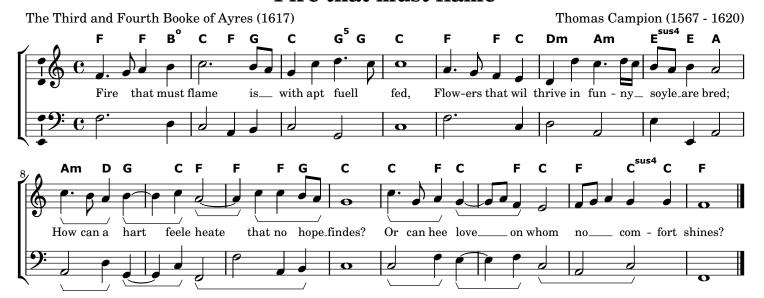
Fire that must flame



- 2. Fayre, I confesse there's pleasure in your sight: Sweet, you have powre I grant of all delight. But what is all to mee if I have none? Churl that you are t'enioy such wealth alone.
- 3. Prayers move the heav'ns, but finde no grace with you; Yet in your lookes a heavenly forme I view:
 Then will I pray againe, hoping to finde
 As well as in your lookes, heav'n in your minde.
- **4.** Saint of my heart, Queene of my life, and love, O let my vowes thy loving spirit move; Let me no longer mourne through thy disdaine, But with one touch of grace cure all my paine.