The who ever loves, if he does not propose
The right sence of love he's one who goes
To see for nothing but to make him smile.
And love is a beast whils he bore, if we are like
Our love and force, it new strange shapes to take,
We are and of a monster, a monster make,
Were not a Colle a monster that were grown.
Fried like aman though better than his own.
Perfection is untrige, prefer
One woman first, and then one thing in her.
When I swallow gods may strike upon
The first sinness, the application
The wholomness, the bigness.
From the first fruit from soul from fire ever free.
But if I love it, 'tis because 'tis made
By our own nature, the soul, of love.
All these in women one might think in
If women had them, but yet love but one.
Can men more wise then he then to say
They love them for that by it they are not they
Make virtuous women's most I beer me my blood.
Still I both see and find one wise, and good
May banish Angels love so,
But if me
Made love to women, virtue is not she,
As beauty is not nor wealth; he that straies thus
From her to here is more at alterous.
Then if the poets her maid; search every safegrit
And formenest, our cupid is not there.
Here's an enforced God, and in ground
To Pluto dwell, where gods and free abound
Men to such gods there sacrifice.

Did not on alters laye, but pits they laye.
Although we see celestial bodies move
Above the earth, the earth we see and love.
So no the eyes contemplate, words, and heart.
And virtues, but no love the Centaurs set.
Not is a soul more worthy or more, or more fit

For love, then thin it's, as infinite as it

But attaining this defined place,

If in much they stray that set out at the face,

The home, a forest of a boughs

Of springs, springs, fectors, and maecles,

The brook becloses us when it's smooth and plane

And when it's wrinkled, it's barched in a game

Smooth it's a paradise where we would loans

Immortal stay, and wrinkled by our grove.

The rose life, to the first meridian comes

Not twist an east and west but twist two solers

It leaves a blaze to rescue hemisphere,

On either side, and the direct or where

Upon the land's fortunate we fall

(not fast, Cannor but ambrosial)

Her sweetly, lipped: To not when we are come

Wee teeth score, and them our selves at fore

For they score all. Those, it is best, and all there

wise, Delphics, oracles doe fill the ear

Then a creek, where Chaster peers doe smell

The remora, her bleeding tongue with drink

There, and the glorious Promenade, her chime

one part, and the straight, the parts between,

The choaks and it sides of her breasts

(not of two lovers, but two loves the necks)

Succeeds a boundless sea, but that thine eye.

Some island males may read, their office

To saying to her, die in that may

Shall at first, Anatique in will stay.

Though thence the current by it left made

yet ere, then be, where thou wouldst be employ'd

This shall open an other prosperous sea,

where some doe shipwreke no danger get;

When then art there consider what this chase

mispent, be thy beginning at the face.

Rathyr, set out below, practice my art

Some symetry the first hath not that past

no then touch, seeks, and is the man for that

Lovely enough to stop, but not stay at

Least unless to dispence, and change it's

men say the breach never could change his

It is the emblem what both figure,

bironness, the first part color'd red
The mouth speaks from the abundance of the heart, so we are taught, but they have found an art
early at Westminster, which is more necessary;
most mouth speaks from the abundance of purse.