

Response to Andrew Marvell's "To His Coy Mistress"

Jenna Willett

Thy greeting comes on angel wings,
And with my heart the hills do sing
Of thy embrace and grand attire.
Your stately graces do inspire
A thought of kindness in my smile.
If thou would call I'd stay a while,
Just to be near thy golden heart
And hear sweet words before we part.
May not my coyness drive away
Your int'rest in my heart so gay.

The taste of fear shall not prevail
In draining rosy cheeks to pale;
No persecution could insist
On taking thy eternal bliss.
Thou hast a lion's heart and strength
To weather time's deceitful length.
Do not be worried by death's sting,
For in our heaven thou shall bring
Refreshing relief to mine life
And relinquish me of my strife.

Do make of me a queen of queens
To rule thy heart and make thee keen.
Please come my king, and make it so;
That like a brook my love should flow

And make thee gladder than the sun.
Then during night when day is done,
Unbroken melodies be sung
With silver note on pow'rful lung
Of love that lasts throughout the ages.
Our story be told on earth's stages
Proclaiming how thee, men of men,
Had tempted me thus into sin.
Come hither, now. Arrest my heart,
And burning passion thou will start.