

**THE
FIRST BOOKE**
of Songes or Ayres

Robert Iones

1600

19. My Mistris.

1

My Mistris sings no other song,
But stil complains I did her wrong,
Beleeue her not it was not so,
I did but kisse her and let her goe.

2

And now she sweares I did, but what,
Nay, nay, I must not tell you that:
And yet I will it is so sweete,
As teehee tahha when louers meete.

3

But womens words they are heedlesse,
To tell you more it is needlesse:
I ranne and caught her by the arme,
And then I kist her, this was no harme.

4

But shee alas is angire still,
Which sheweth but a womans will:
She bites the lippe and cries fie fie,
And kissing sweetly (away) shee doth flie.

5

Yet sure her lookes bewraies content,
And cunningly her brales are meant:
As louers vse to play and sport,
When time and leisure is too too short.