

XVII. CANTVS.

Ome againe: sweet loue doth now enuite, thy gra- ces
thatrefraine, to do me due de- light, to see, to heare, to touch, to kisse,
to die, with thee againe in sweetest simpha- thy.

2

Come againe that I may cease to mourne,
Through thy vnkind disdaine,
For now left and forlorne:
I sit, I sigh, I weepe, I faind, I die,
In deadly paine, and endles miserie.

1

All the day the sun that lends me shine,
By frownes do cause me pine,
And feeds me with delay: (grow,
Her smiles, my springs, that makes my ioies to
Her frowes the winters of my woe:

2

All the night, my sleepes are full of dreames,
My eies are full of streames,

My hart takes no delight:
To see the fruits and ioies that some do find,
And marke the stormes are me asignd,

3

Out alas, my faith is euer true,
Yet will she neuer rue,
Nor yeeld me any grace:
Her eies offire, her hart of flint is made,
Whom teares nor truth may once inuade.

4

Gentle loue draw forth thy wounding dart,
Thou canst not pearce her hart,
For I that do approue: (shafts:
Py sighs and teares more hote then are thy
Did tempt while she for triumphs laughs,