

**THE  
FIRST BOOKE**  
*of Songes or Ayres*

Robert Iones

1600

20. Perplexed.

1

Perplexed sore am I  
Thine eies fair loue like Phebus brightest beames  
Doth set my hart on fire and daze my sight,  
Yet doe I liue by vertue of those beames,  
For when thy face is hid comes fearefull night,  
And I am like to die,  
Then since my eies can not indure so heauenly sparke,  
Sweet grant that I may still feele out my loue by darke.

2

So Shall I ioyfull bee,  
Each thing on earth that liueth by the sunne:  
Would die if he in glorie still appeare,  
Then let some cloudes of pittie ouerrunne  
That glorious face, that I with liuely cheere,  
May stand vp before thee.  
Or, Since mine eies cannot endure so heauenly sparke,  
Sweet grant that I may still feele out my loue by darke.