Loves Progress

Whoever loves, if he doth not propose,
The right true end of Love, he's one of goes
To sea for nothing but to make him sick
And loves a Bear whose bornes: if we are lick
Our Love will force it: new strange Shops to take
We err, & of a Lump a Monster make
Were not a calf a monster, it were grown
Faint and like man thought better than his own?
Perfection is in Unity: Prefer
One woman first, & then one thing for her
& when it faileth Gold, may think upon
The dutiennes, & application
The wholesome & vigorous,
from Raft fromsqlite from fier for every free
But if I love it is because it is made
By our new Nature life & course of trade
All these in women we might think upon.
If women had them) yet love but one
Can men more iniure women than to say
They love them for & by it they're not. They
Makes Virtue woman: must I cool my blood
& if both she & find one wise & good.
May heaven loves love so: but if we
Make love to woman Virtue is not she
As beauty is not, nor flesh, they shews thus
From her to hers is more adulterous
For he that takes her maid some every she
And forment, our cupids, is not the
He's an infernal God & under ground
With Pluto dwells, where God & fier abound:
Men to such Gods sacrifice Coales
Did not on Altars lay, but gifts & flowers.
Although we see celestial bodies move
Above the Earth: if Earth we till & Love
So with her hair the Contemplative woman last
And vertues: but we love if Lyrique part
Of soul more worthy or more fit
Or love than this, as infinite as it.
But in attaining this desired place,
How much they stray, if set out at the face;
The wary a forest is of ambuscades,
Of springes, snares, fetters & manacles.
The brow becalming vs when 'tis smooth & plain
And when 'tis wrinkled shipwreck us again.
Smooth 'tis a paradise where we would have
Immortell life, wrinkled 'tis our grave.
The rose like to a first meridian suns,
Not twisty, but swift & west but twisty two
It leaves a cheek a rose's hemisphere
On either side, & then direct vs where
Upon of lands fortunate we fall,
Not saint Canary, but far more vast.
Her dwelling lips to vs when we are come
We spoke ther ther, & think we are at home
For they seem all ther wives songs & the
Wife Delphique Orale is full of love.
Then in a trees the church weaving
Yet in the remova her clear tonge doth dwell
Tong & of glorious promontory her chram
Over not the strait hellespont between
The yes & side of her crest.
(Not of two lovers but two loves of rest)
Succeed a boundless sea, but if the eye
Some hand moulds may scatter ther defence
And voyaging towards he Indias in a way
Shall at her fairest Atlanticue Havell stay
Though thence of current be thy gait made
Yet ex her be, when thou wouldst be imbrace
But thou shalt upon an other forest set
Where some do shipwreck & no farther set
When thou art ther, consider vs this chase
Mingled by thy beginning at thy face
Rather set out before practice my art
From Symmetry of foot hath with first