

Elegie

Although thy hande and faith and good works too,
 Have sent thy Love which nothing should undo:
 Yea though thou fall backe; that Apostasie
 Confirme thy Love, yet much much I feare thee
 Women are like the Arts, forc'd into none
 Open to all Searches & pry'd, if unknowne.
 If I have caught a Bird, and let him flie
 Another fowle of mine the means, as I
 may catch the same Bird, and as these things bee
 Women are made for men not him nor me
 Foxes and Goates all beasts when they please
 Shall women more hot, wily, wilde then these
 Be bound to one man. and did Nature think
 To make them after t'knowe their men
 They are our Clogs and their owne. if a man be
 Chained to a Gallie, yet the Gallie's free
 Who hath a Plowland, casts all his seedcorn there
 And yet allows his ground more corn should beare
 Though Danubie into the Sea must flowe
 The Sea receives the Rhyne, Volga and Lo
 By nature which gaur'd this liberty.
 Thou lovest but canst thou love it and me?
 Loves glues Love, and then if so thou doe
 To make us like and Love must change to
 more then thy hate I hate it. rather let me
 Allowe his Change then change as ofte as I.
 And so not break, but force my opinion.

To love not any one, not every one.
 To live in one Land is Captivity.
 To run all Countries a wilde Roquery.
 Waters stinke here, if in one place they bide.
 And in the salt sea are worse putrified.
 But when they kisse one Pancke and seavenger thus
 never look back, but the next bank doe kisse
 Then are they purest. Change is the mystery
 of musick, joye, life and Eternity.

Finis



P

