

English 362

"How frendly was medea to Iason"

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How frendly was medea to Iason
In conquering off the fleece off gold
how falsely quyt he her trewe affection
by whom victorye he gate as he wold
how may this man for shame be so bolde [5]
to dysceve her that from his deth and shame
him kept and gate him so great pryce and name

for though I had you to morrow agayne
I myght as well hold apyl from rayne
as holde you to maken stedfast [10]
all myghty god off treuthe the souerayne
wher ys the truthe off man who hath yt slayne
she that them loueth shall them fynde as fast
as in a tempest ys a rotten maste
ys that a tame beest that ys aye fayre [15]
to renne away when he ys lefte agaste

yff yt be so that ye so creuel be
that off my death you lysteth nowght to retch
that ys so trewe and worthy as ye se
no more than of a mocker or a wretch [20]
yff ye be suche your beaute may not stretch
to make amendes off so crewel a dede
avysement ys good before the nede

no worthe the fayre gemme vertulesse
no worthe that herbe also that dothe no bote [25]
no worthe the beaute that ys routhlesse
no worthe that wyght that trede eche vnder fote
and ye that ben off beauty croppe and rote
Iff therwythall in you be no routh
than ys yt harme that ye lyuen by my trouthe [30]

for loue ys yet the muste stormy lyfe
ryght off hymself that euer was begonne
for euer some mystrust or nyce stryfe
there ys in loue some cloude ouer thy sonne
thereto we wretched women nothyng come [35]
whan to us ys wo but wepe and syt and thynke
our wreake ys this our owne wo to drynke

Also wyckyd tonges by so prest
to speake us harme eke men ben so vntrewe
that ryght anon as cessed ys ther lest [40]
so cesseth loue and forth to loue anewe
but [ydo] ys donne who so yt rewe
for though these men for love the fyrst to rende
ful sharpe begynnyng breketh ofte at end

And who that sayth that for to love ys vyce [45]
or tharalldom though he fele yn yt dystresse
he ether ys envyous or ryght nyce
or ys for suche maner folke I gesse
[dyssamen] loue as nothyng off hym knowe
they speken but they bente never hys bowe [50]

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