

MICHAELL CAVENDISH

14. Ayres in Tabletorie to the Lute

1598

2. Why should my muse.

Why should my muse thus restles in her woes,
Summon records of neuer dying feares ?
And still reuiue fresh springing in my thoughts,
The true memoriall of my sad dispaire ?
Who forst to loue to those faire eyes am thrall,
Where eyes nor thoughts grant one respect at all ?

Endles my grieues since endles is her course,
Still to inflict more torments on my grieues,
Without remorse of poore harts scalding sighes,
When heauen in teares bewailes my no relieues.
A hard regard, where true deuoted loue
Can met it naught but still these crosses proue.

Cease worlds bright sun, from hence forth once to shine,
But in my death now suffer springs to perish,
For beare to grace earths glory with thy beames,
Her richest treasure now forbid to florish.
Since that her eies the sun-shine of my life.
Affords no grace but torments death and strife.