

**THE
FIRST BOOKE**
of Songes or Ayres

Robert Iones

1600

3. She whose matchlesse beauty stayneth.

1

She whose matchlesse beauty stayneth
What best iudgement fairst maintaineth,
Shee, O shee my loue disdaineth.

2

Can a creature so excelling,
Harbour scorne in beauties dwelling,
All kinde pittie thence expelling ?

3

Pittie beauty much commendeth,
And th'imbracer oft befriendeth,
When all eie-contentment endeth.

4

Time proues beauty transitory
Scorne; the staine of beauties glory,
In time makes the scorner sorie.

5

None adores the sunne declining,
Loue all loue fals to resigning,
When the sunne of loue leaues shining.

6

So when flowre of beauty failes thee,
And age stealing on affailes thee,
Then marke what this scorne auailles thee.

7

Then those hearts which now complaining,
Feele the wounds of thy disdaining,
Shall contemne thy beauty waining.

8

Yea thine owne hart now deere prized,
Shall with spite and grieve surprised,
Burst to finde it selfe despised.

9

When like harmes haue them requited,
Who in others harmes delighted,
Pleasingly the wrong'd are righted.

10

Such reuenge my wronges attending,
Hope still liues on time depending,
By the plagues my torments ending.