

# To Lucasta, Going to the Wars By Richard Lovelace

Tell me not (Sweet) I am unkind,  
That from the nunnery  
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind  
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,  
The first foe in the field;  
And with a stronger faith embrace  
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such  
As you too shall adore;  
I could not love thee (Dear) so much,  
Lov'd I not Honour more.