

what though shee striveth by her strength,
And barm, and brunt, ~~by~~ there may;
Her feeble force will yield at length,
When craft ~~thought~~ ~~her~~ thus to say,
Had women beene as strong as men,
Youe saith you had not had it then.

What though her cloudie lookes bee bent,
Her frowne browes will calme eare night;
And then to late shee will repent,
That thus dissembled her delight;
And twice desire ere it be day,
That which with frowne shee put away.

A gentleman to his wifes being a bedd
with him that she wold not rise.

To see his day what though it bee,
Will you therefore rise from mee,
Why should we rise because tis light,
And we lye downe because tis night?
Love which in spite of darkness brought us hither,
Should in despite of light hold us together.

Sight hath no tongue but is all eye,
 If it could speake as well as spie;
 This is the worst that it could say,
 That being well of fame wold stay:
 And that I wold my hart and honour ~~for~~
 That I wold not from ~~them~~ that hath them ~~goe~~.

Must businesse thee from hence remove,
 Oh thats the worst disease of love;
 The poore, the foule, the faire love can
 Admit, but not the busie man;
 He that hath businesse and maketh love doth doe
 Such wronge, as if a married man should woe.

Idem.

sweete stay a while why doe you rise
 The light we see comes from eyes
 The day breakes not it is my hart
 To thinke that you and I should part
 Oh staye or else my eyes must die
 And perish in their infancy.

Let mee die on that faire brest
 Sweeter then the Phoenix nest
 My wife desire by thy sweet charmes
 Whose cradle of thine armes
 And let the blifull ~~eyes~~ ~~eyes~~ ~~eyes~~
 The ~~eyes~~ ~~eyes~~ which she ~~eyes~~.