## Shall I then hope



2. When I compare mine owne events, When I weigh others like annoy; All doe but heape up discontents, That on a beauty build their ioy. Thus I of all complaine, since shee All faith hath lost in loosing mee.

3. So my deare freedome have I gain'd, Through her unkindnesse, and disgrace, Yet could I ever live enchain'd, As shee my service did embrace. But shee is chang'd, and I am free, Faith failing her, Love dyed in mee.