

Love, Love

'The Muses Gardin for Delights', no. 1

Robert Jones (fl. 1597-1615)

Cantus

Lute

Bass viol

Love, Love, Love, Love Is a pret-ty, pret- ty,

3

pret- ty, pret-ty Fren-zy, a mel- an- cho- ly

5

fire, be- got by looks, main- tain'd with hopes,

and hey th' end, by de- sire.

2 Love is a pretty Tyrant,
By our affections armed,
Take them away, none lives this day,
The Coward boy hath harmed.

3 Love is a pretty Idol,
Opinion did devise him,
His votaries is sloth and lies,
The Robes that do disguise him.

4 Love is a pretty Painter,
And counterfeith passion
His shadow'd lies, makes fancies rise,
To set belief in fashion.

5 Love is a pretty Pedlar,
Whose Pack is fraught with sorrows,
With doubts with fears, with sighs with tears,
Some joys, but those he borrows.

6 Love is a pretty nothing,
Yet what a quoile it keeps *disturbance, fuss*
With thousand eyes of jealousies,
Yet no one ever sleeps.

Edited by Rob Durk from 'The Muses Gardin for Delights' (1610)
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