

Rob mee, but binde me not, and let me goe.
Must I, who came to travaile thorow you,
Grow your fixt subject, because you are true?

Venus heard me sigh this song,
And by Loves sweetest Part, Variety, she swore,
She heard not this till now; and that it should be so
She went, examin'd, and return'd ere long, (no more,
And said, alas, Some two or three
Poore Heretiques in love there bee,
Which thinke to stablish dangerous constancie.
But I have told them, since you will be true,
You shall be true to them, who'are false to you.

Loves V'sury.

FOR every houre that thou wilt spare mee now,
I will allow,
Usurious God of Love, twenty to thee,
When with my browne, my gray haire equal bee;
Till then, Love, let my body raigne, and let
Mee travell, sojourne, snatch, plot, have, forget,
Resume my last yeares relic: thinke that yet
We had never met,

D d

Thy bargain's good, if when I am old I be
Inflam'd by thee,
If thy owne honour, or my shame, and paine,
Thou court; most at that age thou shalt gaine,
Do thy will then. The Subject and degree
And fruits of Love, Love I submit to thee,
Spare mee till then, I'll beare it though it be
One that loves mee.

Let

Let mee thinke any rivalls letter mine,
 And at next nine
 Keepe midnights promise; mistake by the way
 The maid, and tell the Lady of that delay;
 Onely let mee love none, no, not the sport
 From country grasse, to comfitures of Court,
 Or cities quelque choses, let report
 My minde transport.

This bargaine's good; if when I'am old, I bee
 Inflam'd by thee,
 If thine owne honour, or my shame, or paine,
 Thou covet most, at that age thou shalt gaine.
 Doe thy will then, then subject and degree,
 And fruit of love, Love I submit to thee,
 Spare mee till then, I'll beare it, though she bee
 One that loves mee.

The Canonization.

FOr Godsake hold your tongue, and let me love,
 Or chide my palsie, or my gout,
 My five gray haire, or ruin'd fortune flout, (improve
 With wealth your state, your minde with Arts
 Take you a course, get you a place,
 Observe his honour, or his grace,
 Or the Kings reall, or his stamped face
 Contemplate, what you will, approve,
 So you will let me love.

Alas,