

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

Robert Iones

1601

16. My loue is neither yoong nor olde.

My loue is neither yoong nor olde,  
Not fiery hot, nor frozen colde,  
But fresh and faire as springing brier,  
Blooming the fruit of loues desire,  
Not snowy white nor rosie red,  
But faire enough for shepheards bed,  
And such a loue was neuer seene,  
On hill or dale or countrey greene.