

She saw me there who making sweet exchange  
Did blush t'acknowledge a fault undeserved.  
Her presence in me on me may seem strange -  
Her darts of confusion leave me unnerved -  
But with a glance she predestines my fate;  
With such light touch secure to me she sticks,  
A feath'ry weight that sticking me does sate  
For want of which her constant eyes transifx.  
If in discov'ring pleasures that are new  
With one that's new, to disregard fall I  
With myself, in disrepair to sue  
For amity where I no longer vie,  
    Then I with furtive recklessness pursue  
    But always find myself pursued anew.

Love's plodding search perchance is formed of greed,  
When in slow process to the heart it moves,  
To follow close, the suff'rer it behooves  
And beckons to the lonely heart to feed  
Upon false circumstance till it be right.  
Brief having only models sweet content  
That toward attaining longer having's spent  
Considerable energy and might.  
What, then, follow I for a virtuous end,  
Which here I take to be a mutual love,  
If no clear path delivered from above  
Falls to me so romantic ills can mend?  
    Like sleeping Lysander here I must wait  
    Till rousing Hermia does my pain abate.