

Praise blindness, eyes

Dedicated to Master Hugh Holland

John Dowland

Praise blind-ness, eyes, for see-ing is de- ceit. Be dumb, vain tongue; words are
And if thine eyes, false her- alds to thy heart, Con- vey in- to thy head
Now none is bald ex- cept they see his brains; Af- fec- tion is not known

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but flatt'r- ing winds. Break, heart, and bleed, for there is no re- ceipt
hopes to ob- tain, Then tell thy hear- ing thou art deaf by art,
till one be dead; Re- ward for love are la- bours for his pains;

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To purge in- con- stan- cy from most men's minds.
Now love is art that wont- ed to be plain. And so I wak'd a- maz'd and
Love's quiv- er made of gold, his shafts of lead.

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could not move; I know my dream was true, and yet I love.

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