

To a dissembling Lady.

Send home my straying eyes to me  
with too too long hand looft on thee  
Yet since thy hand leaveth such ill  
Such forced passions  
And false passions  
that they be  
made by thee

If it for no good: keep them still.

Send home my harmlesse heart againe  
which no unworthy thought did gaine  
Yet since it hath learnt of thine

To make jesting  
Of protesting  
And crosse both

word and oath  
Keep it for his name of mine.

Yet send me backe my heart and eyes  
that I may know and see thy lygs  
And may laugh and ioy when thou

Art in anguish  
And dost languish  
For some one  
that will none

Or prove as false as thou art now.