

THE SECOND  
B O O K E O F S O N G S  
AND AYRES

Robert Iones

1601

11. Over these brookes.

1

Over these brookes trusting to ease mine eies,  
Mine eies euen great in labour with her teares,  
I laid my face, my face wherein there lies  
Clusters of clowdes which no sunne euer cleeres,  
In watry glasse, my watry eies I see  
Sorrowes ill eased where sorrowes painted be.

2

My thoughts imprisoned in my secret woes,  
With flamie breathes, doe issue oft in sound,  
The sound to this strange aire no sooner goes,  
But that it doth with Eccoes force rebound,  
And make me heare the plaints I would refraine,  
Thus outward helps my inward griefes maintaine.

3

Now in this sand I would discharge my mind,  
And cast from me part of my burdnous cares,  
But in the sand my tales foretold I find,  
And see therein how well the waters fares,  
Since streams, ayre, sand, mine eyes and eares conspire,  
What hope to quench, when each thing blowes the fire.

words by:  
Sir Philip Sidney