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 Marry e love thy Flavia; for she
 Hath all things whereby others be
 For though her Eyes be small, her mouth is great
 Though they be Ivory, yet her Teeth are felt.
 Though they be dim, yet she is light enough
 And though her length haire be fall, her skin is tough
 As though her Cheeks be yellow, her haire is red
 Give her thine, e she hath a Mayden-head.
 These things are drawtyes Elements; when these
 Meet in one, That One must as perfect please.
 If red e white e each good Quality
 Be in thy reach; use it as she whom it doth hye;
 In buying things of value, we aske if there
 Be the one or Amber in it, but not when:
 Though all y^e Parts be not in th^e usual Place
 yet she hath th^e Anagram of a good Face.
 If we might put y^e Letters but one way
 In y^e bound earth of words, no could we say
 when by y^e Gam-ut some Musicians make
 A perfect Song; others will undertake
 By y^e same Gam-ut changed to equall it:
 Things simply good can never be vnsuff.
 She is fayre as any, if all be like her
 And if none be, there is she singular.
 All Love is wonder; if we wisely doe
 Account her wonderfull, why not lovely too?
 Love built on beauty, soone as beauty Eyes;
 Change this face, changed by no deformityes.
 We count as like Angells; she fayre be
 Like these, y^e felt to worke: but such as she
 Like to good Angells, nothing can impaire;
 Thy best griefe to be foule, then to have beew, fayre.

For our night's Revels, Gods e silke we chuse
 But in longer Fournays, Cloth e Leather use.
 Beauty is barren oft; best Jewels faine
 These is best Land, where there is fowle way.
 Oh what a forraigne Pleasur will she be
 If thy past Sins, have taught thee Fealousy!
 There needs no Spies, nor Eunuchs; her comit
 Safe to thy foes; yea to a Maronite
 when Belgian Seas y^e low Country drowns
 The dirty foulewey guards, e armies, y^e Townes;
 So doth her face guard her, e so for thee
 who forced to busines, absent oft must be.
 She, whose face, like Clouds, makes Day, some night
 who mightier then y^e Sea, makes Moores faine white,
 who though seven years she in y^e Streets had layd
 A stony durst reave, e thinke a Mayd.
 And though in Child-birth Labor she did lye
 Midwives wote swear, turne out a Company
 whom, if she accuse her selfe, I credit less
 Then witches, who Impossibils confesse
 whom Diidos, Bed-staves, e her bestest Glass
 wold be as loth to touch, as Joseph was.
 Our likeness, e that of none, fittest ever
 For things in Fashion bring our will over.

On slaine with a Bull from a hay lost
 71 wonder about the most chor' good
 who from a haylost fell, and by so
 And from another house of hay
 his soule directly went away
 that take the body at the loss
 Omnis caro sanum est