

THE LOVER SHOWETH HOW HE IS FORSAKEN OF SUCH AS HE SOMETIME ENJOYED

Thomas Wyatt

They flee from me, that sometime did me seek,
With naked foot stalking within my chamber.
Once have I seen them gentle, tame, and meek,
That now are wild, and do not once remember
That sometye they have put themselves in danger,
To take bread at my hand, and now they range,
Busily sekyng in continual change.
Thanked be Fortune, it hath been otherwise
Twenty times better: but one especial,
In thin array, after a pleasant guise,
When her loose gowne did from her shoulders fall,
And she me caught in her arms long and small,
And therewithal, so sweetly did me kiss,
And softly said, 'Dear heart, how like you this?'
It was no dream: for I lay broad awaking.
But all is turned now through my gentleness,
Into a bitter fashion of forsaking;
And I have leave to go of her goodness,
And she also to use new fangleness.
But, since that I unkindly so am served:
I would fain know what she hath deserved?