

THE
THIRD AND
LAST BOOKE
OF SONGS OR
AIRES.

JOHN DOWLAND

1603

XXI. Come when I call, or tarrie till I come.

Dialogue.

A

Come when I call, or tarrie till I come,
If you bee deafe I must proue dumb.

B

Try a while my heau'n my ioy,
I come with wings of loue,
When enuious eyes time shall remoue,

A

If thy desire euer knew the grieve of delay,
No danger could stand in thy way.

B

O die not, ad this sorrow to my grieve
That languish here, wanting relief.

A

What need wee languish ? can loue quickly flie :
Feare euer hurts more then iealousie.

Together

Then securely enuie scorning,
Let vs end with ioy our mourning,
Iealosie still defie, and loue till we die.