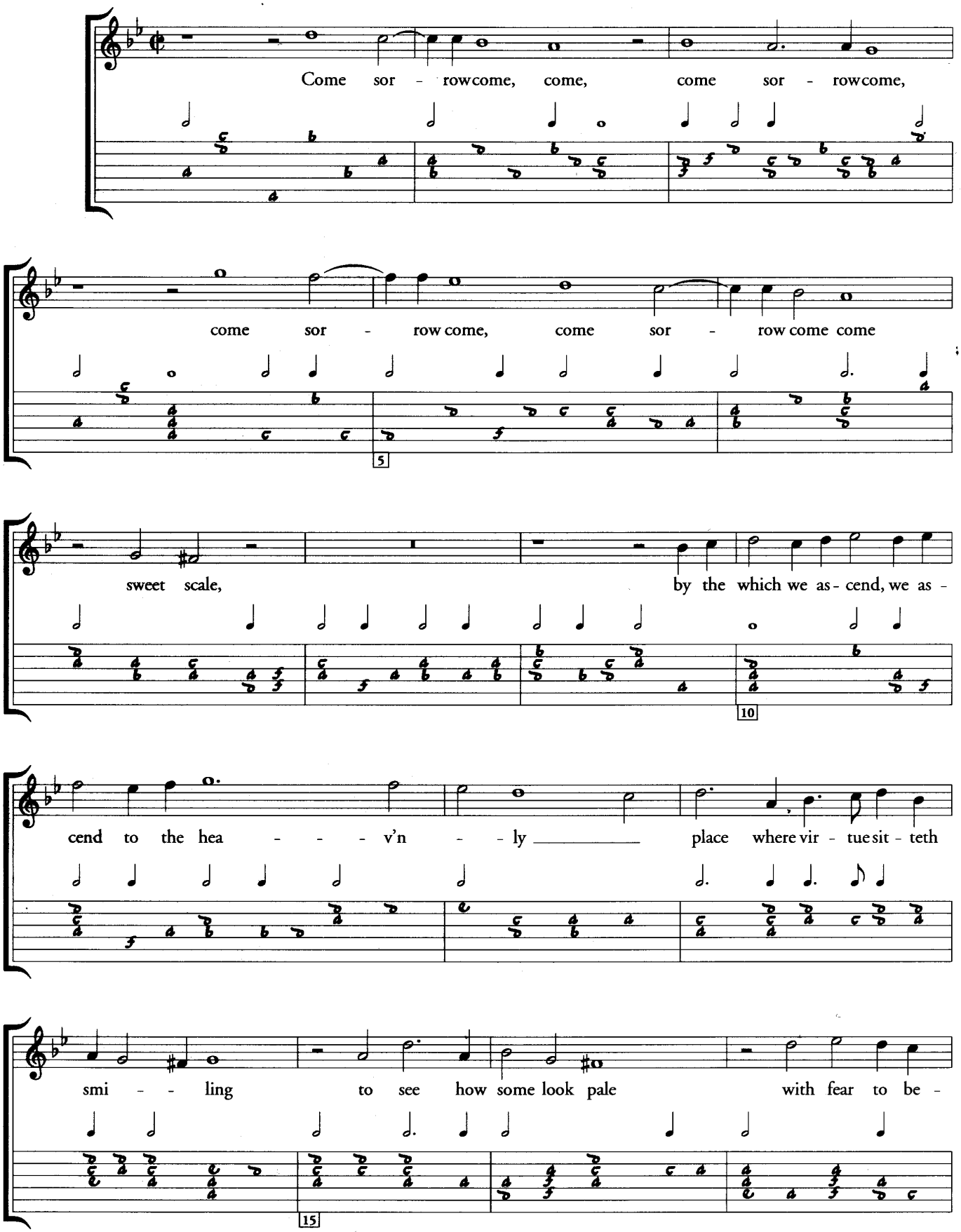
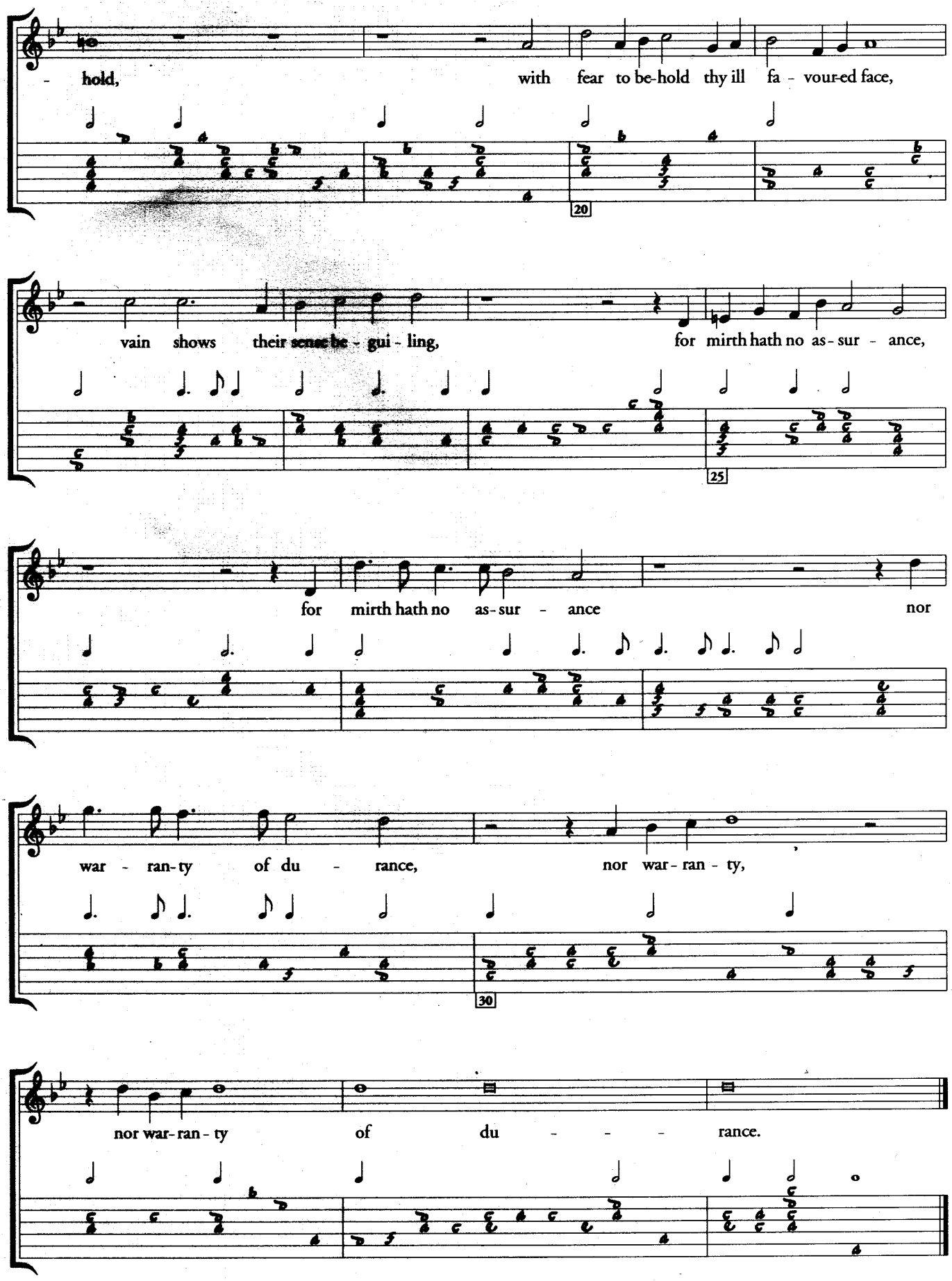
XXI. Come ſorrow come.

Come ſorrow come, ſweet ſcayle,
By the which we aſcend to the heau'nly place
Where vertue ſitteth ſmyling
To ſee how ſome looke pale
With feare to behold thy ill fauoured face
Vaine ſhewes their ſence beguiling,
For mirth hath no aſſurance
Nor warranty of durance.

Hence pleaſures flie, ſweete baite,
On the which they may iuſtly be ſaid to be fooles,
That ſurfet by much taſting,
Like theeues you lie in waite.
Most ſubtillie how to prepare ſillie ſoules,
For ſorrowes euerlaſting.
Wiſe griefes haue ioyfull turnings,
Nice pleaſures ende in mournings.

XXI. Come sorrow come




- hold, with fear to be-hold thy ill fa - vour-ed face,
20
vain shows their sense be - gui - ling, for mirth hath no as - sur - ance,
25
for mirth hath no as - sur - ance nor
war - ran-ty of du - rance, nor war - ran - ty,
30
nor war-ran - ty of du - - - rance.