

I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,
 Must for your victory us all congest,
 As compound love to physic your cold breast.

'My parts had power to charm a sacred nun,
 Who, disciplined, ay, dieted in grace,
 Believed her eyes when they to assail begun,
 All vows and consecrations giving place:
 O most potential love! vow, bond, nor space,
 In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,
 For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

'When thou impresses, what are precepts worth
 Of stale example? When thou wilt inflame,
 How coldly those impediments stand forth
 Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame!
 Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense,
 'gainst shame,
 And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,
 The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears.

'Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,
 Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine;
 And suppliant their sighs to you extend,
 To leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine,
 Lending soft audience to my sweet design,
 And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath
 That shall prefer and undertake my troth.'

'This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,
 Whose sights till then were levell'd on my face;
 Each cheek a river running from a fount
 With brinish current downward flow'd apace:
 O, how the channel to the stream gave grace!
 Who glazed with crystal gate the glowing roses
 That flame through water which their hue encloses.

'O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
 In the small orb of one particular tear!
 But with the inundation of the eyes
 What rocky heart to water will not wear?
 What breast so cold that is not warmed here?
 O cleft effect! cold modesty, hot wrath,
 Both fire from hence and chill extinture hath.

'For, lo, his passion, but an art of craft,
 Even there resolved my reason into tears;
 There my white stole of chastity I daff'd,
 Shook off my sober guards and civil fears;
 Appear to him, as he to me appears,
 All melting; though our drops this difference bore,
 His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

'In him a plenitude of subtle matter,
 Applied to cautels, all strange forms receives,
 Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
 Or swooning paleness; and he takes and leaves,
 In either's aptness, as it best deceives,
 To blush at speeches rank to weep at woes,
 Or to turn white and swoon at tragic shows.

'That not a heart which in his level came
 Could 'scape the hail of his all-hurting aim,
 Showing fair nature is both kind and tame;
 And, veil'd in them, did win whom he would maim:
 Against the thing he sought he would exclaim;
 When he most burn'd in heart-wish'd luxury,
 He preach'd pure maid, and praised cold chastity.

'Thus merely with the garment of a Grace
 The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd;
 That th' unexperient gave the tempter place,
 Which like a cherubin above them hover'd.
 Who, young and simple, would not be so lover'd?
 Ay me! I fell; and yet do question make
 What I should do again for such a sake.