

To promise yet where not my heart belie,
To give my heart to he I do not love,
My sorry soul alone with him doth die, to save my virtue gentle be a dove.
My love a promise made through no remiss,
To save my status not a thought to truth.
My honor dies each day, each touch, each kiss.
No care to love, what is so uncouth.
Give I not my sad heart a chance to sing?
To See a love so strong and yet ignore,
A chance to be the flying one, a wing,
Though still in company I yet abhor.
For time and time again my heart it flips ,
And where they belong'th not, I place my lips.