

# THE FIRST BOOKE OF SONGS OR AYRES

IOHN DOWLAND

*1597 [1613]*

## III. My thoughts are wingd with hopes.

My thoughts are wingd with hopes, my hopes with loue.  
Mount loue vnto the Moone in cleerest night,  
And say as she doth in the heauens moue,  
In earth so wanes and waxeth my delight :  
    And whisper this but softly in her eares,  
    Hope oft doth hang the head, and trust shead teares.

And you my thoughts that some mistrust do cary,  
If for mistrust my mistresse do you blame,  
Say though you alter, yet you do not varie,  
As she doth change, and yet remaine the same :  
    Distrust doth enter hearts, but not infect,  
    And loue is sweetest seasoned with suspect.

If she, for this, with clouds doe maske her eyes,  
And make the heauens darke with her disdaine,  
With windy sighes, disperse them in the skies,  
Or with thy teares dissolue them into raine;  
    Thoughts, hopes, & loue return to me no more,  
    Till Cynthia shine as she hath done before.