

Die Verbannten Kinder Evas, Virtues Cloak

Can she excuse my wrongs with Virue's cloak?
Shall I call her good when she proves unkind?
Are those clear fires which vanish to smoke?
Must I praise the leaves where no fruit I find?

No, no where shadows do for bodies stand.
Thou may'st be abu-used thy sight be dim.
Cold loves is like to words written on sand.
Or to bubles wich on the waters swim.

If she will yield, to that which reason is,
It is reaons's will that loveshould be just.
Dear make me happy still by granting this,
Or cut off deleays if that I die must.

No where shadows for bodies stand.
May'st be abuused sight be dim.
Cold loves like to words written on sand.
bubles wich on waters swim.