John Dowland



O that thy sleep dissembled, Were to a trance resembled, Thy cruel eyes deceiving, Of lively sense bereaving: Then should my love requite Of her that lov'd so coldly.

Thy love's unkind despite, While fury triumph'd boldly: In beauty's sweet disgrace, And liv'd in deep embrace:

Should then my love aspiring, Forbidden joys desiring: So far exceed the duty That virtue owes to beauty? No, Love seek not thy bliss,

Beyond a simple kiss, For such deceits are harmless, Yet kiss a thousand fold, For kisses may be bold When lovely sleep is armless.