

THE
SECOND BOOKE
of Songs or Ayres

IOHN DOWLAND

1600

XIII. Now cease my wandring eies.

Now cease my wandring eies,
Strange beauties to admire,
In change least comfort lies,
Long ioyes yeeld long desire.
One faith one loue,
Makes our fraile pleasures eternall,
And in sweetnesse proue.
New hopes new ioyes,
Are still with sorrow declining,
Vnto deepe anoies.

One man hath but one soule,
Which art cannot deuide,
If all one soule must loue,
Two loues most be denide,
One soule one loue,
By faith and merit vnited cannot remoue,
Distracted spirits,
Are euer changing & haplesse in their delights.

Nature two eyes hath giuen,
All beautie to impart,
Aswell in earth as heauen,
But she hath giuen one hart,
That though wee see,
Ten thousand beauties yet in vs one should be,
One stedfast loue,
Because our harts stand fixt although our eies do moue.