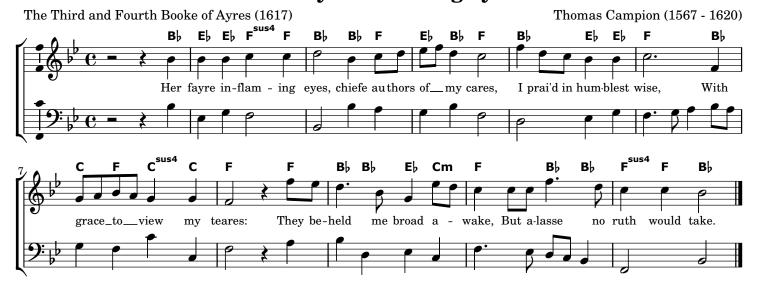
Her fayre inflaming eyes



- 2. Her lips with kisses rich,
 And words of fayre delight,
 I fayrely did beseech
 To pitty my sad plight:
 But a voice from them brake forth
 As a whirle-winde from the North.
- 3. Then to her hands I fled,
 That can give heart and all,
 To them I long did plead,
 And loud for pitty call:
 But alas they put mee off,
 With a touch worse then a scoffe.
- 4. So backe I straight return'd And at her breast I knock'd; Where long in vaine I mourn'd, Her heart so fast was lock'd: Not a word could passage find, For a Rocke inclos'd her minde.

- 5. Then downe my pray'rs made wayTo those most comely parts,That make her flye or stay,As they affect deserts:But her angry feete thus mov'dFled with all the parts I lov'd.
- **6.** Yet fled they not so fast As her enraged minde: Still did I after haste, Still was I left behinde, Till I found 'twas to no end With a Spirit to contend.