

love our so right  
 is,all(each thing  
 most lovely)sweet  
 things cannot spring  
 but we be they'll

some or if where  
 shall breathe a new  
 (silverly rare  
 goldenly so)  
 moon,she is you

nothing may,quite  
 your my(my your  
 and)self without,  
 completely dare  
 be beautiful

one if should sing  
 (at yes of day)  
 younger than young  
 bird first for joy,  
 he's i he's i