

**ASK NOT THE CAUSE WHY SULLEN SPRING**

JOHN DRYDEN

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Ask not the cause why sullen spring  
So long delays her flow'rs to bear;  
Why warbling birds forget to sing,  
And winter storms invert the year?  
Chloris is gone; and Fate provides  
To make it spring where she resides.

Chloris is gone, the cruel fair;  
She cast not back a pitying eye:  
But left her lover in despair,  
To sigh, to languish, and to die:  
Ah, how can those fair eyes endure  
To give the wounds they will not cure!

Great god of Love, why hast thou made  
A face that can all hearts command,  
That all religions can invade,  
And change the laws of ev'ry land?  
Where thou hadst plac'd such pow'r before,  
Thou shouldst have made her mercy more.

When Chloris to the temple comes,  
Adoring crowds before her fall;  
She can restore the dead from tombs,  
And ev'ry life but mine recall.  
I only am by love design'd  
To be the victim for mankind.