

Judged by my goddess' doom to endless pain

by [William Percy](#) (1575–1648)

Judged by my goddess' doom to endless pain,

Lo, here I ope my sorrow's passion,

That every silly eye may view most plain

A sentence given on no occasion.

If that by chance they fall (most fortunate)

Within those cruel hands that did enact it,

Say but, Alas, he was too passionate,

My doom is passed, nor can be now unactit.

So mayst thou see I was a spotless lover,

And grieve withal that e'er thou dealt so sore;

Unto remorse who goes about to move her,

Pursues the winged winds, and tills the shore.

Lovely is her semblance, hard is her heart,

Wavering is her mind, sure is her dart.

