

Shall I strive with words to move?

John Dowland

Shall I strive with words to move, When deeds receive not due regard?

Shall I speak, and neither please, nor be freely heard?

Grief, alas though all in vain, Her restless anguish must reveal: She alone my

wound shall know though she will not heal. All woes have end, though while de-

lay'd, Our patience proving. - O - that Time's strange ef-

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