

TO LUCASTA, *Going to the Wars.*

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast 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 honor more.