

Many & Loue thy Flavia, for shee
 hath all things wherby others beauteous bee
 for thoe her Eyes bee small, her mouth is great
 though they bee Ivory, her teeth bee Ivorie
 though they bee dim, yet shee is light enough
 & thoe her harsh hayre fall, her skin is rough
 what thoe her cheekes bee yellowe, her hayre is red
 give her thyni & shee hath a maydenhead
 these things are beauties elements. when these
 meete in one y must needs perfectly please
 If red & white & dark good qualities
 bee in thy wench near ask where it doth lye
 In buyng perfume, wch ask if there
 bee Muske & Amber in them & not where
 thoe all the parts bee not in the usuall place
 shee hath the Anagram of a good face
 If wee might put the letters but one way
 ith' leane death of letters what could we say
 when by the Gamoth some Musicians make
 a perfect songe others will undertake
 by the same Gamoth changed to equal it
 things simple good can never bee unfit

shee is as

shee is as fayre as any, It all bee like her
 & if none bee then shee is singular
 All Loue is wonder, if wee iustly doe
 account her wonderfull, then why not Louely too
 Loue built on beautie, soone as beautie dies;
 Chuse this face changed by not deformities
 women are like to Angells; ^{they faire bee} ~~nothing can impair~~
 like those y fall to worke, but such as shee
 like to good Angells, nothing can impair.
 is lesse grieve to be foule then t'have been fayre
 or one night Richly, silke & gold we chuse
 but in Longe iournes cloth & leather use
 beautie is barren oft, but Husbands say
 her is best Land, wher there is foulest clay
 what a sauvaigne playster will shee bee
 if thy past smes haue taught thee to loue
 we neede not spide, nor Eunucho, Her comit
 aft to thy foes, nay to thy marmosite.
 when Belgias Cities the Low Countries drowne
 hat forty foule guard & army the Towne
 doth her face guard her, & soe arme thee
 whoe force wth busines oft must absent bee

Her face

Doctor Corbett to Maresa Mallitt.

Her face like cloudes y^e turnt y^e day to night
 & mightier than the sea makes more lake whyte
 that shee seven yeares wth in a kin had layd
 a Nunnery durst receive her for a mayde
 And that in Childbirth labour shee did lye
 Midwife would sweare twas but a Sympany
 If shee accuse her selfe I credit less
 than witchery that impossibly confesse
 out like none & like if none is best gear
 for things in fashion every man will weare

Havt I knownd my fayth, or basely soules
 saluation, or my Loyalty for gould?
 Havt I some fouretime practise undertooke
 by poyson shotte sharpe knife, or sharper booke
 to kill my King? Havt I betraid the state
 to fier or fury, or some newer fate
 w^{ch} learned murthering the Grand destiny
 the Jesuities have nurrd? If of all this
 I guilty am: Proovd, I am content
 that Mallitt take me for my punishment
 for newe Sinn was of soe high a rate
 but one night hell w^{ch} her can expiate
 the Lawe w^{ch} Garnitt & the rest
 shall farr more mildly Hangin's but a rest
 to this mortall torture, Had shee beene then
 in Maryes horrid dayes ingendred, when
 tormentes wear witty, & invention free
 did live by blood, & thrive by cruelty:
 shee would have beene more horrid mgins farr
 then fiers, & famine, Racker, or Halter are
 whether with