

UNTO MY LADYE.

There is a ladye known to me  
And steadiast sunne-stronge eyne hath she,  
Mock-sober eyne that love makes free,  
Love makes free.

My ladye's lippes I do declare  
Are joy-cuppes knowynge no compare,—  
O would that mine were restynge there,  
Restynge there!

My ladye's heart is large and lief  
And womanne-tender. Thralle is chiefe,  
Yfostered inne that favoured fief,  
That favoured fief.

O ladye mine! O ladye mine!  
That I should bee your lorde is signe  
Of wonder,—but ye sunne doth shine,  
Ye sunne doth shine.

And so I pray that blessed bee  
Ye queen of all feminitee,  
Faire ladye of my fealtie,  
My fealtie.