



X. Love stood amazed

CANTUS.

John Dowland



- | | |
|--|-----------------|
| 1. Love stood a- maz'd at sweet beau- ties paine: | Love would have |
| 2. Then his teares bred in thoughts of salt brine, | Fel from his |
| 3. Are you fled faire? where are now those eies | Eyes but too |
| 4. Are you false gods? why then do you raine? | Are you just |
| 5. Then from high rock, the rocke of dis- paire, | He fals, in |
| 6. With pi- ty mov'd the gods the changelove | To Phe- nix |



said that all was but vaine,	And Gods but halfe di- vine,	But when Love
eyes, like raine in sun- shine	Ex- peld by rage of fire:	Yet in such
faire, e- hui'd by the skies,	You an- grie gods do know,	With guilt- les
gods? why then have you slaine	The life of love on earth.	Beau- tie, now
hope to smo- ther in th'aire,	Or els on stone to burst,	Or on cold
shape, yet can- not re- move	His won- ted pro- per- tie,	He loves the



saw that beau- tie would die:	Hee all a- gast, to heav'ns did
wise as an- guish af- fords,	He did ex- presse in these his last
bloud your scep- ters you stain,	On poore true hearts like ty- rants you
thy face lives in the skies,	Beau- tie now let me live in thine
waves to spend his last breath,	Or his strangelife to end by strange
sunne be- cause it is faire,	Sleepe he ne- glects, he lives but by

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crie, O gods, o gods, what wrong is mine.
words His in,- his in- fin- ite de- sire.
raire: Un- just, un- just, why do you so?
eyes, Where blisse, where blisse, felt ne- ver death.
death, But fate, but fate, for- bid the worst.
aire, And would, and would, but can- not die.



X. Love stood amazed

ALTUS.

John Dowland



1. Lovestood a- maz'd at sweet sweet beau- ties paine: Love would have
2. Then his teares bred in thoughts thoughts of salt brine Fel from his
3. Are you fled faire? where, where are now those eies Eyes but too
4. Are you false gods? why, why then do you raine? Are you just
5. Then from high rock, the rocke, rocke, of dis- paire, He fals, in
6. With pi- ty mov'd the gods, gods the changelove To Phe- nix



said that all was but vaine, And Gods but halfe di- vine, But
eyes, like raine in sun- shine Ex- peld by rage of fire: Yet
faire, e- hui'd by the skies, You an- grie gods do know, With
gods? why then have you slaine The life of love on earth. Beau-
hope to smo- ther in the aire, Or els on stones to burst, Or
shape, yet can- not re- move His won- ted pro- per- tie, He



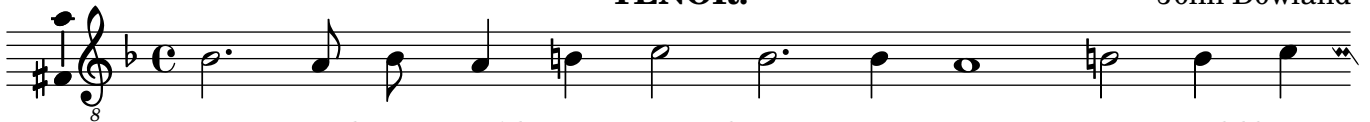
when Love saw that beau- tie, beau- tie would die: Hee all a-
in such wise as an- guish, an- guish af- fords, He did ex-
guilt- les bloud your scep- ters, scep- ters you stain, On poore true
tie, now thy face lives, face lives in the skies, Beau- tie now
on cold waves to spend, to spend his last breath, Or his strange
loves the sunne be- cause, be- cause it is faire, Sleepe he ne-



X. Love stood amazed

TENOR.

John Dowland



1. Love stood a- maz'd at sweet beau- ties paine: Love would have
2. Then his teares bred in thoughts of salt brine, Fel from his
3. Are you fled faire? where are now those eies Eyes but too
4. Are you false gods? why then do you raine? Are you just
5. Then from high rock, the rocke of dis- paire, He fals, in
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said that all was but vaine, And Gods but halfe di- vine, But
eyes, like raine in sun- shine Ex- peld by rage of fire: Yet
faire, e- hui'd by the skies, You an- grie gods do know, With
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hope to smo- ther in th'aire, Or els on stones to burst, Or
shape, yet can- not re- move His won- ted pro- per- tie, He



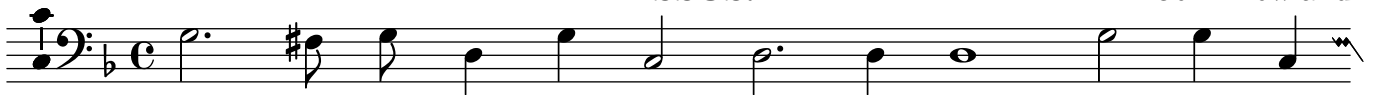
when Love saw that beau- tie would die, would die: Hee all a-
in such wise as an- quish af- fords, af- fords, He did ex-
guilt- les bloud your scep- ters, scep- ters you stain, On poore true
tie, now thy face lives in the skies, the skies, Beau- tie now
on cold waves to spend his last breath, last breath, Or his strange
loves the sunne be- cause it is faire, is faire, Sleepe he ne-



X. Love stood amazed

BASSUS.

John Dowland



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|---------|------------|--------------|-------------|-------------|-----------------|
| 1. Love | stood a- | maz'd at | sweet beau- | ties paine: | Love would have |
| 2. Then | his teares | bred in | thoughts of | salt brine, | Fel from his |
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| 5. Then | from high | rock, the | rocke of | dis- paire, | He fals, in |
| 6. With | pi- ty | mov'd the | gods the | change love | To Phe- nix |



said that all	was but vaine,	And Gods but	halfe di-	vine,	But when Love
eyes, like	raine in	sun- shine	Ex- peld	by rage of	fire: Yet in
faire, e-	hui'd by	the skies,	You an-	grie gods	do know, With
gods? why	then have	you slaine	The life	of love on	earth. Beau-
hope to	smo- ther	in th'aire,	Or els	on stone	to burst, Or
shape, yet	can- not	re- move	His won-	ted pro- per-	tie, He loves



saw that	beau- tie	would	die: Hee	all a- gast,	to heav'ns
wise as	an- quish	af-	fords,	He did	ex- presse
bloud your	scep- ters	you	stain,	On poore	true hearts
thy face	lives in	the	skies,	Beau- tie	now let
waves to	spend his	last	breath,	Or his	strange
sunne be-	cause it	is	faire,	Sleepe	he ne- glects,
				he	lives but



crie,	O	gods,	o	gods	what	wrong	is	mine.
words	His	in,-	His	in-	fin-	ite	de-	sire.
raine:	Un-	just,	un-	just,	why	do	you	so?
eyes,	Where	blisse,	where	blisse,	felt	ne-	ver	death.
death,	But	fate,	but	fate,	for-	bid	the	worst.
aire,	And	would,	And	would,	but	can-	not	die.