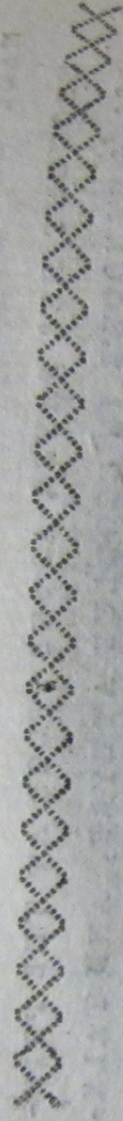


Why thus, my love, so kynde bespeake,
 Sweet lyppe, sweet eye, sweet blusshyng cheekke,
 Yet not a hearte to save my paine,
 O Venus, take thy giftes againe,
 Make not so faire to cause our moane,
 Or make a hearte that's lyke our owne.



THE HOSPITABLE OAKE.

BY ———.

FIRST in Arcadia's londe much prais'd was found,
 A lustie tree far rearing t'ward the skies,
 Sacred to Jove, and placed on high ground,
 Beneath whose shade did gladsome sheperds hie,
 Met plenteous good, and oft were wont to shunne
 Bleak winter's drizzle, summer's parching funne.

Outstretch'd in all the luxurie of ease

Their pluck'd rich misletoe of virtue rare;

Their lippe was tempted by each kindlie breeze,

That way'd the branch to proffer acorns fair;

While out the hollow'd root, with sweets inlaide,

The murm'ring bee her daintie hoard betrayde.

The fearless bird safe bosom'd here its neste,
 Its sturdy side did brave the nipping winde,
 Where many a creeping ewe mought gladlie reste;
 Warne comforte here to all and every kinde;
 Where hung the leaf well sprint with honey dew,
 Whence dropt their cups, the gamboling fairie knew.

But ah! in luckles day what mischief 'gan
 Midst fell debate, and maddening revelrie,
 When tipfie Bacchus had bewitched Pan,
 For sober swain so thankles ne'er mought be;
 Tho' passinge strange—'twas bruted all arounde,
 This goodlie tree did shadowe too much grounde.

With much despight they aim its overthrow,
 And forrie jesses its wonted giftes deride,
 How snaring birdlimes made of mistletoe;
 Nor trust their flocks to shelter 'neath its side;
 It drops chill venom on our ewes, they cry,
 And subtle serpent at its root doth lie.

Estfoons the axe doth rear its deadlie blowe,
 Arounde dothe eccho bear each labouringe stroke;
 Now to the grounde its loftie head doth bowe,
 Then angry Jove aloud in thunder spoke.
 On high Olympus next mine tree I' place,
 Heaven's still unscann'd by sich ungratefu race.