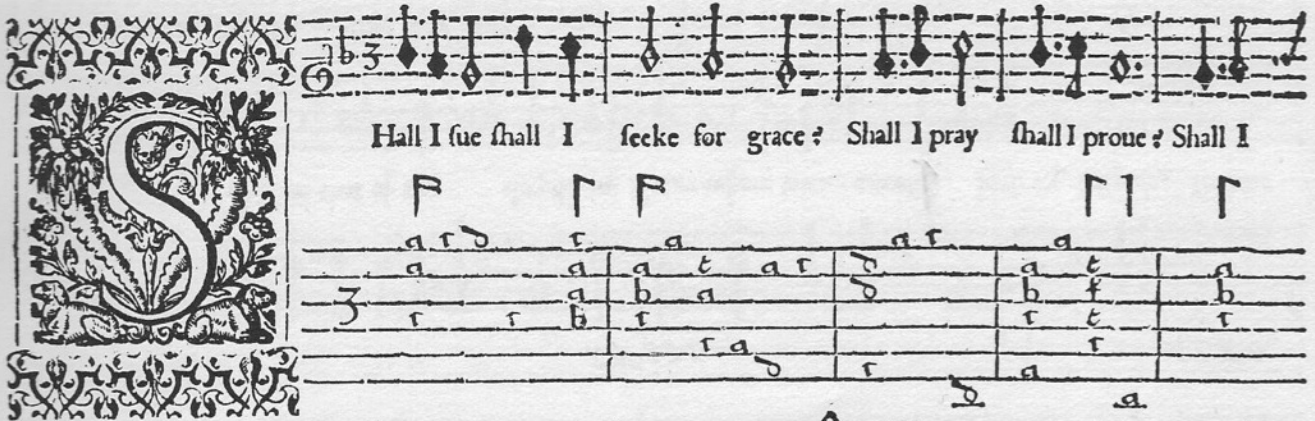
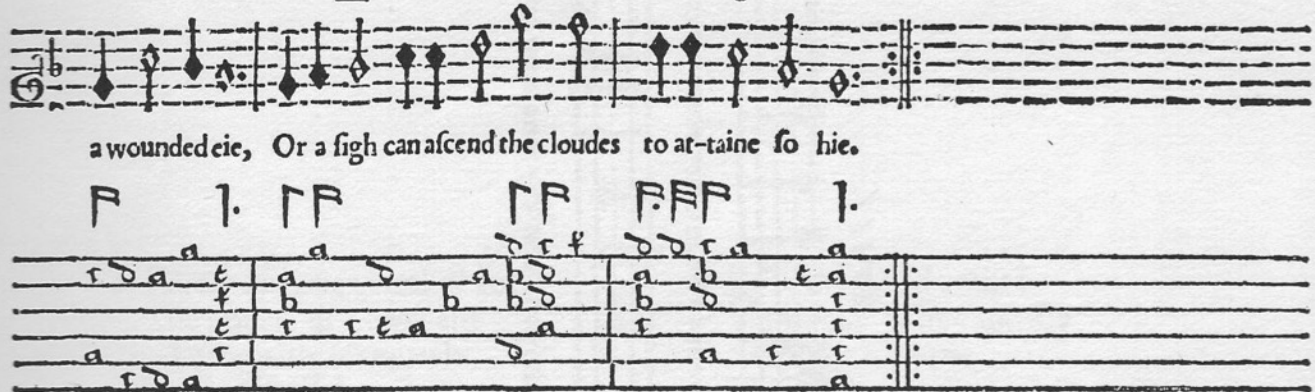




Hall I sue shall I seeke for grace? Shall I pray shall I proue? Shall I



strive to a heavenly Ioy, with an earthly loue? Shall I think that a bleeding hart or



a wounded eie, Or a sigh can ascend the cloudes to at-taine so hie.

2 Silly wretch forsake these dreames,
 of a vaine desire,
 O bethinke what hie regard,
 holy hopes doe require.
 Fauour is as faire as things are,
 treasure is not bought,
 Fauour is not wonne with words,
 nor the wish of a thought.

3 Pittie is but a poore defence,
 for a dying hart,
 Ladies eies respect no mone,
 in a meane desert.
 Shee is to worthie far,
 for a worth so base,
 Cruell and but iust is shee,
 in my iust disgrace.

Iustice giues each man his owne
 though my loue bee iust,
 Yet will not shee pittie my grieffe,
 therefore die I must,
 Silly hart then yeeld to die,
 perish in dispaire,
 Witnesse yet how faine I die,
 When I die for the faire.