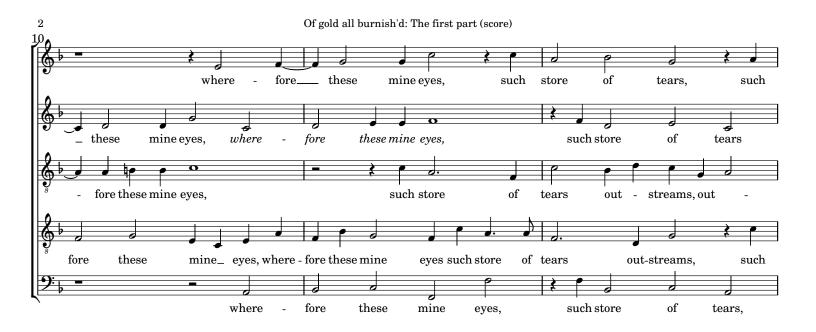
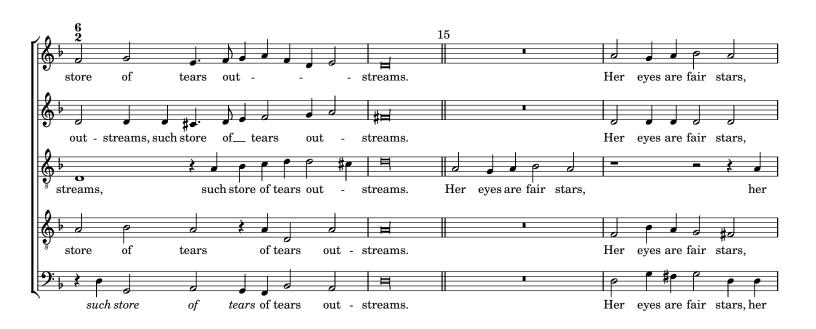
## Of gold all burnish'd

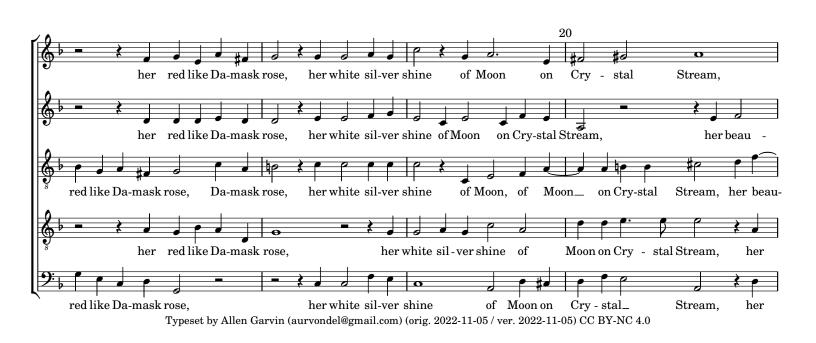
The first part

William Byrd (c.1540-1623) Songs of sundrie natures (Thomas East press, London, 1589)

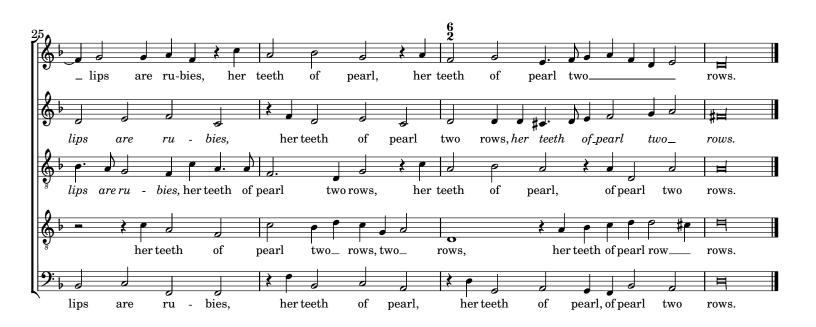












Of gold all burnish'd and brighter than sunbeams, were those curled locks upon her noble head, from whose deep conceits, my true deservings fled, wherefore these mine eyes such store of tears outstreams.

Her eyes are fair stars, her red like Damask rose, her white silver shine of Moon on Crystal Stream, her beauty perfect, whereon my fancies dream: her lips are rubies, her teeth of pearl two rows.