

The Muses Gardin for Delights

Robert lones

1610

17. All my sense thy sweetnesse gained

1

All my sense thy sweetnesse gained
Thy faire hayre my heart enchained.
My poore reason thy wordes mooued,
So that thee like heauen I loued.

Fa, la, la,
Dan, dan, dan,
While to my minde the outside stood,
For messenger of inward good.

2

Now thy sweetnesse sowre is deemed,
Thy hayre not worth a hayre esteemed,
While to my minde the outside stood,
Finding that, but words they proou'd,

Fa, la, la,
Dan, dan, dan,
For no faire Signe can credit winne,
If that the substance faile within.

3

No more in thy sweetnesse glorie,
For thy knitting hayre be sorie,
Vse thy words but to bewaile thee,
That no more thy beames auaile thee,

Fa, la, la,
Dan, dan, dan,
Lay not thy colours more to viewe,
Without the Picture be found true.

4

Woe to me, alas shee weepeth,
Foole in me, what folly creepeth,
Was I to blasphemie enraged,
Where my soule I haue engaged,
 Fa, la, la,
 Dan, dan, dan,
And wretched I must yeeld to this,
The fault I blame her chastnesse is.

5

Sweetnesse sweetly pardon folly,
Tye my hayre your captiue solly,
Words O words of heauenly knowledge,
Know my words their faults acknowledge,
 Fa, la, la,
 Dan, dan, dan,
And all my life I will confesse,
The lesse I loue, I liue the lesse.