

## John Dowland

### "MY THOUGHTS OF SONGS OR AYRES"

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My thoughts are wing'd with hopes, my hopes with love.

Mount Love unto the moon in clearest night

And say , as she doth in the heavens move,

In earth so wanes and waxeth my delight:

And whisper this but softly in her ears,

Hope oft doth hang the head, and trust shed tears.

And you my thoughts that some mistrust do carry,

If for mistrust my mistress do you blame,

Say though you alter, yet you do not vary,

And she doth change, and yet remain the same:

Distrust doth enter hearts, but not infect,

And love is sweetest season'd with suspect.

If she, for this, with clouds do mask her eyes,

And make the heavens dark with her disdain,

With windy sighs, disperse them in the skies,

Or with thy tears dissolve them into rain;

Thoughts, hopes, and love return to me no more

Till Cynthia shine as she hath done before

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