

The Muses Gardin for Delights

Robert lones

1610

8. How many new yeeres

1

How many new yeeres haue grow'n old,
Since first your seruant old was new,
How many long howers haue I told,
Since first my loue was vow'd to you,
And yet alas, shee doth not know
Whether your seruant loue or no.

2

How many wals as white as Snow,
And windowes cleere as any glasse,
Haue I coniur'd to tell you so,
Which faithfully performed was,
And yet you'l sweare you do not konw,
Whether your seruant loue or no.

3

How often hath my pale leane face,
With true Characters of my loue,
Petitioned to you for grace,
Whom neither sighs nor teares can moue,
O cruell yet doe you not know,
Whether your seruant loue or no.

4

And wanting oft a better token,
I haue beene faine to send my heart,
Which now your cold disdaine hath broken,
Nor can you healt by any art,
O looke vpon't and you shall know,
Whether your seruant loue or no.