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The Essay

Who ever loves, if he do not propose
 The right time, end of love, is gone, it goes
 To nothing, but to make you fit,
 And Love is a beast we have borne, if we will
 Our love and love it is strange, I say to take
 We are, and of a ~~man~~ a monster make
 Myself not a ~~man~~ a monster, but a monster make
 As if like a man, though better than you are
 Perfection is in one, ~~perfect~~
 One woman first, and then one thing in you,
 I know I value you more, I think upon
 I see duplicity, I see application
 I see selfishness, I see ingenuity
 From you, from you, from your eyes
 But if I love it, I do know, I do know
 By our true nature, by the rule of heads
 All eyes in woman we might think you
 (I woman had you) but yet Love but one
 I can men more misers women I can to say
 I see you for you, by your eyes, are not you
 Make us had women, I must I could my blood
 Kill I bold, I see, and fondly one night and good
 Many borrow angels love to, but if we
 Make love to woman, which is not free, it
 As beauty is not, nor wealth, by that I see, I see
 From you to you, it now adulterous
 I see if you look to me, I see every place
 And fragments, our Cupid is not here
 It is an infernal God, and underground
 I see, Pluto dwells in the god and fire a bairn
 Men to fire, gods here for things, I see
 Did not out after law, but with, and gold
 Although we see the hell bodies more
 About the earth, the earth, the hill, and love
 So we see said contemplative words, and least
 And nothing, but we love I contrive, I see
 It is of love more ready, or more fit
 For love to you, I see, as in love as it is
 But in attaining you I see, I see
 I see much of you, I see, I see out all I see
 I see a forest of ambushes
 Of foxes, hares, fens and manacles
 I see how bealms to be when I see, I see
 And when I see wrinkled I see, I see
 Smooth is a paradise, now we would have
 I see, I see, and wrinkled I see our game

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But if I love it, I'll love it
 By our true nature, I'll love it
 All eyes in women we might think you
 (If women had you) but yet love but one
 Few men more in love with women than to love
 I'll love you for that, by which they are not
 made to love women, but I'll love my beauty
 till I be, and fondly one night and good
 may borrow Angell's love so, but if we
 make love to woman, virtue is not
 No beauty is not, nor wealth, by that
 from eyes to eyes, it more adulterous
 Even if you look for maid, scarce every
 And firmament, our Cupid is not
 He is an infernal God, and underground
 Pluto dwells, mess god and fire a binder
 Men to fury, gods here for things
 Did not out of love, but gold, and gold
 Although we see celestial bodies move
 About, yet easily, yet easily, not
 So we see stars contemplate, words, and
 And virtues, but not love of intricate
 part is of such more reality, or more
 for love eyes, yet, as in fancy as
 But in attaining, yet of love
 How much of eyes, eyes, yet out of
 I saw a forest is of ambush
 of springs, rivers, fountains and
 eye brow bealms to us when
 And when his wrinkled
 Smoothly his a paradise, to us we would
 forest all day, and wrinkled his our
 eye nose, like to first meridian, sun
 not to wit, and east and west but
 it loves a cresset, (a rose of
 One eye is hid, and the other
 upon the island fortunate, no fall
 (Not faints Canary, but Amboyna)
 Her swellings lips (so which when we
 and her taste, and her
 As her seems all, but are
 wife & her eyes do fill

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Not of two hours, but two of two hours of mady
Surrender a bounde esse fra, but that thine eye
And sayinge towards her fadia in that way
shall att her fayre Atlantique nauille stay
Though thiner the searrent by thy pilot mady
yettes how be where how wouldst be embayd
Thou shalt vpon another floored get
where foue do shipwacke and no further get
when thou art there, confider what this chace
misprint by thy beginninge att y face

Rather get out below, praetice my act
Some symetry of foote, hath with y part
which thou dost seeke, and is thy snage for that
Loudly enough to stoppe but not do stand att
Least subiect to diffinise and change it is,
wisse say y deuil can inuare change his
It is y embleme which hath figured

freemre, tis y first part y comes to beed,
Ciuility wee see refind y life,
which att y face bequeme, transplankd is
Sincere to the hand, since to y imperiall face
Now att y papall foote delights to be
off Kinges kinde hat y nature way, and do
Rise from y foote, foures may do foote
for as frey sproues moue forre foures thir can
Birds whom y eye refind, so may that man
which ges this empty and spiritual way
Thene of att brauties, e bonnets he stay

Rich Nature hath in woman wisely made
Two purples, and thirer mouthes aurefolly layd
Ther then which hat y lower, tribute gues
That way, which y richere looks must ge
He who doth not, his error is as grate
As who by glyster gours y stomacke meate

Sonnet