Praise blindness' eyes
And if thine ears, false Her - alds to thy heart,
Now none is bald ex - cept they see his brains

Be dumb vain tongue, words are but flat - t'ring winds,
Con - vey un - to thy head hopes to ob - tain,
Af - fection is not known till one be dead

Be dumb vain tongue, words are but flat - t'ring winds,
Con - vey un - to thy head hopes to ob - tain,
Af - fection is not known till one be dead
Break heart and bleed for there is no receipt,
The tell thy hearing thou art deaf by art,
Reward for love are labors for his pains,

To purge inconstancy from most men's minds.
Now love is art that wanted to be plain,
Love's quiver made of gold, his shafts of lead.
And so I watched a mazed - and could not move,

I know my dream was true, and yet I love.