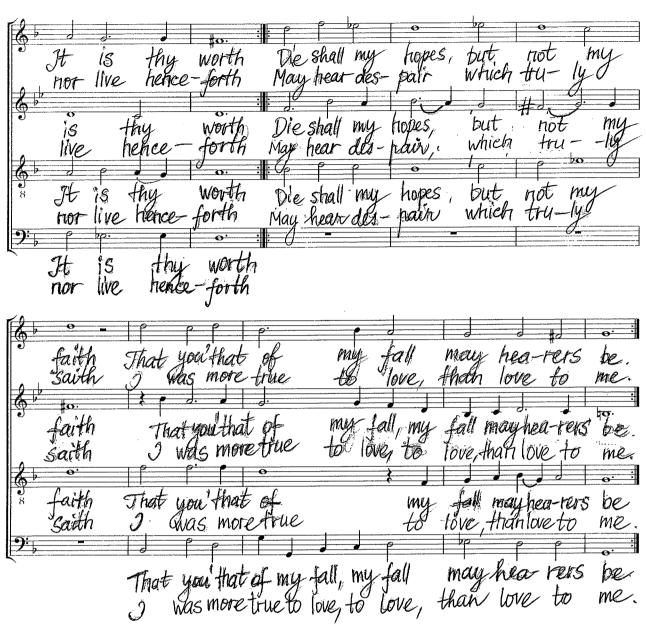


Can love be rich and yet I want,
Is love my judge and yet am I condemn'd?
Thou plenty hast, yet me dost scant,
Thou made a god, and yet thy power contemn'd
That I do live it is thy power,
That I desire it is thy worth,
If love doth make men's lives too sour
Let me not love, nor live henceforth.
Die shall my hopes, but not my faith
That you that of my fall may hearers be
May hear despair which truly saith
I was more true to love, than love to me.





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