

## TENTH DAY

555

This makes me dread what nymph be nigh,  
And watch each motion of his eye.

CHORUS. Did love, &c.

### IV

Hence, then, ye damsels, I implore,  
As you regard what's just and fit,  
That you, by am'rous wiles, no more  
This outrage on my love commit :  
For know, whilst thus you make me grieve,  
You shall repent the pain you give.

### CHORUS

Did love no jealous cares infest,  
No nymph on earth would be so blest.

As soon as Flammetta had finished her song, Dioneus, who sat close to her, laughed, and said, "Madam, it would be kind to let ladies know whom you mean, for fear some other should take possession out of ignorance, and you have cause to be offended." This song was followed by many others, and, it now drawing near midnight, they all went, at the king's command, to repose themselves. By break of day they arose, and, the master of the household having sent away their carriages, returned, under the conduct of their discreet king, to Florence, when the three gentlemen left the seven ladies in New St. Mary's Church, where they first met, going from thence where it was most agreeable to themselves; and the ladies, when they thought fit, repaired to their several houses.

THE END.