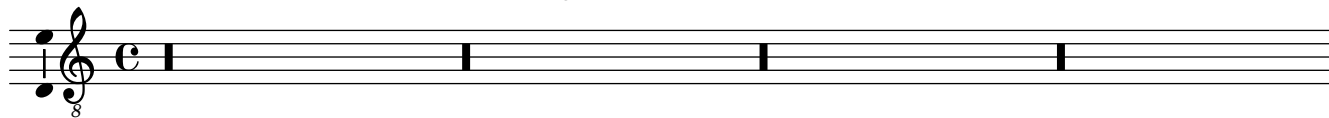


# Quintus



17  
8

of that night bird that sing- eth, Who thought all sweet, who thought  
like raine and heat in Skies, Gen- tly thundr- ing, gen- tly  
and flow- ers that true- ly serve, And let your weeds, and let

24  
8

all sweet, yet Jar- ring notes out- ring- eth. eth.  
thun- der- ing, she light- ning to mine eies. eies.  
your weeds, lack dew and due- ly sterve. sterve.