

# *Alfonso Ferrabosco*

## AYRES

1609

### IX.

**Drowne not with teares** my deerest Loue,  
Those eyes which my affections moue,  
Doe not with weeping those lights blinde,  
Which me in thy subiection binde,  
Time that hath made vu two of one,  
And forth thee now to liue alone,  
Will once againe vu revnite,  
To shew how shee can Fortune spight,  
Then will we our time redeeme,  
And hould our howres in more esteeme,  
Turning all our sweetest nights,  
Into millions of delights,  
And striue with many thousand kisses,  
To multiply exchange of blisses.