

Sewell George-A New Collection of Original Poems Never Printed in Any Miscellany. London: J. Pemberton and J. Peele, 1720. pages 84-85.



The SONG of TROILUS

If no *Love* is—O God what feel I so?

And, if *Love* is—what Thing, and which is He?
If *Love* be *good*, from whence proceeds my *Woe*?

If it be *Ill*? How can that *Ill* agree?
His bitter Potions I the sweetest think,
And ever thirst *the more*, the more I drink.
I willingly I bear the burning Charm,
Whence are my wailings, and my deep Complaint?
If harm is pleading, why do I grieve the Harm?
Why with that Load unwearied, am I faint?
Sweet Harm, how holds my Heart of thee so much,
But that my Heart consents it should be such?
And if my Heart consent and I agree?

The Folly of Complaint fair Wisdom binds
Thus like a Boat all steerless in the Sea,
My Heart is toss'd betwixt two iarring Winds.
Alas! what wondrous *Woe* poor Lovers try?
For Heat of Cold, for Cold of Heat I dye.

Modernized from *Canticus Troili*, lines 400-420 of Book 1 of
Troilus and Criseyde in The Riverside Chaucer. See also
Petrarch Sonnet 102.