

Circa mea pectora multa sunt suspiria
De tua pulchritudine, que me ledunt misere.

Venus! - I trow'd thou wast my friend -
Professed to Heaven thou wouldst send;
As a disciple of a villain
Didst thou act the tragedienne.

Iam amore virginali totus ardeo.
Amor volat undique, captus est libidine.

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Professed to Heaven thou wouldst send;
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De tua pulchritudine, que me ledunt misere.
Tui lucent oculi sicut solis radij,
Sicut splendor fulguris, qui lucem donat tenebris.