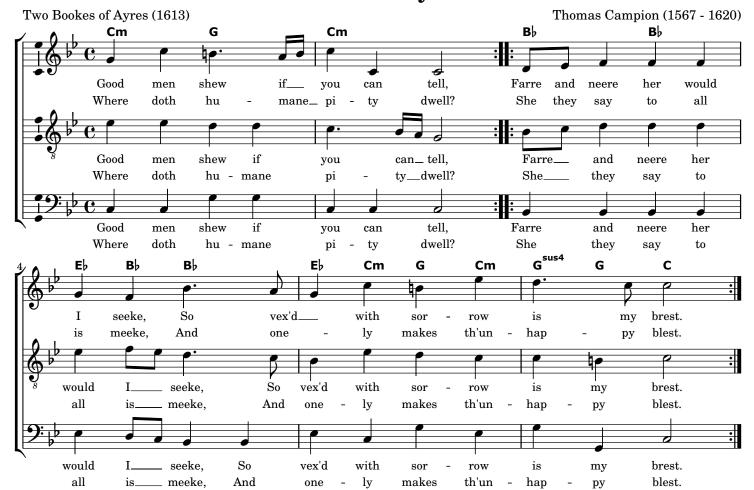
Good men shew if you can tell



- 2. Oh! if such a Saint there be, Some hope yet remaines for me: Prayer or sacrifice may gaine From her implored grace reliefe, To release mee of my paine, Or at the least to ease my griefe.
- 3. Young am I, and farre from guile, The more is my woe the while: Falshood with a smooth disguise My simple meaning hath abus'd, Casting mists before mine eyes, By which my senses are confus'd.
- 4. Faire he is who vow'd to me,
 That he onely mine would be:
 But alas, his minde is caught
 With ev'ry gaudie bait he sees.
 And too late my flame is taught
 That too much kindnesse makes men freese.
- 5. From me all my friends are gone, While I pine for him alone, And not one will rue my case, But rather my distresse derride, That I thinke there is no place Where pitte ever yet did bide.