

John Dowland

"ALL YE WHOM LOVE OF FORTUNE"

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All ye, whom Love of Fortune hath betray'd;
All ye, that dream of bliss but live in grief;
All ye, whose hopes are evermore delay'd,
All ye, whose sighs or sickness want relief;
Lend ears and teares to me, most hapless man,
That sings my sorrows like the dying swan.

Care that consumes the heart with inward pain,
Pain that presents sad care in outward view,
Both tyrant-like enforce me to complain;
But still in vain:for none my plaints will rue.
Teares, sighs and ceaseles s cries alone I spend:
My woe wants comfort , and my sorrow end

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