

John Bartlet

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

VII. All my wittes hath will inwrapped

- 1 All my wittes hath will inwrapped,
All my sence desire intrapped.
Al my faith to fancy fixed,
All my ioyes to loue amixed.
All my loue I offer thee,
Once for all yet looke on mee.
- 2 Let me see thy heauenly feature,
Oh heauens what a heauenly Creature,
All the powers of heauen preserue thee,
Loue himselfe is sworne to serue thee,
Princesse in a Goddes place,
Blessed be that Angels face.
- 3 Looke how loue thy seruant dyeth,
Harke how hope for comfort crieth,
Take some pittie on poore fancy,
Let not fancie proue a franzie;
Comfort this poore hart of mine,
Loue and I and all are thine.