Love stood amazed

John Dowland

#10 from The Third and Last Book of Ayres
paine: Love would have said that all was but vain,
brine, Fell from his eyes, like rain in sunshine
eyes Eyes but too fair, eyed by the skies,
rain? Are you just gods? why then have you slain?
- pair, He falls in hope to smother in the air,
love To Phenix shape, yet cannot remove

-pain: Love would have said that all was but vain,
salt brine, Fell from his eyes, like rain in sunshine
those eyes Eyes but too fair, eyed by the skies,
you rain? Are you just gods? why then have you slain?
despair, He falls in hope to smother in the air,
change love To Phenix shape, yet cannot remove

paine: Love would have said that all was but vain,
brine, Fell from his eyes, like rain in sunshine
eyes Eyes but too fair, eyed by the skies,
rain? Are you just gods? why then have you slain?
- pair, He falls in hope to smother in the air,
love To Phenix shape, yet cannot remove
And Gods but half di - vine, But when Love saw that
Ex - pelled 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 won - ted pro - per - ty, He loves the sun be -

And Gods but half di - vine, But when Love saw that beau -
Ex - pelled by rage of fire: Yet in such wise as an -
You an - gry gods do know, With guilt - less blood your scep -
The life of love on earth. Beau - ty, now thy face lives,
Or else on stones to burst, Or on cold waves to spend,
His won - ted pro - per - ty, He loves the sun be - cause,
beauty would die: He all a-
an - guish af - fords, He did ex-
scer - ters you stain, On poor true lives in the skies, Beau - ty now spend his last breath, Or his strange cause it is fair, Sleep he ne-

beauty would die, would die: He all a-
an - guish af - fords, He did ex-
scer - ters you stain, On poor true lives in the skies, Beau - ty now spend his last breath, Or his strange cause it is fair, is fair, Sleep he ne-

beauty would die: He all a-
an - guish af - fords, He did ex-
scer - ters you stain, On poor true lives in the skies, Beau - ty now spend his last breath, Or his strange cause it is fair, Sleep he ne-
- ghest, to heavens did cry,
- press in these his last words
- hearts like tyrants you rain:
- let me live in thine eyes,
- life to end by strange death,
- glects, he lives but by air,

- ghest, to heavens did cry,
- press in these, in these his last words
- hearts like tyrants, tyrants you rain:
- let me live, me live in thine eyes,
- life to end, to end by strange death,
- glects, he lives, he lives but by air,

all a - ghest, to heavens did cry,
did ex - press in these last words
poor true hearts like tyrants you rain:
- ty now let me live in thine eyes,
- his strange life end by strange death,
- he ne - glects, he lives but by air,
And would, and would, but can not.
But fate, but fate, for bid the
And would, and would, but can not.

O gods, what wrong is
His infinite de-
Un just, un just, why do you
Where bliss, bliss, felt never
But fate, fate, for bid the
And would, but can not.

O gods, what wrong is
His infinite de-
Un just, why do you
Where bliss, felt never
But fate, for bid the
And but can not.
mine.
sire.
so?
death.
worst.
die.

mine.
sire.
so?
death.
worst.
die.

mine.
sire.
so?
death.
worst.
die.

mine.
sire.
so?
death.
worst.
die.