

Tangerine Dream, The Blessed Damozel

DEAR, back my wounded heart restore,
And turn away thy powerful eyes
Flatter my willing soul no more,
Love must not hope what Fate denies.
Take, take away thy smiles and kisses
Thy Love wounds deeper then Disdain,
For he that sees the Heaven he misses,
Sustains two Hells, of losse and pain.
Shouldst thou some others suit prefer,
I might return thy scorn to thee,
And learn Apostasie of her
Who taught me first Idolatry.
Or in thy unrelenting breast
Should I disdain or coyennesse move,
He by thy hate might be realest,
Who now is prisoner to thy love.
Since then unkind Fate will divorce
Those whom Affection long united,
Be thou as cruel as this force,
And I in death shall be delighted.
Thus whilst so many suppliants woe
And beg they may thy pittie prove,
I onely for thy scorn do sue,
charity here not to love.
Tis