

**John Dowland****"THINK'ST THOU THEN BY THY FEIGNING"**

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Think'st thou then by thy feigning  
Sleep, with a proud disdain,  
Or with thy crafty closing  
Thy cruel eyes reposing,  
To drive me from my sight,  
When sleep yields more delight,  
Such harmless beauty gracing.  
And while sleep feigned is,  
May not I steal a kiss,  
Thy quiet arms embracing.

O that my sleep dissembled,  
Were to a trance resembled,  
Thy cruel eyes deceiving,  
Of lively sense bereaving:  
Then should my love requite  
Thy love's unkind despite,  
While fury triumph'd boldly  
In beauty sweet disgrace:  
And liv'd in sweet embrace  
Of her that lov'd so coldly.

Should then my love aspiring,  
Forbidden joys desiring,  
So far exceed the duty  
That virtue owes to beauty?  
No Love seek no thy bliss,  
Beyond a simple kiss:  
For such deceits are harmless,  
Yet kiss a thousand-fold.  
For kisses may be bold  
When lovely sleep in armless

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