

*The
Muses Gardin for
Delights*

*Or the fift Booke of Ayres, onely for the
Lute, the Base-vyoll and the voice.
Composed by Robert Jones.*

*Edited with an Introduction
by
WILLIAM BARCLAY SQUIRE.*

DANIEL : OXFORD :
1901.

To
H. M. R.



130 COPIES PRINTED.
THIS IS NO. 66

THE Muses Garden for Delights,



Or the fift Booke of Ayres, onely for the Lute, the
Base-vyoll, and the Voyce.

Composed by ROBERT IONES.

Quæ profunt singula, multa iuvant.



LONDON
Printed by the Assignes of ^{the} William Barker. 1610.

To the friendly Censurers.

DEARE 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 haue receiued 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 Myses Garden, where you shall find such varietie of delights, that questionlesse you will willingly spend some time in the view thereof. In your first entrance into which Garden, you shall meete with Loue, Loue, and nought but Loue, set foorth at large in his colours, by way of decyphering him in his nature. In the midst of it, you shall find Loue reiected, upon inconstancie and hard measure of ingratitude. Touching them that are louers, I leaue 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 satisfie 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 varietie of Fruites, may any wayes 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 preuent your censures, and defie your malice, if you despiise me,

I am resolute, if you vse me with respect,

I bid you most heartily

Farewell. R. I.

To The True Honourable,
And Esteemed Worthie, The
Right Worshipfull the Lady Wroth.

MOST Honoured Lady, my eldest and first issue, hauing
thriu'd so well vnder the protection of your Right
Honourable Father, blame not this my yongest 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 Ho-
nourable in your selues, but to be the fauourers and furtherers
of all honest and vertuous endeouours in others. And that
makes me so farre daring, as to presume to offer this Dedic-
tion 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 casts 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, euen in
Princes Gallories, not for the Wood, but for the Picture,
And so (Noble Lady) not daring to bee iealous
of your Honourable entertaine
ment, I rest

Your Ladyship deuoted in all dutie,

ROBERT IONES.

The Table.

<i>Loue loue.</i>	1
<i>Soft Cupid soft.</i>	2
<i>Aze [As] I the silly fish beguile.</i>	3
<i>The fountaines smoake.</i>	4
<i>Walking by the Riuer side.</i>	5
<i>I cannot chuse but giue a smile.</i>	6
<i>Ioy in thy hopes.</i>	7
<i>How many New yeeres haue growen olde.</i>	8
<i>There was a shepheard that did liue.</i>	9
<i>The Sea hath many thousand sands.</i>	10
<i>Once did my thoughts both ebbe and flow.</i>	11
<i>I am so farre from pittying thee.</i>	12
<i>As I lay lately in a dreame.</i>	13
<i>There was a willy ladde.</i>	14
<i>My father faine would haue me rake.</i>	15
<i>My Loue hath her true Loue betraide.</i>	16
<i>All my sence thy sweetenesse gained.</i>	17
<i>To thee deafe Aspe with dying voice.</i>	18
<i>Behold her lockes like wires of beaten Gold.</i>	19
<i>Although the Wings of my desire be clipt.</i>	20
<i>Might I redeeme mine errors with mine eyes.</i>	21

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

LOVE is a prettie frencie,
A melancholy fire,
Begot by lookes,
Maintain'd with hopes,
And heythen'd by desire.

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

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 counterfeith passion,
His shadow'd lies,
Makes fanfies rise,
To set beliefe in fashion.

5

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

6

Love is a pretie nothing,
Yet what a quoile it keepes,
With thousand eyes
Of jealousies,
Yet no one ever sleepest.

(10)

II

I

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

2

Still shalt thou have my heart to use,
When I cannot otherwise chuse,
My life thou may'st 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 blesse the little God,
But not without a smarting rod;
Wilt thou still unkindly leave mee?
Now I pray God all ill goe with thee!

(11)

III

I

AS I the filly fish deceive,
So Fortune playes with me,
Whose baites my heart of joyes bereave,
And angles taketh mee.
I still doe fish, yet am I caught,
And taken am, their taking taught.

2

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

3

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

IV

I

THE fountaines smoake, and yet no flames they shewe,
Starres shine all night, though undefern'd by day,
And trees doe spring, yet are not scene 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.

2

The stillest streames descrites the greatest deepe,
The clearest lkie is subject to a shower,
Conceit's most sweete, whenas it seemes to sleepe,
And fairest dayes doe in the morning lower;
The silent groves sweete nimphes they cannot misse,
For Love loves most, where Love 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:
Love loveth most, where Love most secret is.

V

I

WALKING by a river-side,
In prime of summer's morning,
Viewing Phœbus in his pride
The silver streames adorning,
And passing on, myselfe alone,
Methought I heard a wofull grone.

2

Still I stood as one amaz'd
To heare this wofull crying,
Round about me then I gaz'd,
In every meddow prying,
Yet could I not this wight surprife,
Although the voice did pierce the skies.

3

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

(14)

4

Draw thy shaft unto the head
And strongly it deliver,
Draw that thou mayst strike her dead
That lives a hopelesse lover.
Let come, blind boy, to satisfie
His mind that most desires to die."

(15)

VI

I

I CANNOT chuse but give a smile
To see how Love doeth all beguile,
Except it bee my frozen heart
That yeeldes not to his fierie dart.

2

Belike I was, Achillis like,
Drencht in that fatall hardning flood,
My flesh it feares no push of pike,
The speare against me doth no good.

3

Onely my heele may Cupid hit,
And yet I care not much for it,
Because the hurt I cannot feele,
Vnlesse my heart were in my heele.

The Answer.

4

I cannot chuse but needes must smile
To see how Love doth 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 push 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 feele,
Convaide by arteryes from thy heele.

VII

I

J OYE in thy hope, the earnest of thy love,
For so thou mayst enjoy thy heart's desire;
True hopes things absent doe as present proove
And keepe alive love's still renewing fire.

2

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

3

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

L'Envoy.

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

(18)

VIII

I

H OW 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, shee doeth not know
Whether her servant love or no!

2

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

3

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

(19)

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

IX

I

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

2

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

3

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

4

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 lovéd much, none can too much
 Love one so high divine,
 As but herselfe, none but herselfe
 So faire, so fresh, so fine.

6

He vowéd by his shepheard's weede,
 An oath which shepheards keepe,
 That he would follow Phillyday,
 Before a flocke of sheepe.

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.

(22)

X

I

THE sea hath many thousand sands,
 The sun hath motes as many,
 The skie is full of starres, and love
 As full of woes as any :
 Beleeve me, that doe knowe the else,
 And make no tryall by thyselfe.

2

It is in trueth a prettie toye
 For babes to play withall ;
 But O ! the honies of our youth
 Are oft our age's gall !
 Selfe-prooffe in time will make thee know
 He was a prophet told thee so.

3

A prophet that, Cassandra like,
 Tels trueth without beliefe ;
 For headstrong youth will runne his race,
 Although his goale be grieve :
 Love's martyr, when his heate is past,
 Prooves Care's confessor at the last.

(23)

XI

1

ONCE did my thoughts both ebbe and
flowe,
As passion did them moove,
Once did I hope, straight feare againe,
And then I was in love.

2

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.

3

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.

4

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

(24)

5

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

6

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.

7

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

(25)

XII

I

I AM so farre from pittying thee,
That wears't 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!

2

Thy wearing willow doth imply
That thou art happier farre then I;
For once thou wert where thou wouldst be
Though now thou wear'st the willow-tree:
O willow, willow, sweeté willow,
Let me once lie upon her pillow!

3

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

(26)

4

I have spent all my golden time
In writing many a loving rime,
I have consumed all my youth
In vowing of my faith and trueth:
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 fet my heart at rest,
For beautie loveth yong men best:
O willow, willow, I must die,
Thy servant's happier farre then I!

(27)

XIII

AS I lay lately in a dreame.

* : * * * * *
* : * * * * *
* : * * * * *

And not alas, it is too late,
Gray hairs, the messenger of age,
Bids me to let my heart at rest,
For beauteous love's young men die;
O willow, willow, I must die,
Thy leaves are happier than I.

XIV

I

THERE was a wyly ladde
Met with a bonny lasse,
Much pretie sport they had,
But I wot not what it was.
He wooed her for a kisse,
She plainely said him no,
'I pray', quoth he,
'Nay, nay', quoth shee,
'I pray you let mee goe'.

2

Full many lovely tearms
Did passe in merrie glee,
He cold* her in his armes
And daunc't her on his knee,
And faine he would have paide
Such debts as he did owe,
'I pray', quoth he,
'Nay, nay' quoth shee,
'I pray you let me goe'!

*embraced

'Sweete, be you not so nice
 To gratifie a friend,
 If kissing 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 feede
 Your fancie with conceit',
 'Sweet, sweet, how should we speede
 If lovers could not speake?
 I speake but what I wish,
 The spirit wils me so',
 'I pray', quoth he,
 'Nay, nay', quoth shee,
 'I pray you let me goe'.

With that shee swore an oath,
 And loth she was to breake it,
 And so, to please them both,
 He gave and shee did take it.
 There was no labour lost,
 True amitie to shew,
 'Adew', quoth he,
 'Nay, stay', quoth shee,
 'Let's kisse before you goe'.

XV

I

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

2

For I have liv'd these fourteene yeeres,
 My mother knows it well,
 What neede shee 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.

(32)

3

My mother bids me goe to schoole
 And learn to doe some good,
 'Twere well if shee 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 shee was yong
 And how that shee 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 growen old,
 Shee must have fier when shee is cold.

(33)

You see the mother loves the sonne,
 My father loves the maide,
 What? would shee 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 shee can.

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 shee did, to prove untrue,
 I shall doe worse, to change for new.

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.

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 sweetnesse gained,
Thy faire hayre my hart enchained,
My poore reason thy wordes mooved,
So that thee like heaven I loved.

Fa, la, la,

Leri, deri, dan,

While to my minde the outside stode
For messenger of inward good.

2

Now thy sweetnesse 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.

(36)

3

No more in thy sweetnesse glorie,
For thy knitting hayre be forie,
Use 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.

4

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 chastnesse is.

(37)

Sweetnesse, sweetely pardon folly,
 Tye my hayre your captive folly,
 Words, O words of heavenly knowledge
 Know my words their faults acknowledge.

Fa, la, la,

Leri, deri, dan,

And all my life I will confesse,
 The lesse I love, I live the lesse.

XVIII

I

TO thee, deafe aspe, 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 senseless 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 nurse'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 servant dead.

So shall my shadow thee attend

Like calmest breath of western wind,
If not, with groines 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 soule affright.

Yet sea-men, tost with stormie 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,
Aspes cannot heare nor live can I,
Thou hearest not, unheard I die!

XIX

BEHOLD her locks like wyers of beaten gold,
Her eyes like stars 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 inchant, false Art's deceit,
Nor fading joyes, which Time makes swiftly passe;
But chaste desires, which beateth all these downe,
A goddesse' looke is worth a monarch's crowne.

XX

I

ALTHOUGH the wings of my desires bee clipte
And my love-thoughtes from mounting lowlye bounded,
Though she Suspect my joyes with frost hath nipt,
So as my hopes with feares are still furrounded,
Yet will I live to love, although through love I die,
And cumbers still do grow, and comforts from mee flie,
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 remoove my lookes, but not expell my joy,
Though Cupid's shaft give curelesse wounds, 'tis no annoy,
Whilest life endures, Ile love, though seeme to shunne
That port of rest from whence my comforts come.

(42)

XXI

I

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

2

O wretched wealth! that doth procure such want,
Vnhappy soule to bee so rich in sin,
The store 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.

(43)

O might I proove in this a prodigall

And bate my meanes by less'ning of my stocke,
I should in grace grow great, in sinnes but small,

If I could every day from forth the shooke

But pull one eare. O ten times happy want,
When teares increase 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 crums of grace to feede my soule at least!



ORIGINAL SPELLINGS AND READINGS
ALTERED IN THE PRESENT EDITION

I. 1. l. 4. *hey th'end, by desire.*

II. 2. l. 3. *saunce doubt.*

III. 1. l. 4. *Angels taketh mee.*

3. l. 5. *and strive to make.*

4. l. 6. *to beare apart.*

IV. 2. l. 3. *Conceit's most sweete, when as it seemes.*

V. 4. l. 6. *that most desire to dies.*

VII. 2. l. 1. *let silence be thy tongue.*

3. l. 2. *to live and dey.*

l. 3. *and freeft from annoy.*

L'Envoy. l. 2 *if it once be knowen.*

VIII. 1. l. 3. *How many long howers.*

2. l. 2. *How many wals.*

XII. 1. l. 5. *O willow, willow, willo tree.*

3. l. 2. *And all the friends of hell.*

5. l. 5. *O willow, willo, I must die.*

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 hath 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, dan, dan.*]

XVIII. 1. 1. 1. *To the deafe Aspe!*

[The Index gives the reading adopted in the text.]

3. 1. 3. *hellish feind.*

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



*The
Muses Gardin for
Delights*

*Or the fift Booke of Ayres, onely for the
Lute, the Base-vyoll and the voice.
Composed by Robert Jones.*



1901.