

4. 'Tis true, 'tis day

William Corkine

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'Tis true, 'tis day; what though it
 Light hath no tongue, but is all
 Is't busi- ness that doth you re-

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be? And will you there-fore rise from me? What,
 eye. If it could speak as well as spy, this
 move? Oh, that's the worst dis-ease of Love. The

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will you rise, what, will you rise be-cause 'tis
 were the worst, this were the worst that it could
 poor, the foul, the poor, the foul, the false, Love

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light? Did we lie down be-cause t'was night? Love that in
 say, that be-ing well I fain would stay; and that I
 can ad-mit, but not the bus-ied man: he that hath

spite of dark- ness brought us hith- er,
 love my heart and makes hon- or so that
 busi- ness and makes love, doth do such

in spite of light should keep us still to- ge- ther,
 I would not from him that hath them go,
 wrong as if a mar- ried man should woo,

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in spite of light should keep us still to-
 that I would not from him that hath them
 such wrong as if a mar- ried man should

ge- ther, in spite of light should keep us still to- ge- ther.
 go, that I would not from him that hath them go.
 woo, such wrong as if a mar- ried man should woo.

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