

# Love those beams

John Dowland

Love - - those beams that breed, All day long Breed and feed,  
 I'll - - go to the woods, And a-lone Make my moan,  
 Love - - then I must yield To thy might, Might and spite

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This burn- - ing Love - - I quench with floods,  
 O cru- - el: For - - I am de- ceiv'd  
 Op- press- - ed, Since - - I see my wrongs,

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Floods of tears, Night- ly tears and mourn- - ing. But, a- las, tears  
 And be-reav'd Of my life, My jew- - el. O but in the  
 Woe is me, Can- not be Re- dress- - ed. Come at last, at

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cool this fire in vain, in - vain, The more I quench, the  
 woods, though Love, though Love be - blind, He hath his spies, he  
 last be friend- ly, Love, to - me, And let me not, and

more I quench, the more there - doth re- main.  
 hath his spies, my se- cret - haunts to find.  
 let me not en- dure this - mi- se- ry.