



Q. The Eyes of the Lady, have they such force on their Lover, as the beams of the Sun upon the things of the Earth?

A. Questionless they raise a spring of affection if Love darts them.

Q. What are Ordinances of Love?

A. That affections be equal, that between a Lover and his Mistress nothing be reveal'd.

Q. Do Courtizans love, or do they seem to do so?

A. There have been many mad for love, some that have died for it.

Q. Is Love the cause of good or evil.

A. Of good, it makes fools wise.

Q. Is it sufferable to falsifie Faith in Love?

A. Some hold it to be but a venial sin, because love is nourished with fallhood and reason.

Q. Who is the most jealous, the Man or the Woman? or which of them hath the most cause?

A. The Woman is the most jealous, but the man hath the greater cause; my reason I will for this time keep to my self.

Encomiums on the Beauty of his M'stress.

Brighter than inside Barks of new hew'n Cedar;
Sweeter than flames of fire perfum'd with

(Myrrhe,

And comlier than the silver cloud's that dance,
On Zephyrus wings, before the Queen o'th' spring;
'Tis she doth reach those torches to burn bright;
It seems she hangs upon the cheeks of night,
As a rich Jewel in the *Ethiop's* ear,
Beauty too rich for use; for love more dear:
So doth a Snowy Dove trooping with Crows,
As this my Mistress, o're her fellow shows,
Since her whole bodies frame hath pow'r t'have
The chaff *Hippolitus* for to have loved.

(moved
In

In fume, her parts are white as milk,
As smooth as Ivory, and as soft as silk,
O! who can her perfection tell,
In whom alone all graces dwell!

On Her Hair.

Her hairs reflect with read streaks paint the skies,
Stars fall to fetch fresh lustre from her eyes,
Whilst that those golden threads play with her
(breath,
Shewing lifes triumph in the Map of death.

On Her Locks.

Her locks being pleated like a piece of Wool,
Arc full of sweet, as sweet of sweets is full.

On Her Forehead.

Her stately front was figur'd from above.
Majestick, Fair, well polisht, high and pale,
Pure White, that dims the Lillies of the Vale.

On Her Face.

Her Face like *Cynthia's*, when in the Full she shin-
(eth,
And blushing to her love-mates power declin-
(eth;

Such brightness hath her Angels face,
Can make a Sun-shine in a shady place.

On the Colour of Her Face.

Such colour hath her Face, as when the Sun,
In summer his first rising hath begun.

On Her eye-brow and Cheeks.

Each Eye-brow hang like *Iris* in the Skies,
Oneither Cheek, a Rose and Lilly lies.

On Her Eye-lids.

Her arches be two heavenly Lids
Whose winks each bold attempt forbids.

On Her Eyes.

Two jetty sparks, where *Cupid* chafly hides
His subtil shafts, that from his quiver glides.

Piercing