

VLTIMVM VALE

Robert Iones

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14. Flye from the world.

1

Flye from the world O fly thou poor distrest,
Where thy diseased sence infectes thy soule
And wher thy thoghts do multiply vnrest,
Trobling with wishes what they straight controule
O worlde, O worlde betrayers of the mind,
O thoughts, O thoughts that guide vs being blinde.

2

Come therefore Care Conduct me to my end,
And steere this shipwracke Carcase to the graue:
My sighes a strong and stedfast wind will lende,
Teares wet the sayles, repentance from rockes saue.
Haile death, haile death, the land I do descry,
Strike sayle, go soule, rest followes them that dye.