

THE
FIRST BOOKE OF
SONGS OR AYRES

IOHN DOWLAND

1597 [1613]

VIII. Burst forth my teares.

Burst forth, my tears, assist my forward grieve,
And shew what pain imperious loue prouokes.
Kinde tender lambes, lament loues scant reliefe,
And pine, since pensieue care my freedome yokes.
O pine, to see me pine, my tender flockes.

Sad pining care, that neuer may haue peace,
At beauties gate in hope of pitie knocks :
But mercy sleepes while deep disdaine increase,
And beautie hope in her faire bosome yokes.
O grieue to heare my grieve, my tender flockes.

Like to the winds my sighs haue winged beene,
Yet are my sighes and sutes repaid with mocks :
I pleade, yet she repineth at my teene.
O ruthlesse rigour harder then the rocks,
That both the shepherd kils, and his poor flockes.