O sweet delight, O more than human bliss, With her to live that
Such love as this the golden times did know, When all did reap, yet

Ev'ry loving is! To hear her speak whose words so well are
None took care to sow. Such love as this an endless summer

Placed, That she by them, as they in her, are graced; Those looks to view that
Makes, And all dis-taste from frail af-fec-tion takes. So lov'd, so blest in

Feast the view'er's eye, How blest is he that may so live and die!
My be-lov'd am I, Which till their eyes ache, let iron men en-vy.