

The Muses Gardin for Delights

Robert lones

1610

19. Behold her lockes like wyers of beaten Gold

1

Behold her lockes like wyers of beaten Gold
Her eyes like stars that twinkle in the skie,
Her heauenly face, not fram'd of earthly mold,
Her voice that sounds the heauens melody,
The miracles of time, the worldes storie,
Fortunes Queene, Loues treasure, Natures glorie.

2

No flattering hopes shee likes, blind Fortunes baite,
Nor shadowes of delight, fond fancies glasse,
Nor charmes that doe inchant, false Arts deceit,
Nor fading ioyes, which time makes swiftly passe,
But chast desires, which beateth all these downe,
A Goddesse looke is worth a Monarches Crowne.