

Come love and let us over the meadows rove  
And as we wander forth I'll speak to thee of love.

I'll tell the dear how I have worshipped at thy shrine  
And wished & prayed that you sweet love were mine

I'll tell thee how I've formed a happy happy home  
Where love that enters once never more can roam.

I'll tell to you how true my faithful heart hath proved  
How madly fondly, constantly I've loved! —





no  
Cease sweet maid to doubt me  
For still my heart is true  
Or trust I yet repeat a word  
Of loving only you

Let not absence change your mind  
To some more favourite youth  
A no for once it cannot be  
I mean will doubt the truth



Ms. A. 9. 2. 4.

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31st Decr