

The Muses Gardin for Delights

Robert lones

1610

15. My father faine would haue me take

1

My father faine would haue mee take
A man that hath a beard,
My mother shee cries out alacke,
And makes mee much afraide,
For sooth I am not olde enough,
Nowe surely this is good ???
Faith let my mother marrie mee,
Or let some young man burie mee.

2

For I haue liu'd these fourteene yeeres,
My mother knowes it well,
What neede shee then to cast such feares,
Can any body tell ?
As though young women doe not know,
That custome will not let them wo,
I would bee glad if I might chuse,
But I were madde if I refuse.

3

My mother bids me goe to Schoole,
And learne to doe some good,
T'were well if shee would let the foole,
Come home and sucke a dugge,
As if my father knew not yet,
That maidens are for yong men fit,
Giue me my mind and let me wed,
Or you shall quickly find me dead.

4

How soone my mother hath forgot,
That euer shee was yong,
And how that shee denyed not,
But sung another song,
I must not speake what I doe thinke,
When I am drie I may not drinke,
Though her desire be now growen old,
She must haue fier when shee is cold.

5

You see the mother loues the sonne,
The father loues the maide,
What would shee haue me be a Nun ?
I will not be delaide,
I will not liue thus idle still,
My mother shall not haue her will,
My father speaketh like a man,
I will be married doe what shee can.