

**Classic Poetry Series**

**Dr. D. Cooper**  
**- poems -**

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## Dr. D. Cooper()

Little is known of Dr. D. Cooper other than that six songs of his survive in manuscripts and a fragment of an early printed book of the period.

(Literary Period: Tudor)

# I Have Been A Foster

I have been a foster  
Long and many a day.  
Foster will I be no more-  
No longer shoot I may.  
Yet have I been a foster.

Hang I will my noble bow  
Upon the greenwood bough,  
For I cannot shoot in plain  
Nor yet in rough  
Yet have I been a foster.

Every bow for me is too big.  
Mine arrow nigh worn is.  
The glue is slipped from the nick.  
When I should shoot, I miss.  
Yet have I been a foster.

Lady Venus hath commanded me  
Out of her court to go.  
Right plainly she shewith me  
That beauty is my foe.  
Yet have I been a foster.

My beard is so hard, God wot,  
When I should maidens kiss,  
They stand aback and make it strange.  
Lo, age is cause of this.  
Yet have I been a foster.

Now will I take to me my beads  
For and my saints' book,  
And pray I will for them that may,  
For I may nought but look.  
Yet have I been a foster.

Dr. D. Cooper