

VLTIMVM VALE

Robert Iones

1605

17. Now let her change and spare not.

1 Now let her change and spare not
Since shee proues strange I care not,
Fained loue so bewicht my delight,
That still I doted on her sight,
But she is gone new delights embrasing,
And my desertes disgrasing.

2 When did I erre in blindnesse,
Or vexe her with vnkindnesse ?
If my heart did attend her alone,
Why is she thus vntimely gone ?
True loue abides to the day of dying,
False loue is euer flying.

3 Thou false farewell for euer,
Once false proues faithfull neuer:
He that now so triumphes in thy loue,
Shall soone my present fortunes proue:
Were he as fayre as Adonis,
Faith is not had where none is.

words by:
Thomas Campion