

The beauty of this garden lets here
 Trained like of ^{the} Zodiacs Gemine
 How soon of flowers doe we see small;
 And all with emulation swell
 To be thy pillow. in this grave
 Is of hollowed swines of Law
 Frome let like sport a come my sayre
 With by lowe fests in thy Hayre
 See Epithymus through y^e haire do the stray
 And hath force to bid to play
 And braids thy Locke I shall find
 My favour this a saucy wind
 But stay my love A fault I spy
 Why are thy breast hole foundryd daye
 With if they run no thide and please
 To talk of any spring but these
 My mind employed ed be
 To fetch the four Rubens for the
 These shall be new sayre for my lovers
 To see next Cupid of the bears.
 Wrote it not find desperately done
 To open one spring to let her run!
 Look how of fish spawn'd all along
 The banks are wound with y^e throng.
 And shall sayre dunn more com and
 See whether then she does by hand:
 The Phoenix chast get when she dye
 Her self geth her own after life:
 A his one eye as are ye self
 Hangs now a babe on y^e thar breast
 And Chloris since a ma you looke
 Has life of grunts in her looke
 Then come my deare. now warre alone
 With of two Maydan heads make one.

A Hymn in sickness
 Since I am coming to y^e holy room
 To where with y^e Quire ofests for ever
 I shall be made y^e melody: as I come
 I have y^e instrument wher at y^e doye
 And not I must doe these things here before
 These things y^e Paradise & Calvary
 It wote I Adams were chood in one place
 To see I find both Adams met in me
 As at first Adams ewer surrounds me
 May y^e last Adams blood my sawth in beate
 So in His purple wreath receive me
 See these his thorne give me his other crown
 And as to other fouls I preacht thy word
 See this my heart my furrow to mine own
 Therefore let He may raise
 The I throws downe

Spoken from within a coffin

On Mrs Beathia Chanly to y^e painter
 Draw first a cloud all soue: Her self
 And out of y^e mape day to breathe
 That like a face it doth appeare
 So men may thinke all light rest
 The face y^e beams of y^e dispire
 The cloud y^e thorn y^e dunn
 But at such distance as y^e eye
 May rather yet adore than see
 The Heavens deliquit draw y^e self
 With all of youth of wit in bring
 Towr winds bounding forth
 And Paradise continuing there
 Last draw y^e circle of this globe
 And let there be a Harry robe
 Of conelation but Her hur
 And thou hast paynted beauty