

# THE FIRST BOOKE OF AYRES

Thomas Morley

1600

## 7. Who is it that this darke night.

- 1 Who is it that this darke night,  
Vnder my window playneth,  
Is it one that from thy sighte,  
beeing ah exilde disdaineth,  
Euerie other vulgar light.
- 2 Why alas and are you he,  
Be not those fond fancies chaunged,  
Deare when you find change in me,  
Though from me you be estranged,  
Let me change to ruine be.
- 3 Well in absence this will die,  
Leaue to see, and leaue to wonder,  
Absence sure will helpe if I,  
Can learne how my selfe to sunder,  
From what in my heart doth lie.
- 4 But time will these thoughts remoue,  
Time doth worke what no man knoweth:  
Time doth as the subiect proue.  
With time still the affection groweth,  
In the faithfull turtle Doue.
- 5 What if you new beauties see,  
Will not they stirre new affection,  
I will thinke they pictures bee:  
Image like of Saints perfection.  
Poorely counterfeiting thee.
- 6 But the reasons purest light,  
Bids you leaue such minds to nourish,  
Deare doe reason no such spite,  
Neuer doth thy beautie flourish,  
More then in my reasons sight.

- 7 But the wrongs loue beares will make,  
Loue at lenght leaue vndertaking,  
No the more fooles it doe shake,  
In a ground of so firme making,  
Deeper still they driue the stake.
- 8 Peace I thinke that some giue eare,  
Come no more least I get anger,  
Blisse I will my blisse forbeare,  
Fearing sweete you to endaunger,  
But my soule shall harbor there.
- 9 Well be gon, be gon I say,  
Least that Argues eayes perceiue you,  
O vniustest fortunes sway,  
Which can make me thus to leaue,  
And from Loutes to runne away.

words by:

Sir Philip Sidney: "Astrophel and Stella", song 11.