

Swaine the friking, Loues passing bal is ringing, & sing my death
flakes ire & flying, despaire my life ending, Neare stops my breath
But let al y^e destinies conspire, to circumvent mee & torment mee
By adding flames to my affections fire, & my flame to burne me al entire.

Syrren crafty, whose voice being sweet and losty, Blee first of prest
serpent lushing, whose sleight deceit is working my soules unrest
But let not thy al subtill eyes continue delightful, but now deceitful,
Conclude in mee who in despairing wise, doe dy, yet live to see thy crafty eyes

Death shal follow

Thy yawning graue shal swallow
Ole wretch forlorne

Dust shal cover

And earth as my true Louer
shall hide my shame

whilst that I like a constant turtle dove
In sorrows weeping
In darknes keeping

At length shal fly unto the throne of foue
And there complaine, & languish for thy loue.

In Cate.

Cate being pleas'd wisht that her pleasure could
Endure as long, as a buff ierkin would
Content thee Cate although thy pleasure wasteth
thy pleasure like a buff ierkin lasteth,
For no buff ierkin hath been off ner worne
Nor hath more wrappings, nor more dressings borne

In the Death of the Duke of Lenox who dyed in
his Parliamt robes

Awake dull Brittaines) are your soules asleep
Must I be for't to cal and bid you weep
Or so far drencht into deay lethargy
As to be senseles of your misery

Let not your hearts vnder they be of flint
Like desperate woundes, not feel the instrument
where with they'r searched, or make no greater moane
then a dead body in dissection.

Or if they are yet let my prayers moue
out of that flint some sparkles of your loue,
Haue you not heard of one in frantick fits
that nothing mist when hee had lost his wits

Such is your case and worse it that you knew
How rich a Jewel hath been snatcht from you
For losses that so creeply wound our good
Are better borne vnknowne, then vnderstood

And in this lost tis capier far for most
To lose their wits then know what they haue lost.

Braue Lenox: who so suddenly wast borne
from us, as though thadst left y' worlde in fforme
And didst vouchsafe, to bid farewell to none

Because thou knowst we could not, thou being gone,
Lenox is dead the glory of our pride

O who would ha thought that Lenox could haue dyde

Thus bruted that hee payd daimes natures rent
Inuested in y' robes of parlarment

Al it were so & thinke death stayd at gate
Till hee was drest, that hee mighte dy in state

And that his body so attird mighte bee,

A type of his soules immortality

Which true triumphant ioues death neuer possesse
Fract with a robe and crowne of righteousnes.

Admitted to y' counsil house of god

In heauens white hall, with celestial clad,

His body was debar'd of heere below,

By death arrested but prepar'd to goe

Rude seruant tel what fury made thee bent

To shoulder clay a Peer of Parlarment

Couldst finde no other Duke to curre upon
Or thoughtst thou, hee had no protection?
No thou requir'dst, what he of nature borrow'd
And hadst the L: chief iustice warrant for it.

A Ditty

Why should I stil perplexed bee?
For loue of her that loues not mee?
For why should I with borrowes smart
Feare a hinder my poore hart
For her that scornes my company
But tis the fault of al I see.
For women are inconstant stil
They must bee woo'd and haue their wil
Since I therefore haue lost my loue
From henceforth wil I neuer proue
To loue againe, least in this tryal
I should haue a flat denial.
And some one write when I am gone
This epitaph vpon my stone
Here lyes the man that was in deed
A Louer but could neuer speed.

A Song.

Draw not near, unless you drop a tear,
On the stone where I gredane
And wil weep, until eternal sleep
Shal charme my wearied eyes.
Heris lyes heer, Embalmd with many a tear.

with a great way ~~from~~ publick casts our faces
pleas'd to give you to give mind Mynd
in a felicitous Muff as then go. fate
Cypre said something you to go
a 23rd of th' Migt about 10 o'clock
I see youing to give those fatal acc'ts
The Duke is dead. we Duke? th' amazed King
finds finite fears doubling his agonies
for things in either fate go should you find
his Diadem miss a Ring Diamonds
yet since it must (you know) you on the way
I got brought our eyes on show his Buriall
youne squall found (doing fate) (lost us right)
Each still the the King, (people's parents)
myse zeale to truth too strange to be found
blow up the Minst of Hell (from them dead)
Our love led by fate, from the migrating brand
of wealthy (County) Rome 2 prof' spiritual
It was a question pain'dly plumb
to know, we Duke by Rigid Horatius
did grant to answer in a will so
off your wife duty god of part the more
was but by Neptune of your Nuptiall
(But youth the King) at youne's death did
the Duke that destiny god by you to find
to wast your Cropheed to be fustiest find
your all admir'd Admirall furuias
C. The sword death a Pollax left wind
Is this your meand? the King so plied in worth
I loof in Richmond a Ring world of worth
He was no less to me than th' Artichoke pole
to Heaven go bore to gulf opp of my part
He was to be no meand in love to be flood
I still give great but youne fustal give good
The folli'd Counsellor, the Steward east
to faithful Patriot in give life to dust
Coste more. And it's beat a spring
of pearled tears on lips to crown'd King

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great strength, with the further things & complements
plugging the fault wings in your eyes & your
id if to read, long to your gratification
were all the essentials of a great Mass that
your of the words of Mountbanc's opening
with you a list your false, the same as your
for the sake of duty, & of the
your a learned lawyer who, with his
difficult by mind to settle by estate
yet to thinking (after many a day
had sworn to the law) could by craft to
your an unperceived change of following
to see to get past you in your Lord's
House (judged to be a virginity) an
of a handmaid or woman in your
But oh the Duke's spirit of bitterness
to your face, your violator your golden
with you so oft in bliss in your
you been in your health, though made
your soul to your in Adamant
was like death (that grand oblation) with
to cut a Gordian knot you would not
without exasperating both those words
you to the will, & all suddenly to die
and for the season Heaven would none
to mortify the flesh, more fit to you
A Parliament that might redintegrate
the bridge that Guadamaro your
with state, & with the members
was your wife, that millions would
to offer it, Richmond being now
by your accommodation brought to pass
His joy, your joy, set bread, & feast
A Nun dimittid to the King, of King
Heaven take you at your word, & for
for you, as well as for your
you to the world in your name, most
was a wise capture to the Eirian
your joy, found in Merlin's
& Enchanted book, that you would not

And saying it to your
the same with the
and Heaven
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that