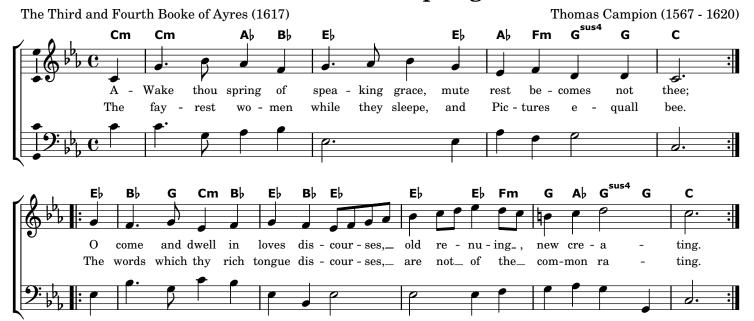
Awake thou spring



- 2. Thy voyce is as an Eccho cleare, which Musicke doth beget; Thy speech is as an Oracle, which none can counterfeit: For thou alone without offending, Hath obtain'd power of enchanting: And I could heare thee without ending, Other comfort never wanting.
- 3. Some little reason brutish lives with humane glory share, But language is our proper grace from which they sever dare. As brutes in reason man surpasses, Men in speech excell each other:

 If speech be then the best of graces,

 Doe it not in slumber smother.