## VIII. Burst forth my tears

John Dowland



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Sad pining care that never may have peace, At beauty's gate in hope of pity knocks: But mercy sleeps while deep disdain increases, And beauty hope in her fair bossom yokes, O grieve to hear my grief, my tender flocks.

Like to the winds my sighs have winged been Yet are my sighs and suits repaid with mocks; I plead, yet she repineth at my teen: O ruthless rigour harder than the rocks, That both the shepherd kills and his poor flocks.