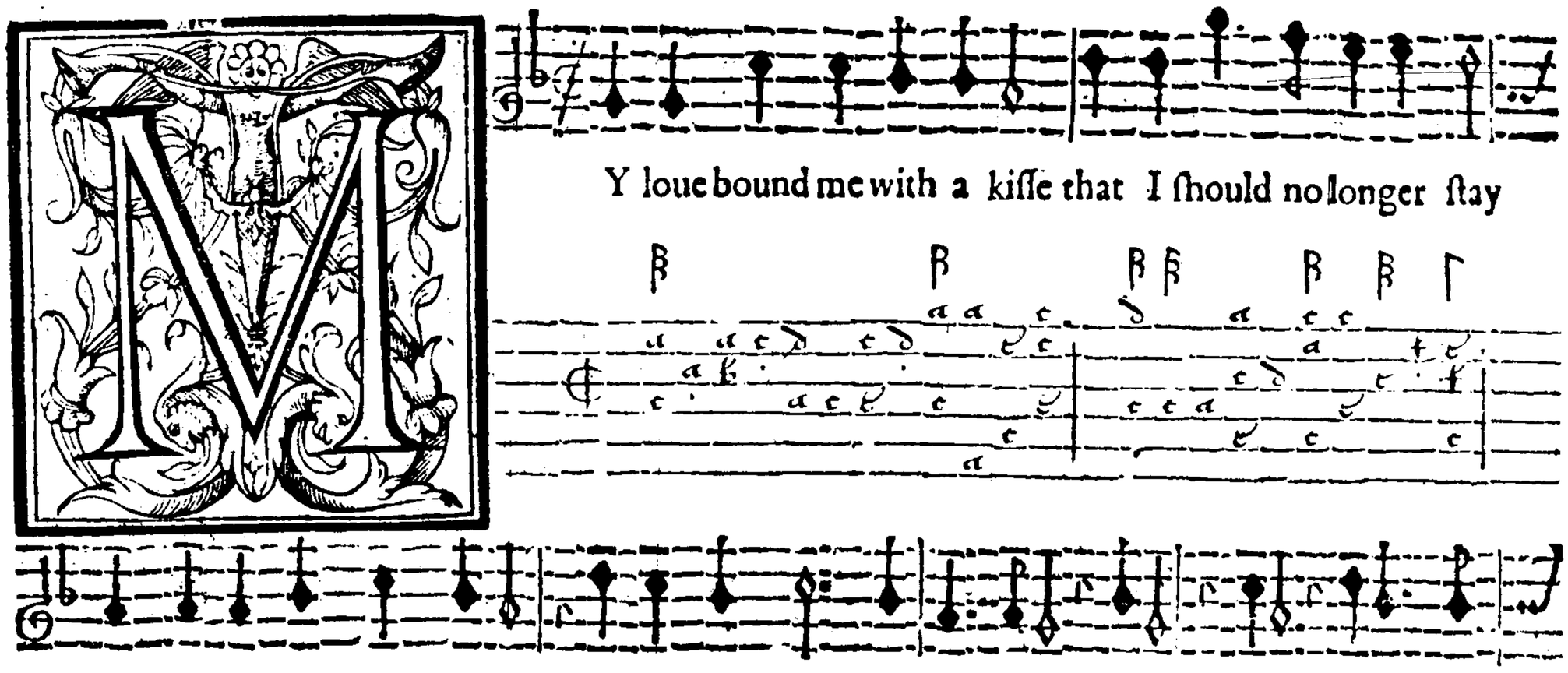

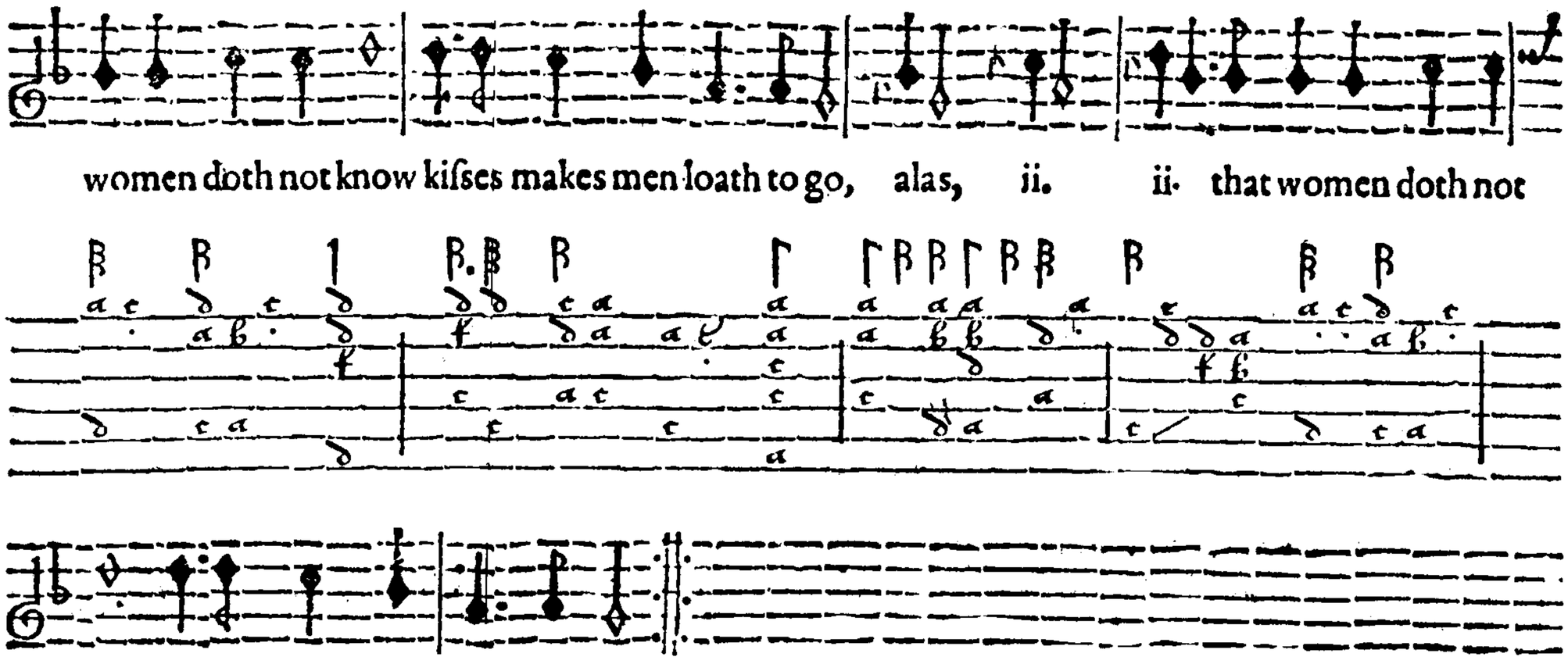

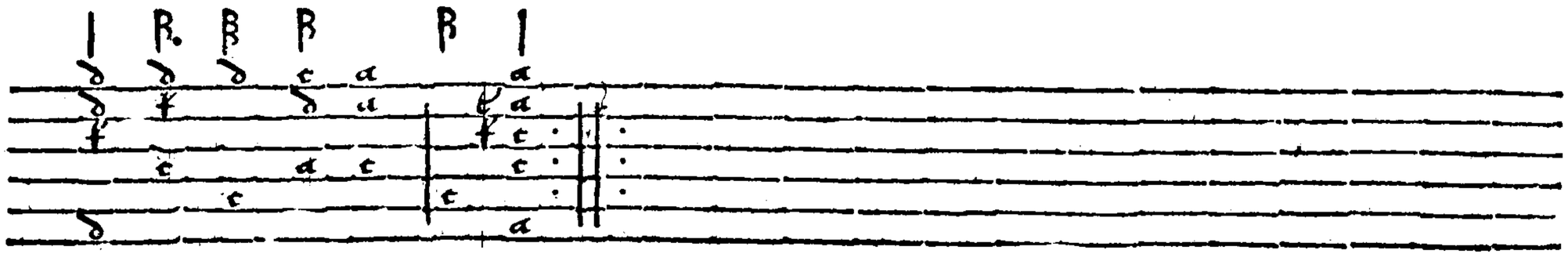

2
Yes ſhe knowes it but too well,
For I heard when Venus doue
In her eare did ſoftlie tell,
That kiſses were the ſeales of loue,
Oh muſe not then though it be ſo,
Kiſses makes men loth to goe.

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 ſhow,
Kiſses make men loath to go.

4
Had ſhe bid me go at firſt
It would nere haue greeued 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.