

Breake of day

'TIS true, 'tis day ; what though it be?
O, wilt thou therefore rise from me?
Why should we rise because 'tis light?
Did we lie down because 'twas night?
Love, which in spite of darkness brought us hither,
Should in despite of light keep us together.

Light hath no tongue, but is all eye ;
If it could speak as well as spy,
This were the worst that it could say,
That being well I fain would stay,
And that I loved my heart and honour so
That I would not from him, that had them, go.

Must business thee from hence remove?
O ! that's the worst disease of love,
The poor, the foul, the false, love can
Admit, but not the busied man.
He which hath business, and makes love, doth do
Such wrong, as when a married man doth woo.

Loves alchymie

Some that have deeper digg'd loves Myne then I,
Say, where his centrique happinesse doth lie:

I have lov'd, and got, and told,

But should I love, get, tell, till I were old,
I should not finde that hidden mysterie;

Oh, 'tis imposture all:

And as no chymiques yet th'Elixar got,

But glorifies his pregnant pot,

If by the way to him befall

Some odoriferous thing, or medicinall,

So, lovers dreame a rich and long delight,

But get a winter-seeming summers night.

Our ease, our thrift, our honor, and our day,
Shall we, for this vaine Bubles shadow pay?

Ends love in this, that my man,

Can be as happy'as I can; If he can

Endure the short scorne of a Bridegroomes play?

That loving wretch that swears,

'Tis not the bodies marry, by the mindes,

Which he in her Angelique findes,

Would sweare as justly, that he heares,

In that dayes rude hoarse minstralsey, the spheares.

Hope not for minde in women; at their best

Sweetnesse and wit, they'are but Mummy, possest

Negative Love

I NEVER stoop'd so low, as they
Which on an eye, cheek, lip, can prey ;
 Seldom to them which soar no higher
 Than virtue, or the mind to admire.
For sense and understanding may
 Know what gives fuel to their fire ;
My love, though silly, is more brave ;
For may I miss, whene'er I crave,
If I know yet what I would have.
If that be simply perfectest,
Which can by no way be express'd
 But negatives, my love is so.
 To all, which all love, I say no.
If any who deciphers best,
 What we know not—ourselves—can know,
Let him teach me that nothing. This
As yet my ease and comfort is,
Though I speed not, I cannot miss.

Song (Soul's Joy)

SOUL'S joy, now I am gone,
And you alone,
—Which cannot be,
Since I must leave myself with thee,
And carry thee with me—
Yet when unto our eyes
Absence denies
Each other's sight,
And makes to us a constant night,
When others change to light ;
O give no way to grief,
But let belief
Of mutual love
This wonder to the vulgar prove,
Our bodies, not we move.

Let not thy wit beweep
Words but sense deep ;
For when we miss
By distance our hope's joining bliss,
Even then our souls shall kiss ;
Fools have no means to meet,
But by their feet ;
Why should our clay
Over our spirits so much sway,
To tie us to that way?
O give no way to grief, &c.

The triple foole

I am two fools, I know,
For loving, and for saying so
 In whining poetry ;
But where's that wise man, that would not be I,
 If she would not deny ?
Then as th' earth's inward narrow crooked lanes
 Do purge sea water's fretful salt away,
I thought, if I could draw my pains
 Through rhyme's vexation, I should them allay.
Grief brought to numbers cannot be so fierce,
For he tames it, that fetters it in verse.
 But when I have done so,
 Some man, his art and voice to show,
 Doth set and sing my pain ;
And, by delighting many, frees again
 Grief, which verse did restrain.
To love and grief tribute of verse belongs,
 But not of such as pleases when 'tis read.
Both are increased by such songs,
 For both their triumphs so are published,
And I, which was two fools, do so grow three.
Who are a little wise, the best fools be.

The token

Send me some tokens, that my hope may live
Or that my easeless thoughts may sleep and rest ;
Send me some honey, to make sweet my hive,
That in my passions I may hope the best.
I beg nor ribbon wrought with thine own hands,
To knit our loves in the fantastic strain
Of new-touch'd youth ; nor ring to show the stands
Of our affection, that, as that's round and plain,
So should our loves meet in simplicity;
No, nor the corals, which thy wrist enfold,
Laced up together in congruity,
To show our thoughts should rest in the same hold ;
No, nor thy picture, though most gracious,
And most desired, 'cause 'tis like the best
Nor witty lines, which are most copious,
Within the writings which thou hast address'd.
Send me nor this nor that, to increase my score,
But swear thou think'st I love thee, and no more.

The apparition

When by thy scorne, O murdresse, I am dead,
And that thou thinkst thee free
From all solicitation from mee,
Then shall my ghost come to thy bed,
And thee, fain'd vestall, in worse armes shall see;
Then thy sicke taper will begin to winke,
And he, whose thou art then, being tyr'd before,
Will, if thou stirre, or pinch to wake him, thinke
 Thou call'st for more,
And in false sleepe will from thee shrinke,
And then poore Aspen wretch, neglected thou
Bath'd in a cold quicksilver swear wilt lye
 A veryer ghost than I;
What I will say, I will not tell thee now,
Lest that preserve thee; and since my love is spent,
I'had rather thou shouldst painfully repent,
Than by my threatenings rest still innocent.