

**S O N G S**  
**FOR THE LUTE VIOL**  
**and Voice**

**Composed by I. Danyel**

**1606**

**16. Eyes looke no more.**

Eyes looke no more, for what hath all the earth that's worth the sight ?  
Eares heare no more, for what can breath the voyce of true Delight ?  
Cloath thee my hart, with darke black thoughts, and think but of dispaire,  
Silence lock vp my words, and scorne these Idle sounds of Ayre.

Thinke Glory, Honour, Ioyes, Delights, Contents,  
Are but the emptie reports  
Of vnappropried termes that breath inuents,  
Not knowing what it imports.

But Sorrow, Griefe, Affliction, and Dispaire,  
These are the things that are sure,  
And these wee feele not as conceyts in th'ayre,  
But as the same wee endure.

Ioyes, delights, and pleasures in vs hould such a doubtfull part,  
As if they were but thrall,  
And those were all in all,  
For Griefes, Distrusts, Remorce, I see must domineere the hart.

Ioyes, Delights, and Pleasures, makes griefe to tiranize vs worse,  
Our mirth brings but distastes :  
For nought delights and lastes,  
Griefe then take all my hart, for where none striue there needs lesse force.