

THE  
SECOND BOOKE  
of Songs or Ayres

*IOHN DOWLAND*

1600

XI. If fluds of teares could cleanse my follies past.

If fluds of teares could cleanse my follies past,  
And smoakes of sighes might sacrifice for sinne,  
If groning cries might salue my fault at last,  
Or endles mone, for error pardon win,  
Then would I cry, weepe, sigh, and euer mone,  
Mine errors, fault, sins, follies past and gone.

I see my hopes must wither in their bud,  
I see my fauours are no lasting flowers,  
I see that woords will breede no better good,  
Then losse of time and lightening but at houres,  
Thus when I see then thus I say therefore,  
That fauours hopes and words, can blinde no more.