

The Muses Gardin for Delights

Robert Iones

1610

12. I am so farre from pittying thee

1

I am so farre from pittying thee,
That wear'st a branch of Willow tree,
That I doe enuie thee and all,
That once was high and got a fall,
 O Willow willow willow tree,
 I would thou didst belong to mee.

2

Thy wearing Willow doth imply,
That thou art happier farre then I,
For once thou wert where thou wouldst be,
Though now thou wear'st the Willow tree,
 O Willow willow sweete willow,
 Let me once lie vpon her pillow.

3

I doe defie both bough and roote,
And all the friends of hell to boote,
One houre of Paradised ioye,
Makes Purgatorie seeme a toy,
 O Willow willow doe the worst,
 Thou canst not make me more accurst.

4

I haue spent all my golden time,
In writing many a louing rime,
I haue consumed all my youth,
In vowing of my faith and trueth,
 O Willow willow willow tree,
 Yet can I not beleueed bee.

5

And now alas it is too late,
Gray hayres the messenger of fate,
Bids me to set my heart at rest,
For beautie loueth young men best,
 O Willow willow I must die,
 Thy seruants happier farre then I.