A Collection
of Poems & Songs on
several occasions.
Sour words, sour rhymes; yea, thanks, ye sly, detest;
And loud, all your propertys must
If I an ordinary nothing were;
As shadow, a light & body must be borne.

But I am your true use of a Sun
you know, for whose sake the high Sun
At this time to the East is turned
To fetch your lust & quit it you.
Enjoy your Summer days.

Spare shrews eunuchs, long nights festival.
Let me prepare towards hie, & let on call
This host his vigil, & here. Euripides this
Both the years of the days very midnight is.

Deduction.
So far, blame off this last lassening step
which suffers it wholly & vapours both away
I have thought that so free & let us turn this
And shut I lout by night & happy day.
We ask now how to your non-will to owe
Any so change a death as long, how.

Get & if that word have not quite killed thus.
Ease me with death by adding me yet too
Or if it bane, seat me work on but
And a last offer of a murderer do.
Except it be too late to die or not.
Being double dead, going &Getting got.

Comm.
Stay of sweet, & do not wise
The light that shines comes from your eyes
The day feeling not, it is my heart
To think that you & I must part
A stay or else my joys will dye
And perish in their Infancy.

° wonder