

John Attey

THE
FIRST BOOKE
OF
AYRES
OF FOVRE PARTS

1622

V. Shall I tell you whom I loue ?

Shall I tell you whom I loue ?
Hearken then a while to me,
And if such a Woman moue,
As I now shall versifie,
 Be assur'd tis Shee or none,
 That I loue and loue alone.

2 Nature did her so much right,
As she scornes the helpe of Art :
In as many vertues dight,
As ere yet imbrac'd a heart.
 So much good so truely try'd
 Some for lesse were Deify'd.

3 Wit she hath without desire,
To make knowne how much shee hath ;
And her anger flames no higher,
Then may fitly sweeten wrath.
 Full of pittie as may be,
 Though perhaps not so to me.

4 Reason masters euery Sence,
And her vertues grace her birth;
Louely as all Excellence:
Modest in her most of myrth.
 Likelyhood enough to proue,
 Onely worth could kindle loue.

5 Such She is, and if you know,
Such a one as I haue sung,
Be she browne or faire, or so,
That Shee be but somewhat young.
 Be assur'd tis shee or none,
 That I loue and loue alone.