Although they hand, a truth, a good work too
Have said they love, with nothing should endure.
Yet though they fail back, the Apothe
tame women are like the ants, low to one
If I have caught a bird & let him fly
For other fowlers change these meanest as may catch of same bird, & as these things be women are made for man, not him nor me.
Foes & Goats all change when they please Shall women more let, yea, where then these be bound to one man, & for nature then.
Golly make them after to plaster, their men.
They are our clops, not their own: if man be
Charyd is a Galley, yet of Galley is free
Who hath a plow, land casts all his care down there
And yet allows his ground. more come should share.
Though strangely into the sea must flow,
The sea receives them, the same. & Do.
By nature it gave it, this Liberty,
They cast but one, cast their love at me.
Like unto their line, then if it see they doe
To make us like, & love may they change too.
More then they hate, if hate it: rather let me
Allow her change, then change as oft as she
And doe not teach, but force my opinion.
To love not any one, nor every one,
To line in one land is captivity.
To name all Countries, a wild discovery:
Waters strike some if in one place they lyde.
And in the East, sea are worse putrified.
But when they kiss one bank, & leavening this never Cooke backe, but the next, bank doe hysse.
Then are they resist: Change is the mercy of musick, joy, & life, eternity.

Elegy 10

Marry and love thy flaire, for shee
Hath all things whereby other beauties bee.
For though her eyes be small, her mouth is great
Though they bee dirty, yet her teeth are white.
Though they bee Dint, yet she is light enough.
And though her hande have fell, her skyn is rough.
What though her skin be yellow, her hair a red,
Gives her thine, and she hath a maide head.
These things are beauty as elements, where these
mock in one, that one must as perfect please.
Both red and white, and each good quality
See, to such we ask where it doth lie.
In things perfum'd, we ask if there
Lace mantle and bonnet in it, but not where.
Though all her parts be not in this small place,
She hath an image of a good face.
If we might pull the letters out one way,
In that leave noth' of words, what could nor
When the samusines make a perfect songe, others will invent the
by the same samusines and to equalize it,
Things simply good, can never bee suffit.
Shee faire and straie, if all be like her.
And if you see her, she is singular.
All love is wonder, and we truly doe
Account her wonderfull, why not lovely love.
Love built on beauty, sound as beauty, dyes.
Choose this face, change of noe deformities.
To edge grace to bee faire then to have faire grace.
For one nighte rebelly silk and gould we choose.
But in faire carmin cloth and better life.
Beauty is Guerns aye, best husbands say
There is best love, where is the fairest way.
Oh what a soverain playster will shew thee
When thy past sins have taught thee folly.
Here needs no spies nor Eunuchs, her court
is safe to thy foe, yea to a marge of
when Belshas Cyo is the round countries droune,
that dusty foulest grains and comes the house.
See with her face guard her from foes for thee,
so forth by banquettes, affect of must bee.
Shee whose face like clouds thursday day to night
who might or then the sea, makes more some who
who though seamen yeeres shee in the shee bed by
A country which rescue and shew a mynde.
And though in chivalry shee did dye,
Midwife would sweare shee but a woman,
whom if shee acyce her selfe, forever left
then witches so impossibles kunne.
whomドル, soft and her blacke gloves,
would be as loath to touch, as Joseph was.
ore like none, and left of none, first more,
for things in fashion, every one will wear.