

THE SECOND
BOOKE OF SONGS
AND AYRES

Robert Iones

1601

17. Loue is a bable.

1

Loue is a bable,
No man is able,
To say tis this or 'tis that,
Tis full of passions,
Of sundry fashions,
Tis like I cannot tell what.

2

Loues fayre i'th Cradle,
Foule in the sable,
Tis eyther too cold or too hot,
An arrand lyar,
Fed by desire,
It is, and yet it is not.

3

Loue is a fellowe,
Clad oft in yellowe,
The canker-worme of the mind,
A priuie mischiefe,
And such a slye thiefe,
No man knowes which waie to find.

4

Loue is a woonder,
That's here and yonder,
As common to one as to moe,
A monstrous cheater,
Euerie mans debter,
Hang him, and so let him goe.