

Coil, Montecute

To me, fair friend,
you never can be old.
For as you were, when first your eye,
I eyed,
such seems you beauty still.
Three winters cold have full forests shook three summers pride.
Three beautiful springs to yellow autumn turned.
In process of the seasons have I seen,

three april perfumes in three hot junes burned.
Since first I saw you fresh which later waned.
Ahh, yet doth beauty like a dour hand
steal from his figure, only pace perceived.
So your sweet hue, which me thinks still doth stand
hath motion and mine eye may be deceived.
For fear of which, hear this thou age unbreed
air you were born was beautiful summer dead.