



The Poets Picture of his Love

Allegretto

My Cloes Eyes an heavenly blue a brighter Heaven disdost to view a
 brighter Heaven disdost to view for in there is her Temper seen where all is
 Cloudless all serene where all is cloudless all serene

My Cloes Checks, where Flowers mix
 With Roses, and Peas, my Love perfixe,
 For in those Tears her Joy's express'd,
 The Doubts and Wishes of her breast.

My Cloes Breast than Snow more fair
 Than Snow more cold inspires Despair
 For that its little Guest conceals
 Yet all that's pure and chaste reveals.

My Cloes Lips as Cherries red,
 Have oft with wine my Sancy fed
 For these in hoped words dispence
 Good Humour hightned with good sense.

My Cloes Breath as Roses sweet
 Where pains & Pleasures gratefull meet
 For Wit does with her Sense compare
 At once the Flower and the Briar.

My Cloes Hair with Art entwined
 Calls all her beauties to my mind
 For forming Sancy paints her there
 Of various Charms one perfect Hair.