Classic Poetry Series

Martin Peerson

- poems -

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Can a Maid That Is Well Bred

Can a maid that is well bred,
Hath a blush so lovely red,
Modest looks, wise, mild, discreet,
And a nature passing sweet,
Break her promise, untrue prove,
On a sudden change her love,
Or be won e'er to neglect
Him to whom she vow'd respect?

Such a maid, alas, I know.
Oh that weeds 'mongst corn should grow,
Or a rose should prickles have,
Wounding where she ought to save!
I that did her parts extol,
Will my lavish tongue control.
Outward parts do blind the eyes,
Gall in golden pills oft lies.

Reason wake, and sleep no more,
Land upon some safer shore;
Think on her and be afraid
Of a faithless fickle maid.
Of a faithless flckle maid
Thus true love is still betray'd.
Yet it is some ease to sing
That a maid is light of wing.

Martin Peerson

Upon My Lap My Sovereign Sits

Upon my lap my sovereign sits
And sucks upon my breast;
Meantime his love maintains my life
And gives my sense her rest.
Sing lullaby, my little boy,
Sing lullaby, mine only joy!

When thou hast taken thy repast,
Repose, my babe, on me;
So may thy mother and thy nurse
Thy cradle also be.
Sing lullaby, my little boy,
Sing lullaby, mine only joy!

I grieve that duty doth not work
All that my wishing would,
Because I would not be to thee
But in the best I should.
Sing lullaby, my little boy,
Sing lullaby, mine only joy!

Yet as I am, and as I may,
I must and will be thine,
Though all too little for thyself
Vouchsafing to be mine.
Sing lullaby, my little boy,
Sing lullaby, mine only joy!

Martin Peerson