



IX. Praise blindness eies,

Canto.

John Dowland



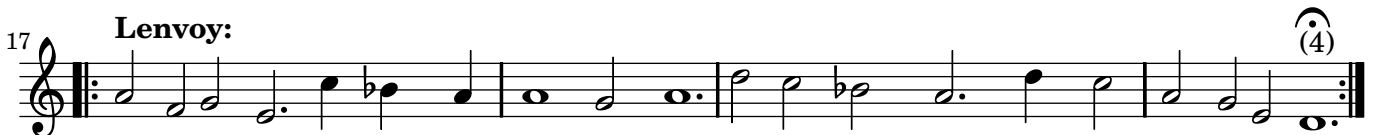
1. Praise blind- ness eies, for see- ing is de- ceit, Bee dumbe vaine
2. And if thine eares false Har- alds to thy hart, Con- vey in-
3. Now none is bald ex- cept they see his braines Af- fec- tion



tongue, words are but flat- tering windes, Breake hart and bleed for ther
to thy head hopes to ob- taine, Then tell thy hear- ing thou
is not knowne till one be dead Re- ward for love are la-



is no re- ceit, To purge in- con- stan- cy from most mens mindes.
art deafe by art, Now love is art that wont- ed to be plaine,
bours for his paines, Lovesqui- ver made of gold his shafts of leade.



And so I wackt a- mazd and could not move, I know my dreame was true, and yet I love.

¹ The underlay is confusing. The Lenvoy section is printed after the first verse, which has one set of words and a repeat sign. The verse printed at the bottom of the canto part is two sets of words for the A music, but the Lenvoy section is specified to be sung only after the second set. The repeat signs occur in the lute part, at the end of the A section in the Canto part, and in Lenvoy for all parts, but not in the A section of any of the other vocal parts. There are other reasonable interpretations, but I think Dowland probably meant Lenvoy to be sung (and repeated) after all three verses are sung. I would not repeat any of the A section words, i.e., I would sing the A section 3 times with different words each time.

² The Canto part is written with no flats or sharps in the key signature; all other parts are written with a key signature of one flat.

³ Fermata does not appear in this part in the original, but is in Tenore and Basso.

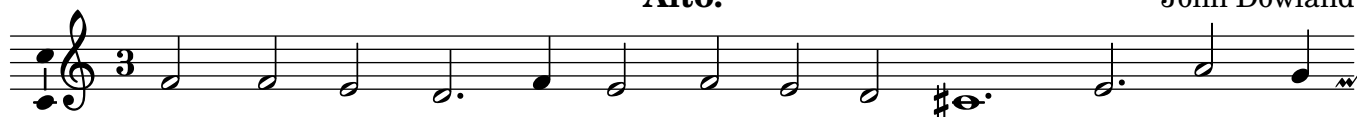
⁴ Fermata does not appear in this part in the original, but is all the other parts.



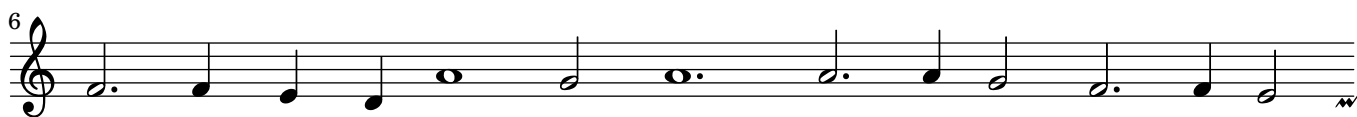
IX. Praise blindness eies,

Alto.

John Dowland



1. Praise blind-ness eies, for see- ing is de- ceit, Bee dumbe vaine
2. And if thine eares false Har- alds to thy hart, Con- vey in-
3. Now none is bald ex- cept they see his braines Af- fec- tion



tongue, words are but flat- tering windes, Breake hart and bleed for ther
 to thy head hopes to ob- taine, Then tell thy hear- ing thou
 is not knowne till one be dead Re- ward for love are la-



is no re- ceit, To purge in- con- stan- cy from most mens mindes.
 art deafe by art, Now love is art that wont- ed to be plaine,
 bours for his paines, Loves qui- ver made of gold his shafts of leade.



And so I wackt a- mazd and could not move,



I know my dreame was true, and yet I love.

⁵Fermata does not appear here in the original, but is in the Tenore and Bassus parts.



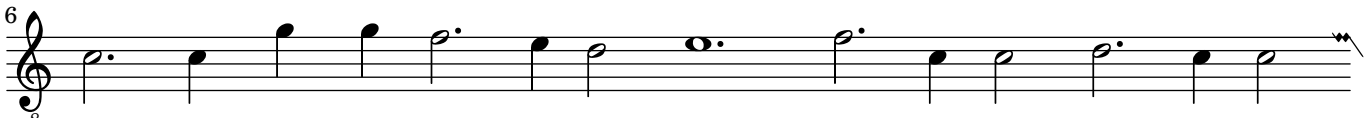
IX. Praise blindness eies,

Tenore.

John Dowland



1. Praise blind-ness eies, for see-ing is de- ceit, Bee dumbe vaine
 2. And if thine eares false Har-alds to thy hart, Con-vey in-
 3. Now none is bald ex-cept they see his braines Af- fec- tion



tongue, words are but flat-ter-ing windes, Breake hart and bleed for ther
 to thy head hopes to ob-taine, Then tell thy hear-ing thou
 is not knowne till one be dead Re-ward for love are la-



is no re- ceit, To purge in- con- stan- cy from most mens mindes.
 art deafe by art, Now love is art that wont- ed to be plaine,
 bours for his paines, Loves qui- ver made of gold his shafts of leade.

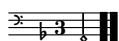


Lenvoy:

And so I wackt a- mazd and could not move,



I know my dreame, my dreame, was true, and yet I love.



IX. Praise blindness eies,

Basso.

John Dowland



1. Praise blind-ness eies, for see- ing is de- ceit, Bee dumbe vaine
2. And if thine eares false Har- alds to thy hart, Con- vey in-
3. Now none is bald ex- cept they see his braines Af- fec- tion



tongue, words are but flat- tering windes, Breake hart and bleed for ther
 to thy head hopes to ob- taine, Then tell thy hear- ing thou
 is not knowne till one be dead Re- ward for love are la-



is no re- ceit, To purge in- con- stan- cy from most mens mindes.
 art deafe by art, Now love is art that wont- ed to be plaine,
 bours for his paines, Loves qui- ver made of gold his shafts of leade.



Lenvoy:

And so I wackt a- mazd and could not move,



I know my dreame was true, and yet I love.