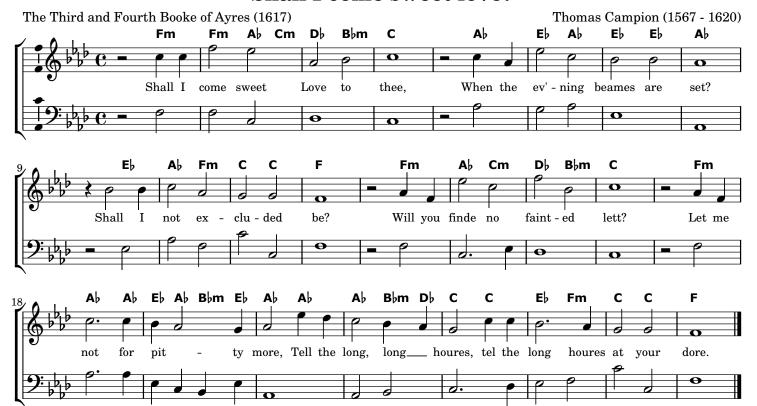
## Shall I come sweet love?



2. Who can tell what theefe or foe, In the covert of the night, For his prey will worke my woe; Or through wicked soule despight: So may I dye unredrest, Ere my long love be possest.

3. But to let such dangers passe,
Which a lovers thoughts disdaine:
'Tis enough in such a place
To attend loves ioyes in vaine.
Doe not mocke me in thy bed,
While these cold nights freeze me dead.