

A Rouer in the marko his arrowe stirs
Sometimes, as well as hee that shootes at Pircks.
And, if I might direct my shaft aright,
The black marko wou'd I hit, and not the white. /

A Louer to his Mistris. /

Some Madam, some, all rest my powders dofyd;
Untill I labour, I in labour lye.
The foo oft tymes hauing his foo in fight
Is tyrd with standing though hee neuer fight.
Off with that girde, like Heavens Zone glistning,
But a far fayder wide encompassing.
I prayme that spangled breast-plate which you weare,
That I may see the shyns that shyns so faire,
Unleas your self, for that harmonious rhyme
Tells mee from you, that now 'tis your best time:
Off with that happy Bust, which I desire,
That still can be, and still will stand so nigh.
Your gowne going off such beauteous state reveals
As when from flowery meades hills shadows steals;
Off with that wyery coronet, and show
The hayre diadem which on you doth grow.
Off with those shooes, and then so softly tread
In this lowd-hallow'd temple, this soft bed.
In such white robes Heavens Angells use to be
Louid by men; Thou Angell bringst with thee
A Heavonly Mahomet's paradise: And though
All Spirits walk in white, wee easily know By