

TO LUCASTA.

GOING TO THE WARS.

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast, and quiet mind,
To war and arms I fly.

True: a new mistress now I choose,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, and shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much
Lov'd I not honour more.

RICHARD LOVELACE.