

John Dowland

A Pilgrimes Solace

1612

1. Disdaine me still, that I may euer loue.

Disdaine me still, that I may euer loue,
For who his Loue inioues can loue no more.
The warre once past with ease men cowards proue :
And ships returnde, doe rot vpon the shore.
And though thou frowne, Ile say thou art most faire :
And still Ile loue, though still I must despayre.

As heate to life so is desire to loue,
and these once quencht both life and loue are gone.
Let not my sighes nor teares thy vertue moue,
like baser mettals doe not melt too soone.
Laugh at my woes although I euer mourne,
Loue surfets with reward, his nurse is scorne.