

# 10. Now shall I then describe

Thomas Ford

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Now shall I then describe my love? When all men's skillfull art  
 And for her voice a Philome; her lip may all lips scorn.  
 A thee that India doth not yield, nor ever yet was seen,

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is far inferior to her worth, to praise the unworthiest part.  
 No sun more clear than is her eye in brightest summer morn,  
 where buds of virtue always springs, and all the year grows green.

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She's chaste in looks, mild in her speech, in actions all discreet, of  
 a mind wherein all virtues rest and takes delight to be, and  
 That country's bless'd wherein she grows, and happy is that rock from

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nature loving, pleasing most, in virtue all complete. plete.  
 where all virtues graft themselves in that most fruitful tree. tree.  
 whence she springs, but happiest he that grafts in such a stock. stock.