

Well then, I am a poor fly burnt in y<sup>e</sup> candle light of yo<sup>r</sup> beauty  
it is as impossible for me; not to love thee  
as it is for y<sup>e</sup> sun to forget his ordinary course.  
I am so ruffled in the thoughts of thee,  
that it will prove harder for me to forget thee  
then it will prove difficult for to refuse for death

By still my dear: why should thou rise  
by light by things comes from thine eyes  
the day breaks not it is my heart  
to think that thou & I must part

1  
O stay or else, my eyes will dye  
or perish in thine infancy  
but it is day; what if it be  
will thou therefore arise from me

2  
did not dye down because of night  
& shall not rise for fear of light  
now since in darkness we came hither  
in spirit of light will ye together  
O let me dye on thy sweet breast  
for sweetest y<sup>e</sup> of phyny waist  
Kisses I have 3 of Mrs J. L.