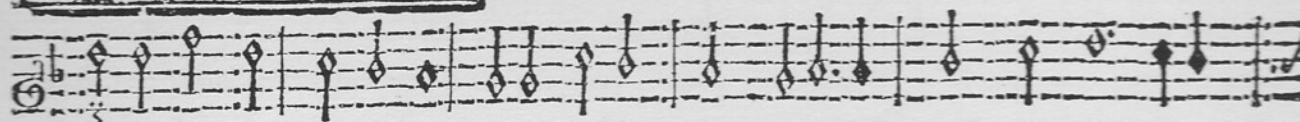
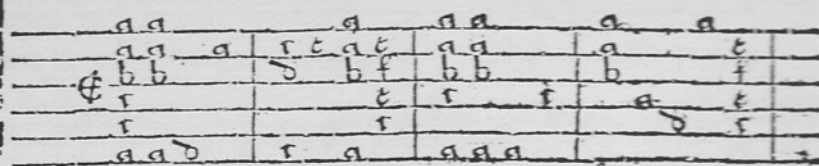


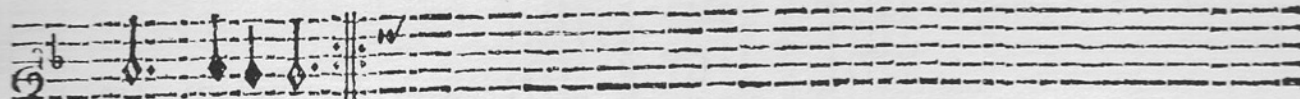
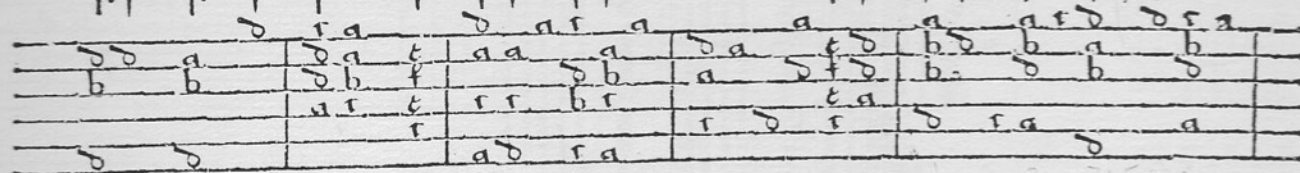
Hite as Lillies was hir face, When she smiled, She bee-guiled,

1 1 F F F 1 1 F 1



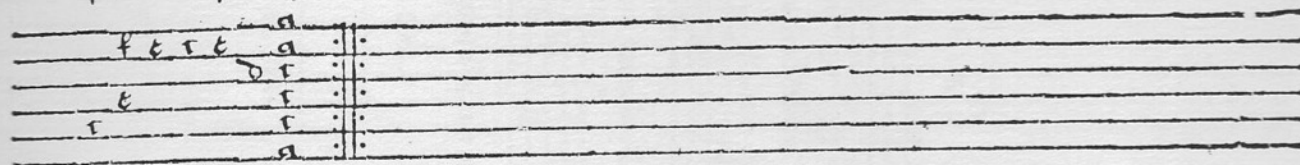
Quitting faith with foule disgrace, Vertue service thus neglected, Heart with for- rows

1 F 1 F 1 1 F 1 F 1 F F F 1 F F



hath in-fected.

F F 1



2 When I swore my hart hir owne,  
Shee disdained,  
I complained,  
Yet shee left mee ouerthrowen,  
Careles of my bitter groning,  
Ruthlesse bent to no relieuing.

3 Vowes and oaths and faith assured,  
Constant euer,  
Changing neuer,  
Yet shee could not bee procured,  
To belecue my paines exceeding,  
From hir scant neglect proceeding.

4 Oh that Loue should haue the art,  
By surmises,  
And disguises,  
To destroy a faithfull hart,  
Or that wanton looking women,  
Should reward their friends as foemen.

5 All in vaine is Ladies loue,  
Quickly choosed,  
Shortly loosed,  
For their pride is to remoue,  
Out alas their looks first won vs,  
And their pride hath straight vndone vs.

6 To thy selfe the sweetest faier,  
Thou hast wounded,  
And confounded,  
Changles faith with foule dispaier,  
And my service hath enuied,  
And my succours hath denied.

7 By thine error thou hast lost,  
Hart vnfaired,  
Truth vnstained,  
And the swaine that loued most,  
More assured in loue then many,  
More dispised in loue then any,

8 For my hart though set at nought,  
Since you will it,  
Spoile and kill it,  
I will neuer change my thoughts,  
But grieue that beautie ere was borne.