

# Love those beames that breede,

CANTUS.

John Dowland



1. Love those beames that breede, all day long breed, and feed,  
Love I quench with flouds, Flouds of teares, night-ly teares
2. Ile goe to the woods, and a-lone, make my moane,  
For I am de-ceiv'd and be-reav'd of my life,
3. Love then I must yeeld to thy might, might and spight  
Since I see my wrongs, woe is me, can-not be



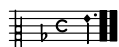
this burn- ing: But a- las teares coole this fire in vaine, in vaine, The  
and mourn- ing.

o cru- ell: O but in the woods, though love be blinde, be blinde, Hee  
my jew- ell:

op- press- ed, Come at last, be friend- ly Love to me, to me, And  
re- dress- ed.



more I quench, the more I quench, the more there doth re- maine.  
hath his spies, hee hath his spies, my se- cret haunts to finde.  
let me not, and let me not, en- dure this mi- se- rie.



# Love those beames that breede,

ALTUS.

John Dowland



1. Love those beames that breede, that breede, all day long breed,  
 Love I quench with flouds, with flouds, Flouds of teares, night-  
 2. Ile goe to the woods, the woods, and a- lone, make  
 For I am de- ceiv'd, de- ceiv'd and be- reav'd of  
 3. Love then I must yeeld, must yeeld to thy might, might  
 Since I see my wrongs, my wrongs, woe is me, can-



and feed, this, this bur- ning: But a- las  
 ly teares, teares and mourn- ing.  
 my moane, o, o cru- ell: O but in  
 my life, my, my jew- ell:  
 and spight op- press- ed, Come at last,  
 not be re- dress- ed.



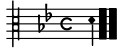
teares coole this fire in vaine, in vaine, The more I quench, the more  
 the woods, though love be blinde, be blinde, Hee hath his spies, my se-  
 be friend- ly Love to me, to me, And let me not, en- dure



there doth re- maine.  
 cret haunts to finde.  
 this mi- se- rie.

<sup>3</sup> Original has half note

<sup>4</sup> The facsimile has this – Mary Benton moves the dot to the next note.



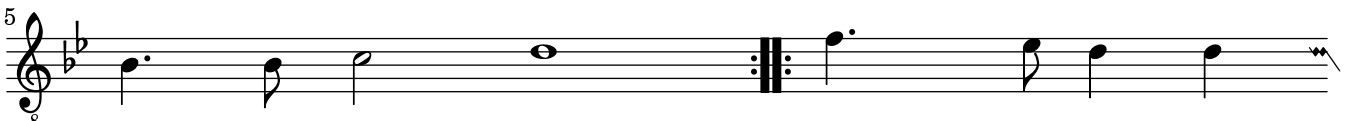
# Love those beames that breede,

TENOR.

John Dowland



1. Love those beames that breede, all day long breed, and feed, and  
Love I quench with flouds, Flouds of teares, night-ly teares, ly
2. Ile goe to the woods, and a-lone, make my moane, my  
For I am de-ceiv'd and be-reav'd of my life, my
3. Love then I must yeeld to thy might, might and spight, and  
Since I see my wrongs, woe is me, can-not be, not



feed, this bur-ning: But a-las teares  
teares and mourn- ing.  
moane, o cru-ell: O but in the  
life, my jew-ell:  
spight op-press-ed, Come at last, be  
be re-dress-ed.



coole, teares coole this fire in vaine, in vaine, The more I quench, the  
woods, the woods though love be blinde, be blinde, Hee hath his spies, he  
friend-ly, friend-ly Love to me, to me, And let me not, and



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

<sup>1</sup> The key signature really does have two flats in the tenor, and one in the other parts



## Love those beames that breede,

BASSUS.

John Dowland



1. Love those beames that breede, all day long breed, and feed, this  
Love I quench with flouds, Flouds of teares, night-ly teares and
2. Ile goe to the woods, and a-lone, make my moane, o  
For I am de-ceiv'd and be-reav'd of my life, my
3. Love then I must yeeld to thy might, might and spight op-  
Since I see my wrongs, woe is me, can-not be re-



bur- mourning: But, but a-las teares coole this  
mourn- ing.  
cru- ell: O, o but in the woods, though  
jew- ell:  
press- ed, Come, come at last, be friend-ly  
dress- ed.



fire in vaine, The more I quench, the more, the more there doth re-maine.  
love be blinde, Hee hath his spies, my se-cret, se-cret haunts to finde.  
Love to me, And let me not, en-dure, en-dure this mi-se-rie.

<sup>2</sup>For this line, the clef is a normal bass clef, but the key signature is correct for a baritone clef, and the other lines have a baritone clef.