O deare that I with thee



When love and faith is plighted:
That eyther might the others know,
Alike in all delighted?
Why should frailtie breed suspect when hearts are fixed?
Must all humane ioyes of force with griefe be mixed?

2. Why should our mindes not mingle so,

Our fond mistrust repenting?
As snow when heav'nly fire appeares,
So melts loves hate relenting.
Vexed kindnesse soone fals off, and soone returneth:
Such a flame the more you quench the more it burneth.

3. How oft have wee ev'n smilde in teares