

**S O N G S**  
**FOR THE LUTE VIOL**  
**and Voice**

**Composed by I. Danyel**

**1606**

**12. Let not *Cloris* think.**

Let not *Cloris* think because  
She hath vnvassald mee,  
That her bewtie can giue lawes,  
To others that are free.

I was made to be the pray,  
And bootie of her eyes :  
In my bosome she may say,  
Her greatest kingdome lyes.

Though others may her brow adore,  
Yet more must I that therein see far more,  
Then any others eyes haue pwre to see,  
Shee is to mee  
More then to any others she can bee.

I can decerne more secret notes,  
That in the margine of her cheekes Loue quotes :  
Then any else besides haue art to read,  
No lookes proceed,  
From those fayre eyes but to mee wonder breed.

O then why,  
Should shee fly,  
From him to whom her sight,  
Doth ad so much aboue her might :  
Why should not shee,  
Still Ioy to raigne in mee ?