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THE
MUSES GARDIN
FOR
DELIGHTS



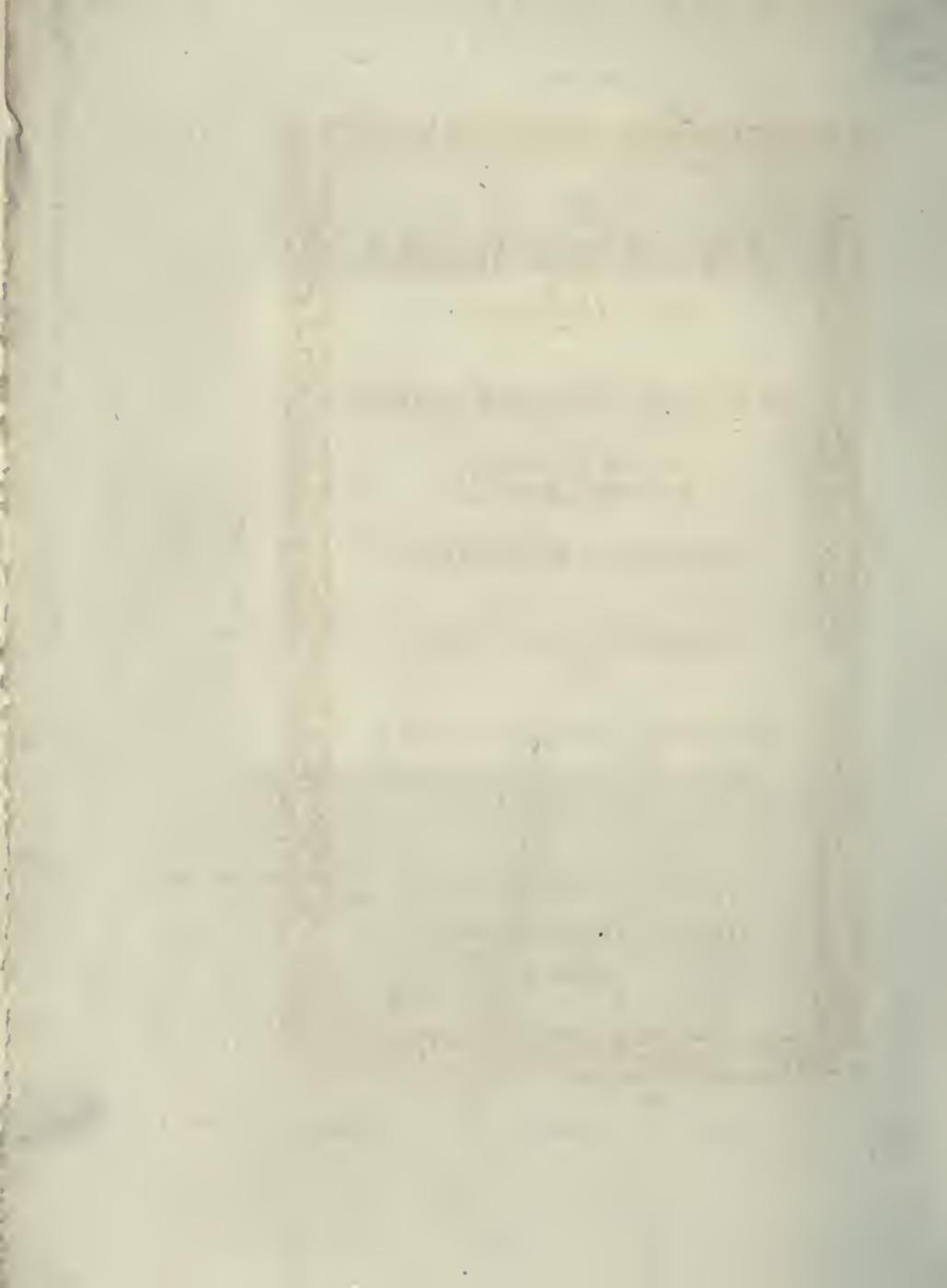
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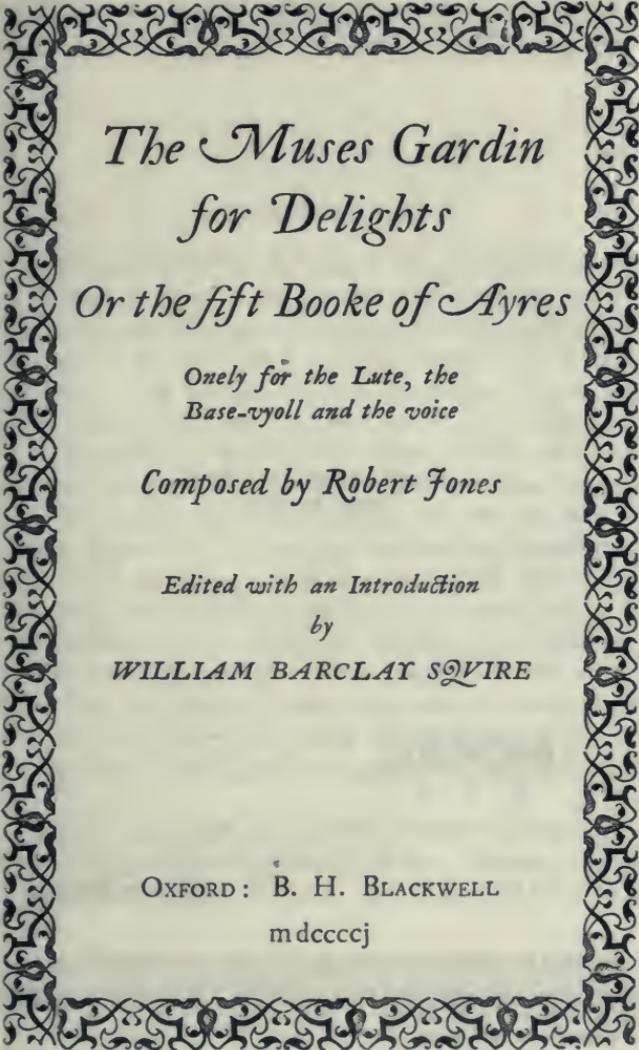
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*With the
Publisher's Compliments*







*The Muses Gardin
for Delights
Or the fift Booke of Ayres*

*Onely for the Lute, the
Base-vyoll and the voice*

Composed by Robert Jones

*Edited with an Introduction
by*

WILLIAM BARCLAY SQUIRE

OXFORD: B. H. BLACKWELL
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INTRODUCTION.

TO Mr Arthur Bullen the credit is due of having been really the first to reveal to the general public the lyrical treasures hidden in the many collections of madrigals and airs which appeared in England at the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century. In his two delightful Anthologies, 'Lyrics from the Song-Books of the Elizabethan Age' (1887) and 'More Lyrics from the Song-Books of the Elizabethan Age' (1888) and the subsequent editions of these collections, Mr Bullen practically exhausted the mine which he so fortunately discovered, and there was little left for future explorers but to draw upon the treasures revealed by his industry. One or two song-books, however, of which there remained record, eluded even Mr Bullen's patient research, and experience has proved repeatedly that in a country like England, where collections of books often remain for years untouched and neglected in some country-house or little used library, the hope must never be abandoned that a work may be found in some unlikely quarter after it has long been given up as lost. In the preface to Mr Bullen's first collection he says:—

'There is much excellent verse hidden away in the Song-Books of Robert Jones, a famous performer on the lute. Between 1601 and 1611 Jones issued six musical works. Two of these—"The First Set





of *Madrigals*”, 1607, and “*The Muses’ Garden for Delight*”, 1611, —I have unfortunately not been able to see, as I have not yet succeeded in discovering their present resting-place.’ An incomplete set of the *Part-Books* of the *Madrigals* in the *British Museum Library* was drawn upon for the same editor’s second *Anthology*, but ‘*The Muses’ Garden*’ still eluded every attempt to discover it. In 1812 a copy existed in the library of the *Marquis of Stafford*, and in that year *Beloe* printed from it six songs (which *Mr. Bullen* included in his second collection) in the sixth volume of his ‘*Anecdotes*’, as well as ‘*Love is a prettie fenzie*’, with a note to the effect that he did not remember where he transcribed it. Enquiry at *Stafford House* and *Trentham* proved that the book was in neither library, but the *Duke of Sutherland’s* librarian advised search being made at *Bridgewater House*, and here the long-lost volume was found, together with many other treasures of a like kind, one of which, an incomplete set of the *part-books* of *Tessier’s* ‘*Premier Livre de Chansons & Airs de Cour tant en françois qu’en italien & en gascon à 4 & 5 parties*’ (*Thos Este*, London, 1597.), had not previously been known to any bibliographer of musical publications. By the kindness of the *Earl of Ellesmere* I am now enabled to re-print the words of this lost treasure. May some future investigator be so fortunate as to discover the whereabouts of *Michael Cavendish’s* ‘*Ayres for Four Voyces*’ (1599) and *Walter Porter’s* ‘*Madrigales & Ayres of Two, Three, Four and Five Voyces*’ (1632), both of which are mentioned in *Rimbault’s* ‘*Bibliotheca Madrigaliana*’ (1847) but for the present have eluded all research!





Of Robert Jones, the composer of the music of these songs, very little is known. It is said in vol. xxx of the 'Dictionary of National Biography' that he was a poet as well as a musician, but for this claim there seems to be no good evidence, though, unfortunately, it has been followed by several modern musicians who have re-set some of the verses in his song-books. It is possible that the statement was made on the strength of the following passage in the dedication of '*A Musical Dreame*':—'It is not unknowne unto your wel deserving self, Right Worshipfull, that not long since I took my Ultimū Vale, wish a resolving in my selfe, never to publish any workes of the same Nature and Fashion, whereupon I betooke me to the ease of my Pillow, where Somnus having taken possession of my eyes, and Morpheus the charge of my senses; it happened mee to fall into a Musical Dreame, wherein I chanced to have many opinions and extravagant humors of divers Natures and Conditions, some of modest mirth, some of amorous Love, and some of most divine contemplation; all these I hope, shall not give any distaste to the eares, or dislike to the mind, eyther in their words, or in their severall sounds, although it is not necessarie to relate or divulge all Dreames or Phantasies that opinion begets in sleepe, or happeneth to the mindes apparition.' A literal interpretation of this passage might conceivably lead to the supposition that the composer intended in it to claim both music and words as the product of his dream, but this theory falls to the ground in the face of the fact that the very first song in '*A Musically Dreame*' is a setting of words by Thomas Campion, and that the last two numbers of the volume are Italian Madrigals





which had been set respectively by Verdelot and Jachet Berchem so far back as 1538 and 1546. The passage above quoted is the only one in Jones's characteristic prefaces and dedications which by any stretch of fancy can be construed as evidence that he was a poet, while on the other hand he expressly refers in his *Second Book* to the 'ditties' being 'the private contentments of divers gentlemen,' a statement borne out by the fact that many of the poems in his earlier publications are to be found in such well-known *Anthologies* as 'England's Helicon' and Davidson's 'Poetical Rhapsody.' The songs in the 'Muses' Garden' I have not traced in any other work, but their inequality is strong evidence they were not the work of one hand, and there is no reason for attributing their authorship to the composer who set them.

The authentic details of Robert Jones's career are most meagre. On 29 April 1597 a grace was passed for his degree of *Mus. Bac.* at Oxford, in which it is stated that he had studied music for sixteen years and was a member of *St. Edmund's Hall*. Almost the only other facts known about him are derived from Collier's 'Annals of the Stage' (1879), in which (i. 380.) it is said that in 1615 a *Privy Seal for Patent* was granted to Philip Rosseter, Philip Kingman, Robert Jones & Ralph Reeve, who had bought ground & buildings near *Puddle-Wharf, Blackfriars*, on which to erect a Theatre. Rosseter was a musician of some repute and had been (1609-10) *Master of the Children of the Queen's Revels*. The new house was to be occupied by this company, by the *Prince of Wales*' and the *Lady Elizabeth's players*, to which latter Rosseter had recently joined him-





self. Collier prints the original document in full, and from this it seems that the building the partners had acquired was 'called by the name of the *Ladie Saunders' House*, or otherwise *Porter's Hall*,' and was then in the occupation of Robert Jones. The grant of the patent is dated Greenwich, 13 Jas. 1, and in the following autumn a beginning was made in pulling down the house and erecting the new theatre. The scheme, however, met with great opposition from the Lord Mayor & Aldermen and the Privy Council, and in the following January, when the building was nearly finished, the Lord Mayor was ordered by the King's authority to make it unfit for use as a theatre, which was done within three days' time. These are practically the only facts known about Robert Jones, though it can be gathered from the dedications of his various musical works that he enjoyed at one period of his career the patronage of Robert Sidney, first Earl of Leicester. To him he dedicated his '*First Book of Ayres*' (1600,) (not the *Second Book*, as stated by Mr. Sidney Lee in his life of Leicester in the '*Dictionary of National Biography*'), styling them 'the unworthie labours of my musically travels'. In 1601 he published a *Second Book*, dedicated to Sir Henry Lennard, afterwards twelfth Baron Dacre of the South, whose house at Chevening was not far from that of the Sydneys at Penshurst. In the same year Jones contributed a Madrigal to the celebrated '*Triumphs of Oriana*,' and in 1607 he brought out a set of Madrigals (no complete copy of which is known to exist) dedicated to Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury. His next work was '*Ultimum Vale*,' another book of *Airs*, dedicated to Henry, Prince of Wales, a unique copy of which is preserved in the Library





of the Royal Colledge of Music. This was followed (in 1609) by a fourth book of *Airs*, entitled '*A Musicall Dreame*,' dedicated to Sir John Leventhorpe, of Sawbridgeworth, Herts. '*The Muses' Garden*' (1610) & three pieces in Sir William Leighton's '*Teares or Lamentaciouns of a Sorrowfull Soule*' (1614) complete the list of his compositions. The former is dedicated to Lady Mary Wroth, a daughter of Robert Sidney Earl of Leicester by his first wife Barbara Gamage. She married (27 Sept. 1602) Sir Robert Wroth, of Durance, Middlesex, and in 1621 published a romance called '*Urania*.' The esteem in which she was held by the literary circles of the day is shown by the two epigrams addressed to her by Ben Jonson in 1616, and also by a passage in Peacham's '*Compleat Gentleman*' (1623), to the effect that she 'seemeth by her late published *Urania* inheritrix of the Divine wit of her immortal *Vncle*.'

Of Jones' merits as a composer it is not possible to speak decisively, owing to the unfortunate loss of some of the part-books of his madrigals. He was evidently one of the little group of English composers who were educated as polyphonists and were the first to introduce the new homophonic style which sprang up in Italy at the beginning of the 17th century. To modern ears his airs seem very slight in texture and their accompaniments poor in harmony, but in more than one instance he wrote pretty melodies, and he may justly claim to be considered one of the first to have presented the characteristics of English folk-music in a more artistic form than in the old dance-tunes and ballads to which they had hitherto been confined. But it is chiefly by the taste he displayed in the selection of his words that Robert Jones deserves





to be remembered. After the song-books of Campion there is no more delightful mine of lyrical poetry to be found among the musical publications of the time of Elizabeth & James 1 than in the thin folios which contain Jones's five sets of *Airs*, and it is not to be wondered at that Mr Bullen should have been 'consumed with a desire' to see the missing work which is here re-printed. That the merits of its contents, though very unequal, are fully equal to those of its predecessors, will hardly be denied after perusing the following pages.

It only remains to be said, that one poem (a poor piece of indecency not in accordance with modern taste) has been omitted, and that the spelling of the original (but not the punctuation) has been generally retained in the present edition, such variations as seemed absolutely necessary being noted at the end of the volume. For the excellent photograph of the original title-page, as well as for much other assistance in preparing this edition, I am indebted to the kindness of Mr Strachan Holme, the librarian at Bridgewater House.



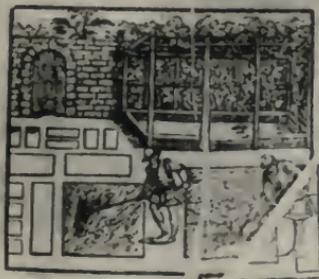
THE Muses Garden for Delights,



Or the fifth Booke of Ayres, onely for the Lute, the
Base-vycell, and the Voyce.

Composed by ROBERT IONES.

Quæ profert singula, multa inuenit.



1610.
Printed by the Assignes of
William Barly. 1610.



To The True Honourable,
And Esteemed Worthie, The
Right Worshipfull the Lady Wroth.

MOST Honour'd Lady, my eldest and first issue, hauing thriu'd so well vnder the protection of your Right Honourable Father, blame not this my youngest and last Babe, if it desirously seeke Sanctuarie with your selfe, as being a most worthy branch from so Noble and renowned a stocke: It is hereditarie to your whole house, not onely to be truly Honourable in your selues, but to be the fauourers and furtherers of all honest and vertuous endeouours in others. And that makes me so farre daring, as to presume to offer this Dedication to your faire acceptance; And howsoeuer my defects therein may happily (or rather vn happily) be many: Yet am I most confident (and that growes from the worthinesse of your owne nature) that your Honourable minde will be pleased (since it casts it selfe most humbly in your armes) to giue it willing entertainment, and to countenance it with the faire Liuerie of your noble Name. It may bee slighted in respect of its owne valew, but your fauourable acceptance will both grace it, and my selfe, as a poore Table hung vp, euen in Princes Gallories, not for the Wood, but for the Picture

And so (Noble Lady) not daring to bee icalous
of your Honourable entertainement, I rest

Your Ladyship deuored in all dutie,

ROBERT IONES.





To the friendly Censurers.

DEARE friends, for so I call you, if you please to accept my good meaning, I presented you last with a Dreame, in which I doubt not but your fantasies have received some reasonable contentments, & now if you please to be awaked out of that Dreame, I shall for your recreation and refreshing, guide you to the Muses Garden, where you shall find such varietie of delights, that questionlesse you will willingly spend some time in the view thereof. In your first entrance into which Garden, you shall meete with Loue, Loue, and nought but Loue, set forth at large in his colours, by way of decyphering him in his nature. In the midst of it, you shall find Loue reiected, upon inconstancie and hard measure of ingratitude. Touching them that are louers, I leave them to their owne censure in Loues description. And now for the end, it is variable in another maner, for the delight of the eare to satisfie opinion. I am not so arrogant to commend mine owne gifts, neither yet so degenerate as to beg your tolleration. If these delights of Flowers, or varietie of Fruites, may any wayes be pleasing to your senses I shall be glad, otherwise I will vow neuer to set, sow, plants or graft, and my labours henceforth shall cease to trouble you. If you will needs mislike, I care not. I will prevent your censures, and desie your malice, if you despise me.

I am resolute, if you use me with respect.

I bid you most heartily

Farewell. R. I.



The Table.

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I.

Love love.

LOVE is a prettie frence,
A melancholy fire,
Begot by lookes,
Maintain'd with hopes,
And heythen'd by desire.

Love is a pretie tyrant
By our affections armed,
Take them away,
None lives this day,
The coward boy hath harmed.

Love is a pretie idole,
Opinion did devise him,
His votaries
Is sloth and lies,
The robes that doe disguise him.





Love is a pretie painter,
And counterfeiteth passion,
 His shadow'd lies,
 Makes fanfies rise,
To set beliefe in fashion.

Love is a pretie pedler,
Whose packe is fraught with forrowes,
 With doubts, with feares,
 With sighs, with teares,
Some joyes—but those he borrowes.

Love is a pretie nothing,
Yet what a quiole it keepes,
 With thousand eyes
 Of jealousies,
Yet no one ever sleepes.





II.

Soft Cupid soft.

SOFT, Cupid, soft, there is no haste
For all unkindnesse gone and past,
Since thou wilt needs forsake me so,
Let us parte friendes, before thou goe.

Still shalt thou have my heart to use,
When I cannot otherwise chuse,
My life thou may'st command sans doubt,
Command, I say, and goe with out.

And if that I doe ever prove
False and unkind to gentle Love,
Ile not desire to live a day,
Nor any longer then I may.

Ile dayly bleffe the little God,
But not without a smarting rod ;
Wilt thou still unkindly leave mee ?
Now I pray God all ill goe with thee !





III.

As I the silly fish beguile.

AS I the silly fish deceive,
So Fortune playes with me,
Whose baites my heart of joyes bereave,
And angles taketh mee.
I still doe fish, yet am I caught,
And taken am, their taking taught.

The river wherein I doe swimme,
Of streames of hope is made,
Where joyes as flowers dresse the brimme,
And frownes doe make my shade;
Whence smiles as sunshine gives me heat,
And shadow-frownes from showers beat.

Thus taken like an envious one
Who glads for others' care,
Since he himselfe must feel such mone,
Delights all so should fare,
And strives to make them know like smart,
So make I this to beare a part.





IV.

The fountaines smoake.

THE fountaines smoake, and yet no flames they shewe,
Starres shine all night, though undefern'd by day,
And trees doe spring, yet are not seene to growe,
And shadowes moove, although they seeme to stay,
In Winter's woe is buried Summer's blisse,
And Love loves most, when Love most secret is.

The stillest streames descrites the greatest deepe,
The clearest skie is subject to a shower,
Conceit's most sweete, whenas it seems to sleepe,
And fairest dayes doe in the morning lower ;
The silent groves sweete nimphes they cannot misse,
For Love loves most, where Love most secret is.

The rarest jewels hidden vertue yeeld,
The sweete of traffique is a secret gaine,
The yeere once old doth shew a barren field,
And plants seeme dead, and yet they spring againe ;
Cupid is blind, the reason why is this :
Love loveth most, where Love most secret is.





V.

Walking by the River side.

WALKING by a river-side,
In prime of summer's morning,
Viewing Phœbus in his pride
The silver streames adorning,
And passing on, myselfe alone,
Methought I heard a wofull grone.

Still I stood as one amaz'd
To heare this wofull crying,
Round about me then I gaz'd,
In every meddow prying,
Yet could I not this wight surprife,
Although the voice did pierce the skies.

'Venus, thou hast kild my heart
And quite my soule confounded,
Thy sonne Cupid, with his dart,
My vitall parts hath wounded ;
Shoote home ! proude boy, and doe thy worst,
That thee may die that lives accurst.





Draw thy shaft unto the head
And strongly it deliver,
Draw that thou mayst strike her dead
That lives a hopelesse lover.
Let come, blind boy, to satisfie
His mind that most desires to die.'





VI.

I cannot chuse but giue a smile.

I CANNOT chuse but give a smile
To see how Love doeth all beguile,
Except it bee my frozen heart
That yeeldes not to his fierie dart.

Belike I was, Achillis like,
Drencht in that fatall hardning flood,
My flesh it feares no push of pike,
The speare against me doth no good.

Onely my heele may Cupid hit,
And yet I care not much for it,
Because the hurt I cannot feele,
Vnlesse my heart were in my heele.





The Answere.

I cannot chuse but needes must smile
To see how Love doth thee beguile,
Which did of purpose frieze thy heart,
To thaw it to thy greater smart.

Suppose thou wert, Achillis like,
Drencht in that fatall hardning flood,
That might avail 'gainst push of pike,
But 'gainst his dart t'will doe no good.

For if thy heele he doe but hit,
His venom'd shaft will rancle it,
The force whereof the heart must feele,
Convaide by arteries from thy heele.





VII.

Joy in thy hopes.

JOYE in thy hope, the earnest of thy love,
For so thou mayst enjoy thy heart's desire ;
True hopes things absent doe as present prove
And keepe alive love's still renewing fire.

But of thy hope let silence be the tongue
And secrecie the heart of loving fire,
For hopes revealed may thy hopes prolong,
Or cut them off in prime-time of desire.

Sweete are those hopes that doe themselves enjoy,
As vowéd to themselves to live and dye,
Sweetest those joyes, and freeest from annoy,
That waken not the eye of jealousie.

L'Envoy.

Thy love is not thy love, if not thine owne,
And so it is not, if it once be knowne.





VIII.

*How many New yeeres haue
growen olde.*

HOW many new yeres have grow'n old,
Since first your servant old was new ;
How many long hours have I told,
Since first my love was vow'd to you ;
And yet, alas, shee doeth not know
Whether her servant love or no !

How many walls as white as snow
And windowes cleere as any glasse
Have I conjur'd to tell you so,
Which faithfully peforméd was ;
And yet you'l sweare you do not know
Whether your servant love or no !

How often hath my pale leane face,
With true characters of my love,
Petitionéd to you for grace,
Whom neither sighs nor teares can move ;
O cruell ! yet doe you not know
Whether your servant love or no ?





And wanting oft a better token,
I have been faine to send my heart,
Which now your cold disdaine hath broken,
Nor can you heal't by any art.
O looke upon 't, and you shall know
Whether your servant love or no.





IX.

There was a shepheard that did live.

THERE was a shepheard that did live,
And held his thoughtes as hie
As were the mounts whereon his flockes
Did hourelly feede him by.

He from his youth, his tender youth,
Which was unapt to keepe
Or hopes, or feares, or loves, or cares,
Or thoughts but of his sheepe

Did with his dogge, as shepheards doe
For shepheards wanting wit,
Devise some sports, though foolish sports,
Yet sports for shepheards fit.

The boy that yet was but a boy,
And so desir's were hid,
Did grow a man, and men must love,
And love this shepheard did.





He lovéd much, none can too much
Love one so high divine,
As but herselfe, none but herselfe
So faire, so fresh, so fine.

He vowéd by his shepheard's weede,
An oath which shepheards keepe,
That he would follow Phillyday,
Before a flocke of sheepe.

NOTE—*The composer (or his printer) seems to have omitted some verses of this poem. There is an obvious break of continuity between the third and fourth stanzas.*





X.

The Sea hath many thousand sands.

THE fea hath many thousand sands,
The sun hath motes as many,
The skie is full of starres, and love
As full of woes as any :
Beleeve me, that doe knowe the elfe,
And make no tryall by thyselfe.

It is in trueth a prettie toye
For babes to play withall ;
But O ! the honies of our youth
Are oft our age's gall !
Selfe-proofe in time will make thee know
He was a prophet told thee so.

A prophet that, Cassandra like,
Tels trueth without beliefe ;
For headstrong youth will runne his race,
Although his goale be grieft :
Love's martyr, when his heate is past,
Prooves Care's confessor at the last.





XI.

*Once did my thoughts both ebbe
and flow.*

ONCE did my thoughts both ebbe and flowe,
As passion did them moove,
Once did I hope, straight feare againe,
And then I was in love.

Once did I waking spend the night
And told how many minutes moove,
Once did I wishing waste the day,
And then I was in love.

Once, by my carving true love's knot,
The weeping trees did prove
That wounds and teares were both our lots,
And then I was in love.

Once did I breathe another's breath
And in my mistris move,
Once was I not mine owne at all,
And then I was in love.





Once woare I bracelets made of hayre
And collers did arove,
Once were my clothes made out of waxe,
And then I was in love.

Once did I sonnet to my faint,
My soul in numbers mov'd,
Once did I tell a thousand lies,
And then in trueth I lov'd.

Once in my eare did dangling hang
A little turtle-dove,
Once, in a word, I was a foole,
And then I was in love.





XII.

I am so farre from pittying thee.

I AM so farre from pittying thee,
That wears't a branch of willow-tree,
That I doe envie thee and all
That once was high and got a fall :
O willow, willow, willow-tree,
I would thou didst belong to me !

Thy wearing willow doth imply
That thou art happier farre then I ;
For once thou wert where thou wouldst be
Though now thou wear'st the willow-tree :
O willow, willow, sweeté willow,
Let me once lie upon her pillow !

I doe desie both bough and roote
And all the fiends of Hell to boote,
One houre of Paradised joye
Makes Purgatorie seeme a toye :
O willow, willow, doe thy worst,
Thou canst not make me more accurst !





I have spent all my golden time
In writing many a loving rime,
I have consuméd all my youth
In vowing of my faith and trueth :
O willow, willow, willow-tree,
Yet can I not beleevéd bee !

And now alas, it is too late,
Gray hayres, the messenger of fate,
Bids me to set my heart at rest,
For beautie loveth yong men best :
O willow, willow, I must die,
Thy servant's happier farre then I !





XIII.

As I lay lately in a dreame.

AS I lay lately in a dreame.

* * * * *
 * * * *
* * * * *
 * * * *





XIV.

There was a willy ladde.

THERE was a wily ladde
Met with a bony lasse,
Much pretie sport they had,
But I wot not what it was.
He woed her for a kisse,
She plainely said him no,
‘I pray’, quoth he,
‘Nay, nay’, quoth shee,
‘I pray you let mee goe’.

Full many lovely tearms
Did passe in merrie glee,
He cold* her in his armes
And daunc’t her on his knee,
And faine he would have paide
Such debts as he did owe,
‘I pray’, quoth he,
‘Nay, nay’, quoth shee,
‘I pray you let me goe’.

* *embraced*



'Sweete, be you not so nice
To gratifie a friend,
If kissing be a vice,
My fute is at an end'.
'Noe, noe, it is the rule
To learne a man to woe',
 'I pray', quoth he,
 'Nay, nay', quoth shee,
'I pray you let me goe'.

'For Cupid hath an eye
To play a lover's part,
And swift his arrowes flie
To leavell at the heart.
Thy beautie was my bane,
That brought me to his bowe',
 'I pray', quoth he,
 'Nay, nay', quoth shee,
'I pray you let me goe'.





' Good Sir, alas, you feede
Your fancie with conceit ',
' Sweet, sweet, how should we speede
If lovers could not speake ?
I speake but what I wilh,
The spirit wils me so ',
 ' I pray ', quoth he,
 ' Nay, nay ', quoth shee,
' I pray you let me goe '.

With that shee swore an oath,
And loth she was to breake it,
And so, to please them both,
He gave and shee did take it.
There was no labour lost,
True amitie to show,
 ' Adew ', quoth he,
 ' Nay, stay ', quoth shee,
' Let's kisse before you goe '.





XV.

*My father faine would have
me take.*

MY father faine would have mee take
A man that hath had a beard,
My mother shee cries out 'Alacke'
And makes mee much afearde;
In sooth, I am not olde enough,
Nowe surely this is goodly stuffe!
Faith! let my mother burie mee
Or let some young man marrie me.

For I have liv'd these fourteene yeeres,
My mother knows it well,
What neede shee then to cast such feares,
Can any body tell?
Although young women doe not know
That custome will not let them wo,
I would be glad if I might chuse,
But I were made if I refuse.





My mother bids me goe to schoole
And learn to doe some good,
'Twere well if shee would let the foole
Come home and sucke a duggie.
As if my father knew not yet
That maidens are for young men fit!
Give me my mind and let me wed
Or you shall quickly find me dead.

How soone my mother hath forgot
That ever shee was yong
And how that shee denyéd not
But sung another song.
I must not speake what I doe thinke,
When I am drie, I may not drinke,
Though her desire be now growen old,
Shee must have fier when shee is cold.





You see the mother loves the sonne,
My father loves the maide,
What? would shee have me be a nun?
I will not be delaide,
I will not live thus idle still,
My mother shall not have her will,
My father speaketh like a man,
I will be married, doe what shee can.





XVI.

*My Loue hath her true Loue
betraide.*

MY love hath her true love betraide,
Why, 'tis a fault that is to common,
Yet shall it not be ever faide,
My faith depended on a woman :
If shee did, to prove untrue,
I shall doe worse, to change for new.

She hath some vertues ; follow them,
Take not example by her lightnesse,
Be not amongst the vulgar men,
Though she be clouded, keepe thy brightnesse :
Perhaps herselfe in time may prove
What 'tis to wrong a constant love.

The many vowes given by my faire
Were none of hers : the wind did owe them,
Then were they breath, now are they ayre,
Whence first they came, there she bestowes them :
Then marvell not, though women alter,
When all things turne to their first matter.





XVII.

All my sence thy sweetnesse gained.

ALL my sence thy sweetnesse gained,
Thy faire hayre my hart enchained,
My poore reason thy wordes mooved,
So that thee like heaven I loved.

Fa, la, la,

Leri, deri, dan,

While to my minde the outside stooode
For messenger of inward good.

Now thy sweetnesse sowre is deemed,
Thy hayre not worth a hayre esteemed,
While to my mind the outside stood
Finding that, but words they proof'd.

Fa, la, la,

Leri, deri, dan,

For no faire signe can credit winne
If that the substance faile within.





No more in thy sweeteneffe glorie,
For thy knitting hayre be sorie,
Vse thy words but to bewaile thee
That no more thy beames auaille thee.

Fa, la, la,

Leri, deri, dan,

Lay not thy colours more to viewe
Without the picture be found true.

Woe to me, alas, shee weepeth !
Foole in me, what follie creepeth ?
Was I to blasphemie enraged
Where my soule I have engaged ?

Fa, la, la,

Leri, deri, dan,

And wretched I must yeeld to this,
The fault I blame her chastnesse is.





Sweetnesse, sweetely pardon folly,
Tye my hayre your captive folly,
Words, O words of heavenly knowledge
Know my words their faults acknowledge.

Fa, la, la,

Leri, deri, dan,

And all my life I will confesse,
The lesse I love, I live the lesse.





XVIII.

To thee deafe Aspe with dying voice.

TO thee, deafe aspe, with dying voice,
 Sadly I sing this heavie charme,
That if thy heart doe ere rejoyce
 And set at nought my grievous harme,
 This verse, writ with a dead man's arme,
May haunt thy senselesse eyes and eares,
Turn joyes to cares and hopes to feares.

By thy Creator's pietie,
 By her that brought thee to this light,
By thy deare nurse's love to thee
 By Love itselke, heavens, day and night,
 By all that can thy sense delight,
When I am cold and wrapt in lead,
Remember oft thy servant dead.

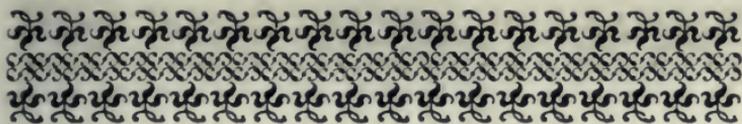




So shall my shadow thee attend
Like calmest breath of westerne wind,
If not, with gones it shall ascend
Like raven, owle, beare or hellish fiend,
Ratling the chaines which doe it bind,
And where thou art by silent night,
It shall thy guiltie soule affright.

Yet sea-men, tost with stormie wind,
Voide of all hope, resolv'd to die,
From powerfull heavens oft mercie find
And so may I find grace with thee.
No, no, thou canst not pitie me,
Aspes cannot heare nor live can I,
Thou hearest not, unheard I die !





XIX.

*Behold her lockes like wires
of beaten Gold.*

BEHOLD her locks like wyers of beaten gold,
Her eyes like stars that twinkle in the skie,
Her heavenly face, not fram'd of earthly mold,
Her voice that founds the heavens' melody ;
The miracles of time, the worlde's storie,
Fortune's queene, Love's treasure, Nature's glorie !

No flattering hopes shee likes, blind Fortune's baite,
Nor shadoves of delight, fond Fancie's glasse,
Nor charmes that doe inchant, false Art's decept,
Nor fading joyes, which Time makes swiftly passe ;
But chaste desires, which beateth all these downe,
A goddesse' looke is worth a monarch's crowne.





XX.

*Although the Wings of my desire
be clipt.*

ALTHOUGH the wings of my desires bee clipt
And my love-thoughtes from mounting lowlye bounded,
Though flie Suspect my joyes with frost hath nipt,
So as my hopes with feares are still furrounded,
Yet will I live to love, although through love I die,
And cumbers still do grow, and comforts from mee flie,
No jealous thoughts shall force mee to retyre,
But I will hope to enjoy my heart's desire.

Which likes to love, and yet the same conceale,
Remembrance chiefly working my relieving,
Though times of joy be short, yet will I steale
Such times, to keepe my heart from further grieving ;
Force may remooove my lookes, but not expell my joy,
Though Cupid's shaft give curelesse wounds, 'tis no annoy,
Whilest life endures, Ile love, though seeme to shunne
That port of rest from whence my comforts come.





XXI.

*Might I redeeme mine errors with
mine eyes.*

MIGHT I redeeme myne errours with mine eyes
And shed but for each severall sinne a teare,
The summe to such a great account should rise,
That I should never make mine audit cleare,
The totall is too bigge to paye the score,
I am so rich in sinne, in teares so poore.

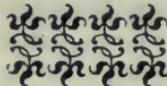
O wretched wealth ! that doth procure such want,
Vnhappy soule to bee so rich in sin,
The store whereof doth make all graces scant
And stops thy teares, ere they doe scarce begin ;
What once a famous poet sung before
I finde too true, my plenty makes me poore.





O might I prove in this a prodigall
And bate my meanes by less'ning of my stocke,
I should in grace grow great, in sinnes but small,
If I could every day from forth the shocke
But pull one eare. O ten times happy want,
When teares increase and sinnes doe grow more
scant !

O that my God with such sweete strokes would strike
And by His grace so bank-rout mine estate,
That growing poore in sinne I, Lazar-like,
Might dayly beg for mercy at His gate,
And crave, though not admittance to His feast,
Some crums of grace to feede my soule at least !





ORIGINAL SPELLINGS AND READINGS
ALTERED IN THE PRESENT EDITION

The Table { l. 3. *Are I the silly fish beguile.*
 { l. 15. *My father faine would have me rake.*

I. 1. l. 5. *hey th'end, by desire.*

II. 2. l. 3. *saunce doubt.*

III. 1. l. 4. *Angels taketh mee.*

3. l. 5. *and strive to make.*

l. 6. *to beare apart.*

IV. 2. l. 3. *Conceit's most sweete, when as it seemes.*

V. 4. l. 6. *that most desire to dies.*

VII. 2. l. 1. *let silence be thy tongue.*

3. l. 2. *to live and dey.*

l. 3. *and freeft from annoy.*

L'Envoy. l. 2. *if it once be knowne.*

VIII. 1. l. 3. *How many long howers.*

2. l. 1. *How many wals.*

XII. 1. l. 5. *O willow, willow, willo tree.*





- XII. 3. l. 2. *And all the friends of hell.*
5. l. 5. *O willow, willo, I must die.*
- XV. 1. l. 4. *And makes me much afraide.*
ll. 7, 8. *Faith! let my mother marrie mee.*
Or let some young man burie mee.
- XVI. 2. l. 1. *Che hath some vertues.*
3. l. 3. *Then weare they breath.*
3. l. 5. *Those women alter.*
- XVII. [The burden to all the verses except the first is printed
—*Fa, la, la Dan, dan, dan.*]
- XVIII. 1. l. 1. *To the deafe Aspe!*
[The Table gives the reading adopted in the text.]
3. l. 4. *hellish feind.*
- XX. 2. l. 6. *Though Cupidis shaft.*



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