## 20 Turne Backe You Wanton Flyer



2. What harvest halfe so sweete is As still to reape the kisses Growne ripe in sowing, And staight to be receiver, Of that which thou art giver, Rich in bestowing.

There's no strickt observing,
Of times, or seasons changing,
There is ever one fresh spring abiding,
Then what we sow with our lips
Let us reape loves gaines deviding.