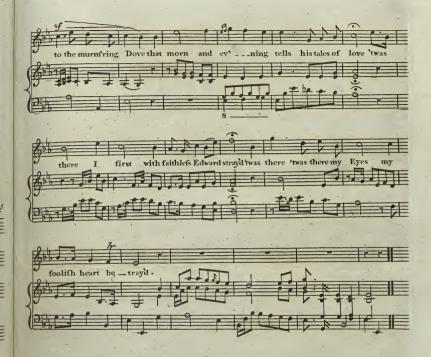


MR



Ah who'd have thought that falshood ever hung—Mix'd with the love like notes of Edwards tongue Ye Banks of Chelmer witnefs to his Vows Ye willows too that shaded us with boughs Ye waves that swell'd and kifs'd the meadows brim As if ye envy'd me each kifs of him.

Come swell again receiving while I weep My briny tears, do mix them with the deep For Edwards vows were false as subtle sands That many a fair and gallant Vefsel strands Rather, than doom me thus to love a slave Ye fates oerwhelm me in you warry grave.

