

Love's Progress

OR
Instructions in wooing
to begin at the right end.

Whoever loves, if hee doe not expose
The right true end of Love, hee's end that good
To seek for nothing but to make him sitte,
And stand a board whole, if hee ever like
Our Love, and find it now strange shee doo take,
Woe our, and of a Linnx a monster make,
Woe not a talfe a Monster that woe grownd
fear'd like a man, though better than his owne
Perfection is in white. Profess
our woman first, and then our thing in her.
I whose I value gold, may thinke upon
The durtiness, the application,
The wholesomeness the ingemited
From rust, from soile, from taint for ever good.
But if I love it, hee because hee made
By our new Nature is the soule of trade
All this in woman you might thinke upon,
If woman had them: but yet love but one.

Jann

Can men more mind women, then to say,
 They love for that, for wth they are not they;
 Make virtue woman. Must I soold my blood,
 Till I both see and finde one wise and good.
 May foolish Eunuches love soe: but if wee
 Make love to woman, Vertue is not shee,
 No Beautie is not wealth. Love that shai be g^{iv}
 From her to her, is more Adulterous
 Then her that took her Maid. Search how shee
 And firmament; our Cupid is not there
 Hee's an infernall god and under ground
 With Pluto dwells, where gold & fire abound.
 Men to such gods their sacrificings sold
 Did not on Altars lay, but in pittie hold.
 Although wee see Celestiall bodie move
 About the Earth; the Earth wee till, and love.
 Soe wee her Ayres contemplate wth our hart
 And portus, but wee love the center part.
 Nor is the soule more worthie or more fit
 For love, then this as infinite, as it:
 But in attaining this desired glasse
 How much they owe, that sell out at the last
 Tho