

Clear or Cloudy

Sting

Cleare or cloudie sweet as April showring,
Smooth or frowning so is hir face to mee,
Pleasd or smiling like milde May all flowring,
When skies blew silke and medowes carpets bee,
Hir speeches notes of that night bird that singeth,
Who thought all sweet yet jarring notes outringeth.

Hir grace like June, when earth and trees bee trimde,
In best attire of compleat beauties height,
Hir love againe like sommers daies bee dimde,
With little cloudes of doubtfull constant faith,
Hir trust hir doubt, like raine and heat in Skies,
Gently thundring, she lightning to mine eies.

Sweet sommer spring that breatheth life and growing,
In weedes as into herbs and flowers,
And sees of service divers sorts in sowing,
Some haply seeming and some being yours,
Raine on your herbs and flowers that truly serve,
And let your weeds lack dew and duly starve.