Song: “You charm'd me not with that fair face”

By John Dryden

from An Evening's Love

You charm’d me not with that fair face
   Though it was all divine:
To be another’s is the grace,
   That makes me wish you mine.

   The Gods and Fortune take their part
       Who like young monarchs fight;
And boldly dare invade that heart
   Which is another’s right.

   First mad with hope we undertake
       To pull up every bar;
But once possess’d, we faintly make
   A dull defensive war.

   Now every friend is turn’d a foe
       In hope to get our store:
And passion makes us cowards grow,
   Which made us brave before.