

Here Nature from her store doth send  
Other what other parts can lend.  
The birds of Lede which here doth grow,  
were too too sweet is pluckt below.

Upon his M<sup>rs</sup> walking in a frosty morning.  
I<sup>th</sup> nonage of a winters day,  
Lobinia glorious as may:  
To give y<sup>e</sup> morn an easier birth,  
paced o<sup>er</sup> a league of crusted earth.  
All the trees by which she came  
from her dimes, receiv'd a flame:  
And each hoary headed twig,  
cropt his snowy perwig.  
And each fire bough his beard,  
on both sides of her walk, were heard  
whispers of decrepit wood,  
calling to the roots for blood.  
The frozen soile did kindly greet  
the welcome kisses of her feet.  
And to enjoy so great a treasure,  
like waxe dissolving took their measure:  
Lobinia stood amaz'd to see  
the things of yearely certainty.  
So to rebell against their season,  
and though a stranger to the reason:  
Backe retyring quencht this heat,  
and winter took his former seat.

A cruell Mistriffe.

1. Why by such a brittle stone  
as one stone can breake alone  
would she have her hand newe knowne.
2. Fowd girls, she craves, for I do find  
her heart is of another kind  
had Adamant with marble joynd.
3. Or else the teares that I have spent  
And the deep sighes that I have sent  
would have most flinly hart hand vent.

4. Oh cupid if thou hast a dart  
that can hit right and cause no smart  
shoot, and with it cleave her heart.
5. Then perhaps when she doth see,  
dejection made by despit  
she may with one half labour me.

His Mistris playing on a Lute.

1. When whispering streames with creeping wind  
diffill soft passions through the hart,  
And when at every touch we find  
our pulses beat and beave a part.  
When threads can make, an hart string quate;  
Phylosophy, can scarce deny  
our soules consist of harmonie.
2. When unto heavenly joyes we faigne  
what ere our soules affecteth most  
which only thus we can come plaine  
by musick of the winged hoast.  
whose layes we thinke, make frowns to wipe;  
Philosophy, may judge their by,  
our soules consist of harmonie.
3. Oh lull me, lull me, charming ayre,  
my senses rock with wonder sweet.  
Like snow on woole thy fallings are  
off like a spirit are thy feet.  
Griefe who used fear, that hath an eare,  
downe let him lye, and slumbering dye,  
And change his soules for harmonie.

On two lovers. parting.

So so leave of this left lamenting dist  
which sucks two soules and vapours both away  
turn, thou goest that way, and let me turne this  
e<sup>t</sup> let our felues bring t<sup>o</sup>t our happy day.  
we affe no leave to love, nor will we owe  
any so cheape a death, as saying goe.

To his M<sup>rs</sup> going to Sea.

Farewell illustrious maid: Heavens know I part  
Just as the life & blood, trickling from the hart.

oh

of