















































































































Lending soft audience, to my sweet designe, [278]  
[75] And credent soule, to that strong bonded oth, [279]  
That shall preferre and vndertake my troth. [280]

This said, his watrie eies he did dismount, [281]  
Whose sightes till then were leaueld on my face, [282]  
Each cheeke a riuer running from a fount, [283]  
With brynish currant downe-ward flowed a pace: [284]  
Oh how the channell to the streame gaue grace! [285]  
Who glaz'd with Christail gate the glowing Roses, [286]  
That flame through water which their hew incloses, [287]

Oh father, what a hell of witch-craft lies, [288]  
In the small orb of one particular teare? [289]  
Put with the invndation of the eies: [290]  
What rocky heart to water will not weare? [291]  
What brest so cold that is not warmed heare, [292]  
Or cleft effect, cold modesty hot wrath: [293]  
Both fire from hence, and chill extincture hath. [294]

For loe his passion but an art of craft, [295]  
Euen there resolu'd my reason into teares, [296]  
There my white stole of chastity I daft, [297]  
Shooke off my sober gardes, and ciuill feares, [298]  
Appeare to him as he to me appeares: [299]  
All melting, though our drops this diffrence bore, [300]  
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore. [301]

In him a plenitude of subtle matter, [302]  
Applied to Cautills, all straing formes receiues, [303]  
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water, [304]  
Or sounding palenesse: and he takes and leaues, [305]  
In eithers aptnesse as it best deceiues: [306]  
To blush at speeches ranck, to weepe at woes [307]  
Or to turne white and sound at tragick showes. [308]

That not a heart which in his leuell came, [309]  
[76] Could scape the haile of his all hurting ayme, [310]  
Shewing faire Nature is both kinde and tame: [311]  
And vaild in them did winne whom he would maime, [312]  
Against the thing he sought, he would exclaime, [313]  
When he most burnt in hart-wisht luxurie, [314]  
He preacht pure maide, and praisd cold chastitie. [315]

Thus meerely with the garment of a grace, [316]  
The naked and concealed feind he couerd, [317]  
That th'vnexperient gaue the tempter place, [318]  
Which like a Cherubin about them houerd, [319]  
Who young and simple would not be so louerd. [320]  
Aye me I fell, and yet do question make, [321]  
What I should doe againe for such a sake. [322]

O that infected moysture of his eye, [323]  
O that false fire which in his cheeke so glowd: [324]  
O that forc'd thunder from his heart did flye, [325]  
O that sad breath his spungie lungs bestowed, [326]  
O all that borrowed motion seeming owed, [327]  
Would yet againe betray the fore-betrayed, [328]  
And new peruert a reconciled Maide. [329]

**FINIS.**