X. Love stood amazed

CANTUS.

John Dowland

1. Love stood amazed at sweet beauties paine: Love would have
   2. Then his tearis 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 pity mov'd the gods the changelove To Phoenix

   said that all was but vaine, And Gods but halfe divine, But when Love
   eyes, like raine in 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 elys on stones to burst, Or on cold
   shape, yet can- not re- move His won- ted pro- per- tie, He loves the

   saw that beauty would die: Hee all a- gast, to heav'n's did
   wise as an- guish af- fords, He did ex- presse in thes 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 strange life to end by strange
   sunne be- cause it is faire, Sleepe he ne- glects, he lives but by
crie,  O gods, o gods, what wrong is mine.
words  His in,- his in- finite 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.
X. Love stood amazed  

ALTUS.  

John Dowland

1. Love stood amazed at sweet sweet beauties paine: Love would have
2. Then his tears bred in thoughts thoughts of salt brine Fel from his
3. Are you fled faire? Where, where are now those eyes 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 dispaire, He fals, in
6. With pity mov’d the gods, gods the changelove To Phoenix

said that all was but vaine, And Gods but halfe divine, But
eyes, like raine in sunshine 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 beauty, beauty would die: Hee all a-
in such wise as an-guish, an-guish af-fords, He did ex-
guilt-les bloud your scepters, scepters 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-
gast, to heav'ns, to heav'ns did crie, O gods,
presse in these, in these his last words His in-
hearts like ty- rants, ty- rants you raine: Un- just,
let me live, me live in thine eyes, Where blisse,
life to end, to end by strange death, But fate,
glects, he lives, he lives but by aire, And would,

o gods what wrong, what wrong is mine.
fin- ite, in- finite 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.
X. Love stood amazed

TENOR.  

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
eyes, like raine in sun-shine  
   Expel'd 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 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 - guish 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-
gast, to heav'ns, to heav'ns did crie, did crie, O gods,
presse in these, in these his last words
hearts like ty-rants, ty-rants you raine: Un-just,
let me live, me live in thine eyes, Where blisse,
life to end, to end by strange death,
glects, he lives, he lives but by aire,
o gods what wrong, what wrong is mine.
finite, infinite desire.
un-just why do, why do you so?
where blisse felt never, never death.
but fate forbid, forbid the worst.
and would, but cannot, cannot die.
X. Love stood amazed

**BASSUS.**

John Dowland

1. Love stood amazed at sweet beauties 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 dispaire, He fals, in
6. With pity mov’d the gods the changelove To Phe-nix

said that all was but vaine, And Gods but halfe divine, 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 Stonesto 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 last
bloud your scepters 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 strange life to end by strange
sunne be-cause it is faire, Sleepe he ne-glects, he lives but by
crie, O gods, o gods what wrong is mine.
words His in,- His in- finite 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.