

THE SECOND
BOOKE OF SONGS
AND AYRES

Robert Iones

1601

10. Loues God is a boy.

1

Loues God is a boy,
None but cowherds regard him,
His dart is a toy,
Great opinion hath mard him,
The feare of the wagg
Hath made him so bragg
Chide him heele flie thee
And not come nie thee,
Little boy, prety knaue, shoote not at randome,
For if you hit mee slaue, Ile tell your grandome.

2

Fond loue is a child,
And his compasse is narrow,
Yoong fooles are beguild
With the fame of his arrow,
He dareth not strike,
If his stroke do mislike,
Cupid doe you heare mee ?
Come not too neere mee,
Little boy, pretie knaue, hence I beseech you,
For if you hit me slaue, in faith Ile breech you.

3

Th'ape loues to meddle,
When he finds a man idle,
Else is he is a flurting,
Where his marke is a courting,
When women grow true,
Come teach mee to sue,
Then Ile come to thee,
Pray thee, and woo thee,
Little boy, pretie knaue, make me not stagger,
For if you hit me slaue, Ile call thee begger.