

*John Attey*

THE  
FIRST BOOKE  
OF  
AYRES  
OF FOVRE PARTS

1622

**I. On a time the amorous Siluy.**

On a time, the amorous Siluy,  
Said to her Shepheard, Sweet how doe you ?  
Kisse mee this once, And then God b'wee you,  
My sweetest deare,  
Kisse me this once, And then God b'wee you,  
For now the morning draweth neare.

With that her fairest bosome shewing,  
Opening her lips, rich perfumes blowings  
She said, now kisse me and be going,  
My sweetest deare.  
Kisse me this once and then be going,  
For now the morning draweth neare.

With that the Shepheard wak'd from sleeping,  
And spying where the day was peeping,  
He said now take my soule in keeping :  
My sweetest deare.  
Kisse me, and take my soule in keeping,  
Since I must goe now, day is neare.