

Henry Lawes, *Among the myrtles as I walk'd*  
(Lbl Add. MS 53,723, fol. 78 [autograph])

Robert Herrick

Among the myrtles as I  
walk'd Love and my sighs thus intertalked. Tell me, said  
I, in deep distress, where I may find my shepherdess.

2. Thou fool, said Love, knowst thou not this?  
In every thing that's good she is.  
In yonder tulip go and seek,  
Then thou shalt have her lip, her cheek.

3. In that enameled pansy by,  
There thou shalt have her curious eye.  
In bloom of peach, in rose's bud,  
There wave the streams of her blood.

4. 'Tis true, said I, and thereupon  
I went to pluck them one by one  
To make of parts an union,  
But on a sudden all were gone.

5. At which I stopp'd. Said Love, These be  
Fond man, resemblances of thee,  
For as these flow'rs thy joys must die  
And in the turning of an eye.

And all thy hopes of her must wither  
Like these short sweets e'er knit together.