

Well then, I am a poor fly burnt in y^e candle light of yo^r beauty
it is as impossible for me; not to love thee
as it is for y^e 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^e of phyny waist
Kisses I have 3 of. Mrs. J. L.