

Thomas Ford

MVSICKE
OF
SVNDRIE
KINDES.

1607

II. What then is loue.

What then is loue sings Coridon,
Since Phillida is growne so coy,
A flattring glasse to gaze vpon,
A busie iest, a serious toy,
A flowre still budding neuer blowne,
A scantie dearth in fullest store,
Yeelding least fruite where most is sowne,
My daily note shall be therefore,
Heigh ho, heigh ho, chill loue no more.

Tis like a morning dewie rose
Spread fairely to the suns arise,
But when his beames he doth disclose,
That which then flourisht quickly dies.
It is a selfe fed dying hope
A promisse blisse, a saluesse sore,
An aimelesse marke, an erring scope,
My daily note shall be therefore,
Heigh ho, &c,

Tis like a Lampe shining to all,
Whilst in it selfe it doth decay,
It seemes to free, whome it doth thrall,
And leades our pathless thoughts astray,
It is the spring of wintred harts,
Parcht by the summers heate before,
Faint hope to kindly warmth conuerts,
My daily note shall be therefore,
Heigh ho.