

## English 362

### "O happy dames"

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O Happy dames, that may embrace  
The frute of your delight,  
Help to bewaile the wofull case,  
And eke the heauy plight  
Of me, that wanted to reioyce [5]  
The fortune of my pleasant choyce:  
Good Ladies, help to fill my moorning voyce.

In ship, freight with remembrance  
Of thoughts, and pleasures past,  
sailes that hath in gouernance [10]  
My life, while it wil last:  
With scalding sighes, for lack of gale,  
Furdering his hope, that is his sail  
Toward me, the swete port of his auail.

Alas, how oft in dreames I se [15]  
Those eyes, that were my food,  
Which somtime so delited me,  
That yet they do me good.  
Wherwith I wake with his returne,  
Whose absent flame did make me burne. [20]  
But when I find the lacke, Lord how I mourne?

When other louers in armes acrossse,  
Reioyce their chiefe delight:  
Drowned in teares to mourne my losse,  
I stand the bitter night, [25]  
In my window, where I may see,  
Before the windes how the cloudes flee.  
Lo, what a mariner loue hath made me.

And in grene waues when the salt flood  
Doth rise, by rage of winde: [30]  
A thousand fansies in that mood  
Assayle my restlesse mind.  
Alas, now drencheth my swete fo,  
That with the spoyle of my hart did go,  
And left me but (alas) why did he so? [35]

And when the seas waxe calme againe,

To chase fro me annoye.  
My doutfull hope doth cause me plaine:  
So dreade cuts of my ioye.  
Thus is my wealth mingled with wo, [40]  
And of ech thought a dout doth growe,  
Now he comes, will he come? alas, no no

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