

Loves progresse.  
 Instructions in wooing, to begin at  
 the right end.

No sooner loved, if hee doe not propose  
 The right true ends of love, hee's and that good  
 To see for nothing, but to make him sure,  
 And loose a heart, to give. If wee ever like  
 Our love, and forme it new strange shapes to take,  
 Wee are and of a limpe a monster make.  
 Were not a raffe a monster, that were gilded  
 With like a man, young better then his owne:  
 Perfection is in birth. preferre  
 One woman first, and then one living in her.  
 If wee, if value gold may thinke upon  
 The durtiness, the application,  
 The wretchedness, the incontinency  
 From rust, if I'me sorke, from bay at for ever free.  
 But if I love it, tis because tis made  
 By our new natured use the soule of trade.  
 All this in women wee might thinke upon,  
 If women had them: but yet love but one.  
 I am men, more minure women, then to say,  
 They love for that, for nothing they are not they?  
 Makee vertue woman: must I roole my bloud,  
 Till I both see and finde one wise and good?  
 May foolishnes be mixed love so, but if wee  
 Make love to woman, vertue is not to be;  
 Obe beautie, is not wealth. See, that strange kind  
 From her to her, is more adulterous.  
 Then hee that took her may. See, severall before  
 And firmament; our Iuyid, is not here.

Spee'd an infernall Godd and vnder ground  
Writings of bloud dwells, where gold and fire abound,  
Men to singe Gods, their sacrifice robes  
Sub not on altars lay, but in yll and holes.  
All yong y, was see detestfull bodies move  
Above the earth; the earth, was till and love,  
So rose her eyes contemplative, worde and hart,  
Kind vertue, but rose love the Iubrique part.  
Not is the soule more worthy, or more fit  
For love, then to be as infinite, as it.  
But in attaining Gods desir'd place,  
How many they are, that fall out at the face.  
The hayre a ffor of id of ambushes,  
If springe, shars, fetters, gins and manacles.  
The brode bealmes be, when the smooth and playne  
And when the wrinkled, they warke be againe.  
Smooth, the a paradise, where was would have  
Immortall joy, and wrinkled the our grave.  
The nose, like to the first meridian, runne  
Not throught in east and west, but throught two sunnes.  
It beares a rosette a rosette ydmiss beare  
On either side, and then direct be were  
Upon the Island fortunate to fall,  
Not faint Janaride, but Ambrosiall,  
For to all happy to; to were, when we are some,  
None any or here, and ymke our selves at some.  
For they seeme all; there Egreen sounge, and here  
Whys & whye in oracles doe full eye care.  
Then in a wreke, where reason peartles doe swell,  
The Remora her bleating tongue dooty dwell.  
Egreen and

To hope, and the / Lake / promontorie her ryme  
 The wast, and the straitte galle-spont betwene,  
 The Westward and Obbydnt of her breaste  
 Not of twoe lovers, but twoe lobes the nose;  
 Succeeded a boundles Sea, but that tyne dyf  
 Some Islands moles may strattered byre distroy,  
 And sayling towarde her India, in that way  
 Shall at her faire Atlantick natiue stay.  
 Thoughe thence the current be the Northward:  
 Yet, ere thou bee, myre thou wouldst be sinken,  
 Thou shalt vpon another shore sett,  
 Where many shipwracke, and no farther gett.  
 When thou art there, consider how his case  
 Missent by thy beginning at the fare:  
 That thou sett out belowe, practise my Art,  
 Some Symmetrie the foote hath, with that part,  
 Wherby thou doste steepe, and is as maye for that  
 Dorely enough to steepe, but not stay at:  
 Least subiect to disguise and change it is;  
 Some by the deuill neuer, can change his:  
 It is the emblem, that hath figured  
 Affinence, his the first part, that comes to ball.  
 Diuinitie refine, wee see the kisse,  
 That at the fairs began, transplanted is  
 Sins to the hand, sins to thy imperiall time,  
 Now at the dayall foole delight to bee.  
 If Kinge thine be the nearer way, and doe  
 Rise from the foole: lobers, may doe so too:  
 For as

For as free shee heard, more faster farr, then ran  
Bride, whom shee ayre, respice: so may that man,  
Whose good hee emptye and chyerall way,  
Then if at beauties elemente hee stand,  
His nature hatyn women wisdom made  
Dwoe pursued, and their mouths abusy sayd:  
Then they, wryng to the lovtie tribute owe,  
That way, wryng that Expresser looked, must goe:  
Hee wryng dothe, not, his error is as great,  
As who by Slyster gives the stomack meat.

So: Dome . /

A faire gentlewoman to a Suitor,  
that would fayne have byn nibbling  
and given her an earnest penny before  
hand . /

Forbear those fond of passions, wryng shouldst  
Be tempted to a losse of modestie:  
Wryng doe thy selfe pursue suggest and wryng  
mee with lascivious services of my selfe:  
If thou man, that know'st not yet the art to wryng  
Oh vertuous mynde, but by the loatred Sinne  
And weaknes of her Sinne, wryng pattered of  
Thy selfe as examples of my Son Larrie,  
And from the stonard remembrance of her name  
A wryng a lasting honor to my fame.  
Did not a suitors smile, or that faire geate,  
Whose wryngd his blood and eyes, altho the beate  
my spirit