

Now cease, my wandering eyes John Dowland

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

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-

- 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,

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.