Come when I call

John Dowland

#21 from The Third and Last Book of Ayres
If thy desire ever knew the grief of delay, No danger could shall remove,

O die not, add this sorrow to my grief that

stand in thy way. What need we languish? Can love quickly, quickly fly:

languish here, wanting relief.
Fear ever hurts more than jealousy. Then securely

envy scorning, Let us end with joy our mourning, Jealousy still defy, and love, and love till we die.

...