

MICHAELL CAVENDISH

14. Ayres in Tabletorie to the Lute

1598

10. Curst be the time when first mine eyes beheld.

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Those rare perfections all mens thoughts admire,
And iustly may a shepherds swain bewaile
Those fatall howres which caus'd him first desire;
 Loues sweet consent that makes so deepe impression
 As hart and soule will witnesse in confession.

Why should these eies borne traitors to my rest,
Command my thoughts to yeeld to this presumption,
To loue a nimph whose beauty all surpassing,
In all mens thoughts breeds still a strange confusion;
 Heauens forbid that I should dare to moue,
 A face that gods solicite still and loue.

Phillis sweet *Phillis* the shepherds only Queene,
Skornes to admit a swaine into her loue,
He pipes and sings and pleades to her for grace,
His sons and Sonnets her can nothing moue :
 He sighes and voves and praies with true deuotion,
 But voves and prayers worke in her no motion.

Then *Coridon* must yeeld to this his curse,
Sith that his loue cannot her loue importune,
For feare dispaire conuert this ill to worse,
And by disgrace adde more plagues to fortune,
 Poore man sit down powre out thy plaints amaine,
 Phillis thee skornes and holds in high disdain.