

MICHAELL CAVENDISH

14. Ayres in Tabletorie to the Lute

1598

7. Loue the delight of all well thinking.

Loue the delight of all well thinking minds,
Delight the fruite of vertue dearly lou'd,
Vertue the heighest good that reason findes.
Reason the forge on which mens thoughts are prou'd :
Are from the world by natures power berest,
And in one creature for her glory left.

Beauty hir couer is, the eyes true pleasure,
In honors fame she liues, the eares true musicke,
Excesse of wonder growes from her iust measure,
Her inward patrs are passions only phisicke :
From her cleere hart the springs of vertue flow,
Which imag'd in her words and deeds men know.

Time faine would stay that he might neuer leaue her,
Place doth reioice that he must needs containe her,
Death craues of heauen that he may not bereaue her,
The heauens know their own and do maintaine her :
Delight, Loue, Reason, Vertue, let it be,
To hold all women light but only she.

words by:

Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke ["Cælica", Sonnet 1]