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James Gibb editions

Think'st thou then - Dowland
cruel eyes reposing, To drive me from thy
lively sense reav ing: Then should my love re-
virtue owes to beauty? No, Love, seek not thy

sight, When sleep yields more delight, Such harmless beauty
quite Thy love's unkind des-pite, While fury triumph'd
bliss Beyond a simple kiss: For such deceits are

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\quad \text{less beauty}
\quad \text{thy bliss Beyond a simple kiss: For such deceits are}

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gracing: And while sleep feigned is, May not I
boldly In beauty's sweet disgrace: And liv'd in
harmless, Yet kiss a thousand-fold. For kisses

steal a kiss, Thy quiet arms embracing.
deebrace Of her that lov'd so coldly.
may be bold When love-ly sleep is armless.

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