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APHRA BEHN

A THOUSAND MARTYRS

A thousand martyrs I have made,
All sacrific’d to my desire;
A thousand beauties have betray’d,
That languish in resistless fire.
The untam’d heart to hand I brought,
And fixed the wild and wandering thought.
I never vow’d nor sigh’d in vain
But both, tho’ false, were well receiv’d.
The fair are pleas’d to give us pain,
And what they wish is soon believ’d.
And tho’ I talk’d of wounds and smart,
Love’s pleasures only touched my heart.
Alone the glory and the spoil
I always laughing bore away;
The triumphs, without pain or toil,
Without the hell, the heav’n of joy.
And while I thus at random rove
Despis’d the fools that whine for love.