

Thomas Ford

MVSICKE  
OF  
SVNDRIE  
*KINDES.*

1607

*X. How shall I then discribe my loue.*

How shall I then discribe my loue, when all mens skilfull arte,  
Is far inferior to her worth, to prayse thu'n worthiest parte,  
Shee's chaste in looks mild in her speech in actions all discreet,  
Of nature louing pleasing most in vertue all compleate.

And for her voyce a Philome, her lips may all lips skorne,  
No sunne more cleare then is her eye, in brightest Summer morne,  
A mind wherein all vertues rest, and takes delight to be  
And where all vertues graft themselues in that most fruitfull tree.

A tree that India doth not yeeld, nor euer yet was seene,  
Where buds of vertue alwaies springes, and all the yeere growes greene,  
That countries blest wherein the growes, and happie is that rock,  
From whence she springes, but happiest he that grafts in such a stocke.