To Lucasta, Going to the Wars.

By Lovelace, Richard .

Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind,

That from the nunnery

Of thy chaste breasts, and quiet mind,

To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,

The first foe in the field;

And with a stronger faith embrace

A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such,

As you too shall adore;

I could not love thee, Dear, so much,

Loved I not honour more.