

Francis Pilkington

THE FIRST BOOKE OF Songs or Ayres of 4.parts:

1605

II. My choice is made, and I desire no change.

My choice is made and I desire no change,
My wandring thoughts in limits now are bound :
The deserts wilde wherein my wits did range,
Are now made easie walks and pleasant ground :
Let him that list sooth humors that be vaine,
Till vanitie all meane exceeds,
Let passions stil possesse the idle braine,
And care consume whom folly feeds.
I rest resolu'd no fancies fits can mee estrange,
My choice is made, and I desire no more to change.

2. Change they their choice, to whose delicious sence,
The strangest obiects are of most esteeme :
Inconstant likeing may find excellence,
In things which (being not good) yet best doe seeme.
Let gallant blouds still crowne their sports with ioy,
Whom honor, wealth, and pleasure fills :
Let sweet contentment neuer find annoy,
Whie *Fortune* frames things to their wills.
This stirs not mee, I am the same, I was before,
My choice is made, and I desire to change no more.

3. Be my choice blamde, or be I thought vnwise,
To hold my choice, by others not approued,
I say, that to my selfe I fall or rise,
By feare, or force I cannot be remoued.
Let friends in pittie doubt of my successe,
Their pittie gets no thanks at all :
Let foes be glad to see my hopes grow lesse,
I scorne the worst that wish they shall :
Still stand I firme, my heart is set, and shall remaine,
My choice is made, and neuer will I change againe.