The first part









The second part





Of gold all burnish'd and brighter than sunbeams, were those curled locks upon her noble head, from whose deep conceits, my true deservings fled, wherefore these mine eyes such store of tears outstreams.
Her eyes are fair stars, her red like Damask rose, her white silver shine of Moon on Crystal Stream, her beauty perfect, whereon my fancies dream: her lips are rubies, her teeth of pearl two rows.
Her breath is more sweet than perfect Amber is, her years are in prime and nothing doth she want that might draw Angels from Heav'n, to further bliss;
Of all things perfect, this do I most complain: her heart is a rock made all of Adamant, which gifts all delight, this last doth only pain.

