

Robert Jones.

CANTVS

I.

Oue wing'd my hopes and taught me howe to flie farre from base
earth but not to mount too hie, for true pleasure liues in mea-sure which if men
for sake, ii. blinded they in- to follie sunne, and griefe & griefe for pleasure
take, blinded they in- to fol- lie runne, and griefe and griefe for pleasure take.

2
But my vaine hopes proude of their new taught flight,
Enamour d sought to woo the Suunes fayre light,
whose rich brightnesse
mooued their lighenesse
to aspire so hyc,
That all scorch't and consum'd with fire, now drowned in woe they lyce.

3
And none but loue their wofull hap did rue,
For loue did know that their desires were true,
though fate frowned,
and now drowned,
they in sorrow dwell,
It was the purest light of heauen, for whose fayre loue they fell.