On the praise of an ill-favoured Gentlewoman.

Marry and love the Maries, for she

Hath all things whereby others beaming be:

Tho' though her eyes be small, her mouth a great,

Though her lip ivory be, her teeth be set,

Though they be dark, yet she is bright enough,

And though her teeth so fair, her skin so tough,

And what if it be yellow, her hair's red.

Give her but shape, she is a Maid. She is,

These things are beautiful elements, where these

Composed are in one, she need must please;

If not, a white, and each good quality.

Be in the breach, ne'er ask where is both eye:

So cunning thing perfumed, we ask if there

Be Musk & Amber in it, nor more.

Though all her parts be not in their place,

She hath the chamomile of a good face.

When by the Goats she some Mariolins make

A perfect song, Others will undertake

By the same Goats, so she's to equal it:

These are simply good can never be unfit.

For the Pityed Bevels, sick a girl, we use;

But in long journeys Cloth and leather close.

Beauty is better of and husbands say.

There's the last land, where at the fourth way.

And what a Sovereignty Medicine will she be.

If thy past fur's have taught thee fealty.

Here need not friend nor Skill she; her cunnings

Safe to thy feet, yes, to thy Marmalat.

When Bolgia's Child the mind's Country dream:

That dusty footman's arms do guard the town.

To doth her face guard her, and so for thee,

Which by occasion all, for may not be.

The whole face like a cloud proud day to night,

The knight then the Son makes Mount beam white,

Then though seven year she in the street hath lain,

A Nunnerd most receive and think a Maid.

St. W. 3.