

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.