

Thomas Ford

MVSICKE
OF
SVNDRIE
KINDES.

1607

XI. Shut not sweet brest to see me all of fire.

A Dialogue.

A: Shut not sweet brest to see me all of fire,
B: Flie not deer hart to find me all of snow,
A: Thy snow inflames these flames of my desire,
B: And I desire sweet flames to know.
A: Thy snow will hurt me, this cold will coole me,
B: Nor thy fire will harm me and this heate will warm me,
A: Take this chast fire to that pure virgin snow.
B: Being now thus warmd ile neuer seeke other fire.
A: Thou giust more blisse then mortall harts may know,
B: More blisse I take then Angels can desire.
Both: Let one grieve harme vs, and one ioy fill vs,
Let one loue warme vs, and one death kill vs.