3 O how feeble is man's power
That if good fortune
Sweetest love, I do not go
For in weariness

But since that I must die at last, 'tis best to use my self in jest thus by feigned death to die.

Nor in hope the world can show
A fitter love for me

Nor another hour, nor a lost hour recall!

Nor in the exercise of thee, Nor in the exercise of thee

But come bad chance, and we join to it our strength, And we teach it art and length, It self o'er us to advance.

And must die at last, 'tis best to use my self in jest thus by feigned death to die.
When thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st not wind, But sigh'st my soul a way,

Ye ster-night the sun went hence, And yet is here to-day,

When thou weep'st, unkindly kind, My life's blood doth decay.

It can not short a way: Then fear not it can - not

When thou say'st, If in thine my life thou waste, Thou art doth de-cay.

That thou lov'st me, as thou say'st, If in thine my life thou take

I shall make Spee-dier jour-neys, since I take More wings

But be lieve that I shall make Spee-dier jour-neys, since I take More wings
and spurs than he. 5 Let not thy di-

ving heart Fore think me any ill, De-sti-

n may take thy part, And may thy

tears ful-fill; But think that we Are but turned a-

to sleep; They who one a-no-ther keep A-live, ne'er pa-rted be.