

Well, Sir, at present, and I hope always shall be so, to do you service.

Save you Sir, you are most fortunately met.

Lady, The pleasures of this sweet morning attend you.

*On her Face.*

You are the Beauty without parallel; in your Face all the Graces, and in your Minde all the Verrues are met: he that looks upon your milde Aspect, were it the most savage creature, would derive a new Nature from your Beauty.

*On her Eyes and Lips.*

That Eye was Juno's, those Lips were once the Queen of Love's, that Virgin Blush was Diana's: Thus, Madam, you have a Donative from every Deity.

*On her Beauty.*

Apollo hath given you his orient Brightness; Venus her curious Shape; Jupiter his high and stately Forehead; the God of Eloquence his flowing Speech: and all the Female Deities have show'd their Bounties and Beauties on your Face.

*On her Hair.*

Her Hair is like the Beams that adorn Apollo's head.

*Her Locks*

Soft as new spun silk, curling with such a natural wantonness, as if they strove to delight the Fancy of her that wears them.

*Her Forehead:*

Made a stately prospect, and show'd like a fair Castle commanding some goodly Country.

Her

*Her Face*

So full of majesty, that *Aurora* blushes to see a countenance brighter then her own. Her Face is full of Sun-shine,

*Her Looks*

Have more entertainment then all the vain pomp which the *Persians* ever taught the world.

*Her Eyes*

Dart Lightning through the Air. The Stars borrow new light from your more radiant Eyes. They are able to grace the Heavens and beautifie the Sky in the clearest night. They are Natures richest Diamonds set in foils of polish'd Ivory.

*Her Smiles*

Are so graceful and so full of comfort, that with them she is able to revive a dying Lover.

*Her Cheeks*

Show like lawn spread upon Roses. Nature painted the colour thereof in the most glorious Tulips. They are slips of Paradise, not to be gather'd but wondred at.

*Her Breath*

So sweet, that the Arabian Odours seem to borrow their excellency from thence. It expires more sweet Odours then if su'd from the palm-trees in Paradise.

*Her Lips*

Are like the full ripe Cherry, which when they open, discover a treasury greater then that of the Indian Ivory.

*Her Chin*

Shews like a piece of pure and polish'd Crystal, which the God of Love delights to uphold with his soft hand.

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Her