

**THE
FIRST BOOKE**
of Songes or Ayres

Robert Iones

1600

1. A Womans lookes.

1

A Womans lookes
Are barbed hookes,
That catch by art
The strongest hart,
When yet they spend no breath,
But let them speake
And sighing break,
Forth into teares,
Their words are speares,
They wound our souls to death.

2

The rarest wit
Is made forget,
And like a child
Is oft beguild,
With loues sweete seeming baite :
Loue with his rod
So like a God,
Commands the mind
We cannot find,
Faire shewes hide fowle deceit.

3

Time that all thinges
In order bringes,
Hath taught me now
To be more slow,
In giuing faith to speech :
Since womens wordes
No truth affordes,
And when they kisse
They thinke by this,
Vs men to ouer-reach.