

**THE
FIRST BOOKE**
of Songes or Ayres

Robert Iones

1600

2. Fond wanton youths.

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|---|---|
| 1 Fond wanton youths make loue a God,
Which after proueth ages rod,
Their youth, their time, their wit, their arte,
They spend in seeking of their smarte,
And which of follies is the chiefe,
They wooe their woe, they wedde their grieve. | 4 In bed what strifes are bred by day,
Our puling wiues doe open lay:
None friendes none foes we must esteeme,
But whome they so vouchsafe to deeme:
O tis of all our follies chiefe,
Our woe to wooe to wedde our grieve. |
| 2 All finde it so who wedded are,
Loues sweetes they finde enfold sowre care:
His pleasures pleasing in the eie,
Which tasted once, with lothing die:
They find of follies tis the chiefe,
Their woe to wooe to wedde their grieve. | 5 Their smiles we want if ought they want,
And either we their wils must grant,
Or die they will or are with child,
Their laughings must not be beguild:
O tis of all our follies chiefe,
Our woe to wooe to wedde our grieve. |
| 3 If for their owne content they choose,
Forthwith their kindreds loue they loose:
And if their kindred they content,
For euer after they repent.
O tis of all our follies chiefe,
Our woe to wooe to wedde our grieve. | 6 Foule wiues are iealous, faire wiues false,
Mariage to either bindes vs thrall:
Wherefore being bound we must obey,
And forced be perforce to say:
Of all our blisse it is the chiefe,
Our woe to wooe to wed our grieve. |