

Francis Pilkington

THE FIRST BOOKE OF Songs or Ayres of 4.parts:

1605

III. Can she disdaine, can I persist to loue.

Can she disdaine, can I persist to loue,
Can she be cruell, I subiected still.
Time will my truth, compassion hers aproue,
Release the thrald, and conquer froward will.
I loue not lust, oh therfore let her daigne,
To equal my desires, with like againe.

Am I not pleasing in her prouder eies,
Oh that she knew Loues power as well as I,
Wittie she is, but Loues more wittie wise,
She breathes on earth, he Raignes in heauen on high.
I loue not lust, oh therefore let her daigne,
To equall my desires with like againe.

Loue scornes the abiect earth his sacred fires,
Vnites diuided mindes disseuers none,
Contempt springs out of fleshly base desires,
Setting debate twixt loue and vnion.
I loue not lust, oh therefore let her daigne,
To equall my desires, with like againe.