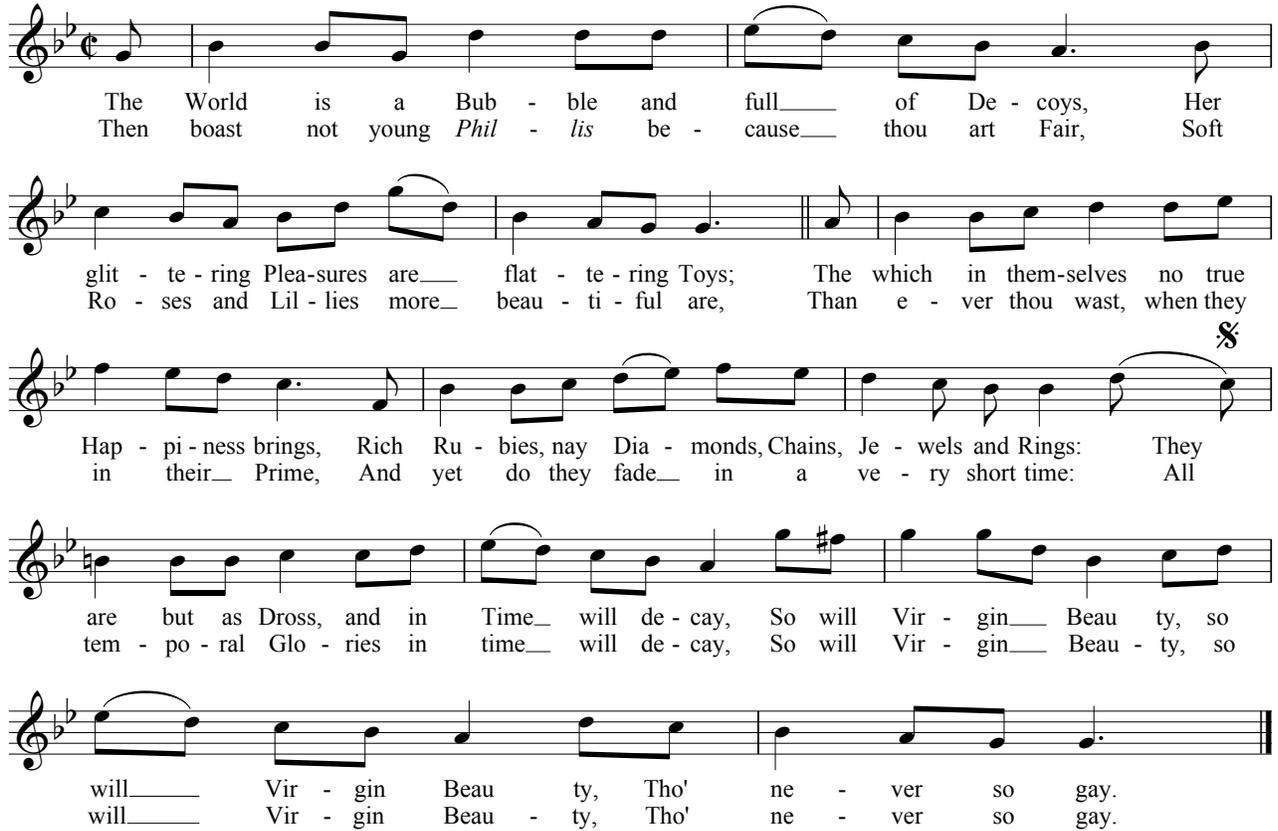


*A 'Squire's Choice; or the Coy Lady's
Beauty by him admir'd.*



The World is a Bub - ble and full of De - coys, Her
Then boast not young *Phil - lis* be - cause thou art Fair, Soft
glit - te - ring Plea - sures are flat - te - ring Toys; The which in them - selves no true
Ro - ses and Lil - lies more beau - ti - ful are, Than e - ver thou wast, when they
Hap - pi - ness brings, Rich Ru - bies, nay Dia - monds, Chains, Je - wels and Rings: They
in their Prime, And yet do they fade in a ve - ry short time: All
are but as Dross, and in Time will de - cay, So will Vir - gin Beau ty, so
tem - po - ral Glo - ries in time will de - cay, So will Vir - gin Beau - ty, so
will Vir - gin Beau ty, Tho' ne - ver so gay.
will Vir - gin Beau - ty, Tho' ne - ver so gay.

Since all things are changing and nothing will last,
Since Years, Months, and Minutes thy Beauty will blast,
Like Flowers that fade in the fall of the Leaf,
Afford me thy Favour and pity my Grief:
E'er thy Youth and Beauty does clearly depart,
For thou art my Jewel, for thou art my Jewel,
The Joy of my Heart.

I value not Riches, for Riches I have,
I value not Honour, no Honour I crave;
But what thou art able to bless me withal,
And if by thy Frowns to Despair I should fall:
Then Farewel those Joys which so long I have sought,
To languish in Sorrow, to languish in Sorrow,
Alass! I am brought.

I come not to flatter, as many have done,
Afford me a Smile, or my Dear I shall run
Distracted, as being disturbed in Mind,
Then now, now, or never be loving and kind:
This Day thou canst cherish my sorrowful State,
To morrow sweet Jewel, to morrow sweet Jewel,
It may be too late.

You know that young Women has rail'd against Men,
And counted them false and base flatterers, when
We find that your Sexs are as cruel to us,
Or else you would never have Tortur'd me thus:
As now you have done by your Darts of Disdain,
You know that I love you, you know that I love you.
Yet all is in vain.