

# The Muses Gardin for Delights

Robert lones

1610

20. Although the wings of my desires bee clipte

1

Although the wings of my desires bee clipte,  
And my Loue thoughtes, from mounting lowlye bounded,  
Though flie suspect my ioyes with frost hath nipt,  
So as my hopes with feares are still surrounded,  
Yet will I liue to loue, although through loue I die,  
And Cumbers still do grow, and comforts from mee flie,  
No iealous thoughts shall force mee to retyre,  
But I will hope to enioye my hearts desire.

2

Which likes to Loue, and yet the same conceale,  
Remembrance chiefly working my relieuing,  
Though times of ioye be short, yet will I steale  
Such times, to keepe my heart from further grieuung,  
Force may remooue my lookes, but not expell my ioy,  
Though Cupids shaft giue curelesse wounds, tis no annoy,  
Whilest life endures, Ile loue though seeme to shunne  
That port of rest, from whence my comforts come.