

THE
SECOND BOOKE
of Songs or Ayres

IOHN DOWLAND

1600

XXI. Cleare or cloudie sweet as Aprill showing.

Cleare or cloudie sweet as Aprill showing.
Smoth or frowning so it is hie face to mee,
Pleasd or smiling like milde May all flowring,
When skies blew silke and medowes carpets bee,
Hir speeches notes of that night bird that singeth,
Who thought all sweet yet iarring notes outringeth.

Hir grace like Iune, when earth and trees bee trimde,
In best attire of compleat beauties height,
Hir loue againe like sommers daies bee dimde,
With little cloudes of doubtfull constant faith,
Hir trust hir doubt, like raine and heat in Skies,
Gently thundring, she lightning to mine eies.

Sweet sommer spring that breatheth life and growing,
In weedes as into hearbs and flowers,
And sees of seruice diuers sorts in sowing,
Some haply seeming and some being yours,
Raine on your hearbs and flowers that truely serue,
And let your weeds iack dew and duely sterue.