

Were every thought an eye

John Dowland

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Were ev- e- ry thought an eye, - And all those eyes could see, - Her

sub- tle wiles their sights would be- guile, And - mock their jea- lou- sy. - Her

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fi- res do in- ward burn; - They make no out- ward show. - And her de- lights a-

15
mid the dark shades, which - none dis- cov- er, grow. - De- sire lives - in her

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heart - Di- a- na in her eyes. - 'Twere vain to wish wo- men

[25]

true; 'tis well If they prove wise. - The flow- er's growth is un-

[30]

seen, - Yet ev- 'ry day it grows. - So where her fan- cy is

set, it thrives, But how none knows. Such a love de- serves

[35]

- more grace Than a tru- er heart that hath no con- ceit, To make use of both time and

[40]

place, When a wit hath need - of all his sleight.