

John Attey

THE
FIRST BOOKE
OF
AYRES
OF FOVRE PARTS

1622

III. In a Groue of Trees of Mirtle.

In a groue of Trees of Mirtle,
Venus met faire *Mirrahs* childe,
Kisse quoth she my pretty Turtle,
But her hopes hee did beguile,
With no no.

2 Come, oh come my dearest treasure,
And looke Babies in my eyes :
Coll, and kisse, inioy thy pleasure ;
But her kindnesse he denyes,
With no &c.

3 Lowtish Lad come learne to venture,
On the Iuory brest of loue :
I dare stay thy worst encounter;
But her words as winde did proue,
With no &c.

4 Shall then loue be thus abused,
By the beauty of a Boy ?
Shall my Temple be refused,
Will *Adonis* still be coy?
With no, &c.

5 Then I vow that beauty euer,
Shall neglected be of loue :
Let the foolish Boy perseuer,
He the folly now shall proue,
Of no no.