The
Muses Gardin for
Delights
Or the fift Booke of Ayres, onely for the
Lute, the Base-wyoll and the voice.
Composed by Robert Jones.

Edited with an Introduction
by
WILLIAM BARCLAY SQUIRE.

DANIEL: OXFORD:
1901.
To

H. M. R.
To the friendly Censurers.

Dear friends, for so I call you, if you please to accept my good meaning, I presented you last with a Dreame, in which I doubt not but your fantasies have received some reasonable contentment, & now if you please to bee awaked out of that Dreame, I shall for your recreation and refreshing, guide you to the Muses Garden, where you shall find such variety of delights, that questionless you will willingly spend some time in the view thereof. In your first entrance into which Garden, you shall meet with Loue, Loue, and nought but Loue, set forth at large in his colours, by way of decyphering him in his nature. In the midst of it, you shall find Loue rejected, upon inconstancy and hard measure of ingratitude. Touching them that are louers, I leave them to their owne censure in Loues description. And now for the end, it is variable in another maner, for the delight of the eare to satisye opinion. I am not so arrogant to commend mine owne gifts, neither yet so degenerate as to beg your tolleration. If these delights of Flowers, or variety of Fruites, may any ways be pleasing to your senses I shall be glad, otherwise I will vow neuer to set, sow, plant or graft, and my labours henceforth shall cease to trouble you, if you will needs mislike, I care not. I will prevent your censures, and defie your malice, if you defie me.

I am resolute, if you use me with respect,
I bid you most heartily
Farewell. R. I.
To The True Honourable,
And Esteemed Worthie, The
Right Worshipfull the Lady Wroth.

M O S T Honoured Lady, my eldest and first issue, having thriu’d so well vnder the protection of your Right Honourable Father, blame not this my youngest and last Babe, if it desirously seeke Sanctuarie with your selfe, as being a most worthy branch from so Noble and renowned a stocke: It is hereditarie to your whole house, not onely to be truely Honourable in your felues, but to be the fauourers and furtherers of all honest and vertuous endeavours in others. And that makes me so farre daring, as to presume to offer this Dedication to your faire acceptance; And howsoever my defects therein may happily (or rather unhappily) be many: Yet am I most confident (and that growes from the worthinesse of your owne nature) that your Honourable minde will be pleased (since it callts it selfe most humbly in your armes) to giue it willing entertainment, and to countenance it with the faire Liuerie of your noble Name, It may bee flighted in respect of its owne valew, but your fauourable acceptance, will both grace it, and my selfe, as a poore Table hung vp, euyn in Princes Gallories, not for the Wood, but for the Picture,

And so (Noble Lady) not daring to bee ijealous of your Honourable entretaine me, I rest

Your Ladyship devoted in all dutie,

ROBERT IONES.
The Table.

Louve loue. 1
Soft Cupid soft. 2
Axe [As] I the silly fish beguile. 3
The fountaines smoake. 4
Walking by the River side. 5
I cannot chuse but give a smile. 6
Joy in thy hopes. 7
How many New yeeres haue grown olde. 8
There was a shepheard that did liue. 9
The sea hath many thousand sands. 10
Once did my thoughts both ebbe and flow. 11
I am so farre from pitying thee. 12
As I lay lately in a dreame. 13
There was a willy ladde. 14
My father faine would have me rake. 15
My Loue hath her true Loue betraide. 16
All my fence thy sweetenesse gained. 17
To thee deafe Aspe with dying voice. 18
Behold her lockes like wires of beaten Gold. 19
Although the Wings of my desire be clipt. 20
Might I redeeme mine errors with mine eyes. 21
LOVE is a pretie frencie,
A melancholy fire,
Begot by lookes,
Maintain'd with hopes,
And heythen'd by desire.

2
Love is a pretie tyrant
By our affections armed,
Take them away,
None lives this day,
The coward boy hath harmed.

3
Love is a pretie idole,
Opinion did devise him,
His votaries
Is sloth and lies,
The robes that doe disguise him.
4
Love is a pretie painter,
And counterfeiteth passion,
    His shadow'd lies,
    Makes fancies rife,
To set belief in fashion.

5
Love is a pretie pedler,
Whose packe is fraught with sorrowes,
    With doubts, with feares,
    With sights, with tears,
Some joyes—but those he borrowes.

6
Love is a pretie nothing,
Yet what a quoile it keepes,
    With thousandd eyes
    Of jealousies,
Yet no one ever sleepe.

II

SOFT, Cupid, soft, there is no haft
For all unkindnesse gone and past,
Since thou wilt needs forfake me so,
Let us parte friends, before thou goe.

2
Still shalt thou have my heart to use,
    When I cannot otherwife chuse,
My life thou mayst command sans doubt,
Command, I say, and goe with out.

3
And if that I doe ever prove
False and unkind to gentle Love,
Ile not desire to live a day,
Nor any longer then I may.

4
Ile dayly bleffe the little God,
But not without a smarting rod;
Wilt thou still unkindly leave mee?
Now I pray God all ill goe with thee!
III

As I the silly fish deceive,
So Fortune plays with me,
Whose baits my heart of joys bereave,
And angles taketh mee.
I still doe fish, yet am I caught,
And taken am, their taking taught.

The river wherein I doe swimme,
Of streames of hope is made,
Where joyes as flowers dreele the brimme,
And frownes doe make my shade;
Whence smiles as sunshine gives me heat,
And shadow-frownes from flowers beat.

Thus taken like an envious one
Who glads for others’ care,
Since he himselfe must feel such mone,
Delights all so should fare,
And strives to make them know like smart,
So make I this to beare a part.

IV

The fountaines smoake, and yet no flames they shewe,
Starres shine all night, though undesfern’d by day,
And trees doe spring, yet are not seeme to growe,
And shadowes moove, although they seeme to stay,
In Winter’s woe is buried Summer’s blisse,
And Love loves most, when Love most secret is.

The stillest streames descries the greatest deepe,
The clearest stone is subject to a flower,
Conceit’s most sweete, whenas it seemes to sleepe,
And fairest dayes doe in the morning lower;
The silente groves sweete nymphes they cannot mille,
For Love loves most, where Love most secret is.

The rarest jewels hidden vertue yield,
The sweete of trafficke is a secret gaine,
The yeere once old did shee a barren field,
And plants seeme dead, and yet they spring againe;
Cupid is blind, the reason why is this:
Love loveth most, where Love most secret is.
V

1

Walking by a river-side,
   In prime of summer's morning,
Viewing Phoebus in his pride
   The silver streams adorning,
And passing on, myselfe alone,
Methought I heard a woeful grone.

2

Still I stood as one amaz'd
   To heare this woeful crying,
Round about me then I gaz'd;
   In every meadow plying,
Yet could I not this wight surprize,
Although the voice did pierce the skies.

3

"Venus, thou hast kild my heart
   And quite my soule confounded,
Thy sonne Cupid, with his dart,
   My vitall parts hath wounded;
Shooe home! proude boy, and doe thy worst,
That shee may die that lives accurst.

(14)
The Answere.

4
I cannot chuse but needes must smile
To see how Love doeth thee beguile,
Which did of purpose frieze thy heart,
To thaw it to thy greater smart.

5
Suppose thou wert, Achillis like,
Drencht in that fatall hardning flood,
That might availe 'gainst pufh of pike,
But 'gainst his dart t'will doe no good.

6
For if thy heele he doe but hit,
His venom'd shaft will rancle it,
The force whereof the heart must feel,
Convaide by arteryes from thy heele.
JOYE in thy hope, the earnest of thy love,
    For so thou mayst enjoy thy heart's desire;
True hopes things absent do as present prove
    And keepe alive love's still renewing fire.

But of thy hope let silence be the tongue
    And screeke the heart of loving fire,
For hopes revealed may thy hopes prolong,
    Or cut them off in prime-time of desire.

Sweete are those hopes that doe themselves enjoy,
    As vowed to themselves to live and dye,
Sweetest those joyes, and freest from annoy,
    That waken not the eye of jealouie.

L'Envoy.
Thy love is not thy love, if not thine owne,
    And so it is not, if it once be knowne.

HOW many new yeres have grow'n old,
    Since first your servant old was new;
How many long hours have I told,
    Since first my love was vow'd to you;
And yet, alas, she doeth not know
    Whether her servant love or no!

How many walls as white as snow
    And windowes cleere as any glasse
Have I conjur'd to tell you so,
    Which faithfully performed was;
And yet you'll sweare you do not know
    Whether your servant love or no!

How often hath my pale leane face,
    With true characters of my love,
Petitioned to you for grace,
    Whom neither sighs nor teares can move;
O cruel! yet doe you not know
    Whether your servant love or no?

(18)
And wanting oft a better token,
    I have been faine to send my heart,
Which now your cold disdain hath broken,
    Nor can you heal't by any art.
    O looke upon't, and you shall know
Whether your servant love or no.

IX

There was a shepheard that did live,
    And held his thoughtes as hie
As were the mounts whereon his flockes
    Did hourely feede him by.

He from his youth, his tender youth,
    Which was unapt to keepe
Or hopes, or feares, or loves, or cares,
    Or thoughts but of his sheepe

Did with his dogge, as shepheardes doe
    For shepheardes wanting wit,
Devise some sports, though foolish sports,
    Yet sports for shepheardes fit.

The boy that yet was but a boy,
    And so desir's were hid,
Did grow a man, and men must love,
    And love this shepheard did.
5
He loved much, none can too much
Love one so high divine,
As but herselfe, none but herselfe
So faire, so fresh, so fine.

6
He vowed by his shepheards weede,
An oath which shepheards keepe,
That he would follow Phillyday,
Before a flocke of shepe.

NOTE—The composer (or his printer) seems to have omitted some verses of this poem. There is an obvious break of continuity between the third and fourth stanzas.

X

THE sea hath many thousand sands,
The sun hath motes as many,
The sky is full of stars, and love
As full of woes as any.
Believe me, that do know the elfe,
And make no trial by thyselfe.

2
It is in truth a pretty toy
For babes to play withal;
But O! the honies of our youth
Are oft our age's gall!
Selfe-proof in time will make thee know
He was a prophet told thee so.

3
A prophet that, Cassandra like,
Tells truth without belief;
For headstrong youth will run his race,
Although his goal be grief:
Love's martyr, when his heat is past,
Proves Care's confessor at the last.
Once did my thoughts both ebb and flowe,
As passion did them moove,
Once did I hope, straight feare againe,
And then I was in love.

Once did I waking spend the night
And told how many minutes moove,
Once did I wishing waste the day,
And then I was in love.

Once, by my carving true love’s knot,
The weeping trees did prove
That wounds and teares were both our lots,
And then I was in love.

Once did I breathe another’s breath
And in my misfiris move,
Once was I not mine owne at all,
And then I was in love.

Once wore I bracelets made of hayre
And collers did aprove,
Once were my clothes made out of waxe,
And then I was in love.

Once did I sonnet to my faint,
My soul in numbers mov’d,
Once did I tell a thousand lies,
And then in trueth I lov’d.

Once in my eare did dangling hang
A little turtle-dove,
Once in a word, I was a fool,
And then I was in love.
XII

I

I am so far from pittyng thee,
That wears’s a branch of willow-tree,
That I doe envie thee and all
That once was high and got a fall:
O willow, willow, willow-tree
I would thou didst belong to me!

Thy wearing willow doth imply
That thou art happier farre then I;
For once thou wert where thou wouldst be
Though now thou wears’t the willow-tree:
O willow, willow, sweete willow,
Let me once lie upon her pillow!

I doe defie both bough and roote
And all the fiends of Hell to boote,
One houre of Paradiséd joye
Makes Purgatorie seeme a toy:
O willow, willow, doe thy worft,
Thou canst not make me more accrft!

4

I have spent all my golden time
In writing many a loving rime,
I have consum’d all my youth
In vowing of my faith and true th:
O willow, willow, willow-tree,
Yet can I not beleevéd bee!

5

And now alas, it is too late,
Gray hayres, the messenger of fate,
Bids me to set my heart at rest,
For beautie loveth yong men best:
O willow, willow, I must die,
Thy servant’s happier farre then I!
XIII

As I lay lately in a dreame.
I knew not what I was to doe.
To know my selfe I did this:
That I might know my selfe, O God.

XIV

There was a wyly ladde,
Met with a bonny lassie,
Much pretie sport they had,
But I wot not what it was.
He woed her for a kisse,
She plainly said him no,
'I pray', quoth he,
'Nay, nay', quoth she,
'I pray you let me goe'.

Full many lovely tearms
Did pass in merrie glee,
He cold* her in his armes
And daunсt her on his knee,
And faine he would have paide
Such debts as he did owe,
'I pray', quoth he,
'Nay, nay', quoth she,
'I pray you let me goe'!

*embraced
'Sweete, be you not so nice
To gratifie a friend,
If kisling be a vice,
My fute is at an end!
Noe, noe, it is the rule
To learne a man to woe',
'I pray', quoth he,
'Nay, nay', quoth shee,
'I pray you let me goe'.

'For Cupid hath an eye
To play a lover's part,
And swift his arrowes flie
To leavell at the heart.
Thy beautie was my bane,
That brought me to his bowe',
'I pray', quoth he,
'Nay, nay', quoth shee,
'I pray you let me goe'.

'Good Sir, alas, you seede
Your fancie with conceit',
'Sweet, sweet, how should we speedde
If lovers could not speake?
I speake but what I wishe,
The spirit wils me so',
'I pray', quoth he,
'Nay, nay', quoth shee,
'I pray you let me goe'.

With that shee sware an oath,
And loth she was to breake it,
And so, to please them both,
He gaved and shee did take it.
There was no labour loft,
True amitie to howe,
'Adew', quoth he,
'Nay, tay', quoth shee,
'Let's kiffe before you goe'.
XV

My father faine would have mee take
A man that hath had a beard,
My mother fhee cries out 'Alacke,'
And makes mee much afeard;
In mooth, I am not olde enough,
Nowe surely this is goodly stuffe!
Faith! let my mother burie mee
Or let some young man marrie mee.

For I have liv'd these fourteene yeeres,
My mother knows it well,
What neede fhee then to cast such feares,
Can any body tell?
Although young women doe not know
That custome will not let them wo,
I would be glad if I might chuse,
But I were madde if I refuse.

3

My mother bids me goe to schoole
And learn to doe some good,
'Twere well if fhee would let the foole
Come home and sucke a dugge.
As if my father knew not yet
That maidens are for young men fit!
Give me my mind and let me wed
Or you shall quickly find me dead.

4

How soone my mother hath forgot
That ever fhee was yong
And how that fhee denyed not
But sung another song.
I must not speake what I doe thinke,
When I am drie, I may not drinke,
Though her desire be now grown old,
Shee must have fier when shee is cold.

(32)
You see the mother loves the sonne,
    My father loves the maide,
What? would she have me be a nun?
    I will not be delaide,
    I will not live thus idle still,
My mother shall not have her will,
My father speaketh like a man,
    I will be married, doe what she can.

XVI

1

My love hath her true love betraide,
    Why, 'tis a fault that is to common,
Yet shall it not be ever faide,
    My faith depended on a woman:
    If she did, to prove untrue,
    I shall doe worfe, to change for new.

2

She hath some vertues; follow them,
    Take not example by her lightnesse,
Be not amongst the vulgar men,
    Though she be clouded, keepe thy brightnesse:
    Perhaps herselfe in time may prove
    What 'tis to wrong a constant love.

3

The many vowes given by my faire
    Were none of hers: the wind did owe them,
Then were they breath, now are they ayre,
    Whence first they came, there she bestowes them:
    Then marvell not, though women alter,
    When all things turne to their first matter.
XVII

1
All my sense thy sweeteneffe gained,
Thy faire hayre my hart enchained,
My poore reasone thy wordes mooved,
So that thee like heaven I loved.
    Fa, la, la,
    Leri, deri, dan,
While to my minde the outside stoode
For messenger of inward good.

2
Now thy sweeteneffe sowre is deemed,
Thy hayre not worth a hayre esteemed,
While to my mind the outside stood
Finding that, but words they prov'd.
    Fa, la, la,
    Leri, deri, dan,
For no faire signe can credit winne
If that the substance faile within.

No more in thy sweeteneffe glorie,
For thy knitting hayre be forie,
Vse thy words but to bewaile thee
That no more thy beames availe thee.
    Fa, la, la,
    Leri, deri, dan,
Lay not thy colours more to viewe
Without the picture be found true.

Woe to me, alas, shee weepeth!
Foole in me, what follie creepeth?
Was I to blasphemie enraged
Where my soule I have engaged?
    Fa, la, la,
    Leri, deri, dan,
And wretched I must yeeld to this,
The fault I blame her chaftneffe is.
XVIII

1

To thee, deafe afe, with dying voice,
Sadly I sing this heavie charme,
That if thy heart doe ere rejoyce
And set at nought my grievous harme,
This verse, writ with a dead man's arme,
May haunt thy senseles's eyes and cares,
Turn joyes to cares and hopes to feares.

2

By thy Creator's pietie,
By her that brought thee to this light,
By thy deare nurfe's love to thee
By Love itselfe, heavens, day and night,
By all that can thy sense delight,
When I am cold and wrapt in lead,
Remember oft thy servaunt dead.
So shall my shadow thee attend
   Like calmest breath of westerne wind,
If not, with grones it shall ascend
   Like raven, owle, beare or hellish fiend,
   Ratling the chaines which doe it bind,
And where thou art by silent night,
It shall thy guiltie foule affright.

Yet sea-men, toft with florzie wind,
Voide of all hope, resolv'd to die,
From powerfull heavens oft mercie find
   And so may I find grace with thee.
   No, no, thou canst not pitie me,
Apses cannot heare nor live can I,
Thou hearest not, unheard I die!

XIX

BEHOLD her locks like wyers of beaten gold,
Her eyes like flars that twinkle in the skie,
Her heavenly face, not fram'd of earthly mold,
   Her voice that sounds the heavens' melody;
   The miracles of time, the worlde's storie,
Fortune's queene, Love's treasure, Nature's glorie!

No flattering hopes thee likes, blind Fortune's baite,
Nor shadowes of delight, fond Fancie's glasse,
Nor charmes that doe enchant, fals Art's deceipt,
   Nor fading joyes, which Time makes swiftly passe;
   But chaft defires, which beateth all these downe,
A goddesse' looke is worth a monarch's crowne.
XX

ALTHOUGH the wings of my desires bee elipte
And my love-thoughtes from mounting lowlye bounded,
Though fle Suspect my joyes with froit hath nipt,
So as my hopes with feares are still surrounded,
Yet will I live to love, although through love I die,
And humbers still do grow, and comforts from mee fle,
No jealous thoughts shall force mee to retyre,
But I will hope to enjoye my heart's desire.

Which likes to love, and yet the same conceale,
Remembrance chiefly working my relieving;
Though times of joy be short, yet will I steale
Such times, to keepe my heart from further grieving;
Force may remoue my lookes, but not expell my joy,
Though Cupid's haft give cureleffe wounds, 'tis no annoy,
Whilst life endures, Ie love, though feeme to flunne
That part of rest from whence my comforts come.

XXI

MIGHT I redeeme myne errours with mine eyes
And flied but for each severall sene a teare,
The summe to such a great account should rife,
That I should never make mine audit cleare,
The totall is too bigge to paye the score,
I am so rich in sene, in teares so poore.

O wretched wealth! that doth procure such want,
Unhappy soule to bee so rich in sene,
The sene whereof doth make all graces scant
And stops thy teares, ere they doe scarce begin;
What once a famous poet sung before
I finde too true, my plenty makes me poore.
O might I prove in this a prodigall
And bate my means by less'ning of my stocke,
I should in grace grow great, in sinnes but small,
If I could every day from forth the stocke
But pull one eare. O ten times happy want,
When teares increafe and sinnes doe grow more scant!

O that my God with such sweete strokes would strike
And by His grace so bank-rout mine estate;
That growing poore in sinne I, Lazar-like,
Might dayly beg for mercy at His gate
And crave, though not admittance to His feast,
Some crumps of grace to feede my soule at leaft!
I. 1. 4. be new end, by defera, twere wond. A E

II. 1. 3. aynce doubt. Aynce wilf of evernd aft. T VI

III. 1. 4. Angles taketh mee. Angles taketh mee. A

3. 1. 5. and strive to make. Strive to make. A

IX. 1. 3. to beare appr. Aynce in evernd aft. T

IV. 1. 3. Conceits most sweeter, when wrought seemeth. A

V. 1. 6. that most desire to die. A

VII. 2. 1. let silence be thy tongue. A

3. 1. 2. to live and day. A

1. 3. and free from annoy. A

L'Envoy. 1. 2. if it once be known. A

VIII. 1. 3. How many long bowers. A

2. 1. 2. How many walls. A

XII. 1. 5. O willow, willow, willow tree. A

3. 1. 2. And all the friends of hell. A

5. 1. 5. O willow, willow, I must die. A
XV. 1. 1. 4. And makes me much afraide.
    1. 7, 8. Faith! let my mother marrie mee
    Or let some young man burie mee.

XVI. 2. 1. 1. Che bath some vertues.
    3. 1. 3. Then weare they breath.
    3. 1. 5. Those women alter.

XVII.  [The burden to all the verses except the first is printed
       —Fa, la, la, Dan, dau, dau.]

XVIII. 1. 1. 1. To the deafe Afee!
    [The Index gives the reading adopted in the text.]
    3. 1. 3. kellisf feind.

XX. 2. 1. 6. Though Cupidis shaft.