

ANE PLAYNT OF LUVE

O hart, My hart! that gyves na rest,
Bot wyth luve madness dois dismaie;
For all thingis ellis, ye haif na zeste,
Nor thocht; bot luve may drive awaye.

Deir hart, be still,
And stay this ill,
Thi passioun sall me slay!

O hart, My hart! haif mercie nowe,
On me thi mastir, Sorrow's selfe:
Fra hir that will na luve allowe,
Desyre na moir the horded pelf.

Deir hart, in pane
Quhy wilt remane?—
Haif mercie on thi selfe!

O hart, My hart! tho' sche be fair,
As moon bemys quhyte, or starris that schyn—
Tho' all hir partis haif na compare,
It makis nocht, gif hir hart disdeyne.

Deir harte, gyve ease,
Fra luve release
Of ane that is nocht myne.

QUOD

PITTENDRIGH.