Classic Poetry Series

Sir George Etherege

- poems -

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Song

LADIES, though to your conquering eyes
Love owes his chiefest victories,
And borrows those bright arms from you
With which he does the world subdue,
Yet you yourselves are not above
The empire nor the griefs of love.

Then rack not lovers with disdain,
Lest Love on you revenge their pain:
You are not free because you're fair:
The Boy did not his Mother spare.
Beauty 's but an offensive dart:
It is no armour for the heart.

Sir George Etherege

Song from Love in a Tub

If she be not as kind as fair,
    But peevish and unhandy,
Leave her, she's only worth the care
    Of some spruce Jack-a-dandy.
I would not have thee such an ass,
Hadst thou ne'er so much leisure,
To sigh and whine for such a lass
    Whose pride's above her pleasure.

Sir George Etherege

To a Lady asking him how long he would love her

IT is not, Celia, in our power
   To say how long our love will last;
It may be we within this hour
   May lose those joys we now do taste;
The Blessed, that immortal be,
From change in love are only free.

Then since we mortal lovers are,
   Ask not how long our love will last;
But while it does, let us take care
   Each minute be with pleasure past:
Were it not madness to deny
To live because we're sure to die?

Sir George Etherege

To a Lady, Asking him how Long he would Love her

It is not, Celia, in our power
To say how long our love will last;
It may be we within this hour
May lose those joys we now do taste:
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Then, since we mortal lovers are,
Ask not how long our love will last;
But while it does, let us take care
Each minute be with pleasure past.
Were it not madness to deny
To live, because w'are sure to die?

Sir George Etherege

To a Very Young Lady

Sweetest bud of beauty, may
No untimely frost decay
Th' early glories which we trace
Blooming in thy matchless face:
But kindly opening, like the rose,
Fresh beauties every day disclose,
Such as by Nature are not shown
In all the blossoms she has blown:
And then, what conquest shall you make,
Who hearts already daily take!
Scorch'd in the morning with thy beams,
How shall we bear those sad extremes
Which must attend thy threat'ning eyes
When thou shalt to thy noon arise?

Sir George Etherege