

# Were every thought an eye

transposé une 4te ↓

Extrait de «A Pilgrimes solace» publié en 1612 par John Dowland (1563-1626)

Were ev - e - ry thought an eye, \_\_\_\_\_ And all those eyes could  
fires \_\_\_\_ do in - ward burn, \_\_\_\_\_ They make no out - ward

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see, \_\_\_\_\_ Her sub - tle wiles their sights would be - guile, And \_  
show. \_\_\_\_\_ And her de - lights a - mid the dark shades, Which \_

1. 10. 2.

mock their jea - lou - sy \_\_\_\_\_ Her grow \_\_\_\_\_ De - sire lives \_ in her  
none dis - co - ver, growths \_\_\_\_ is un -

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heart, \_\_\_\_\_ Di - a - na in her eyes. \_\_\_\_\_ 'Twerevain to wish women-  
 - seen, \_\_\_\_\_ Yet ev - 'ry day it grows. \_\_\_\_\_ So where her fan · cy is

1. true, 'tis well, If they prove wise \_\_\_\_\_ The knows. \_\_\_\_\_  
 set it thrives, But how none

2.

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Such a love deserves — more grace, Than a tru - er heart that hath no conceit, To make

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use both of time and place, \_\_\_\_\_ When a wit hath need \_\_\_\_\_ of all his sleight \_\_\_\_\_

Were every thought an eye,  
And all those eyes could see,  
Her subtle wiles their sights would beguile,  
And mock their jealousy.

Her fires do inward burn,  
They make no outward show,  
And her delights amid the dark shades,  
Which none discover grow.

Desire lives in her heart,  
Diana in her eyes.  
'Twere vain to wish women true, 'tis well,  
If they prove wise.

The flow'rs growth is unseen,  
Yet every day it grows.  
So where her fancy is set it thrives,  
But how none knows.

Such a love deserves more grace  
Than a truer heart that hath no conceit,  
To make use both of time and place,  
When a wit hath need of all his sleight.

Si chaque pensée était un œil,  
Et si tous ces yeux pouvaient voir,  
Ses ruses subtiles tromperaient leur curiosité  
Et riraient de leur jalousie.

Ses feux brûlent en elle-même,  
Ils ne sont pas ostentatoires,  
Et elle se plaît au milieu des nuances sombres,  
Où nul ne peut les voir grandir.

Le désir vit dans son cœur,  
Diane dans ses yeux.  
Pourquoi souhaiter la vérité de la part d'une femme,  
Si elle prouve qu'elle est sage.

La croissance des fleurs est invisible,  
Pourtant, chaque jour elles grandissent.  
De même, là où sa fantaisie est de mise il prospère  
Sans que nul ne sache comment.

Un tel amour mérite plus de considération  
qu'un cœur plus vrai qui n'a aucune vanité.  
Pour servir en lieu et en heure  
quand un esprit a besoin de tout son entendement.