

Arzachel, Garden Of Earthly Delights

And would you see my lady's face
It is a flowery garden place
Where knots of beauties have such grace
That all is work and nowhere space

It is a sweet delicious morn
Where day is breeding never born
It is a meadow yet unshorn
Whom thousand flowers do adorn

It is the heavens' bright reflex
Weak eyes to dazzle and to vex
It is the idea of her sex
Whose envy doth the world perplex

It is a sweet delicious morn
Where day is breeding never born
It is a meadow yet unshorn
Whom thousand flowers do adorn

It is fair beauty's freshest youth
It is the feigned Elysium's truth
The spring that wintered hearts renews
And this is that my soul pursues