

Classic Poetry Series

Thomas Lodge
- poems -

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Thomas Lodge(1558-1625)

Like To The Clear In Highest Sphere

Like to the clear in highest sphere
Where all imperial glory shines,
Of selfsame colour is her hair,
Whether unfolded or in twines:
Heigh ho, fair Rosalind.
Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,
Refining heaven by every wink;
The gods do fear whenas they glow,
And I do tremble when I think:
Heigh ho, would she were mine.

Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud
That beautifies Aurora's face,
Or like the silver crimson shroud
That Phoebus' smiling looks doth grace:
Heigh ho, fair Rosalind.
Her lips are like two budded roses,
Whom ranks of lilies neighbour nigh,
Within which bounds she balm encloses,
Apt to entice a deity:
Heigh ho, would she were mine.

Her neck, like to a stately tower
Where Love himself imprison'd lies,
To watch for glances every hour
From her divine and sacred eyes:
Heigh ho, fair Rosalind.
Her paps are centres of delight,
Her paps are orbs of heavenly frame,
Where Nature moulds the dew of light,
To feed perfection with the same:
Heigh ho, would she were mine.

With orient pearl, with ruby red,
With marble white, with sapphire blue,
Her body every way is fed,
Yet soft in touch, and sweet in view:
Heigh ho, fair Rosalind.
Nature herself her shape admires,

The gods are wounded in her sight,
And Love forsakes his heavenly fires
And at her eyes his brand doth light:
Heigh ho, would she were mine.

Then muse not, Nymphs, though I bemoan
The absence of fair Rosalind,
Since for her fair there is fairer none,
Nor for her virtues so divine:
Heigh ho, fair Rosalind.
Heigh ho, my heart, would God that she were mine!

Thomas Lodge

Love Is A Sickness

Love is a sickness full of woes,
All remedies refusing;
A plant that with most cutting grows,
Most barren with best using.

Why so?

More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries,
Hey ho.

Love is a torment of the mind,
A tempest everlasting;
And Jove hath made it of a kind,
Not well, nor full nor fasting.

Why so?

More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries,
Hey ho.

Thomas Lodge

Phillis 01

MY Phillis hath the morning sun
At first to look upon her;
And Phillis hath morn-waking birds
Her risings still to honour.
My Phillis hath prime-feather'd flowers,
That smile when she treads on them;
And Phillis hath a gallant flock,
That leaps since she doth own them.
But Phillis hath too hard a heart,
Alas that she should have it!
It yields no mercy to desert,
Nor grace to those that crave it.

Thomas Lodge

Phillis 02

LOVE guards the roses of thy lips
And flies about them like a bee;
If I approach he forward skips,
And if I kiss he stingeth me.

Love in thine eyes doth build his bower,
And sleeps within their pretty shine;
And if I look the boy will lower,
And from their orbs shoot shafts divine.

Love works thy heart within his fire,
And in my tears doth firm the same;
And if I tempt it will retire,
And of my plaints doth make a game.

Love, let me cull her choicest flowers;
And pity me, and calm her eye;
Make soft her heart, dissolve her lowers
Then will I praise thy deity.

But if thou do not, Love, I'll truly serve her
In spite of thee, and by firm faith deserve her.

Thomas Lodge

Phillis 2

LOVE guards the roses of thy lips
 And flies about them like a bee;
If I approach he forward skips,
 And if I kiss he stingeth me.

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Phillis II

Love guards the roses of thy lips
And flies about them like a bee;
If I approach he forward skips,
And if I kiss he stingeth me.

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Rosalind: Like To The Clear In Highest Sphere

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44 Nor for her virtues so divine:
45 Heigh ho, fair Rosalind.
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Rosalind's Madrigal

Love in my bosom like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast;
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest.
Ah, wanton, will ye?

And if I sleep, then percheth he
With pretty flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee,
The livelong night.
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string;
He music plays if so I sing;
He lends me every lovely thing;
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting--
Whist, wanton, still ye!

Else I with roses every day
Will whip you hence,
And bind you, when you long to play,
For your offence.
I'll shut my eyes to keep you in,
I'll make you fast it for your sin,
I'll count your power not worth a pin;
Alas! what hereby shall I win
If he gainsay me?

What if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod?
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a god.
Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosom be;
Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee.
Cupid! so thou pity me,
O Spare not, but play thee.

Thomas Lodge

The Earth, Late Chok'D With Showers

The earth, late chok'd with showers,
Is now array'd in green,
Her bosom springs with flowers,
The air dissolves her teen;
The heavens laugh at her glory,
Yet bide I sad and sorry.

The woods are deck'd with leaves,
And trees are clothed gay,
And Flora crown'd with sheaves,
With oaken boughs doth play;
Where I am clad in black,
The token of my wrack.

The birds upon the trees
Do sing with pleasant voices,
And chant in their degrees
Their loves and lucky choices;
When I, whilst they are singing,
With sighs mine arms am wringing.

The thrushes seek the shade,
And I my fatal grave;
Their flight to heaven is made,
My walk on earth I have;
They freely, I thrall; they jolly,
I sad and pensive wholly.

Thomas Lodge