

Lye still

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Anonyme
(XVII)

1 Lye still my Deare, why dost thou rise? The Light that

5 shines, comes from thine eyes. The Day breakes not, it

9 is my heart, to think that thou and I must part. Oh

13 stay, oh stay, oh stay, or else my joys must

17 dye and pe - rish in their in - fan - cie.