

Would my conceit

John Dowland

Would my con- ceit, that first en- forc'd my woe,
 Each hour a- midst the deep of hell I fry,
 To all save me is free to live or die,

Or else mine eyes which still the same
 Each hour I waste and with- er where
 To all save me re- main- eth hap

- in- crease, Might be ex- tinct, to end
 - I sit: But that sweet hour where- in
 - or hope: But all per- force I must

- my sor- rows so,
 - I wish to die,
 - a- ban- don, I,

Which now are such as
My hope, a- las, may
Sith For- tune still di-

no- thing can re- lease: Whose life is death, whose
not en- joy it yet, Whose hope is such, be-
rects my hap a- slope. Where- fore to nei- ther

sweet each change of sour, And
reav- ed of the bliss, Which
hap nor hope I trust, But

eke whose hell re- new- eth ev'- ry hour.
un- to all save me al- lot- ed is.
to my thralls I yield, for so I must.