Sonnet.

By King, Henry .

Tell me no more how fair she is,

I have no mind to hear

The story of that distant bliss

I never shall come near:

By sad experience I have found

That her perfection is my wound.

And tell me not how fond I am

To tempt a daring fate,

From whence no triumph ever came,

But to repent too late:

There is some hope ere long I may

In silence dote myself away.

I ask no pity, Love, from thee,

Nor will thy justice blame,

So that thou wilt not envy me

The glory of my flame:

Which crowns my heart whene'er it dies,

In that it falls her sacrifice.