

THOMAS CAREW

*Song*

ASK me no more where Jove bestows,  
When June is past, the fading rose;  
For in your beauty's orient deep  
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither doth stray  
The golden atoms of the day;  
For in pure love heaven did prepare  
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste  
The nightingale, when May is past;  
For in your sweet, dividing throat  
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars light,  
That downwards fall in dead of night;  
For in your eyes they sit, and there  
Fixed become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west  
The phoenix builds her spicy nest;  
For unto you at last she flies,  
And in your fragrant bosom dies.