

Whoso List to Hunt

Whoso list to hunt, I know where is an hind,

But as for me, *helas*, I may no more:

The vain travail hath wearied me so sore.

I am of them that farthest cometh behind.

Yet may I by no means my wearied mind

Draw from the deer but as she fleeth afore,

Fainting I follow. I leave off therefore,

Since in a net I seek to hold the wind.

Who list her hunt I put him out of doubt,

As well as I may spend his time in vain:

And, graven with diamonds, in letters plain

There is written her fair neck round about:

Noli me tangere, for Caesar's I am,

And wild for to hold though I seem tame.