth lecht little as a speck;
Whilay Omissions flots, saying y^e touch
Of sinne, on things with sometimes may be fall

As Moses Charming, who by Nature do
Say pass all speed, and by Fin' wings too:
So would her Soule already in Heaven seeme than
Foot-steps by Heavens Chime, Measures of Time.

How full shee was for God, of an content
To speake, that Death by voice hath any report;
How full for us, how eare, and how sweete,
How good in all her titles, and how meete
To be perform'd this forward Heavens,
That Woman can no part of Friendship bee.
How Abroad, how Private, shall not be told,
Least they that heare her Vertues thinke her Old;
And heere wee take Deaths part; and take him glad
Of such a Prey, and to his Triumphe add.

In Mr Francis Beaumont.

Hee y^e had youth and Friends, and so much wit
As would aske five good heads to handle it;
Hee y^e had wits so well, till no man durst
Refuse that for y^e best; yet him hee durst
Beaumont is dead by with one act appears
With a Disease consumes men in few Yeares!

In Mr Bulstrode.

Death I recant, and say unaid by mee
To hat' ere both slipp, y^e hath dimisist mee;
Spiritual Treason, Atheisme 'tis to say
That any can thy Sumons duske.
Th' Earths Fate is but Thy Fate; what ever we sett
Plants, Cattle, Men, Dishes for Death to eate.
In a rinde hangt now hee Melions deare
Into his Bloody, or Plaguy, or Steeped Jewes;
How hee will seeme to speake, and doth more wast
Eating y^e self first, too well preser'd to last.
Now next only see smiles; and eates us not,
But beards off Friends, and lets us pecceriale rot.
Nee will y^e Earth lette him; hee sinks y^e Deep,
Wher hee makes with Non oblique Ilandes herge;
Who (were Death Dead) by Lees of living Sand
Might sponge y^e Element, and make it y^e Land.
Hee counts y^e live, and breaths y^e syniquie notes
In Birds, Heavens, Cuister, y^e signet throues;
With if they did not die, might seeme to see
A death Runke in his shaggy thierce.
Strong and long'dd Death, how canst thou in
had how without Creation didst begin.
Thou hast and shalt see dead before thou die.
Ally^e 4. Monarchies, and Antichrist.

How could I think that nothing that I say
In all this World, would be a set of
Wholly, that, Prudence and Reason
Worthfull contemplation and respect of
For mee to doe, o' that my power and
For mee was mortal, dying, and but
And though thou hast thy right hand of
So well reclaim'd by God, y^e thou hast
All y^e thou wilt at his feete, yet thou
Reverend but you, e' scarce y^e that to
And of these few now thou hast
One whom Thy Blow makes no
Shew was more shew, but; Thy power to come
To her soule, thou hast shew all her power come.
Her Soule and Body was a King and
But thou hast both of Captives with and
As Houses full not though y^e King remaine
Dodies of Saints with the their Soules shew
Doubt full, but Soules and Body full a place,
As Soules innumerable full with and
With we see a Separation, no
For Soule is gone to a better age for
With shewd a most another Soule, for there
Bodies are pure, then full Soules are
Because in her her Vertues did outgo
Her Yeares, wouldst thou e' emulate Death, do see,
I'd fill her Young to thy grave, Most y^e e' e'
Of Beauty, and with Tap to do
What though thou findest her grave
In every age a diller some pursueth
Thou mightst have shew and taken better
With Ambition, Covetous (when old)
Shee might have proud, and such
Might once have straid to Superstition.
If all her Vertues might like growne, yet might
Abundant Vertues like bread a good delight;
Had shee perced y^e just, these would have bin
Some y^e would sinne, mistaking shee did
Such as would call her Friendship Love, and
To Societies a Name Profane;
Or sinne by Jealousy, or (not daring that)
By Wisdome, though they never had her
Thus mightst thou have slaine more Soules, hadst thou not
Thy self, and to Triumphe bringe them
Yet though these waies be best, thou hast left one
Which is Unmoderate griefe, y^e shew is gone
But we may scape y^e sinne, yet shew as much,
If Teares are due because we are not full;
Besides some Feares y^e that our Friends must cost,
Because y^e Chaine is broke, and no link left.