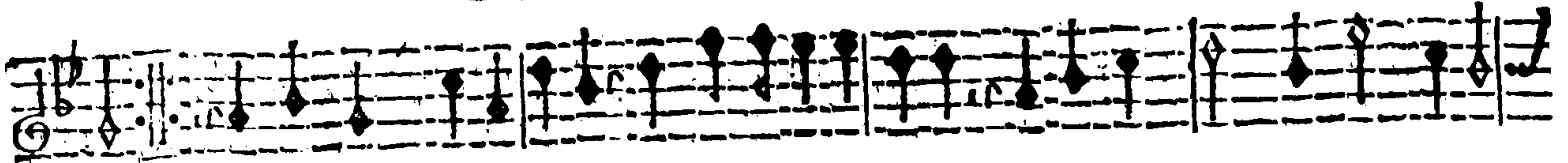
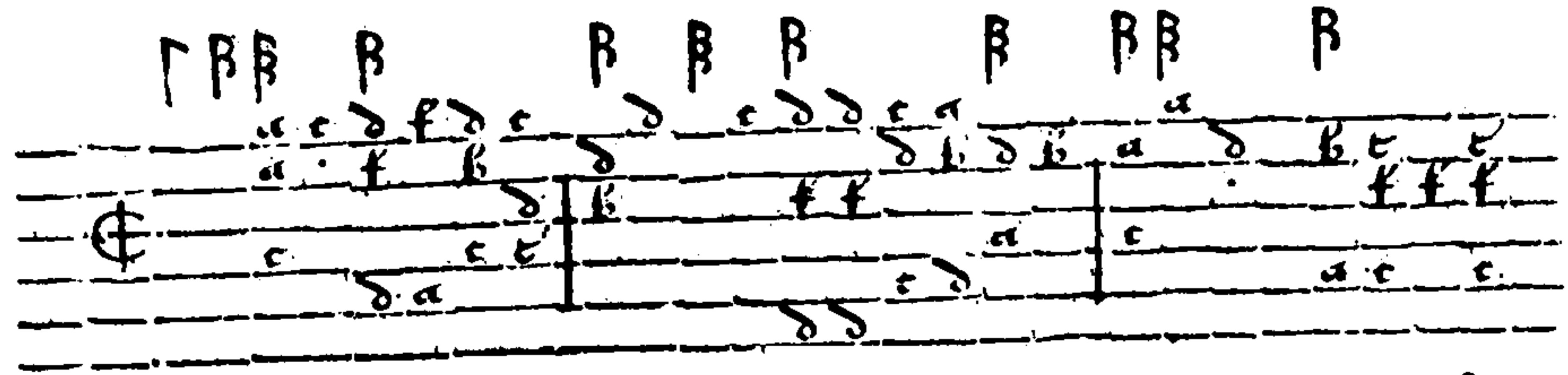


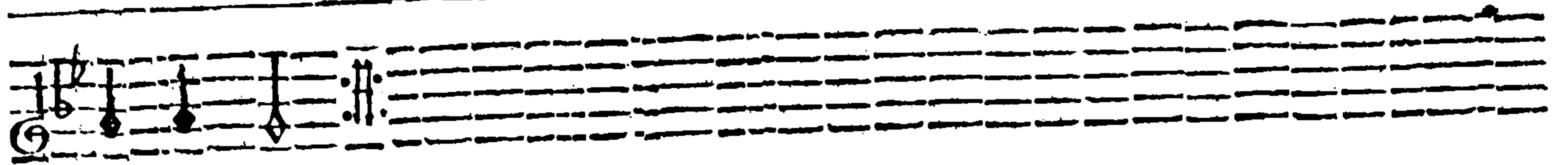
Y thought this other night I sawe a pretie sight that pleas'd me
A faire and comly maid not squemish nor a fraid to let me



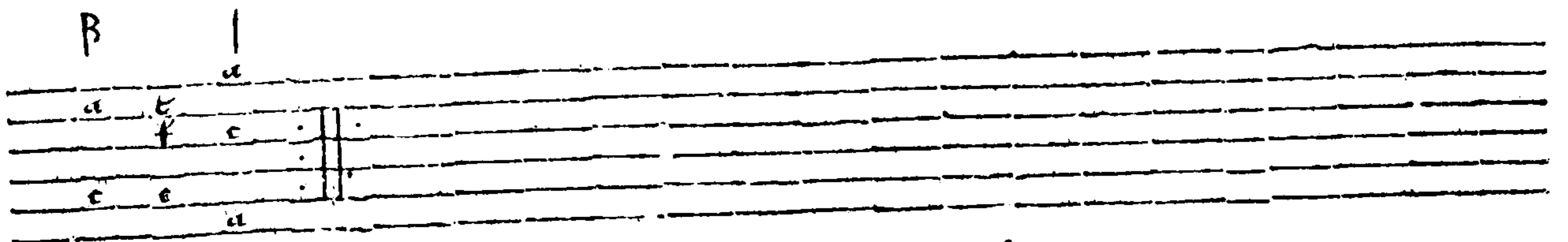
much, Our lips most sweetly kissing each other neuer missing, her smiling lookes did shew content
tuch,



and that shee did but what she meant, her smyling lookes did shew content & that shee did but



what shee meant.



2
And as her lips did moue,
The eccho still was loue,
loue loue me sweete,
Then with a maiden blush,
In stead of crying pish
Our lips did meete,
With Musicke sweetely sounding,
With pleasures all abounding,
We kept the burden of the song,
Which was that loue should take no wrong.

3
And yet as maidens vse,
She seemed to refuse,
The name of loue,
Vntill I did protest,
That I did loue her best,
And so will proue.
With that as both amazed,
Each at the other gazed,
My eyes did see, my hands did feele,
Her eyes of fire, her brest of steele.

4
Oh when I felt her brest,
Where loue it selfe did rest,
My loue was such,
I could haue beene content,
My best blood to haue spent,
In that sweete tutch.
But now comes that which vext vs,
There was a bar betwixt vs,
A bar that bard me from that part,
Where nature did contend with art.

5
If euer loue had power,
To send one happie houre,
Then shew thy might,
And take such bars away,
Which are the onely stay
Of lous delight.
All this was but a dreaming,
Although another meaning,
Dreames may proue true, as thoughts are free,
I will loue you, you may loue mee.