

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

Robert Iones

1601

2. My loue bound me with a kisse.

1

My loue bound me with a kisse
That I should no longer stay,
When I felt so sweete a blisse,
I had lesse power to part away,
Alas that women doth not know
Kisses makes men loath to goe.

2

Yes, she knowes it but too well,
For I heard when Venus' doue
In her eare did softlie tell,
That kisses were the seales of loue,
O muse not then though it be so,
Kisses makes men loth to goe.

3

Wherefore did she thus inflame,
My desires heat my bloud,
Instantlie to quench the same,
And starue whome she had giuen food.
I I, the common sence can show,
Kisses make men loath to go.

4

Had she bid me go at first
It would nere haue greeued my hart,
Hope delaide had beene the worst,
But ah to kisse and then to part,
How deepe it stricke, speake Gods you know.
Kisses makes men loth to goe.

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