

Mistress Tears

Dismal Euphony

I have deserved all tongues to speak their bitterness over me
The lake of my treasures darken, being blown with the wind
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As the earth does weep, the sun being set
Each flower moistened like a like a melting eye
I have deserved all tongues to speak their bitterness over me
The lake of my treasures darken, being blown with the wind

Her circled eye enforced by sympathy
Of those fair suns set in her mistress sky
Who in a salt-waved ocean quench their light
Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night

Grief dallied with no law or limit knows
Deep woes roll silent like gentle wind
Behold the thorns hidden under each rose
Distress like dumps when

Time is kept with tears
I have deserved all tongues to speak their bitterness over me
The lake of my treasures darken, eternally!