Yet she will be.
False ere I come, to two, or three.

Song.

Now thou hast loud me one whole daie,
Tomorrows when thou leaust, what wilt thou saie?
Wilt thou then antedate some new made vowe,
Or saie that vowe,
Wee are not just those persons, which wee were,
Or that oaths made in reuerentiall fraye
Of love, and his wrath, anie maiie forsweare?
Or as true death, true mariages matur,
So lovers contract images of these,
Binds butt till sleepes, deaths image them unloose.
Or your owne end to justifie?
For having purpose change and falshood you,
Can have no wate, butt falshood to bee true;
Draine lunatick, against these scapes I hold
Dispute and conquer if I woulde
Which I abstaine to doe.
For by tomorrow, I maiie thinke so too.
Image of her, whom I love more than shee,
Whose faire impression in my faithfull hart
Makes mee her Medall, and makes her love mee,
As Kings doe cogues To w'theire stamps impart
The value, got, and take my hart from hence.
Which none is growned too great, and good for mee.
Honours appeas weake spirits, And our sense
Strong objects dull, the more, the lesse, wee see.
When you are gone, and reason gone with you,
Then fantasie is Queene, and soule, and all,
Shee can present joyes meaner then you doe,
Conuenient, and more proportionall.
See if I dreame shawe you, I shawe you,
For all our joyes are but fantastical.
And so I scorge the paine, for paine is true,
And shewe which locks out sense, dooth lock out all;
After such a fruition I shall wake,
And butt the waking, nothing shall regent,
And shall to love, more than faithfull sonnets make,
Then if more honnor, Tears, and paines were spent.
But dearest hart, and dearest image staine
Ahas, true joyes att best are dreame enough,
Though.