

VLTIMVM VALE

Robert Iones

1605

18. Since first disdaine began to rise.

Since first disdaine beganne to rise
And crye reuenge for spightfull wrong
What erst I praisde I now despise,
And thinke my loue was too too long.
 I treade in durt that scornefull pride,
 Which in thy lookes I haue discride
 Thy beautie is a painted skinne
 For fools to see their faces in.

Thine eyes that some as stars esteeme,
From whence themselues, they say take light,
Like to the foolish fire I deeme,
That leades men to their death by night.
 Thy words and oathes as light as wind,
 And yet far lighter is thy mind:
 Thy friendship is a broken reed:
 That fales thy friends in greatest need.