



An the ex-cuse my wrongs with vertues cloak? shal I call her
Are those cleer fires which va-nish in- to smoak? must I praise the

good when she proues vn-kind? No no: where shadows do for bo- dies stand, thou maist
leaves where no fruit I find? Cold loue is like to words writ-ten on sand, or to

be a- busde if thy sight be dim. Wilt thou be thus a- busde still, seeing that
bubbles which on the wa- ter swim.

she wil right thee neuer? if thou canst not orecom her wil, thy loue wil be thus fruitles e- uer.

Was I so base, that I might not aspire
Vnto those high ioyes which she holds from me?
As they are high, so high is my desire:
If she this denie, what can granted be?

Deare make me happy still by granting this,
Or cut off delays if that I die must.

Better a thousand times to die,
Then for to liue thus still tormented:

Deare but remember it was I
Who for thy sake did die contented,

If she will yeeld to that which reason is,
It is reason, s will that loue should be iust.