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'Tis true, 't is day, what though it be,  
will thou therefore arise from me.  
Light scorning darkness brought us hither.  
And shall in light hold us together.  
Did we lye downe because 't was night  
And will you rise because 't is light.  
Love is all eyes, and hath no eye  
If it could see, as well as spie.  
This is the worst that it would say,  
That being well, it faine would stay.  
And that he loves his honour for.  
He would not from such sweetness goe.  
Can bus'ness y<sup>e</sup> from me remove.  
In that's the joye & defence in love.  
The same the foole, the halfe love, can  
Admit: but not the loving man.  
He y<sup>e</sup> hath bus'ness & makes love, doth doe  
Such wrongs as if a married man should doe.

I aske not love? but aske the reason why?  
He that respects not fame, nor calumnie.  
Should be so temp'rate & so virtuow growne  
To love y<sup>e</sup> fame, & not regard his owne.  
Thinke you for want of spirit, I forbear.

To

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To tempt y<sup>e</sup> into ill; or that I feare.  
Offences done to y<sup>e</sup>; these powers 's no more  
To daunt me then y<sup>e</sup> sins I 've done before.  
What curbs my raging lust; are y<sup>e</sup> lesse faire?  
Or seeme more hard then y<sup>e</sup> neighbours are?  
Or am I such a fondling to believe?  
y<sup>e</sup> are more innocent then Maddam Eve.  
Or Sparhawk like when I am hungry set  
Doe I turne taile, because y<sup>e</sup> game's to great.  
Oh none of these nor all these once can move  
Me to unallow'd thoughts, because I love.  
He y<sup>e</sup> loves well; his love must be divine  
Who? for one graine, would spoile y<sup>e</sup> tender vine  
Or grow so foolish, or so licorous bee,  
For one greene plum to brake y<sup>e</sup> fruitful tree.  
What have I lost, when y<sup>e</sup> hast got y<sup>e</sup> game?  
What have I got, when y<sup>e</sup> hast lost y<sup>e</sup> same?  
Short pleasures breed long paine, & me must  
That dares not swear there is a love in lust.

when y<sup>e</sup> sit musing sadie all alone,  
Casting up all y<sup>e</sup> care in private mone.  
When y<sup>e</sup> hart bleeds w<sup>th</sup> greife, & are no more  
Nearer to comfort, then y<sup>e</sup> were before.

You