

Enchantment

"Summer For The Dames"

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Inblossom my head forth, lead me into silent poetry
Wretchedness leaves my eyes desired
As labouring claims those golden hairs
Come appetise my tongue to heavenly moistures
Do lend a breast to gaze upon
Have in summers past all pleasures
Or be them winded in my forehead (fill your dowry
needs)
Sleepless (the sound of crashing waves)
Make thyself aroused to a flood of tears
In streaks of day, when owls do cry
And fables tread the primrose path
All that bares in fruit

Sits under the bough that blossoms
Coral lips with a pleasing tale
Touches as a flower with frost
Have like twenty kisses and bide where the billows
spoke

Harrow me up with glutton lips, make good the yeast
Endeavor thyself as a whore
Then I'll take towards no pity
O sweet dames like infants of the spring

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