Summer For The Dames

Enchantment

Inbossom my head forth, lead me into silent poetry
Wretchedness leaves my eyes desired
As labouring claims those golden hairs
Come appetise my tongue to heavenly moistures
Do lend a breast to gaze upon
Have in summers past all pleasures
Or be them winded in my forehead (fill your dowry needs)
Sleepless (the sound of crashing waves)
Make thyself aroused to a flood of tears
In streaks of day, when owls do cry
And fables tread the primrose path
All that bares in fruit
Sits under the bough that blossoms
Coral lips with a pleasing tale
Touches as a flower with frost
Have like twenty kisses and bide where the billows spoke
Harrow me up with glutton lips, make good the yeast
Endeaver thyself as a whore
Then I'll take towards no pity
O sweet dames like infants of the spring
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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