

**D** Id, euer manthus loue as I, I thinke I was made, ii. ii.

made for no o- ther trade, my minde doth it so hard ap- ply, and all fond cour- ses

and all fond courses else doth flie my minde doth it so hard ap- ply, and

all fond cour- ses and all fond courses else doth flie.

2  
 Vndooing were a pettie care,  
 Loosing my best hopes,  
 In their largest scopes,  
 Two louing when I doe compare,  
 Me thinks I could as trifles spare.

3  
 All my sad thoughts, though wide begunne,  
 In her still doe meete,  
 Who makes thinking sweete,  
 And then to me againe they runne,  
 To tell me all that they haue doone.

4  
 Thus doe I spend my dayes and houres,  
 In a pleasant round,  
 Where true ioyes are found,  
 And there alone my soule deuours,  
 All loues deare foode with longing powers.

5  
 A heau'n on earth is loue well met,  
 There is more content,  
 Then can well be spent,  
 When in two fruitfull hearts 'tis set,  
 Which will not bee in eithers debt.