



These things are beauties elements, where these  
meet in one, that one must as perfect please.  
If red and white, and each good qualitye  
bee in thy wench; ne're aske where it doth lye.  
In ~~things~~ things parfum'd, wee aske if there  
bee muske and amber in it, but not where.  
though all her parts bee not in th' usuall place,  
she hath an Anagram of a good face.  
If wee might put the Letters but one waye,  
In that leave dearth of words, what could wee see  
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 befitt.  
Shee's fayre as any, if all bee like her  
And if non bee, then she is singular.  
All Love is wonder, and if wee justly doe  
Account her wonderfull, why not lovely too?  
Love built on beauty, soon as beauty, dyes.  
Choose this face chang'd by noe deformities.  
'Tis lesse greefe to bee foule then to have Bina fayre  
For one nights rebells, silk, and gould we choose,  
But in longer Forryes, cloth and Lether use.  
Beauty is barren oft. Best husbands say  
There is best Love, where is the foulest way.  
Oh what a souveraigne playster will shee bee,  
when thy past sinnes have taught thee Felosye.  
Here needs noe spies nor Eunuchs. her Comit  
safe to thy foe, yea to a marmosett  
when Belgias Cityes the round countries drowne,  
that dirty foulnes guards and armes the towne.  
Soe doth her face guard her from foes for thee,  
with forth by buyfynes, absent oft must bee.  
Shee whose face like clouds tounes day to night,  
who mightyer then the sea, makes moves some whi  
who though seaven yeares shee in the stoves had lay  
A untry durst receive and think a waye.  
And though in Childbirth, Labor shee did Lye,  
midwifes would sweare twer but a Tympany.  
whom if shee accuse her selfe, f' credit less  
then witches, w<sup>ch</sup> impossibles Confesse.  
whom Bilbo, Bedstaffe, and her bellit glasse,  
would be as loath to touch, as Joseph was.  
one like none, and likt of none, fittest were,  
for things in fashion, every one will weave. /

J. D.