

VLTIMVM VALE

Robert Iones

1605

1. Doe not, O do not prize thy beautie.

1

Doe not, O doe not prize thy beauty at too high a rate,
Loue to be lou'd whilst thou art louely, least thou loue too late,
Frownes print wrinkles in thy browes,
At which spightfull age doth smile,
Women in their froward vowes,
Glorying to beguile.

2

Wert thou the onely worlds admired, thou canst loue but one,
And many haue before beene lou'd, thou art not lou'd alone.
Couldst thou speake with heavenly grace,
Sapho might with thee compare:
Blush the Roses in thy face,
Rozamond was as faire.

3

Pride is the canker that consumeth beautie in her prime,
They that delight in long debating feele the curse of time,
All things with the time de change,
That will not the time obey,
Some euen to themselues seeme strange,
Thorowe their owne delay.