

# 8. Young and simple

Alfonso Ferrabosco II

Young and simple though I am, I have heard of Cupid's  
 I am not so foul or fair To be proud or to des-  
 Faith, 'tis but a foolish mind, Yet methinks a heat I  
 If it be, alas, what then? Were not women made for  
 Yet nor churl nor silken gull Shall my maiden blossom

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name. Guess I can what thing it is, Men de-  
 pair. Yet my lips have oft ob- serv'd Men that  
 find, Like thirst- long- ing that doth bid- Ev- er  
 men? As good 'tis a thing were past, That must  
 pull. Who shall not, I soon can tell, Who shall,

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sire when they do kiss. Smoke can never burn they  
 kiss them press them hard, As glad lovers use to  
 on my weaker side, Where they say my heart doth  
 needs be done at last. Roses that are over-  
 would I could as well! This I know, who e'er he

say; But the flames, but the flames that follow may.  
 do When their new-, when their new- met loves they woo.  
 move. Ve- nus grant, Ve- nus grant it be not Love!  
 blown Grow less sweet, grow less sweet, then fall a- lone.  
 be, Love he must, love he must or flat- ter me.