

Alfonso Ferrabosco

AYRES

1609

III.

Deere, when to thee my sad complaint I make,
And shew how oft Loue doth my death renue.
And how afresh I suffer for thy sake,
I euer feare this answere to insue,
 Who would bewaile the Bird that scapes the snare,
 And euer caught and neuer can beware ?

But my reply is iust, that if the eye
That sees the danger, yet obayes the hart
That leades the sence, for his delight to dye,
In that this pray, preferres the better part
 The gayner should haue mercy to forgiue,
 If Beautie be a Tyrant who can liue ?