**Upon My Lady Carlisle’s Walking in Hampton Court Garden**

by Sir John Suckling

Sir John Suckling                 DIALOGUE

            T.C.          J.S.

*Thom.*

Didst thou not find the place inspired,

And flowers, as if they had desired

No other sun, start from their beds,

And for a sight steal out their heads?

Heardst thou not music when she talked?

And didst not find that as she walked

She threw rare perfumes all about,

Such as bean-blossoms newly out,

Or chafèd spices give?—

*J.S.*

I must confess those perfumes, Tom,

I did not smell; nor found that from

Her passing by ought sprung up new.

The flowers had all their birth from you;

For I passed o’er the self-same walk

And did not find one single stalk

Of anything that was to bring

This unknown after-after-spring.

*Thom.*

Dull and insensible, couldst see

A thing so near a deity

Move up and down, and feel no change?

*J.S.*

None, and so great, were alike strange;

I had my thoughts, but not your way.

All are not born, sir, to the bay.

Alas! Tom, I am flesh and blood,

And was consulting how I could

In spite of masks and hoods descry

The parts denied unto the eye.

I was undoing all she wore,

And had she walked but one turn more,

Eve in her first state had not been

More naked or more plainly seen.

*Thom.*

’Twas well for thee she left the place;

There is great danger in that face.

But hadst thou viewed her leg and thigh,

And upon that discovery

Searched after parts that are more dear

(As fancy seldom stops so near),

No time or age had ever seen

So lost a thing as thou hadst been.

# A Crown of Sonnets Dedicated to Love

Mary Wroth (1587-1651)

He may our Prophett, and our Tutor proove, A  
In whom alone we doe this power finde, B  
To joine two hearts as in one frame to move A  
Two bodies, but one soule to rule the minde B  
Eyes which must care to one deare Object binde, B  
Eares to each others speach as if above A  
All else, they sweete, and learned were; this kind B  
Content of Lovers witnesseth true love. A  
It doth inrich the wits, and make you see C  
That in your selfe which you knew not before, D  
Forceing you to admire such guifts showld be C  
Hid from your knowledge, yet in you the store. D  
Millions of these adorne the throane of Love, E  
How blest bee they then, who his favours prove? E

How bless'd bee they, then, who his favors prove, A  
A life whereof the birth is just desire? B  
Breeding sweete flame, which harts inuite to move, A  
In these lov'd eyes which kindle Cupids fire, B  
And nurse his longings with his thoughts intire, B  
Fix't on the heat of wishes form'd by Love, A  
Yet whereas fire destroyes, this doth aspire, B  
Increase, and foster all delights above. A  
Love will a Painter make you, such, as you C  
Shall able be to draw, your onely deare, D  
More lively, perfect, lasting, and more true C  
Then rarest Workeman, and to you more neere. D  
These be the least, then all must needs confesse, E  
He that shuns Love, doth love himselfe the lesse. E

These sonnets appear in your anthology (page 236).