Rob mee, but binde me not, and let me goe.
Must I, who came to travaile thorow you,
Grow your first subject, because you are true?

Venus heard me sigh this song,
And by Loves sweetest Part, Variety, she swore,
She heard not this till now; and that it should be so
She went, examin'd, and return'd ere long, (no more.
And said, alas, Some two or three
Poore Heretiques in love there bee,
Which thinke to stablish dangerous constancie.
But I have told them, since you will be true,
You shall be true to them, who are false to you.

Loves V fury.

For every houre that thou wilt spare mee now,
I will allow,
Usurious God of Love, twenty to thee,
When with my browne, my gray haires equall bee;
Till then, Love, let my body raigne, and let
Mee travell, sojourn, snatch, plot, have, forget,
Resume my last yeares relish: thinke that yet
We'had never met.

The bargain's good, if when I am old I be
Inland by Thee.
If any owe honour, or my shame, and paine,
Then court; not as that ape, thou shalt come.
Do they will thee, the subject and degree
And fruits of love, love I submit so free,
Spare me till then, the brave is, though it be
One that loves mee.
Let mee thinke any rivalls letter mine,
   And at next nine
Keepe midnights promise; mistake by the way
The maid, and tell the Lady of that delay;
Onely let mee love none, no, not the sport
From country grasse, to compostures of Court,
Or cities quelque choses, let report
   My minde transport.

This bargaine's good; if when I am old, I bee
   Inflam'd by thee,
If thine owne honour, or my shame, or paine,
Thou covet most, at that age thou shalt gaine.
Doe thy will then, then subject and degree,
And fruit of love, Love I submit to thee,
Spare mee till then, I'll beare it, though the bee
   One that loves mee.

The Canonization.

For God's sake hold your tongue, and let me love,
   Or chide my palse, or my gour,
My five gray haires, or ruin'd fortune flour, (improve
   With wealth your estate, your minde with Arts
Take you a course, get you a place,
   Observe his honour, or his grace,
Or the Kings real, or his stamped face
Contemplate, what you will approve,
   So you will let me love.

Alas,