

O eyes, leave off your weeping

**O eyes, leave off your weeping,
love hath the thoughts in keeping
that may content you.
Let not this misconceiving,
where comforts are receiving,
causeless torment you.**

**Clouds threaten but a shower;
hope hath his happy hour,
though long in lasting.
Time needs must be attended
Love must not be offended
with too much hasting.**

**But O the painful pleasure,
where Love attends the leisure
of life's wretchedness:
where Hope is but illusion,
and Fear is but confusion
of Love's happiness.**

**But happy Hope, that seeth
how Hope and Hap agreeth,
of life deprive me;
or let me be assured
when life hath death endured
Love will revive me.**

Texte anonyme attribué à tort à Nicholas Breton (1542-1626)

Musique de Robert Hales (-1615?)