XIII. Now cease my wandring eies,
Canto. John Dowland

1. Now cease my wandring eies, Strange beauties to admire,
   In change least comfort lies, Long joyes yeeld long desire.
2. One man hath but one soule, which art cannot devise,
   If all one soule must love, Two loves most be divide,
3. Nature two eyes hath given, All beauty to impart,
   As well in earth as heaven, But she hath given one hart,

One faith one love, Makes our fraile pleasures endless,
New hopes new joyes, Are still with sorrow declining.
One soule one love, By faith and merit uniting,
Distracted spirits, Are ever changing and happy.
That though wee see, Ten thousand beauties yet in
One stedfast love, Because our harts stand fast.

nall and in sweetness prove,
ning, Unto deepe anoies.
ted can- not remove,
lesse in their de- lights,
us one should be,
although our eies do move.

XIII. Now cease my wandring eies,
   Alto.          John Dowland

1. Now cease my wandring eies, Strange beauties to
   In change least comfort lies, Long joyes yeeld long

2. One man hath but one soule, which art cannot
   If all one soule must love, Two loves most be

3. Nature two eyes hath given, All beautie to
   As well in earth as heaven, But she hath given

ad-mire,

desire.

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XIII. Now cease my wandring eies,

Tenore.

John Dowland

1. Now cease my wandring eies, Strange beauties to
   In change least comfort lies, Long joyes yeeld long

2. One man hath but one soule, which art cannot
   If all one soule must love, Two loves most be

3. Nature two eyes hath given, All beauty to
   As well in earth as heaven, But she hath given

ad-mire, One faith one love, (One faith one

desire. New hopes new joyes, (New hopes new
divide, One soule one love, (One soule one
divide, Dis-trac-ted spirits, (Dis-trac-ted
im-part, That though wee see, (That though wee
one hart, One sted-fast love, (One sted-fast

love,) Makes our fraile pleasures e-ter-nall and in sweet-nesse prove,
joyes,) Are still with sor-row de-cli-ning, Un-to deepe anoies.
love,) By faith and merit uni-ted can-not re-move,
spirits,) Are e-ver chang-ing and hap-lesse in their de-lights,
see,) Ten thou-sand beauties yet in us one should be,
love,) Be-cause our harts stand fast al-though our eies do move.
XIII. Now cease my wandring eies,
Basso.
John Dowland

1. Now cease my wandring eies,
   In change least comfort lies,
2. One man hath but one soule,
   If all one soule must love,
3. Nature two eyes hath given,
   As well in earth as heaven,

Strange beauties to admire,
Long joyes yeeld long desire.
which art cannot de vide,
Two loves most be de nide,
All beautie to impart,
But she hath given one hart,

love, Makes our fraile pleasures eternal
joyes, Are still with sorow declining,
love, By faith and merit united cannot remove,
spirits, Are ever changing and hap
see, Ten thousand beauties yet
love, Because our harts stand fast all

nall and in sweetnesse prove,
ning, Unto deepe anoies.
ted cannot remove,
less in their delights,
in us one should be,
though our eies do move.