

ty

vain,

beau

if

too

wise,

I'll

judge

fail,

all



Earth with her flowers shall sooner heav'n adorn,
Heaven her bright stars through earths dim globe shall move,
Fire heat shall loose and frosts of flames be born,
Air made to shine as black as hell shall prove:
Earth, heaven, fire, air, the world transform'd shall be,
E're I prove false to faith, or strange to you.