

John Bartlet

A BOOKE OF A Y R E S Vvith a Triplicitie of M V S I C K E

II. If euer haples woman had a cause

- 1 If euer haples woman had a cause
To breath her plaintes into the open ayre
And neuer suffer inward griefe to pause
Or seeke her sorrow shaken soules repayre
Then I for I haue lost my onelie brother
Whose like this age can scarsly yeeld another.
- 2 Come therefore mournfull Muses and lament,
Forsake all wanton pleasing motions,
Bedew your cheekes, stil shal my teares be spent:
Yet still increast with inundations.
For I must weepe, since I haue lost my brother.
Whose like, &c.
- 3 The cruell hand of murther cloyde with bloud,
Lewdly depriude him of his mortall life :
Woe the death attended blades that stoode,
In opposition gainst him in the strife,
Wherein he fell, and where I lost my brother,
Whose like &c.
- 4 Then vnto griefe let me a Temple make,
And mourning dayly, enter sorrowes portes,
Knocke on my breast, sweete brother for thy sake,
And helpe my aye to wayle my onely brother,
Then I for I haue lost my onelie brother
Whose like this age can scarsely yeeld another.