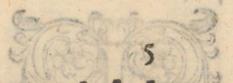


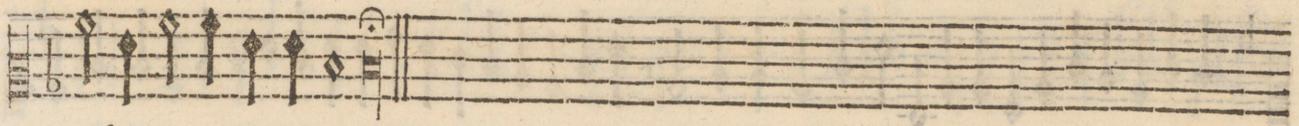
II. CONTRA. Sonets de Bernard.



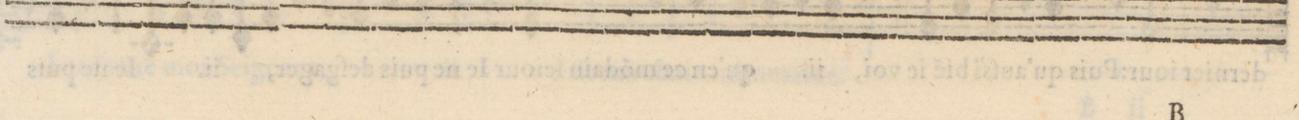
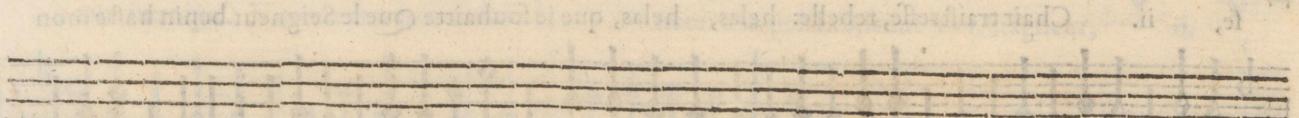
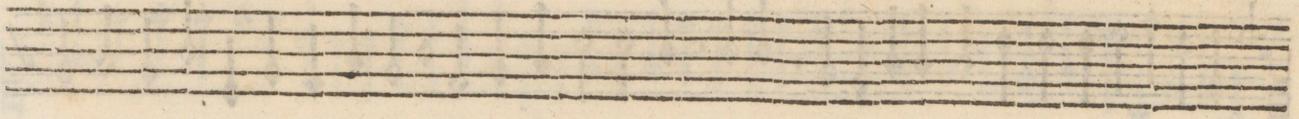
nuit dessus mes yeux demeure. M^o sang devient glacé, l'esprit fuit de m^o corps, ii.



Mon cœur trem- ble de crainte, & peu s'en faut alors Qu'à tes pieds estendu, ii.



sans ame ie ne meure.



B