

# And If I Did, What Then?

By George Gascoigne

“And if I did, what then?  
Are you aggriev’d therefore?  
The sea hath fish for every man,  
And what would you have more?”

Thus did my mistress once,  
Amaze my mind with doubt;  
And popp’d a question for the nonce  
To beat my brains about.

Whereto I thus replied:  
“Each fisherman can wish  
That all the seas at every tide  
Were his alone to fish.

“And so did I (in vain)  
But since it may not be,  
Let such fish there as find the gain,  
And leave the loss for me.

“And with such luck and loss  
I will content myself,  
Till tides of turning time may toss  
Such fishers on the shelf.

“And when they stick on sands,  
That every man may see,  
Then will I laugh and clap my hands,  
As they do now at me.”