

## Idea 20: An evil spirit, your beauty, haunts me still

By Michael Drayton

An evil spirit, your beauty, haunts me still,  
Wherewith, alas, I have been long possess'd,  
Which ceaseth not to tempt me to each ill,  
Nor gives me once but one poor minute's rest.  
In me it speaks, whether I sleep or wake;  
And when by means to drive it out I try,  
With greater torments then it me doth take,  
And tortures me in most extremity.  
Before my face it lays down my despairs,  
And hastes me on unto a sudden death;  
Now tempting me to drown myself in tears,  
And then in sighing to give up my breath.  
Thus am I still provok'd to every evil  
By this good-wicked spirit, sweet angel-devil.