

LET HIM SO MOVED

Philip Higson

(after Lorenzo de' Medici)

Let him so moved for pomp and honours try
Squares, temples, mansions, wondrous to survey,
Pleasures and riches that confirm their sway
With many a taxing thought and many a sigh.

A meadow's green where comely flowers vie,
A stream that bathes grassed banks along its way,
A dainty finch who sings his love-lorn lay,
Much better serve as yearning's lullaby.

Enshadowing woods, and cliffs, and peaks that soar,
Dark grottoes, and wild creatures swift to flight,
Some radiant nymph, all shyness blent with grace,

These to my mind's rapt vision swiftly draw
My dear's fine eyes, a lifelike image bright;
But here I'm robbed of them, in this fraught place.

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