

# MICHAELL CAVENDISH

14. Ayres in Tabletorie to the Lute

1598

## **11. Faire are those eyes whose shine.**

Faire are those eyes whose shine must giue me life,  
Sweet is that grace commandes my hart to loue,  
Heauens her thoughts if they once yeeld consent  
To that reward affections truth doth moue.  
But if my faith cannot his merrit gain:  
Weepe eyes, breake hart and end this restles paine.