

*An Address of Courtship to his Mistress.*

*Lady*, My vital breath runs coldly through my veins, I am sick for your Love, dearest *Lady*; neither is there any thing, but your own heart, can heal me: believe me also, fairest of Women,

Women, there is nothing beneath the Moon, but your frown, can grieve me.

*Sir*, Me thinks this is a strange fit.

*Lady*, Count not my love my light, because 'tis sudden; for By *Cupids Bow*, I swear, I never knew true Love till now.

*Sir*, I intreat you not to wrong your self, and me; your love is violent, and soon will have a period; for that is the most perfect love, which loves for ever.

Such love is mine, believe me, divinest Beauty, for although men use to lie, yet do I speak truth; and therefore, *Madam*, give me sentence either of life, or of a speedy death; can you affect so mean a person?

Truly *Sir*, I should deny my thoughts, to give you an absolute denial, yet must I not turn disloyal to former Promises; and therefore let this suffice, I cannot wrong my friend.

Then here my love must end, and in your presence thus for love I die.

Nay, hold *Sir*, these are soul killing passions. I had rather wrong my friend, then that you should wrong your self.

Love me, dear Soul, or else my death is but delay'd; my Vow is fixt in Heaven, and no fear shall move me: for my life is a death, that tortures me, unless you love me.

Give me then but a little respite, and I will resolve you.

Alas, *Madam*, my heart denies it; my blood is violent, now or else never love me. Love me, and both Art and Nature at large shall strive to be profuse in ravishing thy sense. I will entice Dalliance from thee with my smiles, and I will steal away thy heart with my chaste kisses.

Well, *Sir*, I am yours then from all the world; your wit and your person have entranc'd my soul.

I kiss thee, Dearest, for that breath; and know that thou hast now joyn'd thy self to one whose whole life rests onely in thy sight.