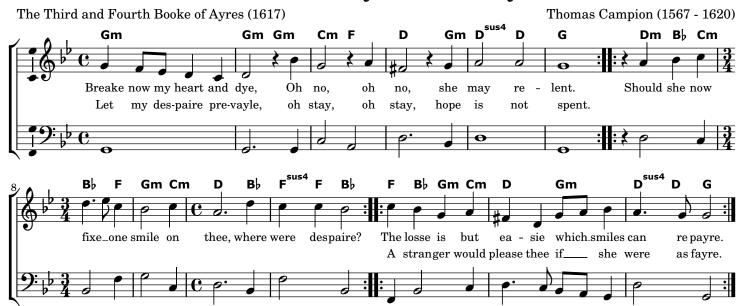
Break now my heart and dye



2. Her must I love or none, so sweet none breathes as shee, The more is my despayre, alas shee loves not mee:
But cannot time make way for love through ribs of steele?
The Grecian inchanted all parts but the heele,
At last a shaft daunted which his hart did feele.