

# The Muses Gardin for Delights

Robert lones

1610

## 18. To the deafe Aspe with dying voice

1

To the deafe Aspe with dying voice,  
Sadly I sing this heauie charme,  
That if thy heart doe ere reioyce,  
And set at nought my grieuous harme,  
This verse writ with a dead mans arme,  
    May haunt thy senselesse eyes and eares,  
    Turne ioyes to cares and hopes to feares.

2

By the Creators pietie,  
By her that brought thee to this light,  
By thy deare Nurses loue to thee,  
By Loue it selfe, Heauens, Day and Night,  
By all that can thy sense delight,  
    When I am cold, and wrapt in Lead,  
    Remember of thy seruant dead.

3

So shall my shadow thee attend,  
Like calmest breath of Westernne wind,  
If not : with grones it shall ascend,  
Like Rauens, Owle, Beare, or hellish feind,  
Ratling the chaines which doe it bind,  
    And where thou art by silent night,  
    It shall thy guiltie soule affright.

4

Yet Sea-men tost with stormie wind,  
Voide of all hope, resolu'd to die,  
From powerfull heauens oft mercie find,  
And so may I find grace with thee,  
No, no, thou canst not pitie me,  
    Aspes cannot heare, nor liue can I,  
    Thou hearest not, vnheard I die.