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.