

VLTIMVM VALE

Robert Iones

1605

19. At her faire hands how haue I grace entreated.

- 1 At her faire hands how haue I grace entreated,
With prayers oft repeated,
Yet still my loue is thwarted,
Heart, let her goe, for sheele not be conuerted
Say, shall shee go,
O no; no,no,no,no.
Shee is most faire though she be marble hearted.
- 2 How often haue my sighes declarde my anguish,
Wherein I daily languish,
Yet doth she still procure it,
Heart, let her goe, for I cannot endure it,
Say, shall shee go,
O no; no,no,no,no.
Shee gaue the wound, and shee alone must cure it.
- 3 The trickling tears, that down my cheeks haue flowed
My loue hath often shewed:
Yet still vnkind I proue her,
Heart, let her goe, for nought I do can moue her
Say, shall shee go,
O no; no,no,no,no.
Though me she hate, I cannot chuse but loue her.
- 4 But shall I still a true affection beare her,
Which prayers, sighes, teares do shew her?
And shall she still disdaine me ?
Heart, let her goe, if they no grace can gaine me,
Say, shall shee go,
O no; no,no,no,no.
She made me hers, and hers she will retaine me.
- 5 But if the loue that hath, and still doth burne me
No loue at length returne me:
Out of my thoughts Ile set her:
Heart, let her goe, O, heart I pray thee let her.
Say, shall shee go,
O no; no,no,no,no.
Fixt in the heart, how can the heart forget her ?
- 6 But if I weepe and sigh, and often wayle me,
Till teares, sighes, prayers faile me,
Shall yet my loue perseuer ?
Heart, let her goe, if she will right thee neuer:
Say, shall shee go,
O no; no,no,no,no.
Tears, sighes, prayers faile, but true loue lasteth euer.