

# 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-

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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 re- quite Thy love's un-  
 beau- ty? No, Love, seek not thy bliss Be- yond a

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

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

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

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