

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-

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sy. - Her fi- res do in- ward burn; - They make no out- ward

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show. - And her de- lights a- mid the dark shades, which -

none dis- cov- er, grow. - De- sire lives - in her heart - Di-

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

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

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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

- more grace Than a tru- er heart that hath no con- ceit, To make

use of both time and place, When a

wit hath need - of all his sleight.