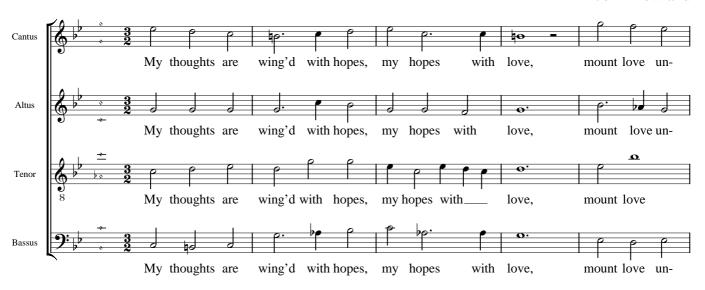
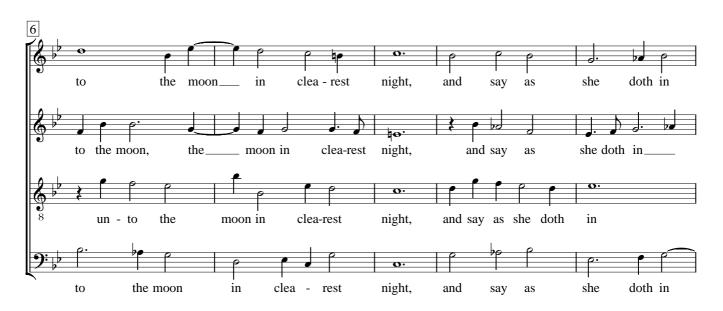
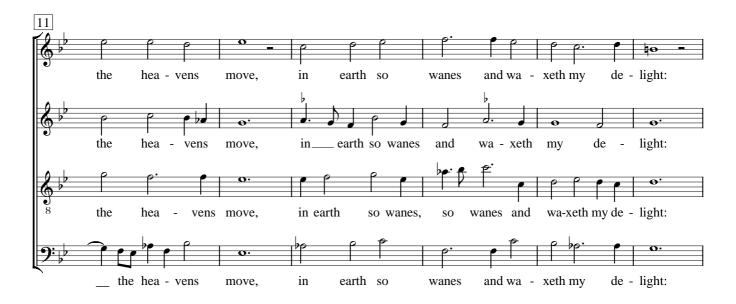
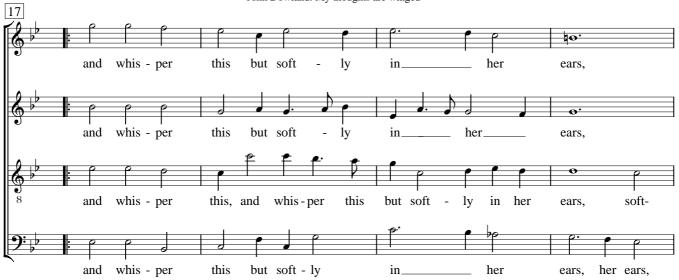
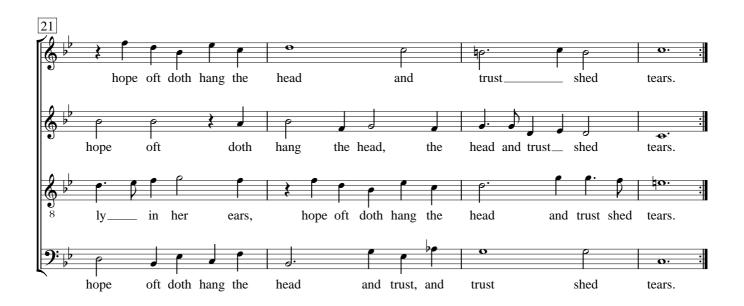
John Dowland











And you my thoughts that some mistrust do carry, If for mistrust my mistress do you blame, Say though you alter, yet you do not vary, As she doth change, and yet remain the same: Distrust doth enter hearts, but not infect, And love is sweetest season'd with suspect.

If she for this with clouds do mask her eyes, And make the heavens dark with her disdain, With windy sighs disperse them in the skies, Or with thy tears dissolve them into rain; Thoughts, hopes, and love return to me no more, Till Cynthia shines as she hath done before.