

MICHAELL CAVENDISH

14. Ayres in Tabletorie to the Lute

1598

17. Faire are those eyes whose shine.

Faire are those eyes whose shine must giue me light,
Sweet is that grace commands my hart to loue,
Heau'ns her thoughts if they once yeeld consent,
To that reward affections truth doth moue,
 But if my faith cannot his merit gain,
 Weep eies, break hart and ende this restles paine.