

Ariadne deserted by Theseus

The - seus! O The-seus! hark! but yet in vaine, a-las for - sak-en I comp - plaine;

6

it was some neigh-b'ring rock more soft then he, whose holl - ow Bow-els pitt-y'd me, & beat-ing

11

back that false & cru - el Name, did Com-fort and re - venge my flame, then faith - lesse

15

whi-ther wilt thou flye, Stones dare not har-bour Cru - el - ty! Tell me ye

20

Gods___ who e're ye are, why, o why, made ye him so faire, & tell me wretch why

26

thou, mad'st not thy selfe more true? Beau - ty from him _____ might Cop-pies take, &

30

more maj-es-tick He - roes make, & false-hood learne a wyle, from him too, be - guile: re-store my

34

Clue, 'tis here most due, for 'tis a lab - rinth of more sub-tle Art, to have so faire a

38

face, so fowle a hart: the rav'-nous Vul-ture tear his breast, ye roll - ing stone dis-turbe his

43

rest, let him next feele Ix - i - ons wheele, & Ad one fab - le more to Curs-ing po - ets store, & then yet

47

rath - er let him live, & Twyne _____ his woofe of dayes with some thread stol'n from myne,

51

but if you'll tor-ture him how E're, Tor-ture my hart, you'le finde him there; till myne Eyes dranke up

55

his, & his dranke myne, I ne're thought souls might kiss, & spi-rits Joine, Pic - tures till

59

then, tooke me as much as men, Nat-ure & Art, mov - ing a - like my hart; but his faire vis-age made me

64

finde, pleas-ures & fears, hopes, sighs & teares as sev-er-all sea-sons of the mynde;

68

Should thine Eye, Ven-us, on his dwell, thou would'st In - vite him to thy shell, & caught by

73

that live Jet- vent-ure the sec - ond net, & af - ter all thy dang-ers, faith-lesse he, should'st thou but

77

slumb - er, would for-sake Ev' - n thee, the streams soe Court ye yield-ing bancks,

80

And gly-ding thence ne're pay their thanks, the wynds so wooe theflowr's whisp-ring a-monge fresh

84

bowrs, & hav-inge Rob'd them of their smels, fly thence per-fum'd to oth - er Cels, this is fam

89

il-iar hate to Smyle & kill, though no - thingplease thee, yet my Ru-ine will; death! hov

94

- ver, hov-er o'er me then, waves let your Christ - all wombe, be both my fate &

98

Tombe, I'll soon-er trust the Sea then men. Yet for re-venge to heav'n I'll call, & breath One Curs be-fore I

103

fall; proud— of two Con-quest Min-au-tor & me, that by my faith, this by thy per - jur - y;

109

mai'st thou for-get to winge thy ships with white, that the blacke sails— may to the long-inge Sight of thy graye Fath

113

- er tell thy fate, & he be-queath that sea his name, fall - ing like— me. Nat - ure & love thus brand thee,

118

whylst I dye,—— cause thou for-sak'st Ea - gi - us 'cause thou draw - st Nigh.

122

And ye, O nimphs be - low who sit, in whose swift floods his vows he writ, Snatch A Sharpe

126

dia-mond from your Rich - est Mynes, & in some mir-ror grave these sad - der lynes,

130

which let some God convey to him, yet so he may, in that both read at Once & see those

134

looks that caused my destiny! In The - tis Armes, I Ar-i - ad - ne sleepe, drown'd

139

first in myne Owne teares, then in the deep! twice Ban-ish'd first by love,

143

& then by hate, the life that I preserv'd be-came my fate, who leav-ing all was by him left a

148

lone, that from A Mon - ster freed, him -

150

selfe prov - 'd One! Thus then I f but look