SIR JOHN SUCKLING

A Song to a Lute

Hast thou seen the down in the air
When wanton blasts have tossed it?
Or the ship on the sea,
When ruder waves have crossed it?
Hast thou marked the crocodile’s weeping,
Or the fox’s sleeping?
Or hast viewed the peacock in his pride,
Or the dove by his bride,
When he courts for his lechery?
O so fickle, O so vain, O so false, so false is she!

1659

1. This poem is a parody of the last stanza of Jonson’s Charis: Her Triumph.