Classic Poetry Series

Philippe Desportes

- poems -

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Conquest

Those eyes that set my fancy on a fire,
Those crispéd hairs that hold my heart in chains,
Those dainty hands which conquered my desire,
That wit which of my thoughts doth hold the reins:
Those eyes for clearness do the stars surpass,
Those hairs obscure the brightness of the sun,
Those hands more white than ever ivory was,
That wit even to the skies hath glory won.
O eyes that pierce our hearts without remorse!
O hands that conquer more than Caesar's force!
O wit that turns huge kingdoms upside down!
Then, Love, be judge, what heart may there withstand
Such eyes, such hair, such wit, and such a hand?

Philippe Desportes