

Henry Lawes, *Thou, shepherd, whose intentive eye*

(Lbl Add. MS 53,723, fol. 78 [autograph])

[The poem is on the same page as "Among the myrtles as I walk'd", sung to the same music:]

A second Ditty to the former Ayre.

Aurelian Townshend

Thou, shepherd, whose intentive

eye on ev'ry lamb is such a spy, no wily

fox can make them less, where may I find my shepherdess?

2. A little pausing then said he,  
How can that jewel stray from thee?  
In summer's heat, in winter's cold,  
I thought thy breast had been her fold.

4. With that he smiling said, I might  
Of Cloris partly have a sight,  
And some of her perfections meet  
In ev'ry flow'r was fresh and sweet.

6. The winds that wanton with the spring  
Such odors as her breathing bring,  
But the resemblance of her eyes  
Was never found beneath the skies.

8. Amaz'd at this discourse, methought  
Love both ambition in me wrought,  
And made me covet to engross  
A wealth would prove a public loss.

3. That is indeed the constant place  
Wherein my thoughts still see her face,  
And print her image in my heart,  
But yet my fond eyes crave a part.

5. The growing lily bears her skin,  
The violet her blue veins within,  
The blushing rose, new blown and spread,  
Her sweeter cheek, her lips, the red.

7. Her charming voice who strives to fit,  
His object must be higher yet;  
For Heav'n and Earth, and all we see  
Dispersed, collected, is but she.

9. With that I sighed, ashamed to see  
Such worth in her, such want in me;  
And closing both mine eyes, forbid  
The world my sight since she was hid.