

S O N G S
FOR THE LUTE VIOL
and Voice

Composed by I. Danyel

1606

8. Tyme cruell tyme.

Tyme cruell tyme canst thou subdue that brow,
That conquers all but thee, and thee too staves :
As if shee were exempt from scieth or bow,
From Loue and yeares vnsubject to decayes.

Or art thou growne in league with those faire eyes,
That they might help thee to consume our dayes,
Or dost thou loue her for her cruelties,
Being mercilesse lyke thee that no man wayes ?

Then doe so still although shee makes no steeme,
Of dayes nor yeares, but lets them run in vaine :
Hould still thy swift wing'd hours that wondring seeme
To gase on her, euen to turne back againe.

And doe so still although she nothing cares,
Doe as I doe, loue her although vnkinde,
Hould still, yet O I feare at vnawares,
Thou wilt beguile her though thou seem'st so kinde.