

Though she were true when ye writt her  
 And left till ye writt ye letter  
 yet she  
 would be  
 falsly in if come to two or three

Jamis

Womans Constancy:

Now thou hast lov'd me out whole daye  
 To morrow when thou leav'st, what wilt thou saye  
 wilt thou antedate some newe made vowe?

then

Or say that newe  
 We are not yett those persons w<sup>e</sup> were  
 or that oathe is made in reverentall feare  
 of some, and evs swate any may forgetare  
 Or at true swate true marriage put ye  
 Soe Soures contrarye images of those  
 brides but till swate swate images them, unless

Or ye owe to justice  
 for having purpose change, and falshood ye  
 can have not way but falshood to be true  
 Daine Ematicue, against those swates & would  
 dispute and conquer it if would  
 w<sup>e</sup> if abtome to doe  
 for by to morrowe ye may thinke so too.

own

Jamis

Concordance.

Good we must love, and must hate ill  
 for ill is ill, and good good still  
 but there are things indifferent  
 w<sup>e</sup> we may neither hate, nor love  
 but owe, and then another prove  
 as we shall finde our fauce bent  
 for when at first w<sup>e</sup> Nature had  
 made women either good, or bad  
 then some we might hate, and some we love

But since Ie did them, for meate  
that we may see the low, nor hke  
only this right, All all, may s/d:  
If they were good it would be seeme  
Good is as visible, as Excess  
and to all our y<sup>th</sup> betraids  
If they were bad, they could not last  
So ad both it selfe, and others wast  
So they deserve, nor blame, nor praise  
But they are ours, as fruites are ours  
By that they taste, by that they deavour  
And he w<sup>th</sup> E leaves all doth a full  
Of angry loves are but of angry sortis of meate  
And when he hath the keruall case  
Who doth not fling away the shell?

The Sea

Fine

Mark but this Alca and marke in this  
How little that we thou deageit me is  
Me it suret fure, and now suret thee  
and in this Alca our two bloods mingled be  
Confess it, this cannot be fault  
No shame or shame, or losse of Maidenhead  
yet this might before us, was  
and prangt w<sup>th</sup> furell w<sup>th</sup> our blood made of two  
and this alas, is more then we would doe  
Oh fair, that liest in our Alca spare  
When we almost may more then married be  
This Alca is yo<sup>u</sup>, and I, and this  
our marriage bed, and marriage Temple is  
Though Parents gudge, and yo<sup>u</sup> yet we are mett  
and cloystred in this living wall of furell  
Though w<sup>th</sup> make thee apt to kill me  
Let not thy selfe murder albe it be  
and I knowe that I sinned, in killing thee.

Demost

Cruell