

To knowe that love lodg'd in a womans brest  
is but a gnoste

That hee was betrayed  
by a perfumē.

First, and but once found in thy company,  
All thy supposed strappes are laid on me  
And as a testife at barre, is question'd to be  
By all the men that ever bin wold that year  
Soe am I (by this traytrons mean) surpris'd  
By thy hydroplique flatter, ratifiz'd  
Tounge for eate, oft swore that eie world remove  
Thy beauties beautie, (and foods of our love,  
Hope of eies goods) yf I w<sup>th</sup> thee were gone;  
Yet els' and soot as our soules we gave bin

Conge thy mortall Mother, w<sup>th</sup> dotte lye  
 Still buried in thy bed, yet will not dye,  
 Calob thy advantagd to out sleepe day light  
 And wate thy entried, and returned all night  
 And when thou take thy eand, and would some kinde  
 Dotte sturte great wrong, and Armlite thou can finde  
 And kissinge, notes thy tonbor off thy face  
 And feareinge, least thou art stolne; dotte misbrave;  
 To thy weeteer thou longe, dotte name strange madde;  
 And notes thy palonnes, blynging, sizzes, and sweates;  
 And politirly, will to thee confesse  
 The sinne of thy owne yonties want lustnes,  
 Yet love thyse potentis didd remove; and move  
 Thee to quell thy owne Mother, for my love  
 Thy little brether, w<sup>th</sup> like fagginge forrigge