

**THE
FIRST BOOKE**
of Songes or Ayres

Robert Iones

1600

4. Once did I loue and yet I liue.

1

Once did I loue and yet I liue,
Though loue and truth be now forgotten.
Then did I ioy nowe doe I grieue,
That holy vowes must needs be broken.

2

Hers be the blame that caus'd it so,
Mine be the griefe though it be little,
Shee shall haue shame I cause to know:
What tis to loue a dame so fickle.

3

Loue her that list I am content,
For that Camelion like shee changeth,
Yeelding such mistes as may preuent:
My sight to view her when she rangeth.

4

Let him not vaunt that gaines my losse,
For when that he and time hath prou'd her,
Shee may him bring to weeping crosse:
I say no more because I lou'd her.