

John Attey

THE
FIRST BOOKE
OF
AYRES
OF FOVRE PARTS

1622

X. My dayes, my moneths, my yeares.

My dayes, my moneths, my yeares I spend
About a moments gaine,
A ioy that in th'inioying ends,
A fury quickly slaine.

2 A fraile delight, like that Waspes life,
Which now both friskes and flies:
And in a moments wanton strife,
It faints, it pants, it dyes.

3 And when I charge my Lance in rest,
I triumph in delight:
And when I haue the ring transperst,
I languish in despite.

4 Or like one in a lake-warme Bath,
Light wounded in a vaine :
Sperts out the spirits of his life.
And fainteth without paine.