

THE SECOND
B O O K E O F S O N G S
AND AYRES

Robert Iones

1601

12. Whither runneth my sweet hart.

1

Whither runneth my sweet hart,
Stay a while pree thee
Not too fast
Too much haste
Maketh waste,
But if thou wilt needes be gone,
Take my loue with thee.
Thy minde doth binde me to no vile condition,
So doth thy truth preuent me of suspition.

2

Go thy ways then where thou please,
So I by thee
Daie and night
I delight
In thy sight,
Neuer grieffe on me did seaze
When thou wast nie mee.
My strength at length, that scorn'd thy faire commandings
Hath not forgot the prise of rash withstandings.

3

Now my thoughts are free from strife,
Sweete let me kisse thee,
Now can I
Willingly
Wish to die,
For I doe but loath my life,
When I doe miss thee,
Come proue my loue, my hart is not disguised,
Loue showne and knowne ought not to be despised.