



The Seruant of his Mistris.

MEDIVS.

4 VOC

JOHN BENNET.

MY Mistris is as faire as fine, milk-white fingers, Cherry
nose, like twinckling day-starres lookes her eyne, lightning
all thinges where she goes, Faire as *Phæbe* though not so fickle : smooth as glasse
though not so bricke.

My heart is like a Ball of Snowe,
melting at her luke-warme sight :
Her fiery Lips like Night-worms glowe
shining cleere as Candle-light.
Neat she is, no Feather lighter :
Bright she is, no Dazie whiter :