

John Bartlet

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

III. Who doth behold my mistres face

- 1 Who doth behold my mistres face,
And seeth not good hap hath he,
Who hears her speake and marks her grace
Shal think none euer spake but she.
In short for to resound her praise
She is the fayrest of her dayes.
- 2 Who knowes her wit and not admires:
Shal show himselfe deuouide of skil,
Her vertues kindle strange desires,
In those that thinke vpon her stil.
In short &c.
- 3 Her red is like vnto the rose,
When from a bud vnto the sunne,
Her tender leaues she doth disclose,
The first degree of ripenes wonne.
In short &c.
- 4 And with her red mixt is a white,
Like to that same of faire mooneshine,
That doth vpon the water light,
And makes the colour seeme deuine.
In short &c.