

John Dowland

A Pilgrimes Solace

1612

8. Tell me true Loue.

1

Tell me true Loue where shall I seeke thy being,
In thoughts or words, in vowes or promise making,
In reasons, lookes, or passions neuer seeing,
In men on earth, or womens minds partaking.
Thou canst not dye, and therefore liuing, tell me
Where is thy seate, Why doth this age expell thee.

2

When thoughts are still vnseene and words disguised,
Vowes are not sacred held, nor promise debt :
By passion reasons glory is surprised,
In neyther sexe is true loue firmly set.
Thoughts fainde, words false, vowes and promise broken
Made true Loue flye from earth, this is the token.

3

Mount then my thoughts, here is for thee no dwelling,
Since truth and falshood liue like twins together :
Beleeue not sense, eyes, eares, touch, taste, or smelling,
Both Art and Nature's forc'd : put trust in neyther.
One onely shee doth true Loue captiue binde
In fairest brest, but in a fairer minde.

4

O fairest minde, enrich'd with Loues residing,
Retaine the best; in hearts let some seede fall,
In stead of weeds Loues fruits may haue abiding;
At Haruest you shall reape encrease of all.
O happy Loue, more happy man that findes thee,
Most happy Saint, that keepes, restores, vnbindes thee.