

John Attey

THE
FIRST BOOKE
OF
AYRES
OF FOVRE PARTS

1622

XI. Madame, for you I little grieue to dye.

Madame, for you I little grieue to dye,
In, and to whom I liue, because I loue.
For if my ill doe please your dainty eye,
It cannot me displease, nor greatly moue.
 Vnlesse a minde in you so cruell be,
 To kill your selfe, To make an end of mee.

2 Onely I grieue that all my life is you,
Who by my death must needs in danger be :
For if I dye it cannot be but true,
The sweetest of my life must die with mee;
 If that a minde in you so cruell be,
 To kill your selfe, to make an end of mee.

3 Wherefore, if of my life you haue no care,
Which I esteeme but onely for your sake :
Yet of your owne, which death it selfe would spare,
I am in hope you will some pittie take;
 Vnlesse a minde in you so cruell be,
 To kill your selfe, to make an end of mee.