

To Nature all y<sup>e</sup> in time have writt  
And to my merry companie my willt.  
Thou love by making mee adore  
Her who kept in me this love before  
Taugh mee to make as though I gave  
When I did but restore.

To his M<sup>is</sup>

+ Come Madam come all rest my powers defy  
Unill I labour in labour lie.  
The soe of times having y<sup>e</sup> for in sight  
As tyde with standing though hee never fight  
Of with y<sup>e</sup> girde like heavens zone glistening  
But a far fairer world encompassing  
Unpin y<sup>e</sup> glanlinge brestplate y<sup>e</sup> you wear  
That I may shrink y<sup>e</sup> shink soe fast.  
Unlack your selfe for y<sup>e</sup> harmonious cheere  
Tels mee from you y<sup>e</sup> now is your bed time.  
Of with y<sup>e</sup> happie busk y<sup>e</sup> of any  
That will will be e will can stand soe nigh.  
Your ground going of such brautrous state reveale  
As when from flourie meades hills shadows vale  
Of with y<sup>e</sup> wite coronet e shew  
The hayre Diadem which on you doth grow  
Now of with shoue shou, e then softly tread  
In this lours hallow'd temple, this soft bed  
In such white robes heavens Angels use to be  
Reserued by men, Thou Angell bringes with thee  
A heavenly mahomet's Paradise e though  
All spirits walke in white we easily know

By

Burlington, Richard Boyle, earl of, 1612–1698.  
A book of verses collected by me R. Dungarvan, ca. 1630.  
V.a.125, 31v.