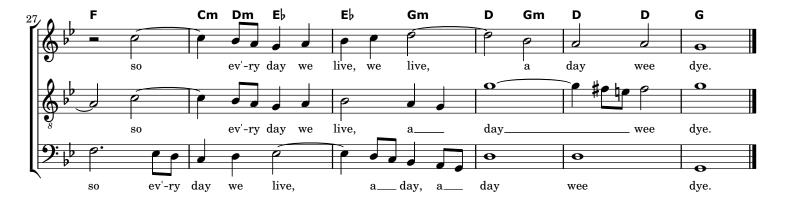
Come chearfull day





2. But O yee nights ordain'd for barren rest, How are my dayes depriv'd of life in you, When heavy sleepe my soule hath dispossest, By fayned death life sweetly to renew? Part of my life in that you life denye, So ev'ry day we live a day wee dye.