

SONNET LXIV

Coming to kisse her lyps, (such grace I found)
Me seemd I smelt a gardin of sweet flowres:
That dainty odours from them threw around
For damzels fit to decke their lovers bowres.
Her lips did smell lyke unto Gillyflowers,
Her ruddy cheekes lyke unto Roses red:
Her snowy browes lyke budded Bellamoures,
Her lovely eyes lyke Pincks but newly spred,
Her goodly bosome lyke a Strawberry bed,
Her neck lyke a bounch of Cullambynes:
Her brest lyke lillyes, ere theyr leaves be shed,
Her nipples lyke yong blossomd Jessemynes,
Such fragrant flowres doe give most odorous smell,
But her sweet odour did them all excell.

Edmund Spenser