

yet shee
will bee.

false ere I come, to twoe, or three.

Song.

Now thou hast told mee one whole daie,
Tomorrowe when thou leavest, what wilt thou saie?

Wilt thou then antedate some new made vowe,

Or saie that nowe,

Wee are not iust those persons, which wee were,

Or that oaths made in reuerentiall feare

Of loue, and his wrath, anie mai be forswore?

Or as true death, true mariages vntye,

So louers contracts, Images of those,

Binde butt till sleepe; deaths Image them vnlouee.

Or your owne end to iustify?

For hauing purposed change and falshood; you,

Can haue no waie, butt falshood to bee true;

Vaine lunatick, against these scapes I coude

Dispute and conquer if I woulde

Which I abstaine to doe.

For by tomorrowe, I mai thinck so tooe.

Image.

Image of her, whome I loue more then shee,
 Whose faire impressiō in my faithfull hart
 Makes mee her Medall, and makes her loue mee,
 As Kings doe coynes, To w^{ch} their stamps impart
 The value, goe, and take my hart, from hence,
 Which nowe is growne too great, and good for mee.
 Honnors oppres weake spiritts, And our sence
 Strong objects dull, the more, the lesse, wee see,
 When you are gone, and reason gone with you,
 Then fantasie is Queene, and soule, and all,
 Shee can present ioyes meaner then you doe,
 Conuenient, and more proportionall.
 Soe if I dreame I haue you, I haue you,
 For all our ioyes are butt fantasticall.
 And so I scape the paine, for paine is true,
 And sleepe which locks out sence, dooth lock out all;
 After such a fruition I shall wake,
 And butt the waking, nothing shall repent,
 And shall to loue, more thanckfull sonnets make,
 Then if more honnor, Teares, and paines were spent.
 Butt dearest hart, and dearer image staie
 Alas, true ioyes att best are dreame enough,
 Though.