## Vaine men whose follies



- 2. How faire an entrance breakes the way to love? How rich of golden hope, and gay delight? What hart cannot a modest beauty move? Who seeing cleare day once will dreame of night? She seem'd a Saint that brake her faith with mee, But prov'd a woman as all other be.
- 3. So bitter is their sweet, that true content Unhappy men in them may never finde, Ah but without them none; both must content, Else uncouth are the ioyes of either kinde. Let us then prayse their good, forget their ill, Met must be men, and women women still.