

*Wooing My Juliet*

A time I was in wooing  
In watchfulness pursuing  
A Romeo and Juliet  
Affair was my undoing

I thought 'How sweet is young desire  
To bring these lovers through the fire'  
So a love like Romeo and Juliet  
To women I did inquire

They met me powdered and perfumed  
With passing, fading kiss consumed  
Alas, no Romeo and Juliet  
Affair could exist, so I presumed

But then I met a rose-lipt maiden  
Alas my heart, now heavy-laden  
Knew the death of Romeo  
Who could not have his lovely maiden

But then she tender kissed my lips  
(No sweeter wine have I ever sipped!)  
And Juliet, alas, was mine  
And from Love's branches, honey drips.