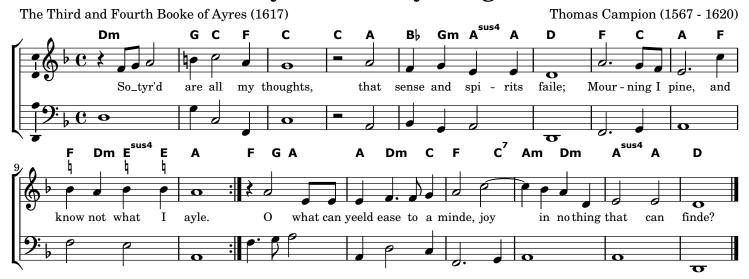
So tyr'd are all my thoughts



- 2. How are my powres fore-spoke? what strange distaste is this? Hence cruell hate of that which sweetest is:

 Come, come delight, make my dull braine

 Feele once heate of joy againe.
- 3. The lovers teares are sweet, their mover makes them so: Proud of a wound the bleeding Souldiers grow: Poore I alone, dreaming, endure Griefe that knowes nor cause, nor cure.
- 4. And whence can all this grow? even from an idle minde, That no delight in any good can finde. Action alone makes the soule blest; Vertue dyes with too much rest.