To a Wrestling Lady

Send home my straying eyes to me
And to too long habit so fond,
Yet Fruit they would learn such arts
Such forced fashions
And false passions
That they be
Made by this

Suit for no good: Keep them still.

Send home my harmless heart again
Which no unworthy thought did stain:
Yet since it hath learnt of thine
To make regret
Of protesting
And cross bold
Word and oath
Keep it for his room of mine.

Yet send me back my heart and eyes
That I may know and see thy lips
And may laugh and joy when thou
Art in anguish
And dost languish
For somel soe
That will move

Or prove as false as thou art now.