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Lyrics from English Airs

1596—1622

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### III.

Tis true, t'is day, what though it be?  
and will you therefore rise from me?  
What will you rise because tis light?  
Did we lye downe because twas Night?  
Loue that in spight of darknesse brought vs hether, 5  
In spight of Light should keepe vs still together.

2 Light hath no tongue, but is all Eye,  
If it could speake as well as spye,  
This were the worst that it could say, 10  
That being well I faine would stay.  
And that I loue my hart and honor so  
That I would not from him that hath them goe.

Ist businesse that doth you remoue?  
Oh, that's the worst disease of Loue, 15  
The poore, the foule, the false, loue can  
Admit, but not the busied man:  
He that hath businesse, and makes loue doth doe,  
Such wrong as if a marryed man should woe.

[John Donne]

II.

To my worthy friend Mr. *William Iewel* of Exceter Colledge in Oxford.

Sweet stay a while, why will you rise?  
The light you see comes from your eyes:  
The day breakes not, it is my heart,  
To thinke that you and I must part.  
O stay, or else my ioyes must dye,  
And perish in their infancie.

*Dowland, 1612* 403

Deare let me dye in this faire breast,  
Farre sweeter then the Phoenix nest.  
Loue raise desire by his sweete charmes  
Within this circle of thine armes:  
And let thy blissefull kisses cherish  
Mine infant ioyes, that else must perish.

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