

VLTIMVM VALE

Robert Iones

1605

20. Oft haue I muzde the cause to finde.

1 Oft haue I muz'd the cause to finde,
Why loue in Ladies eyes shuld dwel,
I thought because him selfe was blinde,
Hee lookt, that they shuld guide him well,
And sure his hope but seldome failes,
For loue by Ladies eyes preuailes.

2 But time at last hath taught me wit,
Although I bought my wit full deare:
For by her eyes my heart is hit,
Deepe is the wound, though none appeare,
Their glancing beames, as dartes he throwes,
And sure he hath no shaftes but those.

3 I muz'd to see their eyes so bright,
And little thought they had beene fire.
I gaz'd vpon them with delight,
But that delight hath bred desire:
What better place can loue require,
Then what where growe both shaftes and fire.