

125 For his advantage still did wake and sleep:
 To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep,
 He had the dialect and different skill,
 Catching all passions in his craft of will:

'That he did in the general bosom reign
 Of young, of old; and sexes both enchanted,
 130 To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
 In personal duty, following where he haunted:
 Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have granted;
 And dialogued for him what he would say,
 Ask'd their own wills, and made their wills obey.

135 'Many there were that did his picture get,
 To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind;
 Like fools that in th' imagination set
 The goodly objects which abroad they find
 Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign'd;
 140 And labouring in moe pleasures to bestow them
 Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe them:

'So many have, that never touch'd his hand,
 Sweetly supposed them mistress of his heart.
 My woeful self, that did in freedom stand,
 145 And was my own fee-simple, not in part,
 What with his art in youth, and youth in art,
 Threw my affections in his charmed power,
 Reserved the stalk and gave him all my flower.

'Yet did I not, as some my equals did,
 150 Demand of him, nor being desired yielded;
 Finding myself in honour so forbid,
 With safest distance I mine honour shielded:
 Experience for me many bulwarks builded
 Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the foil
 155 Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

'But, ah, who ever shunn'd by precedent
 The destined ill she must herself assay?
 Or forced examples, 'gainst her own content,
 To put the by-past perils in her way?
 160 Counsel may stop awhile what will not stay;
 For when we rage, advice is often seen
 By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

'Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,
 That we must curb it upon others' proof;
 165 To be forbod the sweets that seem so good,
 For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.
 O appetite, from judgment stand aloof!
 The one a palate hath that needs will taste,
 Though Reason weep, and cry, 'It is thy last.'

170 'For further I could say 'This man's untrue,'
 And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling;
 Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew,
 Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling;
 Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling;
 175 Thought characters and words merely but art,
 And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.

'And long upon these terms I held my city,
 Till thus he gan besiege me: 'Gentle maid,
 Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,
 180 And be not of my holy vows afraid:
 That's to ye sworn to none was ever said;
 For feasts of love I have been call'd unto,
 Till now did ne'er invite, nor never woo.

'All my offences that abroad you see
 185 Are errors of the blood, none of the mind;
 Love made them not: with acture they may be,
 Where neither party is nor true nor kind:
 They sought their shame that so their shame did find;
 And so much less of shame in me remains,
 190 By how much of me their reproach contains.