

Love

As the fidd stace, the unwary soules deceives,
With deadly payson wrapt in likeliest leaves
But soules is charmed as goodnes seeds
With truth unstraid to comple hands)
Love being to all, beauty (blind)
Have the cleare beauty of the mind:
Ther Heaven is pleas'd, continuall bliss sheding,
Angels are guests, and dance at the best wedding.

D^r Donne.

Going to bed.

Come mistress, atleast my powers desire,
Untill I labour, & in labour be!
The Fox oft times having his foe in sight,
Is tird with standing though he never fight.
Off with that wast, like carbons zone glittering,
But a faire faire word incomparing;
Ungaine that spangled best plate that you wear,
That thirts of busy foolcs may be stopp'd there:
Unlace you selfe, for that harmonious chime
Tells mee from you, that now 'tis god Des-time.
Off with that happy Buske that I endie;
That still can bee, and still will bee, my tie:
God goone going of such beautous state reveals,
As when through flower meads Hill shadows steales.
Off with that wily Coronet, and then,
The hairie Diademe that on you hangs down.
Now off with that steele shooes, and then safely tread
In the Lows, follow'd & smald, to soft bed.
In just white robes Heavens Angels use to bee
Receiv'd by men; then (Angels) thoughtst with thee,
A steeple like Mahomets Paradise, and things
All spirits walke in white, we easily know
By the white Angells from an evil spight:
The set of hairs, but those of black upright.
Violence my rising hands; and let them goe
Before, behind, betwene, above, below.

O my America, my new found land,
My Kingdoms' Jewell, when with one man mann'd;
My mine of precious Stones, my Emperie;
How blest am I in thy discovering tree!
To enter into these bonds, & to be free;
Where where my hand is set, my seale shall bee.
If nakednes all joies belong to thee:
As soules unbodied, Bodies unclotd should bee.
To tast whole joies, & thus that you women use
Are as Atlantes Salls, cast in womens & ours;

Storms

That when a Fools eye lighteth on a gemme,
His gartles eye might covett that, not them.
Like unto beauty with gaudy coverings made
For lay men, are all women, thus arrayd;
Fringes are only mistick books, where wee
Whom their impudt grace will dignitie
Must see revok'd. Then what since I must know,
Is liberally as to a midwife sleep
To selfe; cast at you thy white linnen kerse:
Here is no Penance due to Innocence.

To teach thee, I am naked first; why than
What needst thou have more clothing than a man!

S^r W. R. to his mistress.

Thou sentst to mee a heart was crown'd
& took it to be thine;
But when I saw it had a wound
I knew that heart was mine.
A bounty of a strange conceit
To send my owne to mee,
And send it in a worse estate
Then it was sent to thee.
The heart I sent was free from stains,
It was entire and sound,
But thou returnedst it back againe,
Sick of a deadly wound
O heavens how wouldst thou use a heart,
That should rebellious bee;
Since thou art so unkind to that
I should so much honour'd bee.

Collection of poems, compiled ca. 1620–1665.
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