what though shee shewed by her strength
and form and face, she may
her feeble force will yet at length
When craft doth urge her thus to say,
Had women been as long as men,
good forth you had not had it then.

What though her cloudie looks bee sent,
her storme returns will alone ease night;
and then do late they will repent,
that thus dissembled her delight;
and twice desire ere it be day,
That which with soone shee put away.

A gentleman to his gifts being a godd
with him that she wil not rise.

To rise the day what though it bee,
will thou therefore rise from mee,
why should we rize because his light;
and we be overcome because his might?
love which in spite of faithfullnesse sought us higher
should in despite of light hold us to gather.
Sight hath not tongue but is all eye,
If it could speake as well as spie,
This is the worst that it could say,
That being well I scarce wold say:
And that I could my hart and honour see
That I wold not from there that hath there gone.

Must businesse thee from hence remove,
Or that's the worst defense of love;
The poore, the sole, the faire love can
Admit, but not the busie man;
He that hath businesse and maketh long clothe doo
Such wronge, as if a married man should we."