

John Dowland

A Pilgrimes Solace

1612

5. Shall I striue with wordes to moue.

Shall I striue with wordes to moue, when deedes receiue not due regard ?
Shall I speake, and neyther please, nor be freely heard ?
Griefe alas though all in vaine, her restlesse anguish must reueale :
Shee alone my wound shall know, though shee will not heale.
All woes haue end, though a while delaid, our patience prouing :
O that times strange effects could but make her louing.
Stormes calme at last, and why may not shee leaue off her frowning ?
O sweet Loue, help her hands my affection crowning.
I woo'd her, I lou'd her, and none but her admire.
O come deare ioy, and answeere my desire.