

34 *Lumina Arca dextro, capta est Leonilla sinistro.*
Et patris est forma utrumque uterq. dros.
Blande juror quod Leno habes comitatus forori.
Sic tu rapus Amor, sic vit illa Venus.

35 *Parallell in English*
Hairs halfe blacke boy borne of a halfe blinde Mother
Equald by none, but by ye one ye other
Lend her thine eye sweet boy, After shall prove
The Queene of beauty, thow the god of Love.

36 Upon Corantus or his wife.
Corantus call'd his wife, both whore & slutts
Quoth shee, you be now have your bawling, but
But not, quoth he, quoth shee ye post or doore
For you have hours to butt, if I'me a whore.

37 A rope sent for a gift
That our loves may never alter
So by the way fast, I've sent you a letter.
The Answer

38 The rope is old, ye jest is new
The jest take I, ye Rope take you.

39 *Molo nimis famulum, diffidendum, nimis. Mart.*
I have wolo, qua non vult, illam qua vult ego nolo
Vivere vult animos non satiare Venus.
Oblatas sperno illud ab, deturto neqat,as,
Nec satiare animus nec truciare volo.
Non bis Anta Diana placet, nec uida Cithara
Fila voluptatis nil habet, least nimis.
Callida sed media Venus mihi vrendit artem
famina, quae iungat, quod volo, nolo, vacet.

40 Englished
I love her, yet desire, not yet invite
Venus should quail, not glut our appetite
Defam'd warre made me profane & depressed
I'de neither surfeit nor be tantalized
Straightward Diana, nor stript Venus please me
That is to hard to rompage, this to easy
But butwipt both ye waggish want give me
That in abracadabra an' other noe & gra.

41 Dr Duns to his M^{rs} going to bed.
Come Madam, come all rest my powers desire
Untill I labour, I in labour dye
The for oft times adorning ye for a fight
As ty'd with standing, though they never fight.
off with ye girde like cravens zone glittering
But a faire favour words uncompassing
Carpin ye spangled breast plate, with you wear.
That ye eyes of busy foolcs may be stop't here.
Obalare yourselfe for ye harmonious theme
sell us from you, ye now it is bed time.
off with ye happy basket with I. ravy
That still can be & still can stand for night.
your gowne going off such beautys state vvorald
As whol from flowry meades ye killye shadowy shade.
off with your wily Coronet and shew
The happy bed time and our your dead both grow.
Now off with these next show, & softly tread
In this loovs hollowed Temple this soft bed.
In such white robes Heavens marvels see to be
Peruord by men. Thow Angells bringst with thee
a Heaven like M. ahounts Paradise; and though
I'll spirits walk in white we easily know
By this these Angells from an' evil spirits
Those set our layre, but these our flesh upright.
Lisence my going hande, and let them goe
Behinde, Before, Above, Beside, Below.
O my America, my new-found land
My Kingdome safest when with one man man'd.
My mine of precious stones, my Empery
How blest am I in thus discovering thee.
To enter these bandes is to be free
There where my hand is set, my stake shall be
Full na kednes, all joy is due to thee
As soules unbodid, bodys unloath'd must be
To tast whole joyes. grace with women use
Are ye Atlantary balls, rest in mens wivros
That when a foolcs life lirt on a gene
It is earthly soule a may roost you, not them.
Like wivros, or like bookey, gay roving made
for Laymen, are all women thus araid.

Thraslers are mislike booke, with onely w
Whom their moued grates will signifie
Must serue vnder their fur of I may know
As liberally as to thy Midwife show
Thy selfe, past all yea this white skin hence
There is no penance due to mortu
To heare this I am naked first, why than
Not needst thou haue more coverings of a man

42 In dispraise of women.

O heavens great power why did you bring to light
That thinge call'd woman natures oversight.
That slave borne tyrant, slave of vanity,
That quill'd weathercocke, strunge of misery.
That wayward forward, most vncoustant will.
That seeming Saint, saile fartour for y^e Devil
Why not is woman, shee is but a creature
That nature striving to adorne with feature
Forgot to make her heart, this was shee
That first pulled fruite from y^e forbidden tree
Wherfore I now doe thus defire a woman
To be a wretched thinge, y^ts true to noe man.

The Contrary

43 O heavens great thanks be to y^e power divine
For making woman, natures choysse refine,
The first borne quene, mirror of chastity
That prop, of comfort, scale of felicity.
That faithfull constant, and most spotlesse will
The blessed Saint, with keep, men fro y^e Devil

Not is woman; why shee is of creature
Great nature strived most to adorne with feature
With vertue graces, and beauty, this was shee
That kept y^e Apple of y^e Golden tree.
For with this gift was given to her all
They rise from good still to be best of all
Therefore good safely may define a woman
There is no wretched thinge nor foote man.

44 In a Scornefull MMS 18
Shall I be slave unto a womans will!
Or feare her frowny, y^t with a frowne can kill!
Shall I pour out my thoughts to feede a oar
That rowt not rest till shee have made 'em knowe
I Noe I be hate their sex, yet hate the smother
Because I know a woman was my mother.
Let others wedde, I love to ly alone
They will I trust a closet but my owne
Why should I boate upon things y^ts foale!
Or seeke for vantage in a spotted soule!
Say shee be faire, & seeming honest too;
And sturge to doe the artes y^t others doe!
Why should I thinke y^t shee shal be always true?
When y^t wth pleasure women must be new.
Although like earthly Angels they be faire
And Cupids wanton in their golden faire
Why should I boate upon a womans face
Whome seruit nature hath made to dispraise!
What pleasure can there be ith marriage bed!
To spend ones spirits for a Maide's head!
When oft y^e wanton spring from womans womb
Doe often wish y^t it had bene their tombe.
Why should I make her Mistress of my heart?
Kisse her faire hande, y^ts colour'd with some art?
And owe my bridde kisses to like adore
Or, y^t for ought I know, may be a whore.

45. Choise of a MMS. Anon. Ep. 78.

Her for a Mistress would I faine enjoy
That hangs y^e lippe, & pouty at every boy
Sprakes like a wagger, is faire, dary boldy stand
And reare loves Standard with a wanton hand,
That in loves fight, for our blow gives me thorse
And being stabb'd falls straight a kissing mee,
For if shee want those trinkets of covning
wer't Venus selfe, I would not love her I.
If shee be modest, pure, and chaste of life
I hang her, shee's good for nothing but a wife.