

Elegya. 9.

Although thy hand, & fayth, & good works too
Have seal'd thy loue w^t nothinge shoulde vnde
yea though thou fall back, that Apostacy
Confirme thy loue: yet much, much I fear that
woemen are like the arts, forced to vnde
open to all searchers, unprise^d if unknowne:
If I have caught a bird & let him flye
An other fowler vnginge those meanes as I
may catch y^e same bird, & as these thinges be
woemen are made for man, not him nor me.
Foxes & goats all change when they please
Shall woemen more hot, wyly, wyld then these
Be bound to one man, & in nature then,
Foly make them apter to exure, then men?
They are our dugs, not their owne: if a man be
Chaynd to a Galley, yet y^e Galley is free.
Who hath a plow land calps all his seed-corne there
And yet allowes his ground more corne should beare
though Danuby into the sea must flow,
The sea receaues thence, ~~to ga~~ ^{to} Po.
By nature w^t gave it, this Ly-bury.
How couldest but oh, caust thow loue in me?
Likenes yldes loue; then if soe thow doe
so make us like, & loue mus^t change too.
more then thy hate, & hate it: rather let me
Follow her change, then change as oft as she
And soe not teach but force my opinion
so loue not any one, nor every one:
so loue in one land is captiuitie
so rume all countreyes a wild roguery:
waters stinke soone if in one place they lyde
And in the vaste sea are worse putrefyed,
But when they bisse one banke & leauinge this
never looke backe, but the next banke doe kiffe
then are they prouest: Change is the nurcery
of musick, ioy, ~~for~~ life, & eternitie. /

Elegya. 10.

Marry and loue thy floria, for shee
Hath all thinges whereby other beautyes bee
for though her eyes be smale, her mouth is great
though they bee fuory, yet her tooth are few
though they bee drie, yet shee is light enough
and though her harsh hayre fall, her skinn is roug
what though her skinn bee yellow, her hayre is red,
gire her thine, and shee hath a maydenhead.

These things are beauty as elements, where these
meet in one, that one must as perfect please.
If red and white, and each good qualitye
See in thy wench; ne're aske where it doth ly.
In ~~things~~ ^{burning} things perfume, wee aske if there
be muske and amber in it, but not where.
Though all her parts bee not in th' usuall place,
she hath an agnogram of a good face.
If wee might putt the letters but one way,
In that leave dearth of words, what could wee say
when by the Gamut some musicians make
a perfect souge, others will undertake
by the same gamut chang'd, to equale it,
Things simply good, can never bee profit.
Shees fayre as any, if all bee like her,
And if non bee, then she is singular.
All Loue is wonder, and if wee firstly doe
Accout her wonderfull, why not Louely too?
Loue built on beauty, soone as beauty, dyes.
Choosie this face Chang'd by noe deformities.
It is lese greffe to bee foule then to haue him fayre
for one nights rebells, silk, and gould wa chosie,
But in Loue Forries, cloth and leather bye.
Beauty is barren oft. Best husbands say
There is best Loue, where is the foulest way.
Oh what a soveraigne playster will shee bee,
when thy past sins haue bought thee felofye.
Here needs noe spies nor Gunnches. Her Comit
safe to thy foy, yea to a marmolett
when Belgaras byges the round countrees drowne,
that dury foulnes gards and armes The towne.
Soe doth her face guard her from foes for thee,
wher forth by Buffynnes, affeit off must bee.
Shee whose face like clouds bounes day to night,
who mighty er then the sea, makes morele same whi
who though seauen yeares shee in the shooes had lay
A myntry durst receive and think amayde.
And though in Chidiooth, Lodox shee did lyce,
midwifes would sweare ther but a tympan.
Whome if shee accuse her selfe, f credid left
fren witches, w^c imposibiles confess.
Whom Dildo, Godstoffe, and her Bellit glafs,
would be as loath to touch, as Ioseph was.
One like none, and likt of none, fittest were,
for things in fashion, every one will weave.

J.D.