

TO MARIA.

I don't know what to make of you,
 You're sometimes false and sometimes true,
 Sometimes vexed and sometimes pleasing,
 Acting thoughtless or deceiving.

Wilt thou forget this constant heart?

Friendship love should I impart,
 O, no, my love, I need not tell
 How long we loved you know full well

Will thou remember days are gone—

The blissful hours we spent alone?
 Panting sighs and parting blisses,
 Tears that made me drink your kisses.

O, can it be that you deceive me—

Can my very heart's blood leave me?
 If an angel heart beguiles,
 Take back your kisses and your smiles.

They'll badly wear when you dissemble,
 Chaste oaths and vows they wont resemble,
 False smiles, false kisses, and false sighs,
 A perjured maiden well supplies.

Yet if my love you mean to vex me,
 By jealous fears or thus perplex me,
 Take pity, or for heaven's sake,
 My very heart-strings you may break.