

4 Are you false gods? why then do you raine?
Are you iust gods? why then haue you slaine
the life of loue on earth.
Beautie, now thy face liues in the skies,
Beautie, now let me liue in thine eyes,
where blisse felt neuer death.

5 Then from high rock, the rocke of dispaire,
He fals, in hope to smother in the aire,
 or els on stones to burst,
Or on cold waues to spend his last breath,
Or his strange life to end by strange death,
 but fate forbid the worst

6 With pity mou'd the gods the change loue
To Phenix shape, yer cannot remoue
his wonted propertie,
He loues the sunne because it is faire,
Sleepe he neglects, he liues but by aire,
and would, but cannot die.