


Sad pining care that never may have peace,
At beauty's gate in hope of pity knocks:
But mercy sleeps while deep disdain increases,
And beauty hope in her fair bossom yokes,
O grieve to hear my grief, my tender flocks.
Like to the winds my sighs have winged been
Yet are my sighs and suits repaid with mocks;
I plead, yet she repineth at my teen:
O ruthless rigour harder than the rocks,
That both the shepherd kills and his poor flocks.

