

THE FIRST BOOKE OF AYRES

Thomas Morley

1600

10. Loue winged my hopes.

- 1 Loue wingd my hopes and taught them how to flie,
Farre from base earth, but not to mount to hie.
For true pleasure liues in measure,
Which if men for sake,
Blinded they into follie run, and grief for pleasure take.
- 2 But my vaine hopes proud of their new taught light,
Enamard sought to woe the Sunnes faire light,
Whose rich brightnesse, moued their lightnesse,
To aspire so high:
That all scorcht and consumd with fire, now drownd in woe they lie.
- 3 And none but loue their woefull hap doth rue,
For loue doth know that their desires were true:
Though fates frowned and now drowned,
They in sorrow dwell,
It was the purest light of heaven, for whose faire loue they fell.