

Henry Lawes, *Amidst the myrtles as I walk'd*  
(NYp Drexel MS 4257, no. 38)

Robert Herrick

Amidst the myrtles as I walk'd

Love and myself thus intertalk. Tell me, said I, in

deep distress, where may I 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,  
There thou shalt find her lip, her cheek.

3. In yon enameled pansy by,  
There thou shalt find her curious eye.  
In balm of peach, in rose's bud,  
There run the streamers of her blood.

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

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

Then all thy hopes of her must wither  
Like these short sweets in-knit together.