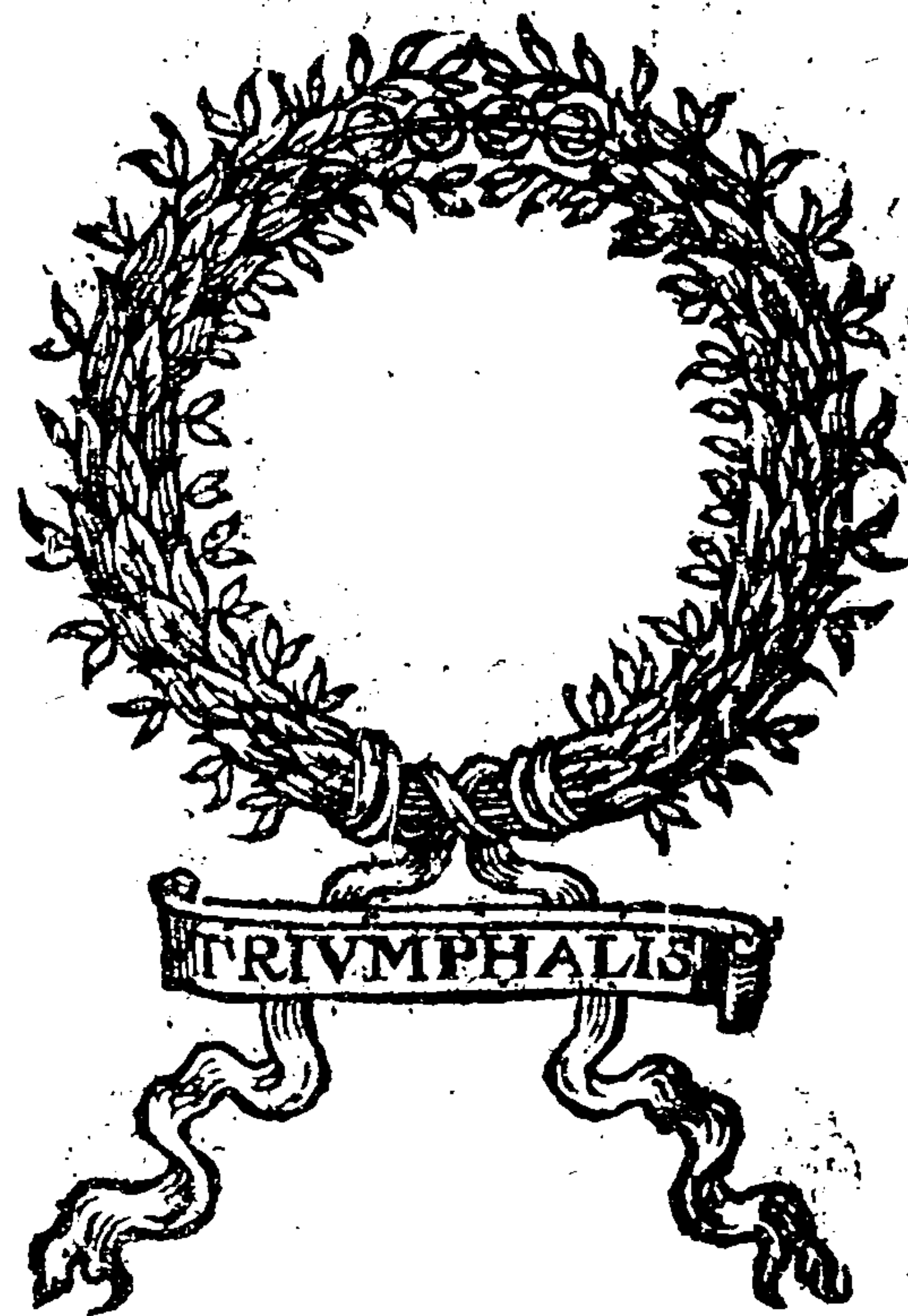


Loves Garland

OR

Poesies for Rings, Hand-
kerchers, and Gloves; and such
pretty Tokens that Lovers
send their Loves.



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6.57. aa 3.





Loves Garland.

I

The Posie of a Handkercher from a young
man to his Love,

L Ove is a chaine,
whose links of Gold,
Two hearts within
one bosome hold.

2

Another signifying the mutuall love that
should be between man and wife.

In love this good
doth still remain :
Though both doe give,
yet both do gain.

3

Another from a double Lover.
By Cupids bow, my weale or wee.

A 3

A

Loves Garland.

4

A Posie sent with a paire of Gloves.
shewing what a young man should most
respect in his choyce.

I lobethy beauty,
vertue most.

For beeing's found
when beantie's lost.

5

The Posie of a Ring from a cross
Lover.

No hap so hard,
As love debate.

6

Another.

A happy breast, where love doth rest.

7

All perfect love,
Is from above.

The sight of this
Deserues a kisse.

8

A young man to his Love wrought in a
scarfe.

A constant heart
within a womans breast,
Is Ophir gold
within an Ivoxy Chest.

Her

Loves Garland.

9

Her kind answer.

Of such a treasure then
art thou possesse,

For thou hast such a heart
in such a breast.

10

The posie of a Ring.

To me till death,
As deare as breath.

11

Another.

In thee a flame,
In me the same,

12

Where once I choose,
I ne're refuse.

13

Another.

No crosse so strange,
My love shall change.

14

The posie of a Handkercher from a young
man to his Love.

Pray take me kindly Distresse,
Kisse me too:

A 4

Op

Loves Garland.

My Master sweares
he'll doe as much for you.

15

A passionate Lovers posie.
Till that from thee
I hope to gain,
All sweet is sorrow,
all pleasure pain.

16

Another of the same cur.
Thy love, my light,
Disdain, my night.

17

Another.
Tell my Distresse
that a Lover,
True as love it self
doth love her.

18

Another where the Lover doth protest
and request.
Hand, heart, and all I have is thine:
Hand, heart, and all thou hast be mine.

19

Another.
As you finde me, minde me.

The

Loves Garland.

20

The posie of a young man to his Love
shewing the simplicity, and truth
of Love.

Two hands, two fate,
Two eares, two eyes;
One tongue, one heart,
Where true Love lies.

21

Another from a Lover, farre from his
Love.

Though from mine eye,
yet from mine heart,
No distance ere
can make thee part.

22

Another of the same kind.
Though absence be annoy,
To me tis a double ioy.

23

A posie in a Ring.
Be true to me, as I to thee.

24

Another.
God above, increase our love.
Another.
All thine, is mine.

Another.

Loves Garland.

26

Another.

Do're loy the heart,
What seekes to part.

27

Another sent with a paire of bracelets.
Faire as Venus, as Diana,
Chaste and pure is my Susana.

28

The posie of a young man to his love,
shewing her what a woman should
be. Tell him that.

If woman should to man be wo,
She should not be what God did
make her.

What was to be a helper, so
God then did give,
man now doth take her.

29

The posie of a mayd cast off, expressing
how light she takes it.

Tell him that had my heart in chace,
And now at other game doth flye,
What sicknesse ne're shal spoyle my face,
Nor pulling heigh-boes wet mine eye.

The

Loves Garland.

30

The posie of a Ring.
I doe reioyce in thee my choyce.

31

A posie of a scornfull Lover.
Since thy hot love so quickly's done,
Doe thou but goe, Ile Arise to runne.

32

A Posie shewing man and wife to be one.
Flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone,
From one made two, is two made one.

33

Posies for Rings.
As true to thee,
As death to me.

34

Another.
If you deny, I wish to dye.

35

Another.
In traste, be iust.

36

Another.
I live if I, if no, I dye.

37

Another.
No bitter smart, can change my heart,

Another.

Loves Garland,

38

Another.

Kather dy, than faith deny.

39

Another.

Not lust but love, as time shall prove,

40

Another.

To love as I doe thee,
Is to love none but mee.

41

A posie sent by a young man to his Love
in a Handkercher, in which was
wrought the fashion of a
heart with wings.

O! all bad things, a heart with wings
is still the worst:

And hee that meets, with one so fleet,
of all's accur'd.

42

The Maidens reply in a Handkercher, in
which was the shape of an heart, with
an arrow through it.

A flying heart, a piercing dart
doth well deserve:

So be't with mee if I from thee
shall ever swerve.

Thou

Loves Garland.

43

Thou mine, I thine.

44

Another.

Be true to me, as I to thee.

45

A yound Mayd to her Love in a scarfe.
Shee that of all doth love thee dearest,
Doth send thee this, with as thou wearest
And oft doest looke on, thinke on me,
As I by thine doe thinke on thee.

46

From a young man to his Love, wrought
in a silke girdle.
Will death divide, what ere betide.

47

Another.

The world's a Lottery, my prize
A love that's faire, as chaste, as wise.

48

A young man to his Love, describing the
power and ever-flourishing vertue
of Love.

Love till some day is in his prime,
Like Apollo rob'd in gold:

Though it have bene as long as time,
Yet still is young though time be old.

Another.

Loves Garland

49

Another

My promise past,
Shall ever last.

50

From a young man to his Love, shewing
that vertue and beauty should be
together.

Thy beauty much, thy vertue such, my
heart hath fir'd.
The first alone, is worse than none, but
both admir'd.

51

The Posie of a pittifull Lover writ in a Ri-
ban Casnation three penny broad, and
wound about a faire branch of
Rosemary, upon which he
wittily playes thus.

Rosemary Rose, I send to thee,
In hope that thou wilt marry me,
Nothing can be sweeter Rose,
Doe sweeten unto Harry,
When marry Rose,
Doe water than this Rosemary.

52

The sweet reply in a conceite of the same
cut, sent by Rose with a Vyall of Rose-
water of her making.

Thy

Loves Garland

Thy sweet commends againe,
my sweetest Harry,
And sweet Rose water
for thy sweet Rosemary,
By which sweet Hall,
sweet Rose doth let thee see,
Thy love's as sweet to her,
as hers to thee.

53

A wanton Lovers wish sent in a Handker-
cher with a Cupid wrought in the
middle.

To me by farre moze faire
is my faire Aime,

Than sweet chaste Leda,
with her silver Swanne,

That I nere saw,
but have the picture seen.

And wishe my selfe betwene thee and
thine armes sweet Aime.

54

For a Ring.

Desire, like fire both will aspire.

55

A Posie sent with a paire of bracelets.
Mine eye did see, my heart did choose,
True love doth bind, till death doth loose.

Ano-

Loves Garland.

56

Another sent with a filke girdle.
Accept of this, my heart withall:
My love is great though this be small.

57

Another sent with a paire of rich gloves.
This for a certaine truth,
true love approves:
The heart's not where it lides,
but where it loves.

58

For Rings.
Hearts content can nere repent.

59

Another.
My heart and I, untill I die.

60

Not two, but one, till life be gone.

61

A lovers conceit upon a Bracelet, and
Partlet, sent with a paire of
amber bracelets.

Bracelets Ile give, embrace let's eber.
Let Partlets goe, for part let's neber.

62

Love eber, or love neber.

Loves Garland.

63

A Posie written by one Simon Mattocke
Sexton of great Wambleton, in the be-
halfe of a youth of his parish, to the fai-
rest Milke-maide in the next, sent to her,
pinn'd to the Orange tawny top of a
very faire paire of Gloves of

fix pence.

My Love is set, to love thee still,
Then Nanne remember thou the will;
That William, good will to thee,
Along have borne, here thou with me.

64

Her answer in a faire Romish letter, lapt
up handsomely, and bound about
with a cruell long Cod-

peere point.

I hope my Willy makes no doubt,
I take in others keepe him out:
So for thy sake I looke, my Wilkin,
Wate as the pagle, I use to milke in.

65

A posie sent by a young man, to his lover
with a looking-glass, and
Be true as faire, then past compare.

66

For a Ring.

13

Loves Garland.

A woman kind, all ioy of minde.

67

As I to she, so will to me.

68

A drooping Lovers conceite, playing up-
on the word.

Hard and heart, in sound are nére :
And both within thy best I feare.

69

Her coy and nipping reply, in his owne
invention.

The sound's as nére in brace and blasse,
In hoase and hoise, in Ace and asse.

70

Th posie of a young man sent with a
Scarfe.

For one and love, some say are blind,
I say they see, if thou prove kinde.

71

The posie of a handkercher.

Love and wine in this degré,
The elber better still they be :
So our long suite then shall be true :
Change not thy old love for a new.

72

A posie sent by a young mayden to her
Love, pleited in a Bracelet of her
owne haire.

When

Loves Garland.

When this about thine arme dath rest,
Remember her that loves thee best.

73

Another from a young man to his love
protesting constancy.

To thee as constant,
as the sunne to day :
Will from this light,
I must be soze'd away.

74

A posie sent with a silke Girdle.
Venus naked in her Chamber,
Wounds moze deepe,
than Mars in armour.

75

The Maids answer.
If such a wound you feare,
Take heed you come not there.

76

A drooping Lovers posie, sent
with a paire of Gloves.
Twéén hope and sad despatre I satle,
Thy helpe I crabe,
My grieve the sea,
Thy breath the saile
May sinke or save.

77

Another of the same kind.

B 2

Hope

Loves Garland.

Hope and despaire, attend me still :
Hope itzibes to save, despaire to kill.

78

Lust lobes to range.
Love knowes no change.

79

Thine mine, mine thine.

80

Both must be one, or one be none,

81

Love ever, or love never.

82

A neglected lover, to his Mistresse.
His true as old, hot love soone cold.

83

Another expressing the power of love.
Who it's withstands,
When love commands?

84

Short Posies for Rings in prose.
The Loadstone of love, is love.

85

We true to the end.

86

I live in hope.

87

I like my choyce.

Loves Garland.

88

No change in vertues choyce.

89

Keepe me in mind.

90

Desire hath no rest.

91

I present the absent.

92

Not the gift but the giver.

93

Be firme in faith.

94

This and my selfe.

95

I chuse the not to change.

96

Advised choyce admits no change.

97

Accept my good will.

98

I love no lark.

99

The heart lives where it lobes.

100

Not thine, nor mine, but ours.

101

No Thy is my wish.

Loves Garland.

102

Lobe is the bond of Peace.

103

No life to love.

104

Remember this, and give a kisse.

105

Thy lobe I crave, mine thou shalt have.

Good Counsell.

If poore thou art, yet patient bide,
For after Ebbe may come a tide;
Yet at full sea, keepe water store,
That afterward thou want no more.

On the World.

The World's a City,
furnisht with spacious streetes,
And Death's the market place,
whereat all Creatures meetes.

When God made all, he made all good,
So woman was, if shee had stood:
Though woman was the cause of fall,
Yet Jesus blood made amends for all.

Or

Loves Garland.

On a good man.

A wise man poore, is like a sacred booke
that's neber read:

So himself he lives, though to the
world seems dead:

Yet this age counts more of a golden
scale,

Than of a thred-bare Saint,
nurt up in wisdomes Schoole.



FINIS.



6.57. aa 3.

