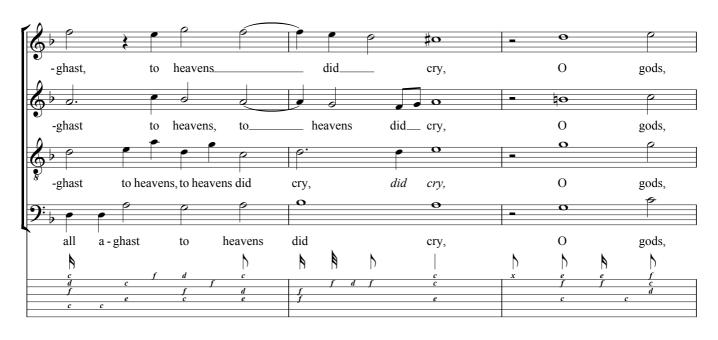
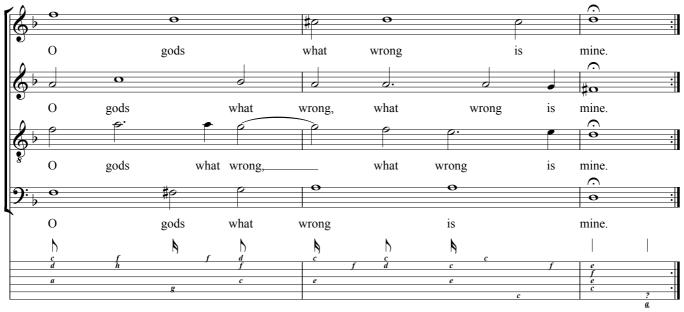
Love stood amazed







- 2. Then his tears bred in thoughts of salt brine, Fell from his eyes, like rain in sunshine expelled by rage of fire:

 Yet in such wise as anguish affords,

 He did express in these his last words
 his infinite desire.
- 3. Are you fled, fair? Where are now those eyes?
 Eyes but too fair, envied by the skies,
 you angry gods to know,
 With guiltless blood your sceptres you stain,
 On poor true hearts like tyrants you rain:
 unjust why do you so?
- 4. Are you false gods? Why then do you rain?
 Are you just gods? Why then do you stain
 the life of love on earth,
 Beauty, now thy face lives in the skies,
 Beauty, now let me live in thine eyes,
 where bliss felt never death.

- 5. Then from high rock, the rock of despair,
 He falls, in hope to smother in the air,
 or else on stones to burst,
 Or on cold waves to spend his last breath,
 Or his strange life to end by strange death,
 but fate forbid the worst.
- 6. With pity moved the gods then change love
 To Phoenix shape, yet cannot remove
 his wonted property,
 He loves the sun because it is fair,
 Sleep he neglects, he lives but by air,
 and would, but cannot die.

Source: John Dowland, The Third and Last Booke of Songs or Aires (London, 1603), no.10.