

# The Muses Gardin for Delights

Robert lones

1610

10. The sea hath many thousand sands

1

The sea hath many thousand sands,  
The Sunne hath motes as many,  
The skie is full of Starres, and loue  
As full of woes as any,  
Beleeue me that doe know the elfe,  
And make no tryall by thy selfe.

2

It is in trueth a prettie toy,  
For babes to play withall,  
But O the honies of our youth,  
Are oft our ages gall,  
Selfe prooffe in time will make thee know,  
He was a Prophet told thee so.

3

A Prophet that Cassandra like,  
Tells trueth without beliefe,  
For head-strong youth will runne his race,  
Although his Goale be grieffe,  
Loues Martyr when his heate is past,  
Prooues cares Confessor at the last.