

Thomas Greaves

SONGES
of sundrie kindes:

1604

III. I will not force.

I will not force my thoughts to yeeld to such desire
Where light affection onely fewelleth the fire:
Thogh Cupid's a god
 I feare not his rod,
Cupid may hit,
 but I do not feare it:
Cupids arrow hurts, but doth not kill:
Cupid allures me,
 but cannot procure me:
Cupid hath his might and I my will.