

Alfonso Ferrabosco

AYRES

1609

XXVIII.

A Dialogue between a Shepheard and a Nymph

- Shepheard: **Tell me O Loue**, when shall it be
that thy faire eyes shall shine on me ?
Whom nothing now reuiueth,
- Nymph: I pray thee Shepheard leaue thy feares,
Drowne not thy heart and eyes with teares,
Such sighes my sence depriueth,
- Shepheard: Alas sweet Nymph, I cannot chuse
since thou estranged liues from me,
- Nymph: O doe not me for that accuse,
My loue, my life doth lifue in thee,
- Both: Alas, what ioy is in such loue
- Shepheard: that euer liues apart ?
- Nymph: and neuer other comforts proue,
but cares that kill the hart ?
- Shepheard: O, let me die,
- Nymph: And so will I,
- Both: yet stay sweet Loue and sing this song with me,
time bring to passe, what loue thinks could not be.