Hence, All You Vain Delights from the Nice Valour.

By Fletcher, John .

Hence, all you vain delights,

As short as are the nights

Wherein you spend your folly:

There's nought in this life sweet,

If man were wise to see't,

But only melancholy,

O sweetest melancholy!

Welcome, folded arms, and fixed eyes,

A sigh that piercing mortifies,

A look that's fastened to the ground,

A tongue chained up without a sound;

Fountain-heads, and pathless groves,

Places which pale passion loves;

Moonlight walks, when all the fowls

Are warmly housed, save bats and owls;

A midnight bell, a parting groan:

These are the sounds we feed upon;

Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley,

Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.