Her breath is more sweet
The second part
William Byrd (c.1540-1623)
Songs of sundrie natures (Thomas East press, London, 1589)







Her breath is more sweet than perfect Amber is,
her years are in prime and nothing doth she want that might draw Angels from Heav'n, to further bliss;

Of all things perfect, this do I most complain:
her heart is a rock made all of Adamant, which gifts all delight, this last doth only pain.

