

# 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 one 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 raffe 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 ingenuitie  
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 wts 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. Hee that shai be glib  
 From her to her, is more Adulterous  
 Then hee that took her Mayd. 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 pitts and hold.  
 Although wee see Celestiall bodie, move  
 About the Earth; the Earth wee till, and love.  
 Soe wee her Ayres contemplant wood and 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 glard  
 How much they owe, that sell out at the rate  
 Tho