8. Time, cruel time

John Danyel

Time, cru- el Time, canst thou sub- due that brow that
Or art thou grown in league with those fair eyes that

con- quers all but thee and thee too stays, as
they might aid thee to con- sume our days? Or

if she were, as if she were ex- empt from scythe or bow,
dost thou love, or dost thou love her for her cru- el- ties,

from love and years un- sub- ject to de- cay?
be- ing mer- ci- less like thee that no man's weighs?

Then do so still al- though she makes no 'steem of
And do so still al- though she no- thing cares. Do

days nor years but lets them run in vain. Hold still thy
as I do: love her al- though un- kind. Hold still yet

swift- wing'd hours that won- d'ring seem, to gaze on her,
O, I fear, as, un- a- wares, thou wilt be- guile

ev- en to turn back a- gain.
her though thou seem'st a- so kind.

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1) a in orig.

2) a in orig.

3) b in orig. clashes with top part.

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