

MICHAELL CAVENDISH

14. Ayres in Tabletorie to the Lute

1598

25. To former ioye.

To former ioy now turnes the groue the fountain,
The iolly fresh Aprill now loden with flowres,
The seas are calme, hore frost fals from the mountain,
Shepherds and nimphs they walke to their wanton bowres,
But I all night in teares my pillow steeping,
Soone as the sunne appeares, renues my weeping.