

## Whoso List to Hunt 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 farthest cometh behind.  
5 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,  
10 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 Caesar’s I am,  
And wild for to hold, though I seem tame.”

\* *Noli me tangere, Touch me not is the imagined inscription on the collars of Caesar's deer.*