

VLTIMVM VALE

Robert Iones

1605

2. Beautie sate bathing by a spring.

1 Beauty sate bathing by a spring,
where fairest shades did hide her,
The windes blew calme, the birds did sing,
The coole streames ranne beside her,
 My wanton thoughts intiste my eye
 To see what was forbidden,
 But better memory cride fie,
 So vaine gelights were chidden.

2 Into a slumber then I fell,
But fond imagination
Seemed to see, but could not tell
Her feature of her fashion.
 But euen as babes in dreames do smile
 And sometime fall awweeping:
 So I awakt as wife the while
 As when I fell asleeping.

words by:
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