

A sonnet

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I owe you me for some by grace
 now for my pleasing eyes or face
 or for any outward part
 nor rise for my constant heart
 these may fade and turn to ill
 soe then and of all goods
 I praye that for a true woman eye
 and love me still but know not why
 soe shall I have the same reasone still
 to doe upon me ever.

To a dissembling lady
 Send home my straggling eyes to me
 yet since they have beene such ill
 such fount fashions
 and false passions
 as they be made by thee
 fit for noe good keeps them still
 Send home my harmless heart againe
 which noe unworthie thought did staine
 yet since it hath beene by thine
 to make idlings
 of protestings
 and crosses both
 keeps it still for word and deede
 yet send me back my part of deede
 that I may knowe the waye
 and may laugh and joy when I see
 wit in anguish
 and dole languish
 for some one
 that will
 or proud fall as thou art.