

The Muses Gardin for Delights

Robert lones

1610

1. Loue loue

1

Loue is a pretie Frencie,
A melancholy fire,
Begot by lookes, maintain'd with hopes,
And heyth'end by desire.

2

Loue is a pretie Tyrant,
By our affections armed,
Take them away, none liues this day,
The Coward boy hath harmed.

3

Loue is a pretie Idole,
Opinion did deuse him,
His votaries is slouth and lies,
The Robes that doe disguise him.

4

Loue is a pretie Painter,
And counterfeiteth passion,
His shadow'd lies, makes fansies rise,
To set beliefe in fashion.

5

Loue is a pretie Pedler,
Whose Packe is fraught with sorrowes,
With doubts with feares, with sighs with teares,
Some ioyes, but those he borrowes.

6

Loue is a pretie nothing,
Yet what a quoile it keepes,
With thousand eyes of iealousies,
Yet no one euer sleepes.