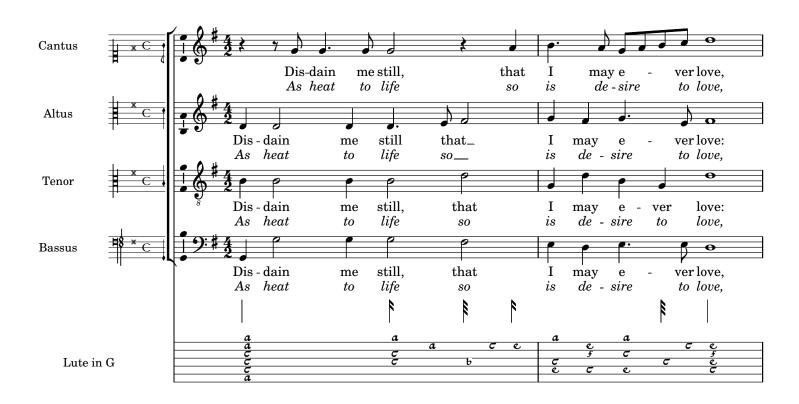
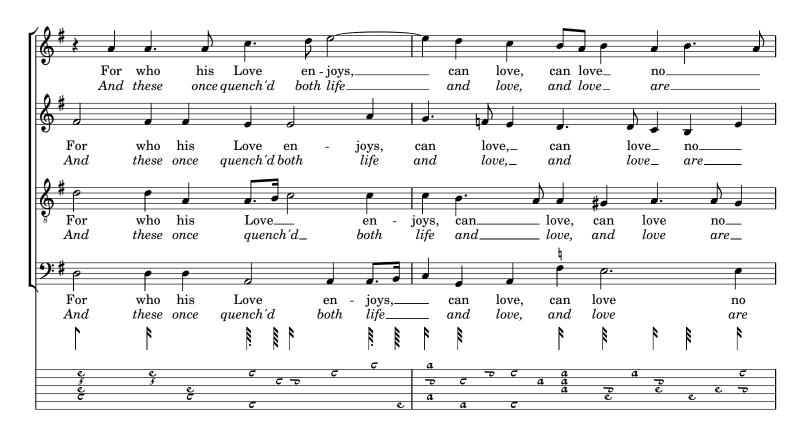
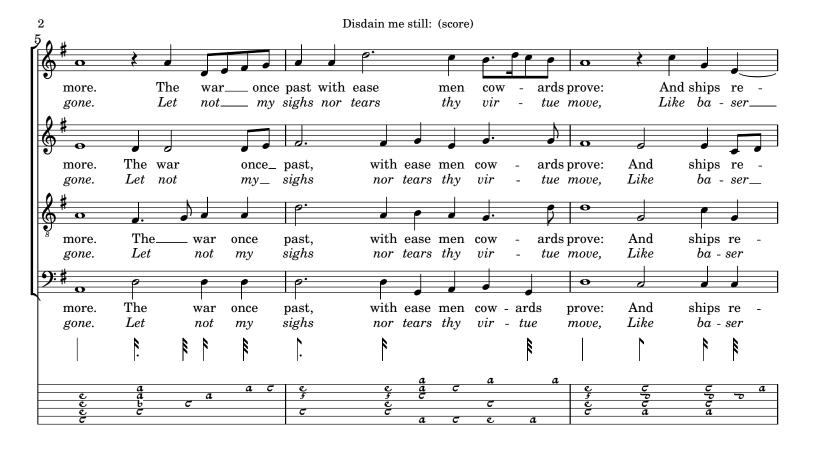
John Dowland (1563-1626)

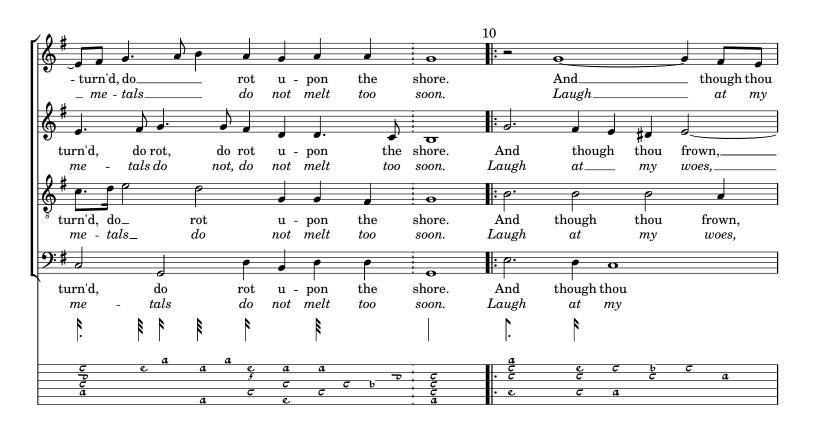
A Pilgrimes Solace (William Barley press, London, 1612)





Set by Allen Garvin (aurvondel@gmail.com) (orig. 2025-11-12 / ver. 2025-11-12) CC BY-NC 4.0 (no perf. restrictions)







Disdaine me still, that I may ever love,
For who his Love injoyes, can love no more.
The warre once past with ease men cowards prove:
And ships returnde, doe rot uppon the shore.
And though thou frowne, Ile say thou art most faire:
And still Ile love, though still I must despayre.

As heate to life so is desire to love, and these once quencht both life and love are gone. Let not my sighes nor teares thy vertue move, like baser mettals doe not melt too soone. Laugh at my woes although I ever mourne, Love surfets with reward, his nurse is scorne.