

Think'st thou then by thy feigning John Dowland

Think'st thou then by thy feign- ing Sleep,
O that my sleep dis- sem- bled, Were
Should then my love as- pir- ing, For-

with a proud - dis- dain- ing, Or with thy craf- ty
to a trance - re- sem- bled, Thy cru- el eyes de-
bid- den joys - de- sir- ing, So far ex- ceed the

clos- ing Thy cru- el eyes - re-
ceiv- ing, Of live- ly sense - be-
du- ty That vir- tue owes - to

pos- ing, To drive me from thy sight, When sleep yields
reav- ing, Then should my love thy quite Thy love's un-
beau- ty? No, Love, seek not thy bliss Be- yond a

more kind sim- de- light, Such harm- less beau- ty
des- pite, While fu- ry tri- umph'd
ple kiss: For such de- ceits are

a a a a a a b

grac- ing. And while sleep feign- ed
bold- ly. In Beau- ty's sweet dis-
harm- less, Yet kiss a thou- sand-

f e a a a a a

15 is, May not I steal a kiss, Thy
grace And liv'd in sweet em- brace Of
fold For kis- ses may be- bold When

f a a a a a a

qui- et arms em- brac- ing?
her love- that lov'd so cold- ly.
love- ly sleep is arm- less.

a a b a f e a