

Mark how the blushful morn

Poem by Thomas Carew

Nicholas Lanier

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Mark how the blushful morn - in vain courts the amorous mari-gold
So may'st thou thrive in love, - fond boy. if silent tears and sighs discover

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with sighing blush and weeping rain, yet she refuses to unfold. But
thy grief, thou never shalt enjoy the just reward of a bold - lover. But

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when the planet of the day approacheth with his powerful ray, then she spreads,
when with moving accent thou shalt constant faith and service vow, thy Celia shall

then she receives his warmer beams into her virgin leaves.
receive those charms with open ear, and with unfolded arms.