

John Bartlet

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

VI. I heard of late that loue was falne asleepe

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To late alas I finde it was not so
Methoght I saw the little villain weepe,
But theefe he laughs at them that waile in woe,
I dreamt his bow was brok and he was slain,
But loe awakte I see all whole againe.

His blinking eyes will euer be awake,
His idle head is ful of laughing toyes,
His bow and shafts are tickle thinges to take,
It is no medling with such apish boyes,
For they shal finde that in his fetters fall,
Loue is a deadly thing to deal withal.

Yet where the wretch doth take a happy vaine,
It is the kindest worme that euer was,
But let him catch a coy conceite againe,
In frantike fits, he doth a fury passe,
So that in sum who hopes of happy ioy,
Take heede of loue, it is a perlous boy.