

# 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.