

THE SECOND
B O O K E O F S O N G S
AND AYRES

Robert Iones

1601

8. Beautie stand further.

1

Beautie stand further,
Repine not at my blaming
Is it not murther,
To set my hart on flaming,
Thus hopelesse to take
Bare sight of such a glorie,
Doth tempt me to make
My death beget a storie.
Then pitie me, least some worse thing ensue it,
My deaths true cause will force the guilt to rue it.

2

Is it not better,
To loue thy friend in good sort,
Then to be debter,
For kindnesse name to report,
If you had the lesse,
For this rich mercie lending,
Then should I confesse,
No thrift were in such spending.
Oh pittie me, the gaine shall be thine owne all,
I would but liue, to make thy vertues knowne all.