

Francis Pilkington

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

1605

VII. Aye mee, she frownes, my Mistresse is offended.

Aye mee, she frownes, my Mistresse is offended,
Oh pardon deare, my misse shall be amended:
My fault from loue proceeded, It merits grace the rather,
If I no danger dreaded, it was to win your fauour.
Then cleere those clouds, then smile on mee, And let vs bee good friends.
Come walke, come talke, come kisse, come see, how soone our quarrell ends.

Why low'rs my loue, and blots so sweet a beautie,
Oh be apeasd with vowes, with faith and duetie:
Giue ouer to be cruell, sith kindnesse seemes you better,
You haue but changd a Iuell, and loue is not your detter.
Then welcome mirth, and banish mone, shew pittie on your louer,
Come play, come sport, the thing thats gon no sorrow can recouer.

Still are you angry, and is there no relenting ?
Oh wiegh my woes, be mou'd with my lamenting :
Alas my hart is griued, myne inward soule doth sorrow,
Vnles I be releud, I dye before to morrow.
The coast is cleard, her countnance heard, I am againe in grace,
Then farewell feare, then come my deare, lets dallie and embrace.