If Women Could Be Fair and Yet Not Fond.

By De Vere, Aubrey .

If women could be fair and yet not fond,

Or that their love were firm, not fickle still,

I would not marvel that they make men bond,

By service long to purchase their good will;

But when I see how frail those creatures are,

I muse that men forget themselves so far.

To mark the choice they make, and how they change,

How oft from Phoebus they do flee to Pan,

Unsettled still, like haggards wild, they range,

These gentle birds that fly from man to man;

Who would not scorn and shake them from the fist,

And let them fly, fair fools, which way they list?

Yet, for disport, we fawn and flatter both,

To pass the time when nothing else can please;

And train them to our lure with subtle oath,

Till, weary of their wiles, ourselves we ease;

And then we say, when we their fancy try,

To play with fools, oh, what a fool was I!