

THE
SECOND BOOKE
of Songs or Ayres

IOHN DOWLAND

1600

III. Sorrow sorrow stay, lend true repentant teares.

Sorrow stay, lend true repentant teares,
To a woefull wretched wight,
Hence dispair with thy tormenting feares:
O doe not my poor heart affright,
Pitty, help now or neuer,
Mark me not to endlesse paine,
Alas I am condempned euer,
No hope, no help there doth remain,
But down, down, down, down I fall,
Down and arise I never shall.