

# *John Bartlet*

## A BOOKE OF A Y R E S Vvith a Triplicitie of M V S I C K E

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V. If there be any one whome loue hath wounded

- 1 If there be any one whome loue hath wounded  
And of the hurt is neere his death.  
If there be any one in grief confounded  
And stil with sighes doth fetch his breath.  
Such is my case, let him com sit with me and mourn  
Whome grieffe doth gripe and Cupid blind doth ouerturne.
- 2 If there be any one which hath beene racked,  
And ioynt from ioynt is al to torne,  
If there be any one these pangs haue smacked,  
And in his heart with loue doth burne,  
Such is my case, let him com sit with me and mourne,  
For I am rackte and scorcht with loue and left forlorne.
- 3 If there be any one in shippe oppressed,  
At pinch of wracke to drowned be:  
If there be any one with waues betossed,  
Or blinded that he cannot see,  
Such is my case, let him com sit with me and mourne,  
Whom shipwracke spoiles and eyes put out, as louers scorn.
- 4 If there be any one that fraude hath perplexed,  
Or burst his heart at loues commaund,  
If there be any one, whome al greefes haue vext,  
Or in hels paines do dayly stand,  
Such is my case, let him com sit with me and mourne,  
That feeles hels paine and louers grieffe with loues scorn.