

Chey: s.<sup>a</sup>

Oh let not me serve so, as those men serve  
Whom honors smokes at once fatten & sterne,  
Doubtly enricht w<sup>th</sup> great mens words or doings  
Nor to write my name in thy boing booke  
As those idolatrous flatterers, w<sup>ch</sup> still  
These formes stile, w<sup>ch</sup> many realmes fullfill  
Whence they no tribute have, & where no sway:  
Such services offer, as shall pay  
Themselves: Chase dead names, Oh then let mee  
Favourit in ordinarie or no favourit bee  
When my soule was in her owne boy sheath  
Nor yet by othes betrothd, nor kisses breathd  
Into my Labyrinth, faythles thee,  
Thy hart seemd waxe, I steale thy constance  
So careles flowers strawd on y<sup>e</sup> waters face  
The casted whirlepooles surch, smock, and embrace  
Yet drowne them: So the tapers beamy ey  
Amorously twinebling beechens the jutting fly  
yet burnes his wings! I such of devill is  
Scare visiting them. Who are intyrelly his  
When I beholds a streame, w<sup>ch</sup> f<sup>r</sup>o<sup>m</sup> the spring  
Doth w<sup>th</sup> doubtful melodious murmuring  
Or in a speechles shamben calmly ride  
Her widded channels bosome, I then chide  
And bend her browes, I swell y<sup>e</sup> any bow  
So dat shope downe to keene her y<sup>e</sup> most brow;  
yet if her open ~~eye~~ gnawing bites win  
The trayferous banke to gape I let her in  
She rusheth violently, I doth divorce  
Her f<sup>r</sup>o<sup>m</sup> her native I her long best course  
And rises I braues it, and in gallant shorne  
In flattering edyes promising retorne  
She floost y<sup>e</sup> Channell, who thenceforth is dry  
Then say I that is shee, and this ~~is~~ <sup>ankle</sup>  
yet let not thy deepe bitternes begitt  
Careles despayre in mee, for I will whett  
My mind to shorne, And Oh love dull w<sup>ch</sup> payne  
was nere so wise, nor well armed as Dido  
Then w<sup>th</sup> new eyes I shall survey thee, and spy  
Search in thy cheekes, and darkness in thine ey.

Though Hope bred Faith & Love, thus taught I shakt  
As Nations do for Rome, for thy Love fall.  
My hate shall outgrow thine, & utterly  
I will renounce thy dalliance: & when I  
Am of Accusant, in y<sup>e</sup> resolute state  
What hurts it me to be excommunicate?

Eleg. 6.<sup>a</sup>

9-2.

Natures Lay Poet, I taught thee to Love  
Am in of Sophistry; Oh thou dost prove  
Too subtle: foole, thou dost not understand  
The mistique language of the eye nor hand:  
Nor couldst thou indy the difference of the aire  
of sighs, and say, This Eyes, this sounds dispayre.  
Nor by th'eyes water call a malady  
Desperately hott or changing feverously.  
I had not taught thee then, the Alphabet  
of flowers; how they devisefully being sett  
And bound up, might w<sup>th</sup> speechless secrecy  
Deliver arrands mutually and mutually  
Remember since all thy words w<sup>o</sup>ld to be  
In every sator, I, yf my friends agree  
Since household charmes thy husbands name to teach  
We are all of Love-tricks if thy wit could reach.  
And since an honors discourse w<sup>o</sup>ld scarce have made  
One answer in thee, and of ill arrayd  
In broken Proverbs, and torne sentences.  
Thou art not by so many Dutyes his  
That for the words Common having served thee  
Inlays thee, neyther to be seen nor see  
As myne; w<sup>h</sup> have w<sup>th</sup> amorous delicayes  
Refind thee into a blisfull paradise;  
Thy graces and good words my creatures bee,  
I planted knowledge and lifes tree in thee  
Which, Oh, shall strangers fast: Must I alas  
Frame and enamell plate, and ringe in glas!  
Chose waxe for others seals; beage a Colts face  
And leave him then, being made a sedy horse!