

A sonnet from
The Passionate Pilgrim



Poems ascribed to
William Shakespeare, 1599



It was a lording's daughter,

The fairest one of three...





That liked of her master



As well as well could be.

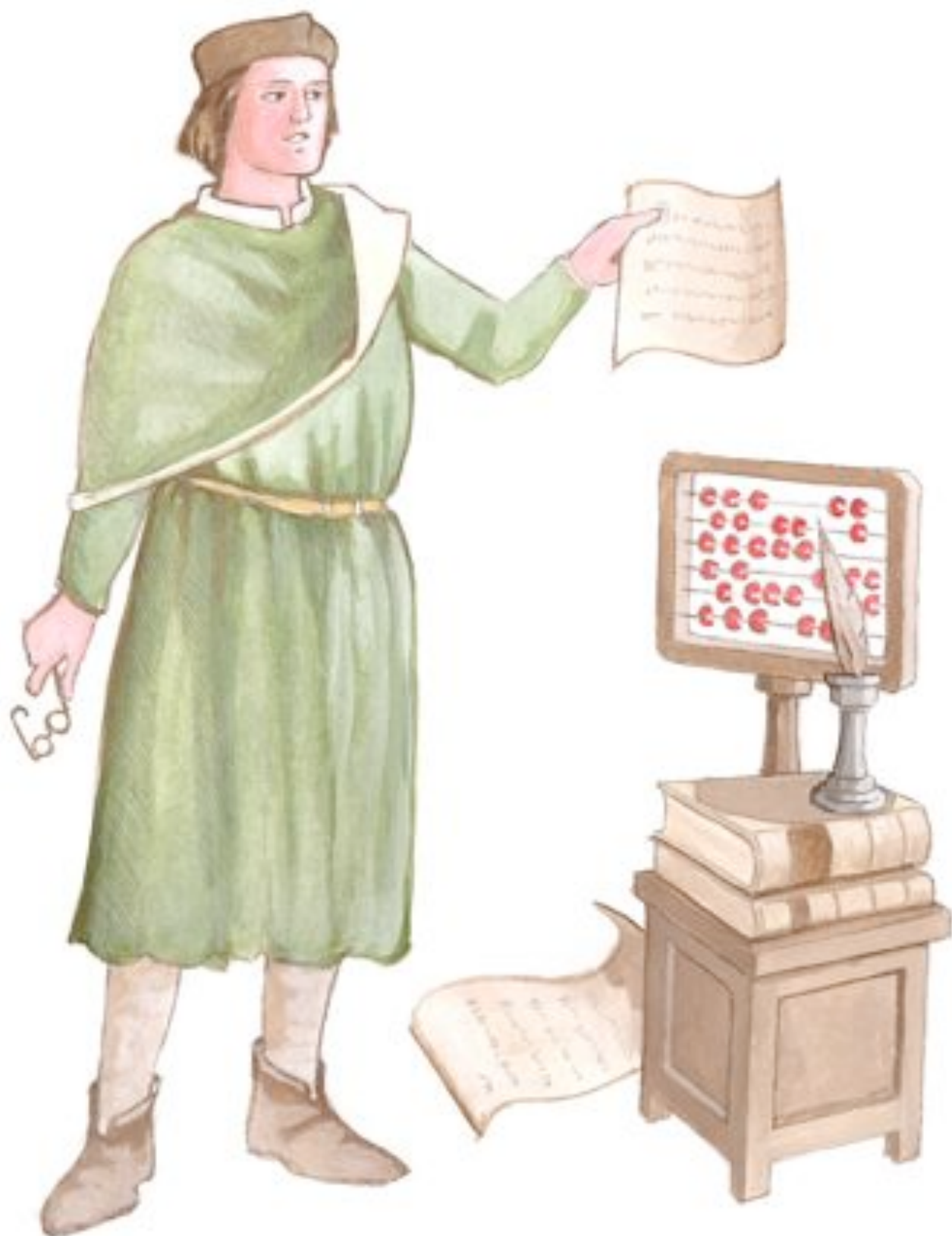
Till looking on an Englishman
The fairest that eye could see,



Her fancy fell
A-turning...



Long was the combat doubtful
That love with love did fight,



To leave the master loveless,
Or kill the gallant knight



To put in practice either,
Alas it was a spite



Unto the seely damosel.

But one must be refused,
More mickle was the pain,



That nothing could be used
To turn them both to gain,

For of the two
The trusty knight was wounded
With disdain



Alas, she could not help it.

Thus art with arms contending



Was victor of the day.
Which by a gift of learning
Did bear the maid away...



Then lullaby, the learned man
hath got the lady gay...

For now my song is ended.

