

THE
SECOND BOOKE
of Songs or Ayres

IOHN DOWLAND

1600

XX. Tosse not my soule.

Tosse not my soule, O loue twixt hope and feare,
Shew mee some ground where I may firmly stand,
Or surely fall, I care not which appeare,
So one will close mee in a certaine band.

When once of ill the vttermost is knowen,
The strength of sorrow quite is ouerthrowne.

Take mee *<i>Assurance</i>* to thy blisfull holde,
Or thou *<i>Despaire</i>* vnto thy darkest Cell,
Each hath full rest, the one in ioyes enrolde,
Th' other, in that hee feares no more, is well :

When once the vttermost of ill is knowne,
The strength of sorrow quite is ouerthrowne.