

L'âme Immortelle **"To Everlasting Oblivion"**

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Thou mighty gulf, insatiate cormorant
Deride me not, thought I seem petulant
To fall into thy chops. Let others pray
For ever their fair poems flourish may.

But as for me, hungry oblivion
Devour me quick, accept my orison
My earnest prayers
Which do importune thee,
With gloomy shade of thy still empery,
My earnest prayers
Which do importune thee,
To vail both me and my poesy

Far worthier lines in silence of thy state
Do sleep securely free from love or hate,
From which this living near can be exempt
But whilst it breathes
will hate and fury tempt

Then close his eyes
with thy all-dimming hand,
Which not right actions can withstand (2x)

Peace, hateful tongues
I now in silent pace
Unless some hounds
do wake me from my place

Then close his eyes
with thy all-dimming hand,
Which not right actions can withstand (2x)

I with this sharp, yet well meant poesy
Will sleep secure, right free from injury
I with this sharp, yet well meant poesy
Of cankered hate, or rankest villainy

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