

THE
SECOND BOOKE
of Songs or Ayres

IOHN DOWLAND

1600

IX. Praise blindnesse eies for seeing is deceit.

Praise blindnesse eies, for seeing is deceit,
Bee dumbe vaine tongue, words are but flattering windes,
Breake hrat & bleed fot ther is no receipt,
To purge inconstancy from most mens mindes.

And if thine eares false Haralds to thy hart,
Conuey into thy head hopes to obtaine,
Then tell thy hearing thou art deafe by art,
Now loue is art that wonted to be plaine.

Now none is bald except they see his braines,
Affection is not knowne till one be dead,
Reward for loue are labours for his paines,
Loues quiuer made of gold his shafts of leade.

Lenuoy:

And so I wackt amaz'd and could not moue,
I know my dreame was true, and yet I loue.