

THE SECOND
B O O K E O F S O N G S
AND AYRES

Robert Iones

1601

3. O how my thoughts doe beate mee.

1

O how my thoughts do beate mee
Which by deepe sighs intreat thee,
Hey ho, fie, what a thing is this,
Thus to lie still when we might kisse
 And play, and fool,
 Heere in the coole
Of thy stillest, cleerest, sweetest euening,
Philomell did euer choose for singing.

2

See how my lips complaine them,
Thy lips should thus detaine them,
Aye me, harke how the Nightingales,
In the darke to each other to cals,
 Whil'st thou, O thou,
 Dar'st not avow,
The enioying of the truest pleasure,
Loue did euer hoord vp in his treasure.