

Thomas Ford

MVSICKE
OF
SVNDRIE
KINDES.

1607

IX. There is a Ladie sweet and kind.

There is a Ladie sweet and kind,
Was neuer face to pleasde my mind,
I did but see her passing by,
And yet I loue her till I die.

Her iesture, motion and her smiles,
Her wit, her voyce my hart beguiles,
Beguiles my hart, I know not why,
And yet I loue her till I die.

Her free behauiour winning lookes,
Will make a Lawyer burne his bookes,
I toucht her not, alas not I,
And yet I loue her till I die.

Had I her fast betwixt mine armes,
Iudge you that thinke such sports were harmes,
Wert any harm? no, no, fie, fie,
For I will loue her till I die.

Should I remaine confined there,
So long as Phebus in his spher,
I to request shee to denie,
Yet would I loue her till I die.

Cupid is winged and doth range,
Her countrie so my loue doth change,
But change she earth, or change she skie,
Yet will I loue her till I die.