

THE  
FIRST BOOKE OF  
SONGS OR AYRES

IOHN DOWLAND

*1597 [1613]*

XVI. Would my conceit that first enforst my woe.

Would my conceit, that first inforst my woe,  
Or els mine eyes which still the same increase,  
Might be extinct, to end my sorrowes so,  
Which now are such as nothing can release :  
Whose life is death, whose sweet each change of sowre,  
And eke whose hell reneweth euery houre.

Each houre amidst the deepe of hell I frie,  
Each houre I wast and wither where I sit :  
But that sweet houre wherein I wish to die,  
My hope alas may not inioy it yet,  
Whose hope is such, bereaued of the blisse,  
Which vnto all saue mee allotted is.

To all saue mee is free to liue or die,  
To all saue mee remaineth hap or hope :  
But all perforce I must abandon, I,  
Sith Fortune still directs my hap aslope,  
Wherefore to neither hap nor hope I trust,  
But to my thralles I yeeld, for so I must.