

4. Now I see thy looks were feigned

Poem by Thomas Lodge

Thomas Ford



Now I see thy looks were feign- ed, quick- ly lost and quick- ly gain- ed;
Of thine eye I made my mir- ror; from thy beau- ty came my er- ror;
Fain'd ac- cep- tance when I ask- ed, love- ly words with cun- ning mask- ed,
Now I see, O seem- ly cru- el; o- thers warm them at my fu- el.
Prime youth lasts not; age will fol- low, and make white those tres- ses yel- low.



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soft thy skin, like wool of we- thers, heart un- sta- ble, light as fea- thers,
 all thy words I count- ed wit- ty; all thy smiles I count- ed wit- ty,
 ho- ly vows but heart un- ho- ly. Wretch- ed man, my trust was fol- ly!
 Wit shall guide me in this dur- ance, since in love is no as- sur- ance.
 Wrin- kled face for looks de- light- ful shall ac- quaint the dame de- spite- ful.



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tongue un- trust- y, sub- tle- sight- ed, wan- ton will, with change de- light- ed.
 thy false tears that me ag- griev- ed first of all my trust de- ceiv- ed.
 Li- ly white and pret- ty wink- ing, so- lemn vows but sor- ry think- ing.
 Change thy pas- ture; take thy plea- sure. Beau- ty is a fad- ing trea- sure.
 And when time shall eat thy glo- ry, then too late thou wilt be sor- ry.



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Si- ren plea- sant, foe to rea- son, Cu- pid plague thee for thy trea- son!



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