

# *John Bartlet*

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

---

### XI. The Queene of Paphos Ericine

- 1 The Queene of Paphos Ericine  
In hart did rose checkte Adone loue  
He mortal was, but she deuine,  
And oft with kisses did him moue,  
With great giftes stil she did him woo,  
But he would neuer yeeld thereto.
- 2 Then since the Queene of loue by loue,  
To loue was once a subiect made,  
And could thereof no pleasure proue,  
By day by night, by light or shade,  
Why being mortall should I grieue,  
Since she her selfe could not relieue.
- 3 She was a Goddesse heauenly,  
And loude a faire facde earthly boy,  
Who did contemne her deity,  
And would not grant her hope of ioy,  
For loue doth gouerne by a fate,  
That heare plants will, and their leaues hate.
- 4 But I a haples mortall wight,  
To an immortall beautie sue,  
No maruaile then she loaths my sight,  
Since Adone Venus would not woo,  
Hence groning sighes, mirth be my friend  
Before my life, my loue shall end.