

So, e'er you're worn all to threadbare,  
I will begin and take my share  
Where wings arise like wings of doves  
And amorettes fill the groves ;  
Thro' this black hole, O stately rocks,  
Did Psyche seek the immortal box ?  
I hope you lose not in the leap  
The blessings that I on you heap.  
Like men that in gay life have been,  
Never can peaceful be again ;  
Like horses that have been in war,  
Prick up their ears the cannons' roar ;  
Fair flowers bred beneath the sky,  
Then lugged i' the house despond and die,  
I fear you'll ne'er as peaceful glide,  
Nor ever stretch your face as wide  
As you did in fair Feversham,  
Where maidens watched you leave the dam.  
If you your lovers can employ,  
And it gives you another joy,  
I wish thee well—go on and dance  
Till all your voice is lost in pants.  
How like a prince who hurries forth  
In the front ranks with men of worth,  
He turns and smilingly looks back,  
Then leaps and plunges in the black  
Foes' hot and foaming fearful jaws,  
And struggling low still fights his cause.  
How it, I know, well pleaseth thee  
To show those maids your gallantry ;  
But why lie now with face upraised ?  
Immodesty was never praised—  
But no, I can't see 'tis a fault—  
The maidens praise that daring vault.