

*Since I did leave the presence of my love,
Many long weary dayes I have outworne:
And many nights, that slowly seemd to move
Theyr sad protract from evening untill morne.
For when as day the heaven doth adorne,
I wish that night the noyous day would end:
And when as night hath us of light forlorne,
I wish that day would shortly reascend.
Thus I the time with expectation spend,
And faine my griefe with chaunges to beguile,
That further seemes his terme still to extend,
And maketh every minute seeme a myle.
So sorrow still doth seeme too long to last,
But joyous houres doo fly away too fast.*

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