

4. Now I see thy looks were feigned

Poem by Thomas Lodge

Thomas Ford

Now I see thy looks were feigned, quickly lost and
 Of thine eye I made my mirror; from thy beauty
 Fain'd acceptance when I asked, lovely words with
 Now I see, O seemly cruel; others warm them
 Prime youth lasts not; age will follow, and make white those

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quickly gained; soft thy skin, like wool of wethers,
 came my error; all thy words I counted witty;
 cunning masked, holy vows but heart unholly.
 at my fuel. Wit shall guide me in this durance,
 tresses yellow. Wrinkled face for looks delightful

heart incessant, light as feathers,
 all thy sighs I deem- ed pi- ty,
 Wretched man, my trust was fol- ly!
 since in love is no as- sur- ance.
 shall acquaint the dame de- spite- ful.

tongue un- trust- y, sub- tle- sight- ed,
 thy false tears that me ag- griev- ed,
 Li- ly white and pret- ty wink- ing,
 Change thy pas- ture; take thy plea- sure.
 And when time shall date thy glo- ry,

wan- ton will, with change de- light- ed.
 first of all my trust de- ceiv- ed.
 so- lemn vows but sor- ry think- ing. Si- ren plea- sant,
 Beau- ty is a fad- ing trea- sure.
 then too late thou wilt be sor- ry.

foe to rea- son, Cu- pid plague thee for thy trea- son!