

*John Attey*

THE  
FIRST BOOKE  
OF  
AYRES  
OF FOVRE PARTS

1622

**VIII. Thinke not tis I alone that sing her praise.**

Thinke not tis I alone that sing her praise,  
No, all regard her whom my Muse respects,  
Each sweetly singing Syten in her layes,  
Deserued Trophes of her worth erects,  
And *Philomela* on her thorny perch,  
Her nearest notes to note her praise doth search.