

Love Is a Bable

Text by an anonymous poet [Br]

Set by *Robert Jones* (fl. 1597–1615) [Br], from the collection *Ultimum Vale*, or the *Third Booke of Ayres*;
Sir Charles Hubert Hastings Parry (1848–1918) [Br], from the collection *English Lyrics, Sixth Set, #3*

Love **is** **a** **bable,**
[lʌv ɪz ʌ 'bæ.bəl]

No **man** **is** **able**
[no:ʊ mæn ɪz 'e:ɪ.bəl]

To say 'tis this or 'tis that;
So full of passions
Of sundry fashions,
'Tis like I cannot tell what.

Love is a fellow
Clad oft in yellow,
The canker-worm of the mind,
A privy mischief,
And such a sly thief
No man knows which way to find.

Love's fair in cradle,
Foul in fable,
'Tis either too cold or too hot;
An arrant liar,
Fed by desire,
It is and yet it is not.

Love is a wonder
That's here and yonder,
As common to one as to moe;
A monstrous cheater...

The entire text to this title with the complete
IPA transcription is available for download.

Thank you!

