

18. Fly swift, my thoughts

William Corkine

Fly swift, my thoughts; possess my mistress'

heart, and as you find her love, plead my desert.

If she be somewhat wayward, happy my desires; a little coyness

doth but blow men's fires. But will she needs forbid the baines I crave,

re-tire, re-tire, and be buried in your master's grave.