

# 11 White as Lilies

John Dowland  
(The Second Booke of Songs and Ayres — 1600)



1. White as li - lies was her face, When she smil - ed She be - guil - ed;  
Quit - ting faith with foul dis - grace, Vir - tue ser - vice thus neg - lect ed,  
Heart with sor - rows hath in - fe - cred.

2. When I swore my heart her own,  
She disdaind,  
I complaind;  
Yet she left me overthrownd,  
Careless of my bitter grievand,  
Ruthless bent to no relieving.

3. Vows and oaths and faith assur'd,  
Constant ever,  
Changing never;  
Yet she could not be procur'd  
To believe my pains exceeding,  
From her scant neglect proceeding.

4. Oh! 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.