



See this heightened color too,  
For she swilled Breganze wine  
Till her nose turned deep carmine;  
'T was but white when wild she grew.  
And only by this Zanze's eyes  
Of which we could not change the size,  
The magnitude of all achieved  
Otherwise, may be perceived."

Oh what a drear dark close to my poor  
day!

How could that red sun drop in that black  
cloud?

Ah Pippa, morning's rule is moved away,  
Dispensed with, never more to be  
allowed!

Day's turn is over, now arrives the night's.  
Oh lark, be day's apostle

