



## **Virtue Immortal**

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so  
bright,  
The bridall of the earth and skie;  
The dew shall weep thy fall to-  
night;  
For thou must die.  
Sweet Rose, whose hue angrie  
and brave  
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,  
Thy root is ever in its grave,  
And all must die.  
Sweet Spring, full of sweet dayes  
and roses,  
A box where sweets compacted  
lie,  
Thy musick shows ye have your  
closes,  
And all must die.  
Onely a sweet and vertuous soul,  
Like seasoned timber, never  
gives;  
But, though the whole world, turn  
to coal,  
Then chiefly lives.



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