

Thomas Ford

MVSICKE
OF
SVNDRIE
KINDES.

1607

III. Vnto the temple of thy beauty.

Vnto the temple of thy beautie,
and to the tombe where pittie lies,
I pilgrime clad with zeale and deuty
do offer vppe my hart, mine eyes,
My hart loe in the quenchlesse fire
on loues burning altar lies,
Conducted thither by desire
to be beauties sacrifice.

But pitty on thy fable herse,
mine eyes the teares of sorrow shed
What though teares cannot fate reuerse,
Yet are they duties to the dead,
O mistresse in thy sanctuarie,
why wouldst thou suffer cold disdaine,
To vse his frozen crueltie,
and gentle pitty to be slaine.

Pittie that to thy beautie fled,
and with thy beautie should haue liu'de,
Ah in thy hart lies buried,
and neuer more may be reuiu'de,
Yet this last fauour deare extend,
to accept these vowes, these teares I shed
Duites which I thy pilgrime send,
to beauty liuing pitty dead.