

# John Dowland

## A Pilgrimes Solace

1612

### 4. Loue those beames that breede.

Loue those beames that breede, all day long, breed and feed, this burning :  
Loue I quench with flouds, flouds of teares, nightly teares, and mourning.  
But alas, teares coole this fire in vaine,  
The more I quench, the more there doth remaine.

Ile goe to the woods, and alone, make my moane, oh cruell :  
For I am deceiu'd and bereau'd of my life, my iewell.  
O but in the woods, though Loue be blinde,  
Hee hath his spies, my secret haunts to finde.

Loue then I must yeeld to thy might, might and spight oppressed,  
Since I see my wrongs, woe is me, cannot be redressed.  
Come at last, be friendly Loue to me,  
And let me not endure this miserie.