

2. My choice is made

Francis Pilkington

Canto

Bass

My choice is made, and I desire no change my wandring
 Change they their choice, to whose delicious sense the strangest
 Be my choice blam'd, or be I thought unwise, to hold my

thoughts in limits now are bound The desert wild where in my wits did range are now made
 objects are of most esteem In constant liking may find excellence in things which
 choice, by others not approved, I say, that to my self I fall or rise; by fear or

easy walks and pleasant ground Let him that list sooth humors that be vain, till
 (being not good) yet best do seem. Let gallant bloods still crown their sports with joy, whom
 force I cannot be remov'd. Let friends in pity doubt of my success; their

vanity all mean exceeds Let passions still possess the idle brain, and
 honor, wealth, and pleasure fills: Let sweet contentment never find annoy, while
 pity gets no thanks at all: Let foes be glad to see my hopes grow less; I

care consume whom folly feeds. I rest resolv'd no fancy's fits can me estrange;
 Fortune frames things to their wills. This stirs not me; I am the same I was before;
 scorn the worst that wish they shall: Still stand I firm, my heart is set, and shall remain.

my choice - is made, and I desire - no more to change.
 my choice - is made, and I desire - to change no more.
 My choice - is made, and never will - I change again.