Wishes. To his (supposed) Mistress.

By Crashaw, Richard .

Whoe'er she be,

That not impossible she

That shall command my heart and me;

Where'er she lie,

Locked up from mortal eye

In shady leaves of destiny:

Till that ripe birth

Of studied fate stand forth,

And teach her fair steps to our earth;

Till that divine

Idea take a shrine

Of crystal flesh, through which to shine:

Meet you her, my wishes,

Bespeak her to my blisses,

And be ye called my absent kisses.

I wish her beauty,

That owes not all its duty

To gaudy tire, or glist'ring shoe-tie;

Something more than

Taffata or tissue can,

Or rampant feather, or rich fan;

More than the spoil

Of shop, or silkworm's toil,

Or a bought blush, or a set smile.

A face that's best

By its own beauty drest,

And can alone commend the rest:

A face made up

Out of no other shop

Than what nature's white hand sets ope.

A cheek where youth

And blood with pen of truth

Write what the reader sweetly ru'th.

A cheek where grows

More than a morning rose,

Which to no box his being owes.

Lips, where all day

A lovers kiss may play,

Yet carry nothing thence away.

Looks that oppress

Their richest tires, but dress

And clothe their simplest nakedness.

Eyes, that displaces

The neighbour diamond, and outfaces

That sunshine by their own sweet graces.

Tresses, that wear

Jewels, but to declare

How much themselves more precious are;

Whose native ray

Can tame the wanton day

Of gems that in their bright shades play.

Each ruby there,

Or pearl that dare appear,

Be its own blush, be its own tear.

A well-tamed heart,

For whose more noble smart

Love may be long choosing a dart.

Eyes, that bestow

Full quivers on Love's bow,

Yet pay less arrows than they owe.

Smiles, that can warm

The blood, yet teach a charm,

That chastity shall take no harm.

Blushes, that bin

The burnish of no sin,

Nor flames of aught too hot within.

Joyes, that confess

Virtue their mistress,

And have no other head to dress.

Fears, fond and flight

As the coy bride's when night

First does the longing lover right.

Tears, quickly fled

And vain as those are shed

For a dying maidenhead.

Days, that need borrow

No part of their good morrow

From a forspent night of sorrow.

Days, that, in spite

Of darkness, by the light

Of a clear mind are day all night.

Nights, sweet as they,

Made short by lovers' play,

Yet long by th' absence of the day.

Life, that dares send

A challenge to its end,

And when it comes say Welcome Friend.

Sydneian showers

Of sweet discourse, whose powers

Can crown old winter's head with flowers.

Soft silken hours,

Open suns, shady bowers

'Bove all; nothing within that lours.

Whate'er delight

Can make day's forehead bright,

Or give down to the wings of night.

In her whole frame

Have nature all the name,

Art and ornament the shame.

Her flattery

Picture and poesy,

Her counsel her own virtue be.

I wish her store

Of worth may leave her poor

Of wishes; and I wish -no more.

Now, if Time knows

That Her, whose radiant brows

Weave them a garland of my vows;

Her, whose just bays

My future hopes can raise,

A trophy to her present praise;

Her, that dares be

What these lines wish to see:

I seek no further, it is she.

'Tis she, and here

Lo! I unclothe and clear

My wishes' cloudy character.

May she enjoy it,

Whose merit dare apply it,

But modesty dares still deny it!

Such worth as this is

Shall fix my flying wishes,

And determine them to kisses.

Let her full glory,

My fancies, fly before ye;

Be ye my fictions, but her story.