

VLTIMVM VALE

Robert Iones

1605

11. Sweete Loue my onely Treasure.

1

Sweete Loue my onely Treasure,
For seruice long vnfained
Wherein I nought haue gained,
Vouchsafe this little pleasure,
 To tell mee in what part
 My Lady keepes my heart.

2

If in her haire so slender,
Like golden nets vntwined,
Which fire and arte haue fined:
Her thrall my hart I render
 For euer to abide,
 With lockes so daintie tide.

3

If in her eyes she bind it,
Wherein that fire was framed,
By which it is inflamed,
I dare not looke to finde it,
 I onely wish it sight,
 To see that pleasant light.

4

But if her brest haue dained
With kindnesse to receiue it,
I am content to leaue it,
Though death thereby were gained:
 Then Lady take your owne,
 That liues for you alone.