

THE FIRST BOOKE OF SONGS OR AYRES

JOHN DOWLAND

1597 [1613]

XIII. Sleep wayward thoughts.

Sleep, waiward thoughts, and rest you with my loue :
Let not my loue bee with my loue diseasd.
Touch not proud hands, lest you her anger moue :
But pine you with my longings long displeasd.
Thus, while she sleeps, I sorrow for her sake :
So sleeps my loue, and yet my loue doth wake.

But, O the fury of my restlesse feare !
The hidden anguish of my flesh desires !
The glories and the beauties that appear :
Betweene her browes, neere Cupids closed fires,
Thus while she sleeps, moues sighing for her sake :
So sleeps my loue, and yet my loue doth wake.

My loue doth rage, and yet my loue doth rest :
Feare in my loue, and yet my loue secure :
Peace in my loue, and yet my loue oppresst :
Impatient, yet of perfect temperature.
Sleepe, dainty loue, while I sigh for thy sake :
So sleeps my loue, and yet my loue doth wake.