"SWEET LADY"

Ah... really, Lady, thou art so so sweet
That sweetest sound and sweetest taste are shy
To be at ears and tongues when they then meet
Thyself and none of them can tell it why.

The flowers too, when seen, must blush
Before they hide themselves behind the leaves;
As moon and stars that hastily run in rush
To find the cloud, the cloud : 'tis felt then, grief

The beauty too, when with the thorns denies
To be so beautiful; she loveliness
That when with thee, is loveliest, yet tries
To gain with beauty, that to make thee love.

Thy character collects the gentleness,
Politeness, humility from all mankind,
That looks, in others, they are more or less.
Thus, all envy, as deem are best they find.

The time which waits for none, now can't is here,
So slips to, admire thy sweetest here 'twill go.

The sun, unseen by the moon, now seems to dare
To come so low, as 't love the moons no more.

Both day and night do like to stay with thee,
And none will part from thee. So night and day
Are likely one. This really makes me see,
Aumire thy sweetness more than any may——