

John Bartlet

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

IX. A prety dücke there was that said

A prety dücke there was that said,
To whome shall I make mone
I haue beene long a pretie maid,
And yet I lie alone.

Alone I lie in deepe dispaire,
Which kils my louely heart,
For none wil my sweet ioyes repaire,
Or play a louers part.

A tickling part that maidens loue,
But I can neuer get,
Yet long haue sought, and stil do craue,
At rest my hart to set.