

# Enchantment, Summer For The Dames

Inbossom my head forth, lead me into silent poetry  
Wretchedness leaves my eyes desired  
As labouring claims those golden hairs  
Come appetise my tongue to heavenly moistures  
Do lend a breast to gaze upon  
Have in summers past all pleasures  
Or be them winded in my forehead (fill your dowry needs)  
Sleepless (the sound of crashing waves)  
Make thyself aroused to a flood of tears  
In streaks of day, when owls do cry  
And fables tread the primrose path  
All that bares in fruit  
Sits under the bough that blossoms  
Coral lips with a pleasing tale  
Touches as a flower with frost  
Have like twenty kisses and bide where the billows spoke  
Harrow me up with glutton lips, make good the yeast  
Endeavor thyself as a whore  
Then I'll take towards no pity  
O sweet dames like infants of the spring