

Love stood amazed

John Dowland

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

Below the lyrics, there are three staves of lute tablature. The first staff contains letters 'a', 'r', 'a', 'e', 'f', 'r', 'a', 'b', 'r'. The second staff contains letters 'a', 'a', 'b', 'r', 'a', 'r', 'b', 'r'. The third staff contains letters 'a', 'a', 'b', 'r', 'a', 'r', 'b', 'r'.

5

pain: Love would have said that all
 brine, Fell from his eyes like rain
 eyes, Eyes but too fair, en- vied
 reign? Are you just gods? Why then
 pair, He falls, in hope to smo-
 Love To Phoe- nix shape, yet can-

Below the lyrics, there are three staves of lute tablature. The first staff contains letters 'a', 'e', 'r', 'e', 'a', 'a', 'a', 'r', 'r', 'a'. The second staff contains letters 'a', 'a', 'a', 'r', 'r', 'a', 'r', 'r', 'r'. The third staff contains letters 'a', 'a', 'a', 'r', 'r', 'a', 'r', 'r', 'r'.

10

- was but - vain, And gods but half di- vine. But
 - in sun- - shine, Ex- pell'd by rage of fire. Yet
 - by the - skies? You an- gry gods do know. With
 - have you - slain The life of Love on earth? Beau-
 - ther in the air, Or else on stones to burst, Or
 - not re- - move His wont- ed pro- per- ty. He

Below the lyrics, there are three staves of lute tablature. The first staff contains letters 'a', 'a', 'a', 'a', 'a', 'a', 'a', 'a', 'a', 'a'. The second staff contains letters 'a', 'a', 'a', 'a', 'a', 'a', 'a', 'a', 'a', 'a'. The third staff contains letters 'a', 'a', 'a', 'a', 'a', 'a', 'a', 'a', 'a', 'a'.

[15]

when Love saw that Beau- ty would die,
in such wise as an- guish af- fords,
guilt- less blood your scep- tres stain;
ty, now thy face lives in the skies.
on cold waves to his last breath,
loves the sun be- cause it is fair;

[20]

He, all a- ghash, to hea- vens - did - cry:
He did ex- press in these his - last - words
On poor true hearts like ty- rants - you - reign.
Beau- ty, now let me live in - thine - eyes,
Or his strange life to end by - strange - death;
Sleep he ne- glects, he lives but - by - air,

[25]

O - gods, O gods, what wrong - is mine!
His - in- fin- ite, in- fin- ite de- sire:
Un- just! Un- just! Why do - you so?
Where - bliss felt ne- ver, ne- ver death.
But - Fate for- bade, for- bade - the worst.
And - would, but can- not, can- not die.