

Thomas Ford

MVSICKE
OF
SVNDRIE
KINDES.

1607

V. Goe passions to the cruell faire.

Goe passions to the cruell faire
Pleade my sorrowes neuer ceasing,
Tell her those smiles are emptie ayre,
Growing hopes but not encreasing,
 Hasting, wasting with swift pace,
 Date of ioy in dull disgrace.

Vrge her (but gently I request)
With breach of faith and wracke of vowes,
Say that my griefe, and minds vnrest,
Liues in the shadow of her browes,
 Plying, flying, there to die,
 In sad woe and miserie.

Importune pittie at the last
(pittie in those eyes should houer,)
Recount my sighes and torments past,
As Annals of a constant loue,
 Spending, ending many dayes,
 Of blasted hopes and slacke delayes.