

## Whoso list to hunt

By Sir Thomas Wyatt

Whoso list to hunt? I know where is an hind!  
But as for me, alas! I may no more,  
The vain travail hath wearied me so sore;  
I am of them that furthest come behind.  
Yet may I by no means my wearied mind  
Draw from the deer; but as she fleeth afore  
Fainting I follow; I leave off therefore,  
Since in a net I seek to hold the wind.  
Who list her hunt, I put him out of doubt  
As well as I, may spend his time in vain!  
And graven with diamonds in letters plain,  
There is written her fair neck round about;  
“*Noli me tangere*; for Cæsar’s I am,  
And wild for to hold, though I seem tame.”

