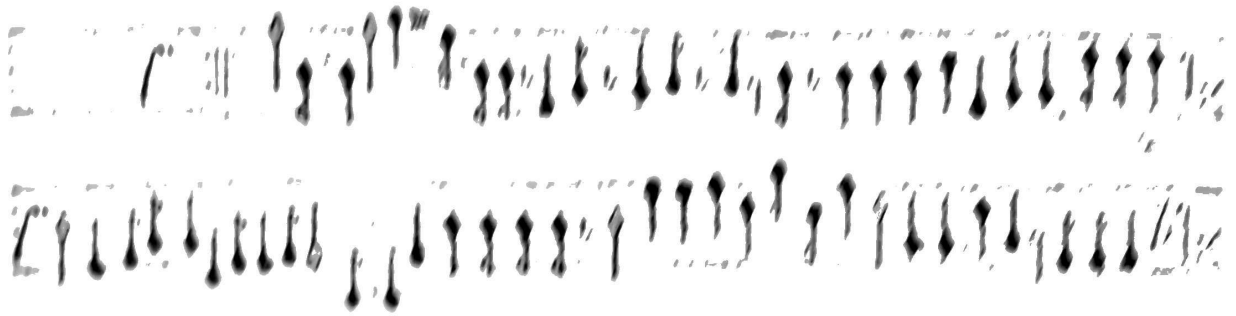
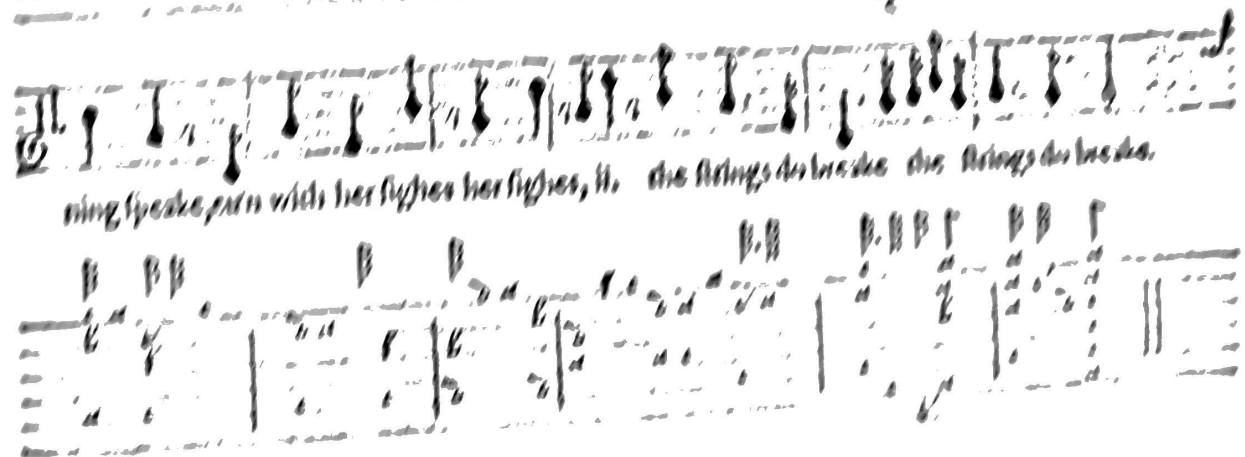
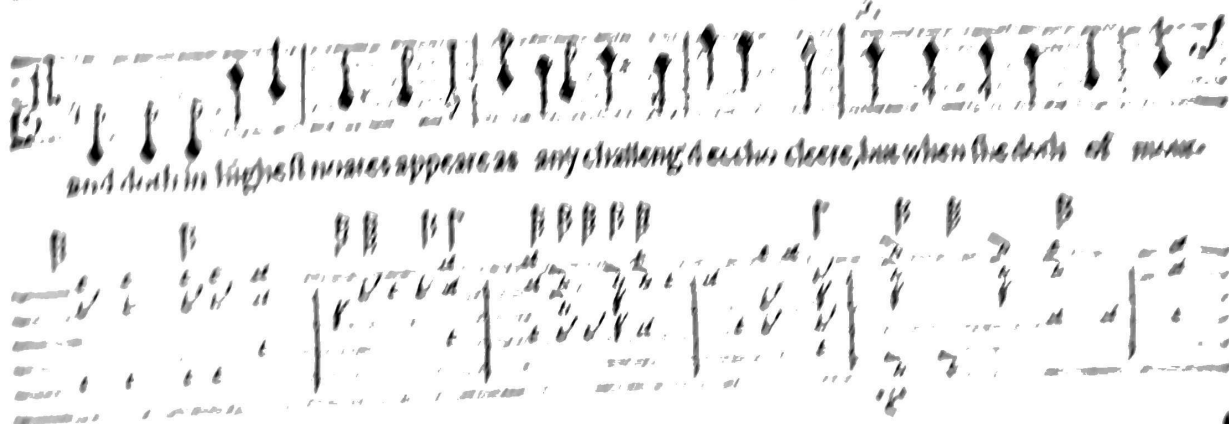
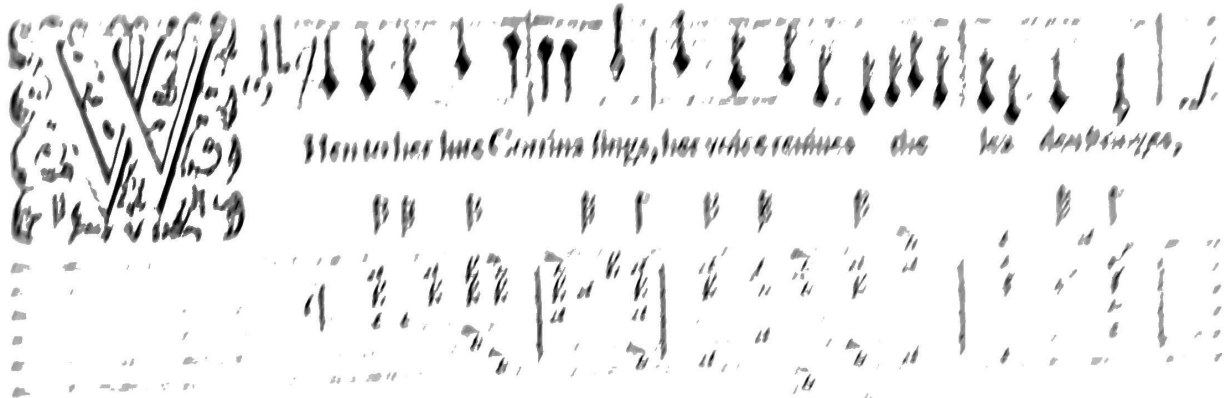




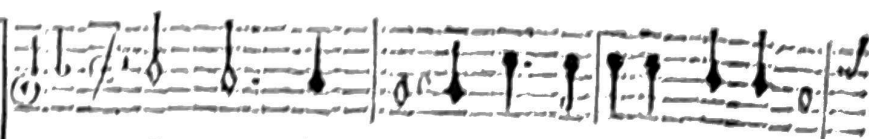
VI.



And as her lute death line in die,
 Led by her passion, to melt I,
 Pen when it pleases the death line,
 My thoughts as entry a kind line have,
 But if the death of lute speak,
 It's from my heart the strings do breathe.

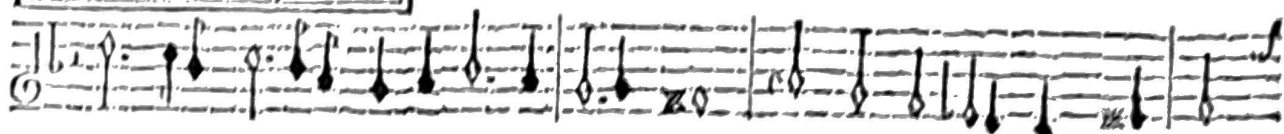
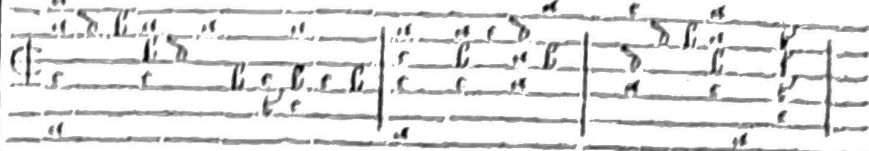


III.



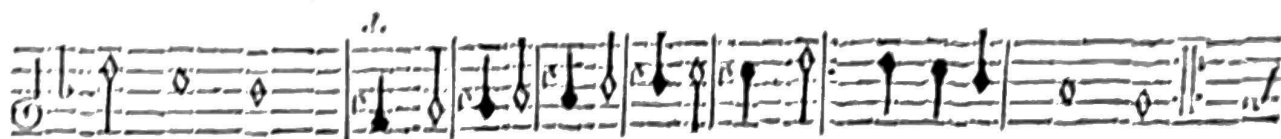
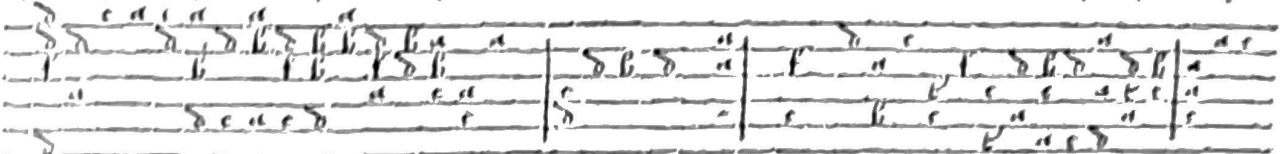
O graue for woe, yet earth my watric teares deuoures,

β β β β β β β β β β β β β β β



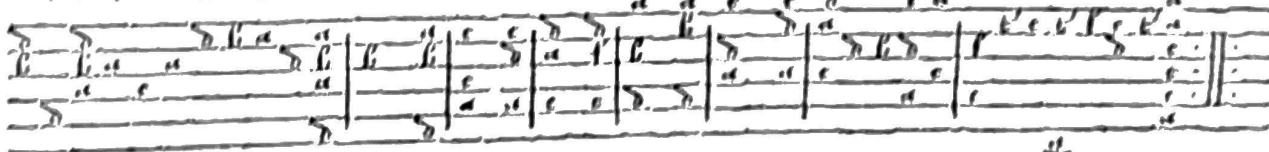
fighes want ayre, and burnt desires kind pitties showres, Stars hold their fatal course my loies

Γ β β β β β β β β β β β β β β β



pre- uen- ting, the earth, y sea, the aire, y fire, the heaues vow my tor- men- ting,

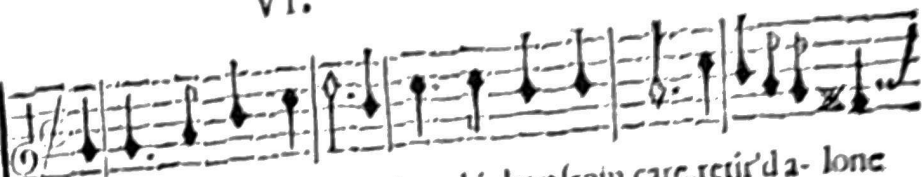
β β β β β β β β β β β β β β β



Yet still I liue and walle my wearie daies in grones,
And with wofull tunes adorne dispayring niones,
Night still prepares a more displeasing morrow,
My day is night, my life my death, and all but sence of sorrow.

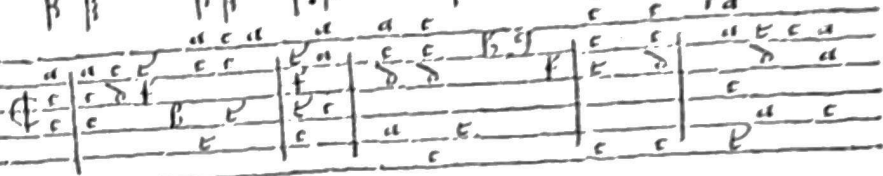


VI.



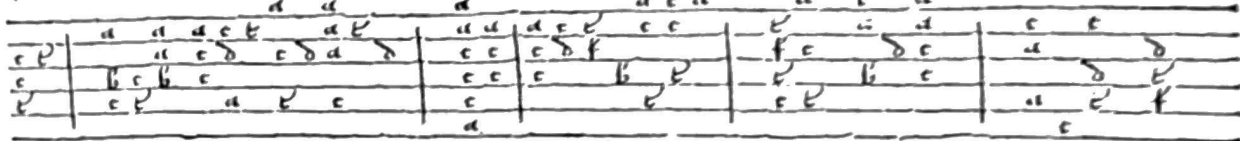
Et him that will be free & keep his hart from care, retir'd a- lone

β β β β Γ. β β β β



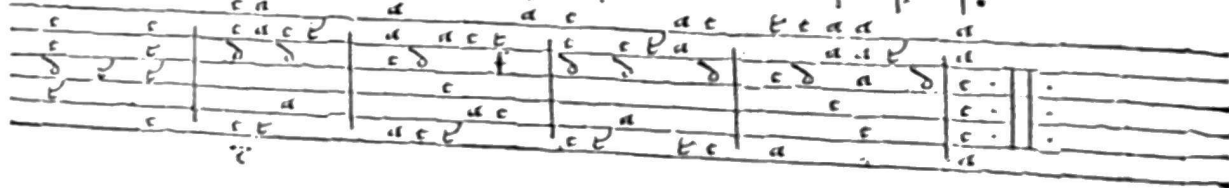
re-maine where no dis- comforts are, for when the ele doth view his grieffe, or haplesse care his

β β β β β β Γ. β β β β β β β β β β



sorrow heares, Th'impression still in him a- bides, and euer in one shape appears.

β Γ β β β β β β β β β β Γ.



Forget thy grieles betimes, long sorrow breedes long paine,
 For ioye is fled from men will not returne againe,
 O happie is the soule which heauen ordained, to liue in endles peace,
 His life is a pleasing dreame, and euerie houre his ioyes encrease.
 You heauie sprites that loue in seuer'd shades to dwell,
 That murk despaire, and dreame of vnrelenting hell.
 Come sing this happie long, and learne of me the Arte of true content;
 Load not your guiltie soules with wrong, and heauen then will soone relent.