

THE WILLING MISTRISS

Aphra Behn

a poem

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Amyntas led me to a Grove,
Where all the Trees did shade us ;
The Sun it self, though it had Strove,
It could not have betray'd us:
The place secur'd from humane Eyes,
No other fear allows,
But when the Winds that gently rise,
Doe Kiss the yeilding Boughs.

Down there we satt upon the Moss,
And did begin to play
A Thousand Amorous Tricks, to pass
The heat of all the day.
A many Kisses he did give :
And I return'd the same
Which made me willing to receive
That which I dare not name.

His Charming Eyes no Aid requir'd
To tell their softning Tale ;
On her that was already fir'd,
'Twas Easy to prevaile.
He did but Kiss and Clasp me round,
Whilst those his thoughts Exprest :
And lay'd me gently on the Ground ;
Ah who can guess the rest?



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