

**THE  
FIRST BOOKE**  
*of Songes or Ayres*

Robert Iones

1600

13. O my poore eies.

1

O my poore eies that sunne whose shine  
Late gaue you light doth now decline  
And set to you to others riseth,  
She who would sooner die then change,  
Not fearing death delights to range,  
And now O now my soule despiseth.

2

Yet O my hart thy state is blest,  
To finde our rest in thy vnrest:  
Since thou her slaue no more remainest,  
For shee that bound thee sets thee free,  
Then when shee first forsaketh thee:  
Such O such right by wrong thou gainest.

3

Eies gaze no more, heart learne to hate,  
Experience tels you all too late:  
Fond womans loue with faith still warreth,  
While true desire speakes, writes and glue,es,  
Some groome the bargaine neerer driues:  
And he, O he the market marreth.