

Resolution not to marry

X  
If she bee faire, I feare the rest,  
If she bee foule, I hope the best,  
If shee bee faire, they say shee doe,  
If shee bee foule, shee'l doe so too.  
If shee bee faire, it breeds suspect,  
If shee bee foule, why then neglect  
If shee bee borne of better sort,  
Then shee doth favour of the Court.  
If shee bee of the Cittie borne,  
Shee'l quit the Citties Armes, the horne:  
If shee bee borne of parents base,  
I feare her vittues for her place  
If shee bee faire, and witty too,  
I feare the haerms her wit may doe  
If shee be faire, and yett want wit  
I feare not beauty without it  
In brief, bee what shee will, I'me one,  
That can love all, yett will love none  
I mis

To a Lady that would fayne see desire  
Lady if you desire to see Desire,  
Looke on my face, & with a louely fyre  
Has rays attractiue in beholding you,  
A heartly heart breeds desire a new  
Benot displayfull faixe one, and it howers  
Deuoyd of feare upon the lookes of Louers.  
A pleasant glasse doth cherishe it, if ere  
you'l see it, smile, if not, it turns to feare

Apeyron eye

X  
Lour (like a fly) comes to your burning eyes  
Buzzes about, scorches his wings and dyes

X  
A fly fluttering about a Ladies face  
Aduentrous fly, I daest approach your torches,  
Fullest thou not how shee scorches  
Flying by those staires in the Heauen of Loue  
Thou'lt a new Phaston proue  
Hide thy self in her dangling curls, fond fly,  
Rather night there, then day  
Shee flies from eyes, to head, yett nought will doe,  
For her haire flameth too  
I mis

To a disssembling Lady

Send home my straying eyes to mee,  
Which too long haue lookt on thee  
Yett since they haue learnt such ill,  
Such foule fashions,  
And false passions,  
That they be  
Made by thee  
Fitt for mee god keep them still

Send home my harmlesse hart againe,  
Which nor unworthy thought did strayne  
Yett since it hath learnt by thee

To make isstranges  
Of protestings  
And crosse both  
word and oath

Keep it for sixe monthes of mine

yet send mee back my hart and eyes,  
that I may know and see thy lies,  
And may laugh, and say, when thou  
sist in anguish  
And dost languish  
For some one,  
that will none

Or proue as false as thou art now

I mis

Ic. Dome