

**Classic Poetry Series**

# **Charles Cotton**

**- poems -**

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## To Coelia

WHEN, Coelia, must my old day set,  
And my young morning rise  
In beams of joy so bright as yet  
Ne'er bless'd a lover's eyes?  
My state is more advanced than when  
I first attempted thee:  
I sued to be a servant then,  
But now to be made free.

I've served my time faithful and true,  
Expecting to be placed  
In happy freedom, as my due,  
To all the joys thou hast:  
Ill husbandry in love is such  
A scandal to love's power,  
We ought not to misspend so much  
As one poor short-lived hour.

Yet think not, sweet! I'm weary grown,  
That I pretend such haste;  
Since none to surfeit e'er was known  
Before he had a taste:  
My infant love could humbly wait  
When, young, it scarce knew how  
To plead; but grown to man's estate,  
He is impatient now.

Charles Cotton