

# The Muses Gardin for Delights

Robert lones

1610

16. My loue hath her true loue betraide

1

My loue hath her true loue betraide,  
Why tis a fault that is to common,  
Yet shall it not be euer saide,  
My faith depended on a woman,  
    If shee did to prooue vntrue,  
    I shall doe worse to change for new.

2

Shee hath some vertues followe them,  
Take not example by her lightnesse,  
Be not amongst the vulgar men,  
Though shee be clouded, keepe thy brightnesse :  
    Perhaps her selfe in time may prooue,  
    What tis to wrong a constant loue.

3

The many vowes giuen by my faire,  
Were none of hers : the wind did owe them,  
Then weare they breath. now are they ayre.  
Whence first they came, there she bestowes them.  
    Then maruell not thou women alter,  
    When all things turne to their first matter.