## $\frac{f}{\frac{f}{8} b c i}$

## X. Love stood amazed



1. Love stood a- maz'd at sweet beau- ties paine:
2. Then histearesbred inthoughts of salt brine,
3. Are you fled faire? where are now those eies
4. Are you false gods? why then do you raine?
5. Then from high rock, the rocke of dis- paire,
6. With pi- ty mov'd the gods the changelove

Love would have
Fel from his
Eyes but too
Are you just
He fals, in
To Phe- nix

said that all was but vaine, And Godsbuthalfe di- vine, But when Love eyes, likeraine in sun- shine Ex- peld by rage of fire: Yet in such faire, e- hui'd by the skies, You an- griegods 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 onstonesto 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, toheav'nsdid wise as an-guish af- fords, bloud your scep-ters you stain, thy face lives in the skies, Beau-tie now let me live in thine waves to spendhis last breath, Or hisstrangelife to end by strange sunne be- cause it is faire, Sleepehe ne- glects, he lives but by


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## X. Love stood amazed

ALTUS.
John Dowland


1. Lovestood a- maz'd at sweet sweetbeau-ties paine:Love would have
2. Then histearesbred in thoughtsthoughts 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 Godsbuthalfe di- vine, But eyes, likeraine in sun- shine Ex- peld by rage of fire: Yet faire, e- hui'd by the skies, You an- griegods do know, With gods? why then have you slaine The life of love on earth. Beauhope to smo- therin theaire, Or els onstonesto burst, Or shape, yet can- not re- move His won-ted pro- per- tie, He


o gods what wrong, what wrong is mine. fin- ite, in- fin- ite de- sire. un- just why do, why do you so? whereblisse felt ne- ver, ne- verdeath. but fate for- bid, for- bid the worst. and would, but can- not, can- not die.

## X. Love stood amazed <br> TENOR.

John Dowland


1. Love stood a- maz'd at sweet beau- ties paine: Love wouldhave
2. Then histearesbred inthoughts 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 fromhigh rock, the rocke of dis- paire, He fals, in
6. With pi- ty mov'd the gods the changelove To Phe- nix
en

when Love saw that beau- tie would die, would die: in such wise as an-guish af- fords, af- fords, guilt- les bloud your scep-ters,scep- ters you stain, tie, now thy face lives in the skies, the skies, on coldwaves to spend his last breath, last breath, loves the sunne be- cause it is faire, is faire,

Hee all a-
He did exOn poore true
Beau-tie now
Or hisstrange
Sleepehe ne-

o gods whatwrong, what wrong is mine.
fin- ite, in- fin- ite de- sire. un- just why do, why do you so? where blisse felt ne- ver, ne- ver death. but fate for- bid, for- bid the worst. and would, but can- not, can- not die.

## 要要要

## X．Love stood amazed <br> BASSUS．

John Dowland


1．Love stood a－maz＇d at sweet beau－ties paine：Love would have

2．Then histearesbred inthoughts of
3．Are you fled faire？where are now
4．Are
5．Then fromhigh rock，the rocke of
6．With pi－ty mov＇d the gods
salt brine， those eies you raine？ dis－paire， change love

Fel from his Eyes but too Are you just He fals，in To Phe－nix

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

But when Love Yet in such With guilt－les Beau－tie，now Or on cold He loves the
saw that beau－tie would wise as an－guish af－ bloud your scep－ters you thy face lives in the waves to spendhis last sunne be－cause it is
die：Hee all a－gast，toheav＇ns did fords，He did ex－presse in these last stain，On poore true hearts like ty－rants you skies，Beau－tie now let me live in thine breath，Or hisstrangelife to end by strange faire，Sleepehe ne－glects，he lives but by


| 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. |  |  |  |

