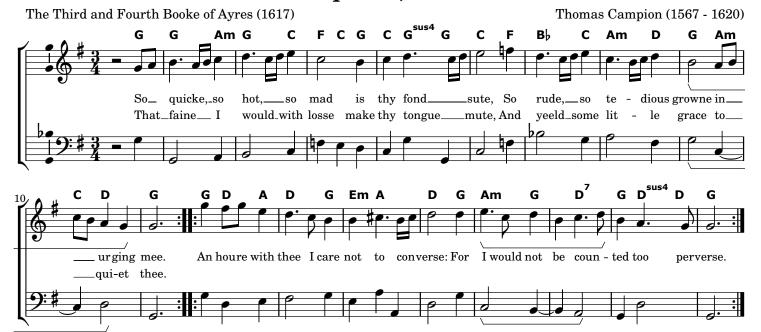
## So quicke, so hot



- 2. But roofes too hot would prove for men all fire, And hills too high for my unused pace; The grove is charg'd with thornes and the bold bryer; Gray Snakes the meadowes shrowde in every place: A yellow Frog alas will fright me so As I should start and tremble as I goe.
- 3. Since then I can on earth no fit roome finde, In heaven I am resolv'd with you to meete; Till then for Hopes sweet sake rest your tir'd minde, And not so much as see mee in the streete: A heavenly meeting one day wee shall have, But never, as you dreame, in bed, or grave.