

Thomas Ford

MVSICKE OF SVNDRIE *KINDES.*

1607

III. Now I see thy lookes were fained.

Now I see thy lookes were fained,
Quickly lost and quickly gained,
Soft thy skin like wooll of wethers,
Hart vnconstant light as feathers,
Tongue vntrustly subtle sighted,
Wanton will with change delighted,
Syren pleasant foe to reason,
Cupid plague thee for thy treason.

Of thine eye I made my mirror,
From thy beauty came my error,
All thy words I counted witty,
All thy sighes I deemed pittie,
Thy false teares that me agreeued,
First of all my trust deceaued,
Syren,

Fain'de acceptance when I asked,
Louely words with cunning masked,
Holy vowes but hart vnholie,
Wretched man my trust was folly,
Lilly white, and pretty winking,
Sollemne vowes, but sorrie thinking,
Syren.

Now I see O seemely cruell,
Others warme them at my fuell,
Wit shall guide me in this durance,
Since in loue is no assurance,
Change thy pasture, take thy pleasure,
Beauty is a fading treasure,
Syren.

Prime youth lasts not age will follow,
And make white those tresses yellow,
Wrinkled face for lookes delightfull,
Shall acquaint the dame despitefull,
And when time shall date thy glorie,
Then to late thou wilt be sorry,
Syren.