

*Ch.*  
 you are too single for delight goe Kiss their handes yet conquer'd at first sight

whose every touch whose every touch will make your owne more wise.

*S. a 3 voc.*  
 When by thy sorne / Then thy sick Targoe

shall begin to winke and him whose then thou ~~thou~~ being ty'd before shall if thou

thin to pinch, or make him thinke thou calst for more and in a fained sleepe

from y<sup>our</sup> thinke<sup>ing</sup> & thou passe<sup>st</sup> your watch neglect<sup>ed</sup> then bath<sup>ed</sup> in a tott bath<sup>ed</sup>

ma<sup>de</sup> bath<sup>ed</sup> ma<sup>de</sup> quick silver sweet shalt by a Venj<sup>er</sup> Ghost a vooj<sup>er</sup>

Ghost then

*Ch.*  
 And since my love is spent I do rather joyntfully than shouldest say