

John Attey

THE
FIRST BOOKE
OF
AYRES
OF FOVRE PARTS

1622

XII. Resound my voyce.

Resound my voyce, yee woods that heare me playne,
Both Hills and Dales causing reflection,
And Riuers eke record, yee of my paine,
That oft hath forc'd you to compassion,
Mongst whom pittie I finde, doth yet remaine,
But where I seeke, Alas, there is disdaine.

2 Ye wandring Riuers oft to heare me sound,
Haue stopt your course, and plainly to expresse
Your griefes, haue cast teares on the wayling ground:
The Earth hath mourn'd to heare my heauinesse,
Whose dull and sencelesse nature I doe finde,
Farre more relenting then a Womans minde.

3 When that my woes I doe re-iterate,
The mighty Okes haue roared in the winde;
And in the view of this my wretched state,
Each liuing thing bemones me in their kinde,
Saue onely shee that most my plaints should rue,
Vpon my ore-charg'd heart doth griefes renew.