

The Muses Gardin for Delights

Robert Iones

1610

6. I cannot chuse but giue a smile

1

I cannot chuse but giue a smile,
To see how Loue doth all beguile,
Except it bee my frozen heart,
That yeelds not to his fierie dart.

2

Belike I was Achillis like,
Drencht in that fatall hardning flood,
My flesh it feares no push of pike,
The speare against me doth no good.

3

Onely my heele may Cupid hit,
And yet I care not much for it,
Because the hurt I cannot feele,
Vnlesse my heart were in my heele.

The Answere.

1

I cannot chuse but needes must smile,
To see how Loue doth thee beguile,
Which did of purpose frieze thy heart,
To thaw it to thy greater smart.

2

Suppose thou wert Achillis like,
Drencht in that fatall hardning flood,
That might auaile gainst push of pike,
But gainst his dart t'will doe no good.

3

For if thy heele he doe but hit,
His venom'd shaft will rancle it,
The force whereof the heart must feele,
Conuaide by Arteryes from thy heele.