

Now cease, my wandering eyes John Dowland

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Now cease, my wan-d'ring eyes, Strange beau-ties to ad-mire. In change least com-fort
One man hath but one soul Which art can-not di-vide. If all one soul must
Na-ture two eyes hath giv'n, All beau-ty to im-part As well in earth as

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lies; Long joys yield long de-sire. One faith, one love Makes our frail plea-
love, Two loves must be de-nied. One soul, one love, By faith and mer-
heav'n; But she hath giv'n one heart That, though we see Ten thou-sand beau-

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-sures e-ter-nal, and in sweet-ness prove New hopes, new joys
-it u-ni-ted can-not re-move. Dis-tract-ed sprites
-ties, -yet in us one should be, One stead-fast love,

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Are still with sor-row de-clin-ing un-to deep an-noys.
Are ev-er chang-ing and hap-less in their de-lights.
Be-cause our hearts stand-fixed al-though our eyes do move.