

THE  
**THIRD AND**  
LAST BOOKE  
OF SONGS OR  
AIRES.

JOHN DOWLAND

1603

XIII. Oh what hath ouerwrought.

O what hath overwrought  
My all amazed thought?  
Or whereto am I brought,  
That thus in vaine haue sought,  
Till time and truth hath taught,  
I labor all for nought.

The day I see is cleart,  
But I am nere the neere,  
For grieve doth still appeare,  
To crosse our merrie cheere,  
While I can nothing heare,  
But winter all the yeare.

Cold, hold,  
The sun will shine warme,  
Therefore now feare no harme.  
O blessed beames,  
Where beautie streames  
Happie happie light to loues dreames.