Goe, and catch a falling starre

If thou findst one, let me know; Such a pilgrimage were sweet;

If thou best borne to strange sights, Things invisible to see,

Goe, and catch a falling starre, Get with child a mandrake's root,

Tell me, where all past years are, Or who cleft the Devil's foot,

Ride ten thousand daies and nights, Till age snow white hairs on thee,

Yet doe not, I would not goe, Though at next door we might meet,

Teach me to heare Mermaids singing Or to keep envies stinging,

Though shee were true, when you met her, And last, till you write your letter,

And finde What winde Serves to advance an honest mind.

And swear No where Lives a woman true and fair.

Yet shee Will bee False, ere I come, to——

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