

Various Poems

A Song

1

Shall I die? Shall I fly
Lovers' baits and deceits,
sorrow breeding?
Shall I tend? Shall I send?
5 Shall I sue, and not rue
my proceeding?
In all duty her beauty
Binds me her servant for ever.
If she scorn, I mourn,
10 I retire to despair, joining never.

2

Yet I must vent my lust
And explain inward pain
by my love conceiving.
If she smiles, she exiles
15 All my moan; if she frown,
all my hopes deceiving±±
Suspicious doubt, O keep out,
For thou art my tormentor.
Fie away, pack away;
20 I will love, for hope bids me venture.

3

'Twere abuse to accuse
My fair love, ere I prove
her affection.
Therefore try! Her reply
25 Gives thee joy±±or annoy,
or affliction.
Yet howe'er, I will bear
Her pleasure with patience, for beauty

30 Sure will not seem to blot
Her deserts, wronging him doth her duty.

4

 In a dream it did seem±±
 But alas, dreams do pass
 as do shadows±±
 I did walk, I did talk
35 With my love, with my dove,
 through fair meadows.
 Still we passed till at last
 We sat to repose us for pleasure.
 Being set, lips met,
40 Arms twined, and did bind my heart's treasure.

5

 Gentle wind sport did find
 Wantonly to make fly
 her gold tresses.
 As they shook I did look,
45 But her fair did impair
 all my senses.
 As amazed, I gazed
 On more than a mortal complexion.
 You that love can prove
50 Such force in beauty's inflection.

6

 Next her hair, forehead fair,
 Smooth and high; neat doth lie,
 without wrinkle,
 Her fair brows; under those,
55 Star-like eyes win love's prize
 when they twinkle.
 In her cheeks who seeks
 Shall find there displayed beauty's banner;
 O admiring desiring
60 Breeds, as I look still upon her.

7

Thin lips red, fancy's fed
With all sweets when he meets,
and is granted
There to trade, and is made
65 Happy, sure, to endure
still undaunted.
Pretty chin doth win
Of all their culled commendations;
Fairest neck, no speck;
70 All her parts merit high admirations.

8

Pretty bare, past compare,
Parts those plots which besots
still asunder.
It is meet naught but sweet
75 Should come near that so rare
'tis a wonder.
No mis-shape, no scape
Inferior to nature's perfection;
No blot, no spot:
80 She's beauty's queen in election.

9

Whilst I dreamt, I, exempt
From all care, seemed to share
pleasure's plenty;
But awake, care take±±
85 For I find to my mind
pleasures scanty.
Therefore I will try
To compass my heart's chief contenting.
To delay, some say,
90 In such a case causeth repenting.