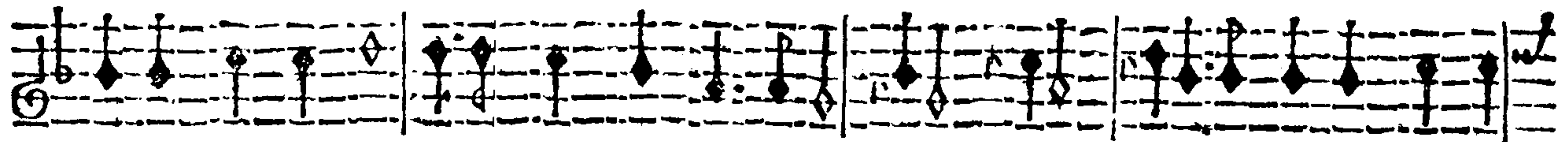
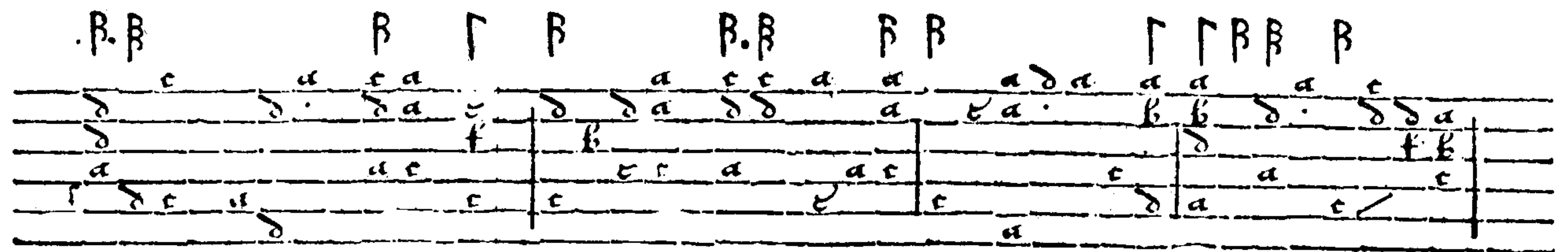


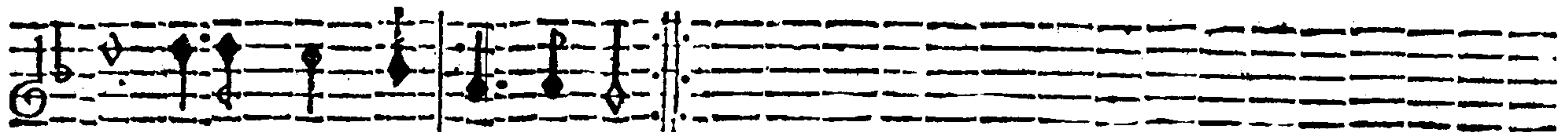
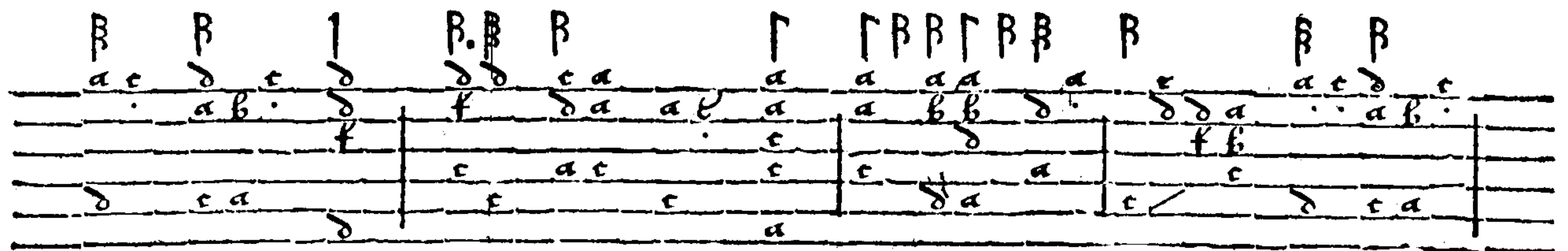
Y loue bound me with a kisse that I should no longer stay



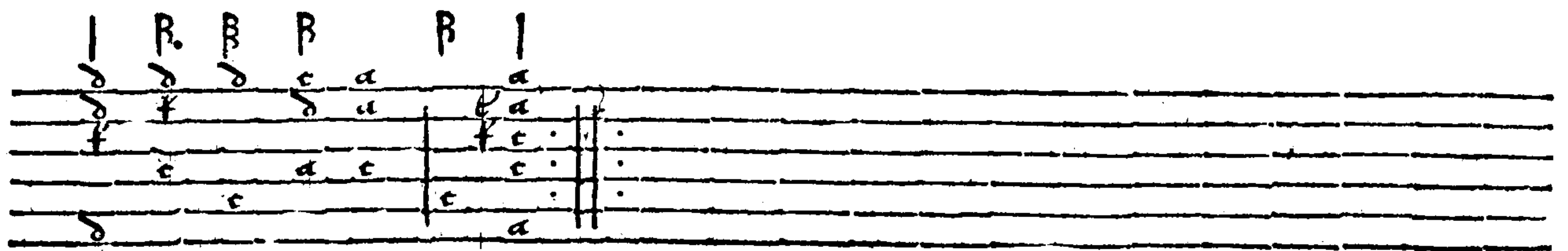
when I felt so sweete a blisse, I had lesse power to part away, alas, alas, alas that



women doth not know kisses makes men loath to go, alas, ii. ii. that women doth not



know kisses makes men loath to goe.



2
Yes she knowes it but too well,
For I heard when Venus doue
In her eare did softlie tell,
That kisses were the scales of loue,
Oh muse not then though it be so,
Kisses makes men loth to goe.

3
Wherefore did she thus inflame,
My desires heat my bloud,
Instantlie to quench the same,

And starue whome she had giuen food.
I I, the common sence can shew,
Kisses make men loath to go.

4
Had she bid me go at first
It would nere haue greued my hart,
Hope delaide had beene the worst,
But ah to kisse and then to part,
How deepe it strucke, speake Gods you know
Kisses make men loth to goe.