

# To plead my faith

Poem by Robert, Earl of Essex

Daniel Bacheler

To plead my faith where faith hath no re- ward;  
To heap com- plaints where she doth not re- gard,

5

To move re- morse, where fa- vour is not borne;  
Were fruit- less, boot- less, vain, and yield but scorn.

I lov- ed her whom all the world ad- mir'd.  
And my vain hopes, which far too high as- pir'd

I was re- fus'd of her that can love none:  
Is dead and bur- ied and for- ev- er gone.

For- get my name, since you have scorn'd my love,  
 Since for your sake I do all mis- chief prove.

And wo- man- like do not too late la- ment; I was as  
 I none ac- cuse, nor no- thing do re- pent.

20  
 fond as ev- er she was fair, Yet lov'd I

not more than I now des- pair.