

John Dowland

A Pilgrimes Solace

1612

6. Were euery thought an eye.

Were euery thought an eye, and all those eyes could see,
Her subtill wiles their sights would beguile, and mocke their iealousie.
Wher fires doe inward burne, they make no outward show.
And her delights amid the dark shades, which none discouer, grow.

Desire liues in her heart, *Diana* in her eyes.
T'were vaine to wish women true, t'is well, if they proue wife.
The flowers growth is vnseene, yet euery day it growes.
So where her fancy is set it thriues, but how none knowes.

Such a Loue deserues more grace,
Then a truer heart that hath no conceit,
To make vse both of time and place,
When a wit hath need of all his sleight.