

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

SONGS AND SONNETS.

THE FLEA.

MARK but this flea, and mark in this,
How little that which thou deniest me is ;
It sucked me first, and now sucks thee,¹
And in this flea our two bloods mingled be ;
Thou know'st that² this cannot be said
A sin, nor shame, nor loss³ of maidenhead,
Yet this enjoys before it woo,
And pampered swells with one blood made of two,
And this, alas ! is more than we would⁴ do.

Oh stay, three lives in one flea spare,
Where we almost, yea,⁵ more than married are.
This flea is you and I, and this
Our marriage-bed and marriage-temple is ;
Though parents grudge, and you, we 're met
And cloistered in these living walls of jet.
Though use make you apt to kill me,
Let not, to that, self-murder added be,
And sacrilege, three sins in killing three.

¹ Me it sucked first, and now it sucks thee, 1669. ² Confess it, *ibid.*

³ or shame, or loss, *ibid.* ⁴ could, *ibid.* ⁵ nay, *ibid.*

Cruel and sudden, hast thou since
 Purpled thy nail in blood of innocence?
 Wherein could this flea guilty be,
 Except in that drop¹ which it sucked from thee?
 Yet thou triumph'st and say'st that thou
 Find'st not thyself nor me the weaker now;
 'T is true; then learn how false fears be:
 Just so much honour, when thou yield'st to me,
 Will waste, as this flea's death took life from thee.

THE GOOD-MORROW.

I WONDER, by my troth, what thou and I
 Did till we loved; were we not weaned till then,
 But sucked on country pleasures childishy?²
 Or snorted³ we in the Seven Sleepers' den?
 'T was so; but this, all pleasures fancies be:⁴
 If ever any beauty I did see
 Which I desired and got, 't was but a dream of thee.

And now good-morrow to our waking souls,
 Which watch not one another out of fear;
 For love all love of other sights controls,
 And makes one little room an everywhere.
 Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone,

¹ blood, 1669. ² childish pleasures sillily, *ibid.*

³ slumbered, *ibid.* ⁴ but as all pleasures fancies be, *ibid.*