

THE  
FIRST BOOKE OF  
SONGS OR AYRES

IOHN DOWLAND

*1597 [1613]*

XIII. All ye whom loue or fortune hath betrayd.

All ye whom loue or fortune hath betrayed  
All ye, that dream of blisse but liue in griefe,  
All ye, whose hopes are euer more delaid,  
All ye, whose sighes or sicknesse wants reliefe;  
Lend cares and teares to mee most haplesse man,  
That sings my sorrowes like the dying Swanne.

Care that consumes the heart withinward paine,  
Paine that presents sad care in outward view,  
Both tyrant-like enforce me to complaine ;  
But still in vaine : for none my plaints will rue.  
Teares sighes and ceaselesse cries alone I spend :  
My woe wants comfort, and my sorrow end.