

THE FIRST BOOKE OF SONGS OR AYRES

IOHN DOWLAND

1597 [1613]

XXI. Away with these self-louing lads.

Away with these selfe louing lads,
Whom Cupids arrow neuer glads.
Away poore soules that sigh and weep,
In loue of them that lie and sleepe.
For Cupid is a medow God,
And forceth none to kisse the rod.

God Cupids shaft, like destinie,
Doth eyther good or ill decree :
Desert is borne out of his bow,
Reward vpon his foot doth goe.
What fools are they that haue not known
That loue likes no lawes but his owne ?

My songs they be of Cynthias praise,
I weare her rings on holy dayes,
On euery tree I write her name,
And euery day I reade the same :
Where honor, Cupids riuall is,
There miracles are seene of his.

If Cynthia craue her ring of mee,
I blot her name out of the tree.
If doubt do darken things held deare,
Then welfare nothing once a yeare :
For many run, but one must win,
Fools onely hedge the Cuckoe in.

The worth that worthinesse should moue
Is loue, which is the bowe of loue;
And loue as well the Foster can,
As can the mighty Nobleman :
Sweet Saint, tis true you worthy be,
Yet without loue nought worth to me.

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