

## Allan Taylor

### "The Kiss"

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Among thy fancies tell me this  
What is the thing we call a kiss  
I shall resolve ye what it is

It is a creature born and bred  
Between the lips, all cherry-red  
By love and warm desires fed  
And makes more soft the bridal bed

It is an active flame that flies  
First to the babies of the eyes  
And charms them there with lullabies  
And stills the bride too, when she cries

Then to the chin, the cheek, the ear  
It frisks and flies, now here, now there  
'Tis now far off, and then 'tis near  
And here and there, and everywhere

Has it a speaking virtue? Yes  
How speaks it, say? Do you but this  
Part your joined lips, then speaks your kiss  
And this love's sweetest language is

Has it a body? Ay, and wings  
With thousand rare encolourings  
And as it flies, it gently sings  
Love honey yields, but never stings

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