

11. Shut not, sweet breast

Thomas Ford

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Shut not, shut not, sweet breast

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to see me all of fire.

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Thy snow in- flames these flames of my de- sire.

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Thy snow will hurt me; this cold will cool me.

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Take this chaste fire to that pure vir- gin snow.

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Thou giv'st morebliss than mor- tal hearts may know.

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Let one griefharm us and one joy fill us; let one love

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warm us and one death kill us. and one death kill us.

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