

Thomas Ford

MVSICKE
OF
SVNDRIE
KINDES.

1607

VIII. Since first I saw your face.

Since first I saw your face I resolude to honour and renowne yee,
If now I be disdayned I wishe my hart had neuer knowne yee,
What I that lou'de and you that likte shall wee beginne to wrangle ?
No, no, no, my hart is fast and cannot disentangle.

If I admire or prayse you too much, that fault you may forgiue mee,
Or in my hands had stray'd but a touch, then iustly might you leaue mee,
I askt you leaue, you bad me loue, if now a time to chide me ?
No, no, no, ile loue you still, what fortune ere betide me.

The Sunne whose beames most glorious are, reiecteth no heholder,
And your sweet beautie past compare, made my poore eyes the boulder,
Where beautie moues, and wit delights, and signes of kindnes bind me,
There, O there where ere I go, ile leaue my hart behind me.