

4.
Nor neither Egypt, Troy, nor Greece,
Nor Celia with her hidden Pleiades
Hath ever ouerproduc'd so rare
In Virtue, beauty, every Grace
That dignifies the mind or face,
Which with this Couple may compare.

5.
The stately Priest hath firmly tied
The Gordian knot that will abide
The touch of what's Canonical;
And the pignie Justice hath fast chain'd
The Bugbeare Act, though it be proclaim'd
As simple, as Apocryphal.

6.
Let's haue therefore them to bring
To the pleasant fountaine whence doth spring
The joyes of Cupid's Monarchy;
Here tumbling on their Vuphiall bed
To career for a Maiden head,
Which will like the Zodiack Gemme.

7.
Hence, dull-ey'd Somnits, think not now
Distrone upon this Ladies brow;
Her choicest joyes doe her invite:
Nor now, now anchor'd in a Slaven
Where sacred Hymen her hath given
An other Sovereign of the Night.

8.
Come, draw y^e Curtaine; let's depart
And leave two bodies in one heart
Devoted to a restless Rest;
And when their Virgin Lamp expires,
May there arise from the same fire
Another Phoenix in the Nest.

fr W. B.

6.
On the praise of an ill-favour'd Gentlewoman.
Marry and love thy Plavia, for she
Hath all things whereby others beauties be:
For though her eyes be small, her mouth is great,
Though her lips ivory be, her teeth be jet:
Though they be dark, yet she is light enough,
And though her hatch hair fall, her skin is rough,
And what if it be yellow, her hair's red,
Give her but thine, she has a Maidenhead.
These things are beautid elements, where those
Compounded are in one, she needs must please:
If red & white, and each good quality
Be in the wench, ne'er ask where it doth lye:
In buying things perfum'd, we ask if there
Be Musk & Amber in it, but not where.
Though all her parts be not in the usual place,
She hath the Anagram of a good face.
When by the Gam-out some Musicians make
A perfect Song, Others will undertake
By the same Gam-out changed, to equall it:
Though simply good can never be unfit.
For one night's revells, silk & gold we use;
But in long journeys cloth and leather chuse.
Beauty is barren oft, and Husbands say
There's the best land, where is the foulest way.
And what a soveraigne Medicine will she be,
If thy post Ims have taught thee jealousy.
Here needs no spial nor Eunuuchs: her Commit
Safe to thy foot, yea to thy Marmoset.
When Belgia's Citie the ruin'd Country drown,
That dusky foulness arms to guard the Town.
So doth her face guard her, and so for thee,
Which by occasion absent oft mayest be.
She whole face like y^e Clouds from day to night,
And mightier then the Sea makes Moors seem white.
Who though seven yeares she in the street hath laid,
A Nunnery durst receive and think a Maid.