Daphne was not so chaste as she was changing



Daphne was not so chaste as she was changing, Soon begun Love with hate estranging: He that to day triumphs with favors graced, fals before night with scornes defaced: Yet is thy beautie fainde, and ev'rie one desires, still the false light of thy traiterous fires.

Beautie can want no grace by true love viewed, Fancie by lookes is still renued:
Like to a fruitfull tree it ever groweth,
Or the fresh-spring that endlesse floweth.
But if that beautie were of one consent with love,
Love should live free, and true pleasure prove.

Source: John Dowland, The Third and Last Booke of Songs or Aires (London, 1603), no.4.

Lute.14.2: *e* (= f#) I.15.2: a'