

XXI. Come forrow come.

Come forrow come, fweet fcayle,
By the which we afcend to the heau'nly place
Where vertue fitteth fmyling
To fee how fome looke pale
With feare to behold thy ill fauoured face
Vaine fhewes their fence beguiling,
For mirth hath no affurance
Nor warranty of durance.

Hence pleafures flie, fweete baite,
On the which they may iuftly be faid to be fooles,
That furfet by much tafting,
Like theeues you lie in waite.
Most fubtillie how to prepare fillie foules,
For forrowes euerlafting.
Wife griefes haue ioyfull turnings,
Nice pleafures ende in mournings.