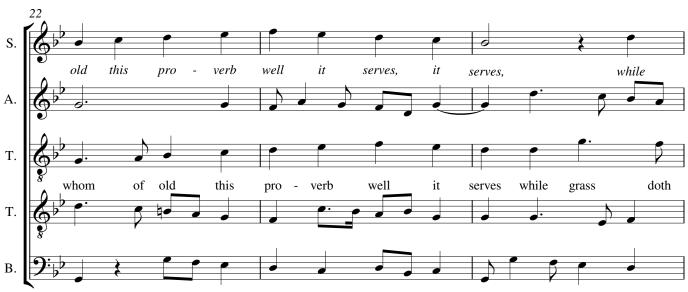
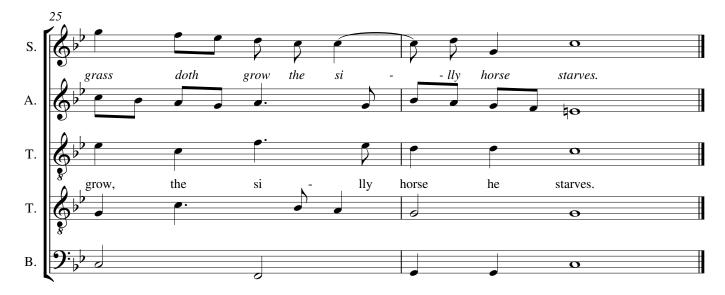
The day delayed of that I most do wish

Poem entitled "He desireth exchange of life"









He desireth exchange of life

The day delayed, of that I most do wish,
Wherewith I feed and starve in one degree:
With wish and want still servèd in one dish,
Alive as dead, by proof as you may see.
To whom of old this prouerb well it serves
While grass doth grow, the silly horse he starves.
Tween these extremes, thus do I run the race
Of my poor life, this certainly I know:
Tweene would and want, unwarely that do passe,
More swift than shot out of the Archer's bow.
As Spider draws her line all day,
I watch the net, and others have the pray.

And as by proof the greedy dog doth gnaw
The barèd bone, all onely for the taste:
So to and fro this loathesome life I draw,
With fancies forst, and fed with vaine repast.
Narcissus brought unto the water brink,
So aye thirst I, the more that I do drink.
Lo thus I die, and yet I seem not sick,
With smart unseene my self, my self I wear:
With prone desire and power that is not quick,
With hope aloft, now drenchèd in despair.
Trainèd in trust, for no reward assigned,
The more I haste, the more I come behind.

With hurt to heal, in frozen ice to fry,
With loss, to laugh, this is a wonderous case:
Fast fetred here, is forst away to flie,
As hunted Hare that Hound hath in the chase.
With wings and spurs, for all the haste I make,
As like to lose, as for to draw the stake.
The days be long that hang upon desert,
The life is irk of joys that be delayed:
The time is short for to requite the smart,
That doth proceed of promise long unpaid.
That to the last of this my fainting breath,
I wish exchange of life for happy death.