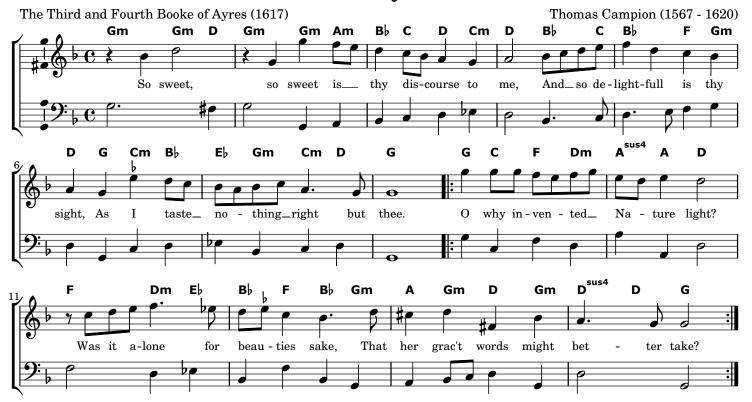
So sweet is thy discourse



2. No more can I old ioyes recall, They now to me become unknowne, Not seeming to have beene at all. Alas how soone is this love growne To such a spreading height in me, As with it all must shadowed be?