

THE
THIRD AND
LAST BOOKE
OF SONGS OR
AIRES.

JOHN DOWLAND

1603

XI. Lend your eares to my sorrow.

Lend your eares to my sorrow
Good people that haue any pitie:
For no eyes will I borrow
Mine own shall grace my doleful ditty:
Chant then my voice though rude like to my riming,
And tell foorth my grieve which here in sad despaire
Can find no ease of tormenting.

Once I liu'd, once I knew delight,
No grieve did shadowe then my pleasure:
Grac'd with loue, cheer'd with beauties sight,
I ioyed alone true heau'nly trasure,
O what a Heau'n is loue firmly embraced,
Such power alone can fixe delight
In Fortunes bosome euer placed.

Cold as Ice frozen is that hart,
Where thought of loue could no time enter:
Such of life reape the poorest part,
Whose weight cleaues to this earthly center,
Mutuall iotes in hearts truly vnited
Doe earth to heauenly state conuert
Like heau'n still in it selfe delighted.