

Ow cease my wandering eies, Strange beauties to admire, One faith  
In change least comfort lies, Long ioyes yeeld long desire. New hopes

one loue, Makes our fraile pleasures e-ter-nall, And in sweetnesse proue.  
new ioyes, Are still with sor-row decli-ning, Vn-to deepe a- noies.

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 beutie to impart,  
As well 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, (moue.  
Because our harts stand fixt although our eies do

XIII.

ALTO.

**N** 

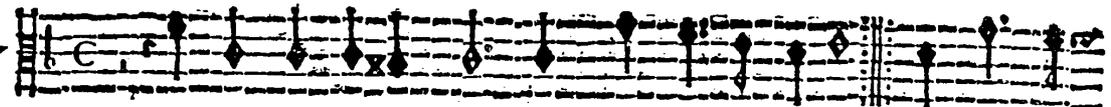
Ow cease my wandring eyes, strange beaw- ties to admyre. One faith one  
In change least comfort lyes, long loyes yeld long de- sire. New hopes new



loue makes our fraile pleasures eter- nall, and in sweetnesse proue.  
loyes are still with sor- row decli- ning, vn- to deep a- noyes,

XIII.

TENORE.

**N** 

Ow cease my wandring eyes, strange beaw- ties to admyre: One faith one  
In change least comfort lyes, long loyes yeld long desyre. New hopes new



loue, ij.  
loyes, ij.

makes our fraile pleasures eternall, and in sweetnesse proue:  
are still with sorrow declining, vn- to deep a- noyes,

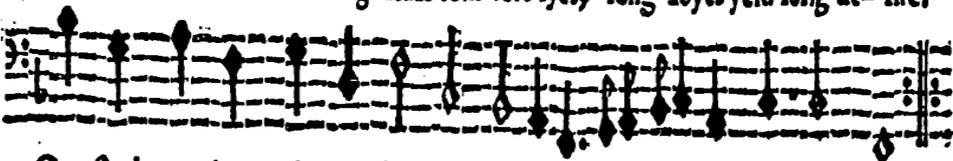
H.ii.

XIII.

BASSO.

**N** 

Ow cease my wandring eyes, strange beaw- ties to ad- myre:  
In change least com- fort lyes, long loyes yeld long de- sire.



One faith one loue makes our fraile pleasures e- ter- nall, and in sweetnesse proue.  
New hopes new loyes are still with sor- row decli- ning, vn- to deep a- noyes.