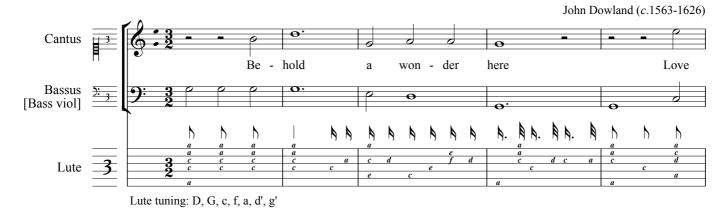
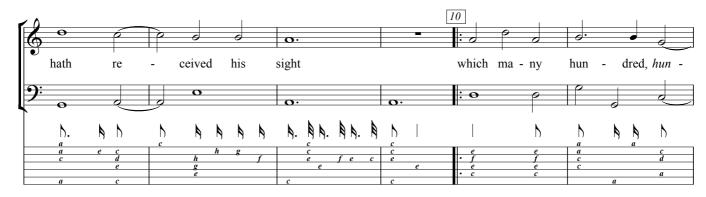
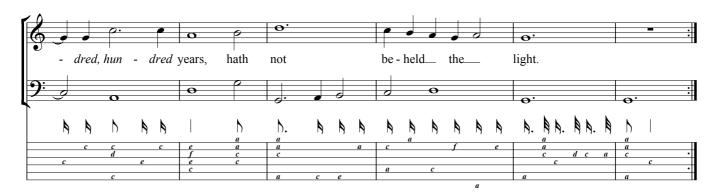
## Behold a wonder here







- 1. Behold a wonder here Love hath receiv'd his sight which manie hundred yeares, hath not beheld the light.
- 2. Such beames infused be By *Cinthia* in his eyes, As first have made him see, And then have made him wise.
- 3. Love now no more will weepe For them that laugh the while, Nor wake for them that sleepe, Nor sigh for them that smile.
- 4. So powrefull is the beautie
  That Love doth now behold,
  As love is turn'd to dutie,
  That's neither blind nor bold.
- 5. This Beautie shewes her might, To be of double kind, In giving love his sight And striking folly blind.

Source: John Dowland, The Third and Last Booke of Songs or Aires (London, 1603), no.3.

I.15.1-3: underlay crowded: be held also possible