White as lilies was her face

John Dowland 1600



White as lilies was her face,
When she smiled She beguiled,
Quitting faith with foul disgrace.
Virtue, service thus neglected,
Heart with sorrows, hath infected.

When I swore my heart her own, She disdained; I complained; Yet she left me overthrown, Careless of my bitter grieving, Ruthless, bent to no relieving.

O that love should have the art By surmises And disguises To destroy a faithful heart; Or that wanton-looking women Should reward their friends as foemen.