

*John Attey*

THE  
FIRST BOOKE  
OF  
AYRES  
OF FOVRE PARTS

1622

**VI. My dearest and deuineſt loue.**

My dearest and deuineſt loue,  
Imagine my diſtreſſe,  
When thou retir'ſt from my deſires,  
And ſorrowes me oppreſſe.

For my ſence ſees no other Sunne,  
But that which in thine eyes,  
That in another Spheare doth runne,  
And clouds thy natiue ſkyes.

Then come againe, then come againe,  
Display thy pleaſing Beames,  
Elſe all my pleaſures are but paine,  
My comforts are but dreames.