

John Bartlet

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

XIII. Vnto a flie tranceformde from humaine kind

1 Vnto a flie tranceformde from humaine kind,
Me thought I raunged on a sunshine day,
When for to ease my sadde afflicted mind,
Vpon my mistresse robe I gan to play,
At length I mounted vppe her daintie breast,
From whence I sought my solace and my rest.

2 Yet not content with these aspiring toyes
Changing my seate into her curled heyre,
By seeking to encrease my new found ioyes,
I turnde my sweet applause to sudden feares.
For chauncing on her eyes of flame and fire,
I burnt my winges whereby I did aspire.

3 Thus falling to the ground in my decay,
With mourneful bussings crauing her reliefe,
Me thought she moude with ruth my heauy lay,
And crusht me with her foot to end my grieve,
And said lo where the silly wretch doth lie,
Whose end was such because he flue so hie.