


Was I so base that I might not aspire
Unto those high joys which she holds from me,
As they are high so high is my desire,
If she this denies what can granted be.

If she will yield to that which reason is,
It is reasons will that love should be just,
Dear make me happy still by granting this
Or cut of delays if that die I must.
Better a thousand times to die
Than for to live thus still tormented,
Dear but remember it was I
Who for thy fake did die contented.

