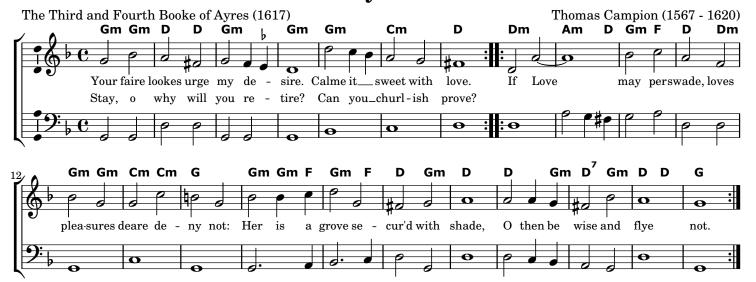
Your fayre lookes



2. Harke the Birds delighted sing, Yet our pleasure sleepes: Wealth to none can profit bring, Which the miser keepes: O come while we may, Let's chayne Love with embraces, Wee have not all times time to stay, Nor safety in all places. 3. What ill finde you now in this?
Or who can complaine?
There is nothing done amisse
That breedes no man payne.
'Tis now flowry May,
But ev'n in cold December,
When all these leaves are blowne away
This place shall I remember.