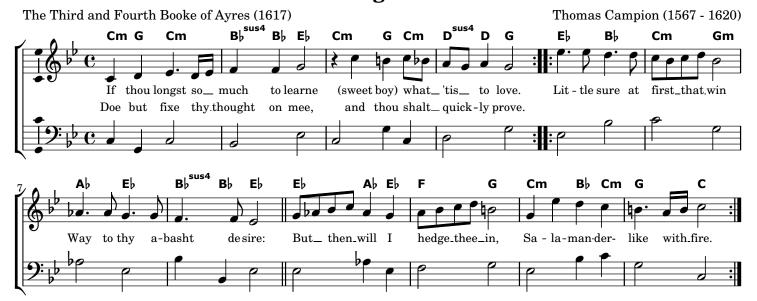
If thou long'st so much



2. With thee dance, I will, and sing, and thy fond dalliance beare; Wee the group hils will climbe, and play the wantons there. Other whiles wee'le gather flowres, Lying dalying on the grasse, And thus our delightfull howres Full of waking dreames shall passe.

- 3. When the ioyes were thus at height my love should turne from thee, Old acquaintance then should grow as strange as strange might be, Twenty rivals thou should'st finde
 Breaking all their hearts for mee,
 When to all Ile prove more kinde,
 And more forward then to thee.
- 4. Thus thy silly youth enrag'd would soone my love defie, But alas poore soule too late, clipt wings can never flye: Those sweet houres which wee had past Cal'd to minde thy heart would burne: And could'st thou flye ne'er so fast, They would make thee straight returne.