

THE SECOND  
B O O K E O F S O N G S  
AND AYRES

Robert Iones

1601

13. Once did I loue.

1

Once did I loue where now I haue no liking,  
Like can I not for shee was neuer louing.  
Once did I proue but then put by my striking,  
Strike nill I now though shee were euer prouing,  
To proue or strike it now rests at my will,  
To make me loue or like tis past her skill.

2

Rest in vnrest, was once my chieftest pleasure,  
Please will I now my selfe in her disquiet,  
Bad for the best I chose at wanton leasure,  
Ease bids me now to brooke a better dyet,  
Rich in content I rest to see her plaining,  
Whose best at best is bad, not worth the gaining.