

It is true, tis day, what though it be  
 o. wilt thou therefore rise from me  
 why should we rise: because tis hot  
 did we ly downe because tis night  
 our w<sup>ch</sup> in spite of day & ny should be his  
 should in despite of light keep us together.

Light hath nose & tongue but is all eye  
 it is cold as well as hot  
 this is the world that is cold & ay,  
 that beinge well, I faine would stay  
 and that I loved my hart and her's  
 that I would not fro him that hath the eye.

Alas swines thee fro hence remove  
 or that the worst disease of love  
 the worse the fouler, the false love can  
 admitte, but not the bested man.  
 He w<sup>ch</sup> hath barney and makes love, doth doe  
 such wronge, as when a married man doth wooe.

The Good morrow

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I wonder, by my birth what thou and I  
 did till we loved, were we not weand' till then.  
 but suckt' on childish pleasures sithly  
 or sported us in the seaues sleeping times.  
 'twas soe, but this, all pleasures fancies be,  
 y<sup>t</sup> ever any beauty - did see,  
 w<sup>h</sup> I essid' and goe, 'twas but a dreame of thee.

And now good morrowe to our waking soules,  
 w<sup>h</sup> watch not one another out of leare,  
 for love all loves & other rights convertes  
 and makes one little roome an every where,  
 let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone,  
 let Maths to oth' worlds on worlde showne,  
 w<sup>h</sup> is possible our world, each hath one and is one.

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appeares,  
 and Eves plains haire does in the faces rest,  
 where can we find two fitter Hemisphere  
 without sharpe North, without declining West.  
 what ever eyes, was not mixt equally,  
 y<sup>t</sup> our two loves be one, or thou and I  
 love with alike in all, none of those loves can dye.

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