

Walsingham

by Sir Walter Raleigh

*'As you came from the holy land
Of Walsingham,
Met you not with my true love
By the way as you came?'*

*'How shall I know your true love,
That have met many one,
As I went to the holy land,
That have come, that have gone?'*

*'She is neither white nor brown,
But as the heavens fair;
There is none hath a form so divine
In the earth or the air.'*

*'Such a one did I meet, good sir,
Such an angelic face,
Who like a queen, like a nymph, did appear
By her gait, by her grace.'*

*'She hath left me here alone,
All alone, as unknown,
Who sometimes did me lead with herself,
And men loved as her own.'*

*'What's the cause that she leaves you alone,
And a new way doth take,
That sometime did you love as her own,
And her joy did you make?'*

*'I have lov'd her all my youth;
But now old, as you see,
Love likes not the falling fruit
From the withered tree.'*

*'Know that love is a careless child,
And forgets a promise past;
He is blind, he is deaf when he list,
And in faith never fast.'*

*'His desire is a dureless content,
And a trustless joy;
He is won with a world of despair,
And is lost with a toy.'*

*'Of womenkind such indeed is the love,
(Or the word 'love' abus'd),
Under which many childish desires
And conceits are excused.'*

*'But true love is a durable fire,
In the mind ever burning,
Never sick, never dead, never cold,
From itself never turning.'*