

# THE FIRST BOOKE OF SONGS OR AYRES

IOHN DOWLAND

*1597 [1613]*

XV. Wilt thou vnkinde thus reauē me of my heart ?

1  
Wilt thou vnkind thus reauē me  
of my heart, of my heart,  
and so leave me ?  
Farewell, farewell  
but yet or ere I part (O cruell),  
kisse me sweet, kisse me sweet my Jewell.

2  
Hope by disdaine growes cheerelesse,  
feare doth loue, loue doth feare,  
beauty peerelesse.                      Farewell.

3  
If no delayes can moue thee,  
life shall dye, death shall liue,  
still to loue thee.                      Farewell.

4  
Yet be thou mindfull euer,  
heate from fire, fire from heat,  
none can seuer.                      Farewell.

5  
True loue cannot be changed,  
though delight from desert  
bee estranged.                      Farewell.