

MICHAELL CAVENDISH

14. Ayres in Tabletorie to the Lute

1598

6. Loue is not blind, but.

Loue is not blind, but I my selfe am so,
With free consent blind-soulded by desire,
That guides my will along the paths of woe,
To seeke refreshing for a needelesse fire.

Loue is no boy as fooles in fancies faine,
It is my selfe that play the child so right,
I hope and feare, I weepe and laugh againe,
And vse no fence against so weake a might.

Loue hath no fire yet is mine only lust,
Doth raise the flame which makes my thoughts to fry,
Vaine hope and fond conceits in which I trust,
Are th' only wings that beare him vp so hie.

Loue hath no bow nor shafts to shoote withall,
He hath no bands wherewith to tie vs fast,
He hath no powre, those that be free to thrall,
More than we giue nor can no longer last.

Loue is a Poets Lie, a beggars store,
A mad mans dreame, an ignorants idoll great,
In breefe this God whom we so much adore,
Of maners strange doth find as strange a seat.