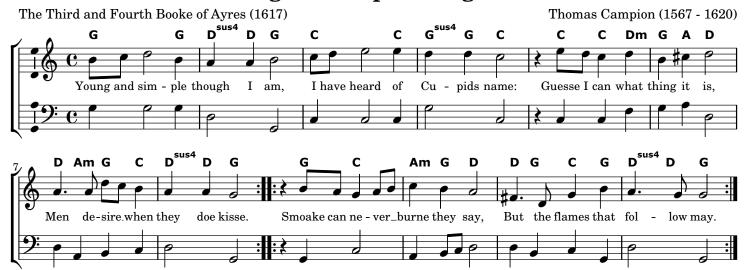
Young and simple though I am



- 2. I am not so foule or fayre,
 To be proud, nor to despayre;
 Guesse I can what thing it is
 Men desire when they doe kisse.
 Smoake can never burne they say,
 But the flames that follow may.
- 3. Faithe 'tis but a foolish minde,
 Yet me thinkes a heate I finde,
 Like thirst longing that doth bide
 Ever on my weaker side:
 Where they say my heart doth move,
 Venus grant it be not love.

- 4. If it he, alas, what then?
 Were not women made for men?
 As good 'twere a thing were past,
 That must needes be done at last.
 Roses that are over blowne
 Growe lesse sweet, then fall alone.
- 5. Yet nor Churle, nor silken Gull Shall my Maiden blossome pull: Who shall not I soone can tell, Who shall would I could as well: This I know who ere hee be Love hee must, or flatter me.