

Who ever loves, if he doe not propose
 the right true end of love he's one w^{ch} goes
 to sea for nothing but to make his side
 And love is a beare whelpe borne, if we are hide
 our love and force it new strange shapes to take
 we are and of a ^{lumpy} monster a monster made:
 were not a Wolfe a monster that were grone
 I'd hide a man though better then his owne
 Perfection is in vniue; prefer
 one woman first, and then one thing in her.
 When I waken gods may strike upon
 the duckbillnesse, the application
 the whole-soulesse, the Ingenuesse
 From rust free from soyle from fire ever free.
 But if I love it, tis because its made
 by our new nature use the soule of Trade.
 All these in women we might thinke upon
 If women had them, but yet love but one.
 Can men more iure women then to say
 they love them for that by n^d they are not they
 make virtue women? most I leaue my blood
 till I both see and find one wise and good
 may barren Angels love see; but if we
 make love to women, virtue is not see
 As beauty is not nor wealth, he that strays thus
 From her to hers is more Adulterous
 then if he rooke her maid: search euery sphere
 And ferment our Lapid is not there
 There is an Infernall God, and vnder ground
 w^{ch} Plato dwells, where gods and fire a bound
 men to such gods there sacrifice Coales
 bid not on alters laye, but pits and holes.
 Although we see celestieal bodies moue
 Above the earth; the earth we till and loue
 So we the Ayres conemplable, words, and heart
 And vertues; but we love the Centricke part

Not is the soule more worthy or more, or more, fit
For love, then this, as infinite as it
But in attaining this desired place.

How much they stray that set out at the face,
The faire, a Forrest of Ambushes

Of springs, snares, fetters, and manacles,
The brow becomes vs when its smooth and plaine,
And when its wrinkled, shipwackes vs againe,
Smooth its a Paradiel where we would haue

Immortal stay, and wrinkled tis our grave,
The nose like to the first meridean runnes

not vntill an east and west but twixt two zones
It leaves a cheek a rosie Hemisphere,

on ether side, and then direct vs where
Upon the Islands fortunate we fall

(not faint Canary but Ambrosial)

Her swelling lippes: To w^{ch} when we are come
wee Anchor there, and thinke our selues at home

For they seeke all there, systems gone and all there
wise Belphegus oracles doe fill the eare.

Then in a creeke, where chosen pearles doe swell
The Remora, her cleaning tongue doth dwell

~~There~~ and the glorious Promentory her chime
ore past, and the straight Hellespont betweene,

The sestor and Abides of her breasts
(not of two louers, but two loues the nests)

succeeds a boundlesse sea, but that mine eye
some Island moles may scatter'd there discerie

And sayling to ~~the~~ her India, in that way
shall at her faire Atlantique haue stay.

Though there, the current of thy Pulch made
yet ore thou be, where thou would be employ'd

thou shalt upon an other Forrest sett
where some doe shipwacke and no further get;

when thou art there consider what this chase
mispent, by thy beginning at the face.

Rather, set out below, practice my art
Some symetrie the foot hath w^{ch} that part

wh^{ch} thou dost seeke, and is the map for that
lowly enough to stop, but not stray att

Least subject to disguise, and change, tis
men say the Deuel neuer can change his

So is the Emblome w^{ch} hath figur'd

himselfe, tis the first parte comes to the

Civility we see refine, the Lisse

Since to the hand, since to the Imperial Laces
now to the Papal foot delights to be

If Kings think that the nearer way, and doe
Rise from the foot, Louers may doe so too

For as free spheres move faster far then can
Birds, whose the Ayre resists, so may that man
who goes this empty and Ethernall way

Then if all Beauties Elements be stay
Such nature hath in women wisely made

Two purges, and there matters aversly laid
As they then to the lower tribute owe
That way that Exchequer looks most good

Then doubt not, his error is as great
As who by glisters, gives the stomaches meate.

To my Lady Salisburie finis

Victorious Beautie though your eyes
Are able to subdue an host

And therefore cannot boast
The gaining of a little price

Do not a single heart despise
It came alone, but yet so arm'd

With former love, I durst asworne
That where a petty coat was worn
Characters of Beautie charm'd
Where by it might have scap'd unharmed

But neither Steele nor stonie breast
Are proude against those looks of stin
Nor can a beautie lesse desire
Of any heart be long possess'd
Where thou predest an Interest

By conquest in regard of me
As was small, but in respect
Of her that did my love protect

Were it doubly defendes to be
Recorded for a victorie

And such come as those that were

Then truly false, perhaps may see

Though you have stolne my heart away

If all your serments prove not true,
May I steal a heart or two from you

By M^r Townsall

The mouth speaks from the abundance of the heart
So we are taught, but they have found an Art
Lately at wesminster which is more worse
Most mouthes speakes from the abundance of purses