

# John Dowland

## A Pilgrimes Solace

1612

### 7. Stay time a while thy flying.

Stay time a while thy flying,  
Stay and pittie me dying.  
For fates and friends haue left mee,  
And of comfort berest mee.  
Come, come close mine eyes, better to dye blessed,  
Then to liue thus distressed.

To whom shall I complaine me,  
When thus friends doe disdain me ?  
T'is time that must befriend me,  
Drown'd in sorrow to end mee.  
Come, come close mine eyes, better to dye blessed,  
Then to liue thus distressed.

Teares but augment this fewell,  
I feede by night, ( oh cruell )  
Light griefes can speake their pleasure,  
Mine are dumbe passing measure.  
Quicke, quicke close mine eyes, better to dye blessed,  
Then here to liue distressed.