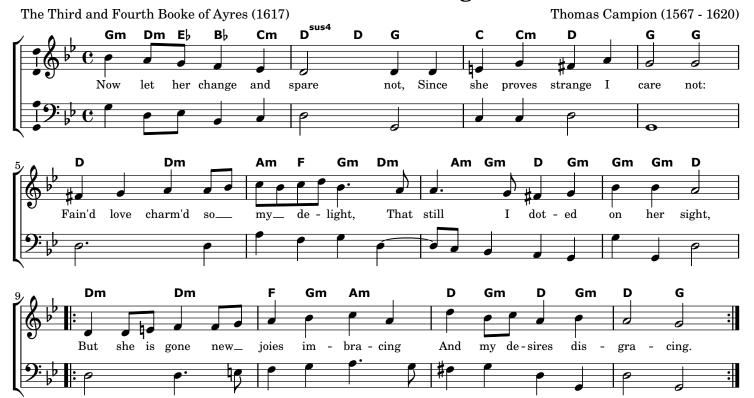
## Now let her change



2. When did I erre in blindnesse?
Or vexe her with unkindnesse?
If my cares serv'd her alone;
Why is shee thus untimely gone?
True love abides to t'houre of dying;
False love is ever flying.

3. False then farewell for ever:
Once false proves faithfull never.
Hee that boasts now of thy love,
Shall soone my present tortures prove.
Were he as faire as bright Adonis;
Faith is not had where none is.