

THE FIRST BOOKE OF SONGS OR AYRES

IOHN DOWLAND

1597 [1613]

X. Thinkst thou then by thy fayning.

Thinkst thou then by thy fayning
Sleep with a proud disdayning,
Or with thy crafty closing,
Thy cruell eyes reposing.
To driue me from thy sight,
When sleepe yeelds more delight,
Such harmlesse beauty gracing ?
And while sleepe fayned is,
 May not I steale a kisse,
Thy quiet armes embracing ?

O that my sleepe dissembled,
Were to a trance resembled,
Thy cruell eyes deceiuing,
Of liuely sense bereauing :
Then should my loue require
Thy loues vnkind despire,
While fury triumpht boldly
In beauties sweet disgrace :
 And liv'd in sweet embrace
Of her that lov'd so coldly.

Should then my loue aspiring,
Forbidden ioyes desiring,
So farre exceed the duety
That vertue owes to beautie ?
No, Loue seeke not thy blisse,
Beyond a simple kisse :
For such deceits are harmlesse,
Yet kisse a thousand fold.
 For kisses may be bold
When louely sleep is armlesse.