

# Love those beams

John Dowland

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Love - - those beams that breed, All day long Breed and feed, This burn - - ing  
I'll - - go to the woods, And a- lone Make my moan, O cru - - el:  
Love - - then I must yield To thy might, Might and spite Op-press - - ed,

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Love - - I quench with floods, Floods of tears, Night- ly tears and mourn - - ing.  
For - - I am de- ceiv'd And be-reav'd Of my life, My jew - - el.  
Since - - I see my wrongs, Woe is me, Can- not be Re- dress - - ed.

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But, a- las, tears cool this fire in vain, in - vain, The more I quench, the  
O but in the woods, though Love, though Love be - blind, He hath his spies, he  
Come at last, at last be friend- ly, Love, to - me, And let me not, and

more I quench, the more there - doth re- main.  
hath his spies, my se- cret - haunts to find.  
let me not en- dure this - mi- se- ry.