

VLTIMVM VALE

Robert Iones

1605

6. Sweete if you like and loue me still.

1

Sweete if you like and loue me still
And yeeld me loue for my good will,
And do not from your promise start,
When your faire hand gaue me your hart.

 If dear to you I be,
 As you are dear to me,
Then yours I am, and will be euer,
No time nor place my loue shall seuer,
But faithfull still I will perseuer,
 Like constant Marble stone
 Louing but you alone.

2

But if you fauour mee then one,
(Who loues thee still, and none but thee,)
If others do the haruest gaine,
That's due to me for all my paine.

 Yet that you loue to range,
 And oft to chop and change.
Then get you some new fangled mate :
My doting loue shall turne to hate,
Esteeming you (though too too late)
 Not worth a peble stone,
 Louing not me alone.

words by:
Francis Davison