

John Dowland

A Pilgrimes Solace

1612

18. My heart and tongue were twinnes.

My heart and tongue were twinnes, at once conceiued,
Th'eldest was my heart, borne dumbe by destinie,
The last my tongue, of all sweet thoughts bereaued :
Yet strung and tunde to play hearts harmonie.

Both knit in one, and yet a sunder placed :
What heart would speake the tongue doth still discouer.
What tongue doth speake is of the heart embraced,
And both are one to make a new found Louer.

New found, and onely found in Gods and Kings,
Whose wordes are deedes, but wordes nor deedes regarded.
Chaste thoughts doe mount and flye with swiftest wings,
My loue with paine, my paine with losse rewarded.

Conclusion:

Then this be sure, since it is true perfection,
That neyther men nor Gods can force affection.