

16 Love Is a Bable

Robert Jones

(The Second Booke of Songs and Ayres — 1601)

1. Love, love, love, love, love is a ba-ble, love is a br-ble,
 No man is a-ble To say tis this or tis that
 Tis full of pas-sions Of sun-dry fash-ions,
 Tis like, tis like, tis like, I can-not, I can-not,
 I can-not, tis like, tis like I cannot tell what.

2. Loves fayre i'th Cradle,
 Foule in the sable,
 Tis eyther too cold or too hot.
 An arrand lyar,
 Fed by desire,
 It is, and yet is not.

3. Love is a fellowe,
 Clad oft in yellowe,
 The canker-worme of the mind,
 A privie mishiefe,
 And such a slye thiefe,
 No man knowes which waie to find.

4. Love is a woonder,
 That's here and yonder,
 As common to one as to moe,
 A monstrous cheater,
 Everie mans debter,
 Hang him, and so let him goe.