

VLTIMVM VALE

Robert Iones

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4. Shall I looke to ease my griefe.

1

Shall I looke to ease my griefe,
No my sight is lost with eying,
Shall I speake and begge reliefe,
No, my voyce is hoarse with crying
What remaines but onely dying.

2

Loue and I of late did part,
But the boy my peace enuying,
Like a Parthian threw his dart
Backward, and did wound me flying :
What remaines but onely dying.

3

She whome then I looked on,
My remembrance beautifying
Stayes with me, though I am gone,
Gone, and at her mercy lying.
What remaines but onely dying.

4

Shall I trye her thoughts and write,
No, I haue no meanes of trying :
If I should yet at first sight
She would answere with denying.
What remaines but onely dying.

5

Thus my vitall breath doth waste,
And my bloud with sorrow drying,
Sighes and teares, make life to last,
For a while, their place supplying.
What remaines but onely dying.