

## Sir Philip Sidney

### Ring out your bells

Ring out your bells, let mourning shows be spread;  
For Love is dead—  
All love is dead, infected  
With plague of deep disdain;  
Worth, as nought worth, rejected,  
And Faith fair scorn doth gain.  
From so ungrateful fancy,  
From such a female franzy,  
From them that use men thus,  
Good Lord, deliver us!

Weep, neighbours, weep; do you not hear it said  
That Love is dead?  
His death-bed, peacock's folly;  
His winding-sheet is shame;  
His will, false-seeming holy;  
His sole exec'tor, blame.  
From so ungrateful fancy,  
From such a female franzy,  
From them that use men thus,  
Good Lord, deliver us!

Let dirge be sung and trentals rightly read,  
For Love is dead;  
Sir Wrong his tomb ordaineth  
My mistress' marble heart,  
Which epitaph containeth,  
"Her eyes were once his dart."  
From so ungrateful fancy,

From such a female franzy,  
From them that use men thus,  
Good Lord, deliver us!

Alas, I lie, rage hath this error bred;  
Love is not dead;  
Love is not dead, but sleepeth  
In her unmatched mind,  
Where she his counsel keepeth,  
Till due desert she find.  
Therefore from so vile fancy,  
To call such wit a franzy,  
Who Love can temper thus,  
Good Lord, deliver us!

Key words