So many loves have I neglected



2. Should I then wooe that have beene wooed, Seeking them that flye mee?
When I my faith with teares have vowed, And when all denye mee,
Who will pitty my disgrace,
Which love might have prevented?
There is no submission base
Where error is repented.

3. O happy men whose hopes are licenc'd To discourse their passion:
While women are confin'd to silence,
Loosing wisht occasion.
Yet our tongues then theirs, men say,
Are apter to be moving:
Women are more dumbe then they,
But in their thoughts more moving.

4. When I compare my former strangenesse
With my present doting,
I pitty men that speake in plainenesse,
Their true hearts devoting,
While wee with repentance iest
At their submissive passion:
Maydes I see are never blest
That strange be but for fashion.