

John Bartlet

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

VIII. Goe wailing verse the issue of thy sire

1 Goe wailing verse the issue of thy sire,
Begot on sighes which ent from my torne heart,
Tel thou thy parents neuer quenchde desire,
Tel of his griefes and of his endles smart.
Tel of his passions and his sad laments,
How stil he sues hard, she yet neere relents.

2 Deepe sobs the silent Orators of loue,
Sad sighes the muttering ecchoes of my pain,
Heart renting groanes the agent which would moue,
Compassion with that cheeke bedewed raine.
Raine which doth trickle from my watrie eyes,
Hoping at length sheele heare my doleful cries.

3 But Oh would that sweete faire had been the butte
For Cupid to haue aymde at with his shaftes,
Then had not these my pations boulded out,
Blasing my follies vnto wise mens hates,
Then could not I disciphering my harmes,
Sought to haue gaine that faire with my rude charms.

4 But why wish I to Cupid so much good,
When he hath broke his shafts and siluer bow,
And finds a flame inkindled in my bloud,
Which niether ise can quench nor mountain snow
And sure no maruaile if he conquere men,
When gods so faire a saint haue neuer seene.

5 Her eyes like globes contain a thousand orbs,
Her ruby lips her perled teeth in number,
With that sweet tong such harmony affordes,
As with applause makes all the world to wonder
To wonder at her onely and no other,
Since Cupid did mistake her for his mother.