

*John Attey*

THE  
FIRST BOOKE  
OF  
AYRES  
OF FOVRE PARTS

1622

**XIII. Vaine hope adue.**

Vaine hope adue, Thou life-consuming moath,  
Which frets my soule in peeces with delay,  
My well spun threads, Will make no cloath,  
To shrowd me from the tempest of decay,  
For stormes of fortune drench me like a floud,  
Whilst rancors frost, nips Merit in her bud.