

# Mediaeval Baebes, The Virgin Queen

My care is like my shadow  
Laid bare beneath the sun.  
It follows me at all times  
And flies when I pursue it.  
I freeze and yet am always burned  
Since from myself again I turn.  
I love and yet am forced to hate.  
I seem stark mute; inside I prate.  
Some gentler love doth ease itself  
Into my heart and mind.  
For I am soft and made of snow  
Love, be more cruel or so be kind.