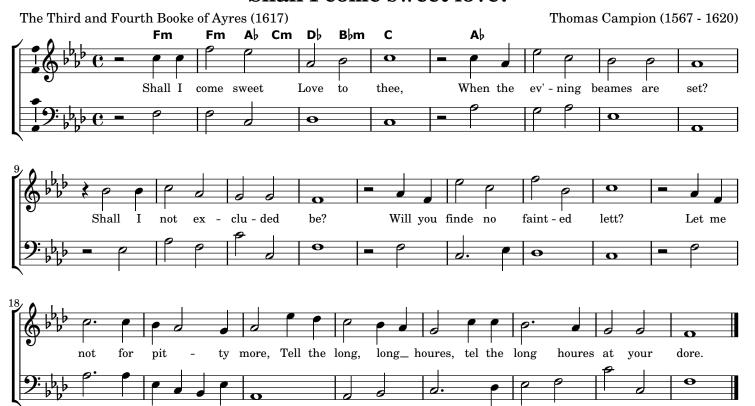
Shall I come sweet love?



- 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.