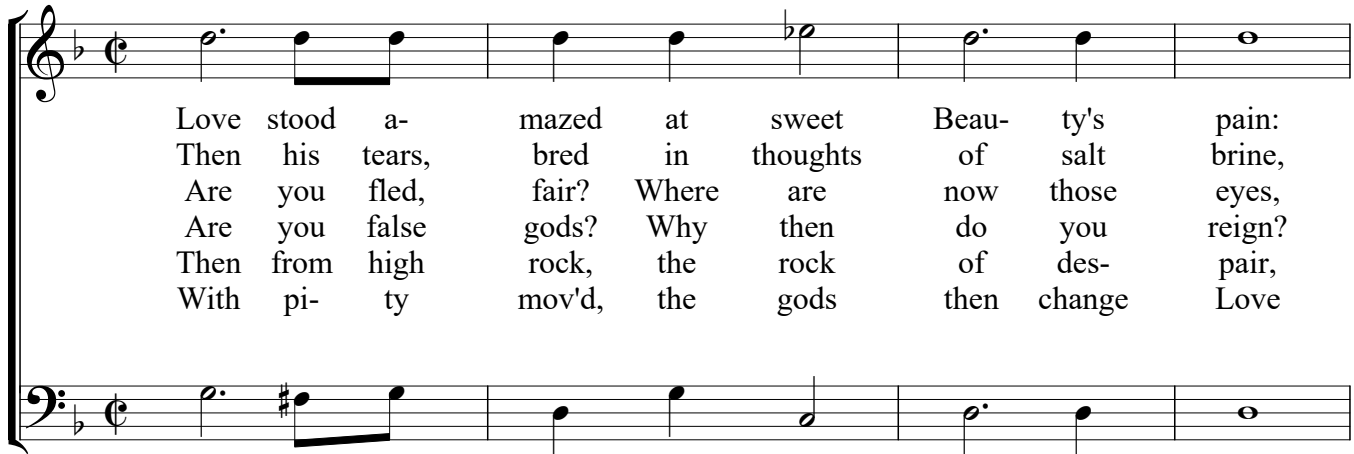


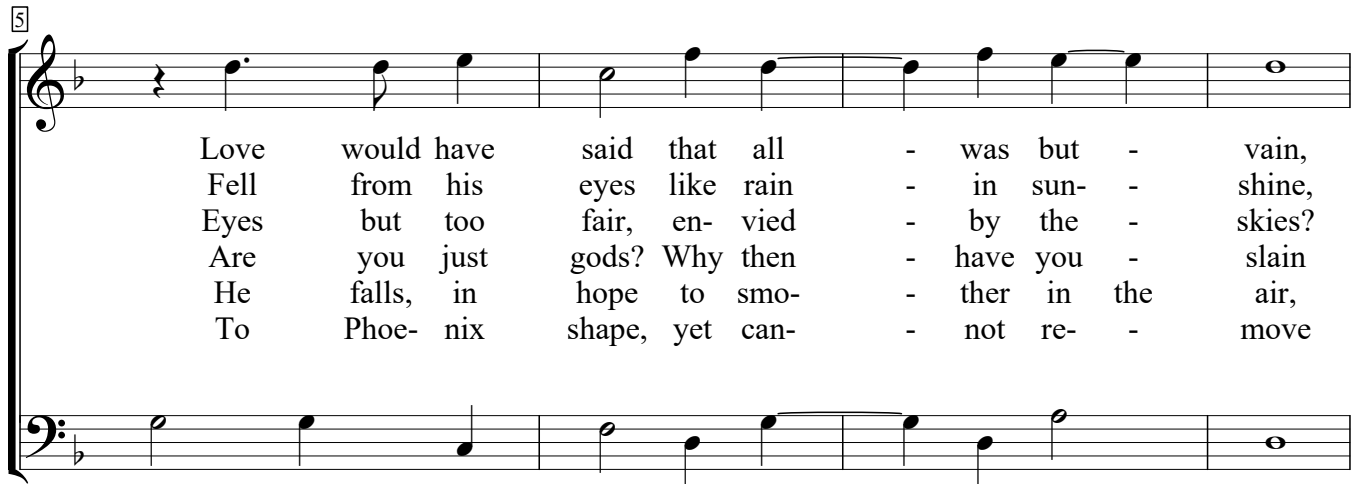
# Love stood amazed

John Dowland



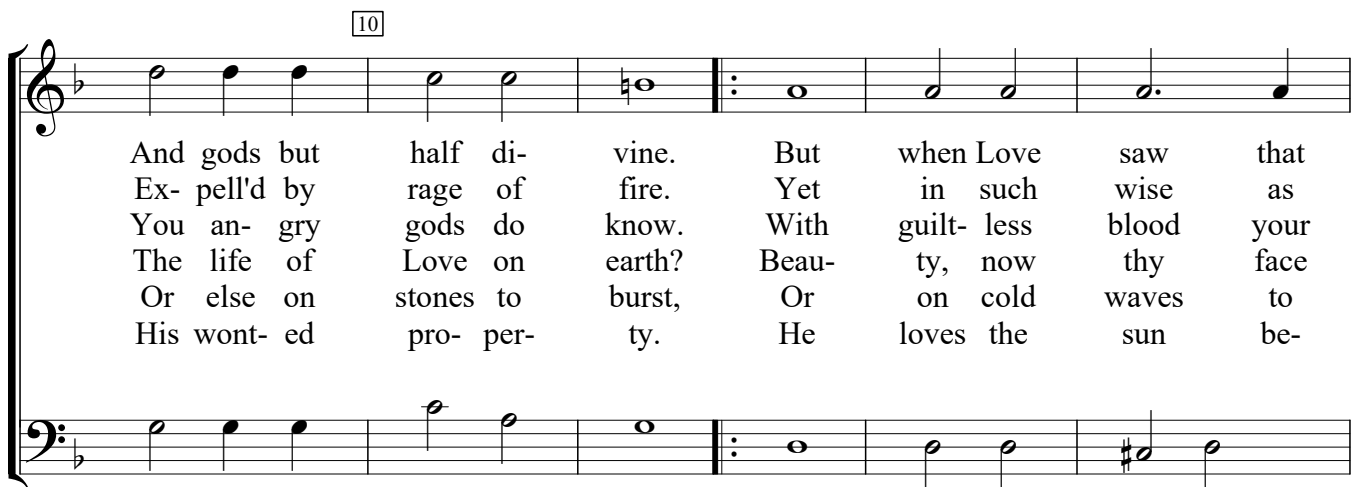
Love stood a- amazed at sweet Beau- ty's pain:  
Then his tears, bred in thoughts of salt brine,  
Are you fled, fair? Where are now those eyes,  
Are you false gods? Why then do you reign?  
Then from high rock, the rock of des- pair,  
With pi- ty mov'd, the gods then change Love

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Love would have said that all - was but - vain,  
Fell from his eyes like rain - in sun- shine,  
Eyes but too fair, en- vied - by the - skies?  
Are you just gods? Why then - have you - slain  
He falls, in hope to smo- ther in the air,  
To Phoe- nix shape, yet can- not re- move

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And gods but half di- vine. But when Love saw that  
Ex- pell'd by rage of fire. Yet in such wise as  
You an- gry gods do know. With guilt- less blood your  
The life of Love on earth? Beau- ty, now thy face  
Or else on stones to burst, Or on cold waves to  
His wont- ed pro- per- ty. He loves the sun be-

Beau- ty would die, He, all a- ghist, to  
 an- guish af- fords, He did ex- press in  
 scep- tres you stain; On poor true hearts like  
 lives in the skies. Beau- ty, now let me  
 spend his last breath, Or his strange life to  
 cause it is fair; Sleep he ne- glects, he

hea- vens - did - cry: O - gods, O  
 these his - last - words His - in- fin-  
 ty- rants - you - reign. Un- - just! Un-  
 live in - thine - eyes, Where - bliss felt  
 end by - strange - death; But - Fate for-  
 lives but - by - air, And - would, but

gods, what wrong - is mine!  
 ite, in- fin- ite de- sire:  
 just! Why do - you so?  
 ne- ver, ne- ver death.  
 bade, for- bade - the worst.  
 can- not, can- not die.