

VLTIMVM VALE

Robert Iones

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16. Disdaine that so doth fill me.

1

Disdaine that so doth fil me,
Hath surely sworne to kill mee,
 And I must dye:
Desire that still doth burne me,
To life againe will turne me,
 And liue must I:
O kill me then disdain,
That I may liue againe.

2

Thy lookes are life vnto me,
And yet thy lookes vndoo me:
 O death and life:
Thy smiles some rest do shew me,
Thy frownes with warre orethrow me:
 O peace and strife:
Nor life, nor death is either,
Then giue me both or neither.

3

Life onely cannot ease me,
Death onely cannot please me,
 Change is delight:
I liue, that death may kill me,
I dye, that life may fill me,
 Both day and night,
If once despaire decay,
Desire will weare away.