

Iohn Bartlet

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

XVI. Poets to loue such power ascribes

1 Poets to loue such power ascribes
As no power else can circumscribe,
True loue by true desire refinde
Can neuer be by bowns confinde.

2 It first did kindle in mine eye,
And thence stole inward presently,
Possest my breast, my heart and soule,
And doth my better parts controll.

3 The more I seeke it to expell,
The more it doth my thoughts compell,
Since then it hath such power within,
To let it burne still, were a sinne.