

Thomas Ford

MVSICKE
OF
SVNDRIE
KINDES.

1607

VII. Faire, sweet, cruell, why doest thou flie mee.

Faire, sweet, cruell, why doest thou flie mee,
Goe not, oh goe not from thy deerest,
Though thou doest hasten I am nie thee,
When thou see'mst farre then am I neerest,
O tarrie then and take me with you.

Fie, fie, sweetest here is no danger,
Flie not, oh flie not loue pursues thee,
I am no foe, nor forraine stranger,
Thy scornes with fresher hope renewes me,
Tarrie then, &c.