There never yet was woman made,
    Nor shall, but to be curst;
And O, that I, fond I, should first,
    Of any lover,
This truth at my own charge to other fools discover!

You, that have promis’d to yourselves
    Propriety in love,
Know women’s hearts like straw do move,
    And what we call
Their sympathy, is but love to jet in general.

All mankind are alike to them;
    And, though we iron find
That never with a loadstone join’d,
    ’Tis not the iron’s fault,
It is because near the loadstone it was never brought.

If where a gentle bee hath fall’n,
    And laboured to his power,
A new succeeds not to that flower,
    But passes by,
’Tis to be thought, the gallant elsewhere loads his thigh.

For still the flowers ready stand:
    One buzzes round about,
One lights, one tastes, gets in, gets out;
    All all ways use them,
Till all their sweets are gone, and all again refuse them.
SONG.

When, dearest, I but think of thee,
Methinks all things that lovely be
Are present, and my soul delighted:
For beauties that from worth arise
Are like the grace of deities,
Still present with us, though unsighted.

Thus whilst I sit, and sigh the day
With all his borrowed lights away,
Till night's black wings do overtake me,
Thinking on thee, thy beauties then,
As sudden lights do sleeping men,
So they, by their bright rays awake me.

Thus absence dies, and dying proves
No absence can subsist with loves
That do partake of fair perfection;
Since in the darkest night they may
By love's quick motion find a way
To see each other by reflection.

The waving sea can with each flood
Bathe some high promont that hath stood
Far from the main up in the river:
O, think not then but love can do
As much; for that's an ocean too,
Which flows not every day, but ever!
LOVE TURNED TO HATRED.

I will not love one minute more, I swear,
No, not a minute; not a sigh or tear
Thou get'st from me, or one kind look again,
Though thou shouldst court me to 't and wouldst begin.
I will not think of thee but as men do
Of debts and sins, and then I'll curse thee too:
For thy sake woman shall be now to me
Less welcome, than at midnight ghosts shall be:
I'll hate so perfectly, that it shall be
Treason to love that man that loves a she;
Nay, I will hate the very good, I swear,
That's in thy sex, because it doth lie there;
Their very virtue, grace, discourse, and wit,
And all for thee; what, wilt thou love me yet?
SONG
by Sir John Suckling

I PRITHEE send me back my heart,
   Since I cannot have thine :
For if from yours you will not part,
   Why then shouldst thou have mine ?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie :
   To find it were in vain,
For th' hast a thief in either eye
   Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
   And yet not lodge together ?
O love, where is thy sympathy,
   If thus our breasts thou sever ?

But love is such a mystery,
   I cannot find it out :
For when I think I'm best resolv'd,
   I then am in most doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe,
   I will no longer pine :
For I'll believe I have her heart
   As much as she hath mine.
TO ALTHEA.

From Prison.

Song.

Set by Dr. John Wilson.

I

WHEN Love with unconfined wings
   Hovers within my Gates ;
And my divine Althea brings
   To whisper at the Grates ;
When I lye tangled in her hair
   And fettered to her eye ;
The Gods that wanton in the Aire,
   Know no such Liberty.

II

When flowing Cups run swiftly round
   With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with Roses bound,
   Our hearts with Loyall Flames ;
When thirsty griefe in Wine we steepe,
   When Healths and draughts go free,
Fishes that tipple in the Deepe,
   Know no such Libertie.

III

When (like committed linnets) I
   With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetnes, Mercy, Majesty,
   And glories of my KING ;
When I shall voyce aloud, how Good
   He is, how Great should be ;
Enlarged Winds that curle the Flood,
   Know no such Liberty.

IV

Stone Walls do not a Prison make,
   Nor Iron bars a Cage ;
MINDS innocent and quiet take
   That for an Hermitage ;
If I have freedome in my Love,
   And in my soule am free ;
Angels alone that sore above,
   Injoy such Liberty.
SONG.
Set by Mr. Henry Lawes.
TO LUCASTA, Going beyond the Seas.

I.

If to be absent were to be
    Away from thee;
    Or that when I am gone,
    You or I were alone;
Then my Lucasta might I crave
Pity from blustering wind, or swallowing wave.

II.

But I'll not sigh one blast or gale
    To swell my sail,
    Or pay a tear to swage
    The foaming blew-Gods rage;
For whether he will let me pass
Or no, I'm still as happy as I was.

III.

Though Seas and Land betwixt us both,
    Our Faith and Troth,
    Like separated souls,
    All time and space controules:
Above the highest sphere we meet
Unseen, unknowne, and greet as Angels greet.

IV.

So then we do anticipate
    Our after-fate,
    And are alive i' th' skies,
    If thus our lips and eyes
Can speak like spirits unconfined
In Heav'n, their earthy bodies left behind.
Sonnet.

Set by Mr. Hudson.

I.

Depose your finger of that Ring,
    And Crowne mine with't awhile
Now I restor' t.—Pray, do's it bring
    Back with it more of soile ?
Or shines it not as innocent,
    As honest, as before 'twas lent ?

II.

So then inrich me with that Treasure,
    Will but increase your store,
And please me (faire one) with that pleasure
    Must please you still the more :
Not to save others is a curse
    The blackest, when y'are ne're the worse.
Song.

Set by Mr. Henry Lawes.*

TO AMARANTHA, *That she would dishevel her haire.*

I

Amarantha sweet and faire,
Ah brade no more that shining haire !
As my curious hand or eye,
Hovering round thee let it flye.

II

Let it flye as unconfin'd
As its calme Ravisher, the winde ;
Who hath left his darling th' East,
To wanton o're that spicie Nest.

III

Ev'ry Tresse must be confest ;
But neatly tangled at the best ;
Like a Clue of golden thread,
Most excellently ravelled.

IV

Doe not then winde up that light
In Ribands, and o're-cloud in Night ;
Like the Sun in's early ray,
But shake your head and scatter day.

V

See 'tis broke ! Within this Grove
The Bower, and the walkes of Love,
Weary lye we downe and rest,
And fanne each others panting breast.

VI

Heere wee'l strippe and coole our fire
In Creame below, in milke-baths higher :
And when all Well's are drawne dry,
I'le drink a tear out of thine eye.

VII

Which our very Joyes shall leave
That sorrowes thus we can deceive ;
Or our very sorrowes weepe,
*That joyes so ripe, so little keepe.*