

The Muses Gardin for Delights

Robert lones

1610

4. The fountaines smoake

1

The fountaines smoake, And yet no flames they shewe,
Starres shine all night though vnder'd by day,
And trees doe spring, yet are not seene to growe,
And shadows moue, although they seeme to stay
 In Winters woe, is buried Summers blisse
 And Loue loues most, when loue most secret is.

2

The stillest streames describes the greatest deepe,
The clearest skie is subiect to a shower,
Conceit's most sweete, when as it seemes to sleepe,
And fairest dayes doe in the morning lower,
 The silent Groues sweete Nymphs they cannot misse,
 For Loue loues most, where loue most secret is.

3

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,
 Loue loueth most, where loue most secret is.