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	Fourth Printing	April, 2007	Fixes to tenor underlay of “My thoughts are winged with Hopes”, tenor ficta and one note of Bassus in “Can she excuse my wrongs”

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I. Unquiet thoughts, your civil slaughter stint

Cantus

John Dowland



1. Un- qui- et thoughts your ci- vil slaugh- ter stint, and
 2. But what can slay my thoughts they may not start, or
 3. How shall I then gaze on my mis- tresse eyes? My



wrap your wrongs with- in a pen- sive heart: and you my tongue
 put my tongue in du- rance for to die? When as these eyes,
 thoughts must have som vent: else hart will break. My tongue would rust



that makes my mouth a mint, and stamps my thoughts to coine them words by
 the keys of mouth and hart, O- pen the locke where all my love doth
 as in my mouth it lies, If eyes and thoughts were free, and that not



art, Be still: for if you e- ver do the like, Ile
 lie Ile seale them up with- in their lids for ever: So
 speake. Speake then, and tell the pas- sions of de- sire Which

1.	2.
----	----



cut the string, Ile cut the string, that makes the ham- mer strike. strike.
 thoughts, and words, so thoughts and words, and looks shall die to- gether. gether.
 turns mine eies to floods, mine eies to floods, my thoghts to fire. fire.



I. Unquiet thoughts, your civil slaughter stint

Altus

John Dowland



1. Un- qui- et thoughts, your ci- vill slaugh- ter stint, and
2. But what can slay my thoughts they may not start, or
3. How shall I then gaze on my mis- tresse eyes? My



wrap your wrongs with- in a pen- sive hart, and you my tongue that makes my
put my wrongs with- in for to die? When as these eyes, the keyes of
thoughts must have some vent else hart will break. My tongue would rust as in my



mouth a mint, my tongue that makes my mouth a mint, and stamps my thoughts to
mouth and hart, these eyes, the keyes of mouth and hart, O- pen the locke where
mouth it lies, would rust as in my mouth it lies, If eyes and thoughts were

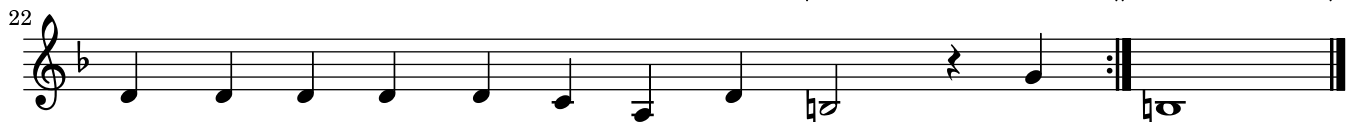


coine them words by art, be still, be still for
all my love doth lie Ile seale, ile seal them
free, and that not speake. Speake then, speake then and



if you e- ver do the like, Ile cut the string, ile
up with- in their lids for- ever: So thoughts and looks, so
tell the pas- sions of de- sire Which turns mine eies, which

1. | 2. |



cut the string that makes the ham- mer strike be strike.
thoughts and looks and words shall die, to- gether. Ile gether.
turns mine eies, to floods my thoughts to fire. Speak fire.



I. Unquiet thoughts, your civil slaughter stint

Tenor

John Dowland

8

1. Un- qui- et thoughts, your ci- vill slaught- er stint, and
 2. But what can slay my thoughts they may not start, or
 3. How shall I then gaze on my mis- tresse eyes? My

6

wrap your wrongs with- in a pen- sive hart: and you my tongue, and
 put my tongue in du- rance for to die? When as these eyes, when
 thoughts must have som vent: else hart will break. My tongue would rust, my

10

you my tongue, that makes my mouth a mint, and stamps my thoughts, my
 as these eyes, the keys of mouth and hart, O- pen the locke, the
 tongue would rust, as in my mouth it lies, If eyes and thoughts, and

14

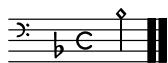
thoughts to coine, to coine them words by art, be still: for if you
 locke where all, where all my love doth lie Ile seale them up with-
 thoughts were free, were free and that not speake. Speake then, and tell the

18

e- ver do the like, Ile cut the string, Ile cut the
 in their lids for e- ver: So thoughts, and words, so thoughts and
 pas- sions of de- sire Which turns mine eies, which turns mine

22

1. string that makes the ham- mer strike. be strike.
 words, and looks shall die to- gether. Ile gether.
 eies, to floods, my thoughts to fire. Speak fire.



I. Unquiet thoughts, your civil slaughter stint

Bassus

John Dowland



1. Un- qui- et thoughts, your ci- vill slaugh- ter stint, and
 2. But what can slay my thoughts they may not start, or
 3. How shall I then gaze on my mis- tresse eyes? My



wrap your wrongs with- in a pen- sive hart, a pen- sive
 put my tongue in du- rance for to die? rance for to
 thoughts must have som vent: else hart will break, else hart will



hart, and you my tongue, that makes my mouth a mint, to coine them
 die? When as these eyes, the keyes of mouth and hart, O- pen the
 break. My tongue would rust as in my mouth it lies, If eyes and

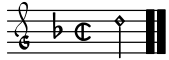


words by art, be still: for if you do the like, Ile cut the
 locke where all my love doth lie Ile seale them up with- in their
 thoughts were free, and that not speake. Speake then, and tell the pas- sions

1. 2.



string, Ile cut the string the string that makes the ham- mer strike. strike.
 lids for ever: So thoughts, and words, and looks shall die to- gether. gether.
 of de- sire Which turns mine eies to floods, my thoghts to fire. fire.



II. Whoever thinks or hopes of love for love

Cantus

John Dowland



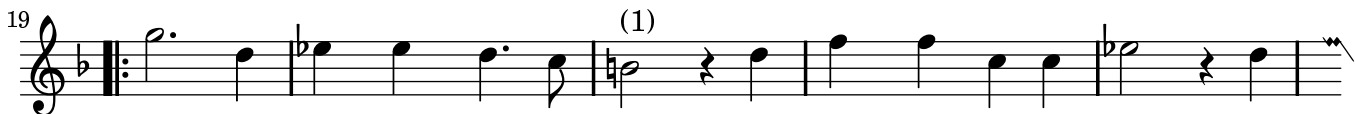
1. Who- e- ver thinks or hopes of love for love: or who be- lov'd in
 2. Who thinks that sor- rows felt, de- si- res hidden, Or hum- ble faith in



Cu- pids lawes doth glo- ry: Who joyes in vowes, or vowes not to re- move:
 con- stant ho- nour arm- ed, Can keepe love from the fruit that is for- bidden,



Who by this light god hath not been made so- ry: Let him see
 thinks that change is by intrea ty charm- ed, Look- ing on



mee e- clip- sed from my sun, with dark clouds of an earth, with
 me let him know, loves de- lights are trea- sures hid in caves, are

1. 2.



dark clouds of an earth Quite o- ver- runne. Let him see runne.
 trea- sures hid in caves But kept by sprights. Look- ing on sprights.

¹ The B natural is a quarter note in the original



II. Whoever thinks or hopes of love for love

Altus

John Dowland



1. Who e- ver thinkes or hopes of Love for Love, Or who be-lov'd in
 2. Who thinks that sor- rowes felt, de- sires hid- den, Or hum- ble faith in



Cu- pids lawes doth glo- ry, Who joyes in vowes or vowes not to re-
 con-stant ho- nour arm'd, Can keepe love from the fruit that is for-



move, Who by this light- god hath not bin made so- rie:
 bidden, Who thinks that change is by in- treat- y charmd,



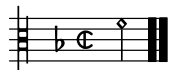
Let him see me Let him see me e- clip- sed from my sun, my
 Look- ing on me, Look- ing on me let him know, loves de- lights de-



sun with dark clouds of an earth. With dark clouds of an
 lights Are trea- sures hid in caves, are trea- sures hid in



earth quite o- ver- runne, quite o- ver- runne. Let him see me runne.
 caves But kept by sprights, but kept by sprights. Look- ing on me sprights.



II. Whoever thinks or hopes of love for love

Tenor

John Dowland



1. Who e- ver thinkes or hopes of Love for Love, Or who be-

2. Who thinks that sor- rowes felt, de- sires hid- den, Or hum- ble



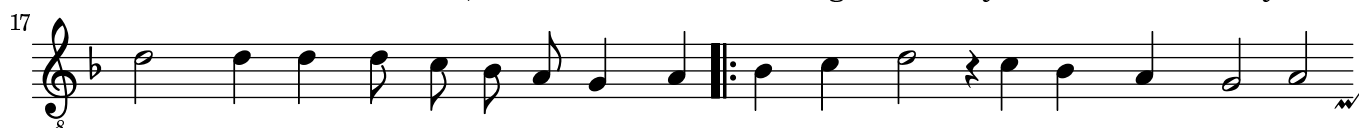
lov'd in Cu- pids lawes doth glo- ry, Who joyes in vowes or

faith in con- stant ho- nour arm'd, Can keepe love from the



vowes not to re- move, Who by thi light- god hath not bin made

fruit that is for- bidden, Who thinks that change is by in- treat- y



so- rie, Let him see me e- clip- sed from my sun, e- clip- sed from my

charmd, Look- ing on me let him know, loves de- lights, let him know, loves de-



sun, With dark clouds of an earth. With dark clouds of an earth quite o- ver-

lights Are trea- sures hid in caves, are trea- sures hid in caves But kept by

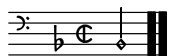
1. 2.



runne, of an earth quite o- ver- run. Let him see me e- clip- sed runne.

sprights. Are trea- sures hid in caves but kept by sprights Look- ing on me sprights.

¹Original has a D quarter note.



II. Whoever thinks or hopes of love for love

Bassus

John Dowland



1. Who- e- ver thinks or hopes of love for love, or who be- lov'd in
 2. Who thinks that sor- rows felt, de- sires hid- den, Or hum- ble faith in

7



Cu- pids lawes doth glo- ry: Who joyes in vowes, or vowes not to re- move:
 con-stant ho- nour arm'd, Can keepe love from the fruit that is for- bidden,

13



Who by this light god hath not been made so- ry: Let him see me e- clip-
 Who thinks that change is by in- treat- y charmd, Look- ing on me let him

20



sed from my sun, with dark clouds of an earth, with dark clouds of an earth Quite
 know, loves de- lights Are trea- sures hid in caves, are trea- sures hid in caves But

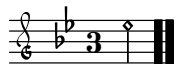
1.

2.

26



o- ver- runne. clouds of an earth quite o- ver- run, Let him see runne.
 kept by sprights. hid in caves but kept by sprights, Look- ing on sprights.



III. My thoughts are wingd with hopes

Cantus

John Dowland



1. My thoughts are wingd with hopes, my hopes with love.

2. And you my thoughts that some mis-trust do cary,

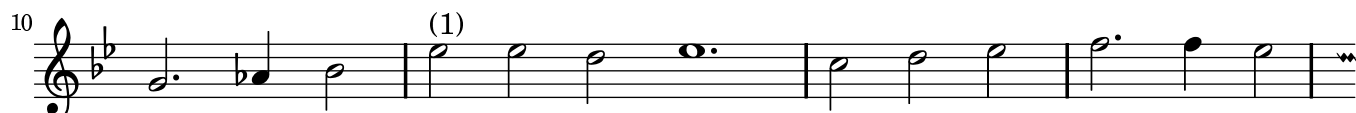
3. If she, for this, with clouds doe maske her eyes,



Mount love un- to the Moone in cleer- est night, and say as

If for mis- trust my mis- tresse do you blame, Say though you

And make the hea- vens darke with her dis- daine, With wind- y



she doth in the hea- vens move, In earth so wanes and wax-

al- ter, yet you do not varie, As she doth change, and yet

sighes, dis- perse them in the skies, Or with thy teares dis- solve



eth my de- light: and whis- per this but soft- ly in her

re- maine the same: Dis- trust doth en- ter hearts, but not in-

them in- to raine Thoughts, hopes, and love re- turn to me no



earess, Hope oft doth hang the head, and trust shead teares.

fect, And love is sweet- est sea- soned with sus- pect.

more, Till Cyn- thia shine as she hath done be- fore.

See also the instrumental version, *Sir John Souch, his galliard*, Page L-35.

¹ It's hard to tell whether there was a barline here that got erased, or just one that didn't come through the reproduction process very well. There isn't an obvious reason not to have one.



III. My thoughts are winged with hopes

Altus

John Dowland



1. My thoughts are winged with hopes, my hopes with love. Mount love un-

2. And you my thoughts that some mis-trust do cary, If for If

3. If she, for this, with clouds doe maske her eyes, And make the



to the Moone, the Moone in cleer-est night, and say as she doth

for mis-trust my mis-tresse do you blame, Say though you al-ter,

hea-vens darke with her dis-daine, Or with thy teares dis-



in the hea-vens move, In earth so wanes and wax-eth my

yet you do not va-rie, As she doth change, and yet re-maine

solve them in- to raine With wind- y sighes, dis- perse them in



de- light: and whis- per this, but soft- ly in her eares,

the same: Dis- trust doth en- ter hearts, but not in- fect,

the skies, Thoughts, hopes, and love re- turn to me no more



Hope oft doth hang the head, the head, and trust shead teares.

And love is sweet- est sea- soned, sea- soned with sus- pect.

Till Cyn- thia shine as she, as she hath done be- fore.



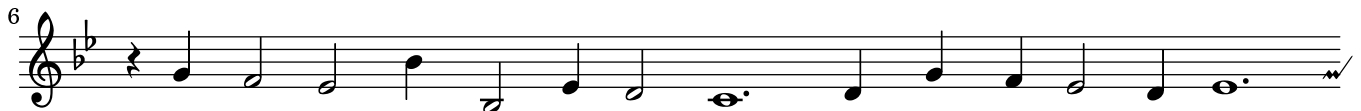
III. My thoughts are wingd with hopes

Tenor

John Dowland



- (1)
1. My thoughts are wingd with hopes, my hopes with love. Mount love
 2. And you my thoughts that some mis-trust do cary, If for
 3. If she, for this, with clouds doe maske her eyes, And make



un- to the Moone in cleer-est night, and say as she doth in
mis-trust my mis-tresse do you blame, Say though you al-ter, yet
the hea-vens darke with her dis-daine, With wind- y sighes, dis- perse



the hea-vens move, In earth so wanes so wanes and wax-eth my de-
you do not varie, As she doth change, and yes, and yet re-maine the
them in the skies, Or with thy teares dis-solve, dis- solve them in- to



light: and whis- per this, and whis- per this, but soft- ly in her
same: Dis- trust, dis- trust doth en- ter hearts, but not in-
raine Thoughts, hopes, and love, thoughts, hopes, and love re- turn to me no

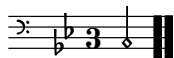


(2)

eares, soft- ly in her eares, Hope oft doth hang the head, and trust shead teares.
fect, but not in- fect, And love is sweet-est sea-soned with sus- pect.
more, to me no more, Till Cyn- thia shine as she hath done be- fore.

¹Original has C half note

²Original is a quarter note.



III. My thoughts are winged with hopes

Bassus

John Dowland



1. My thoughts are winged with hopes, my hopes with love. Mount love un-

2. And you my thoughts that some mis-trust do cary, If for mis-

3. If she, for this, with clouds doe maske her eyes, And make the



to the Moone in cleer- est night, and say as
trust my mis- tresse do you blame, Say though you
hea- vens darke with her dis- daine, With wind- y



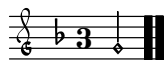
she doth in the hea- vens moove, In earth so wanes and wax-
al- ter, yet you do not varie, As she doth change, and yet
sighes, dis- perse them in the skies, Or with thy teares dis- solve



eth my de- light: And whis- per this but soft- ly in her
re- maine the same: Dis- trust doth en- ter hearts, but not in-
them in- to raine Thoughts, hopes, and love re- turn to me no



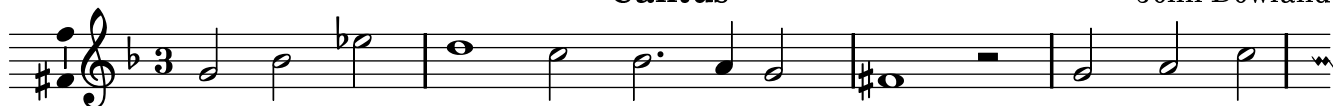
eares, her eares, Hope oft doth hang the head, and Trust and Trust shead teares.
fect, in- fect, And love is sweet- est sea- soned, sea- soned with sus- pect.
more, no more, Till Cyn- thia shine as she hath done, hath done be- fore.



III. If my complaints

Cantus

John Dowland



1. If my com-plaints could pas-sions move, or make love
 My pas-sions were e-nough to prove, that my de-
 2. Can love be rich, and yet I want? Thou plen-ty
 Is love my Judge, and yet I am condemnd? Thou made a



see where-in I suf-fer wrong: O love, I live and die in
 spaires had go-vernd mee too long. Thy wounds doe fresh-ly bleed in
 hast, yet me dost scant: That I do live, it is thy
 God, and yet thy power con-temnd. That I de-sire it is thy



thee, my heart for thy un-kind-ness breaks: thou saist thou canst my
 mee, thy grieve in my deepe sighes still speakes: Yet thou dost hope when
 power: If love doth make mens lives too sowre, Die shall my hopes, but
 worth: Let me not love, not live hence- forth. May heere des- paire, which



harmes re- paire, and when I hope, thou makst me hope in vaine.
 I de- spaire, yet for re-dresse, thou letst me still com-plaine.
 not my faith, That you that of my fall may hear-ers be
 true-ly faith, I was more true to love than love to me.

See also the instrumental version, *Captaine Digorie Piper his Galiard*, Page L-38.

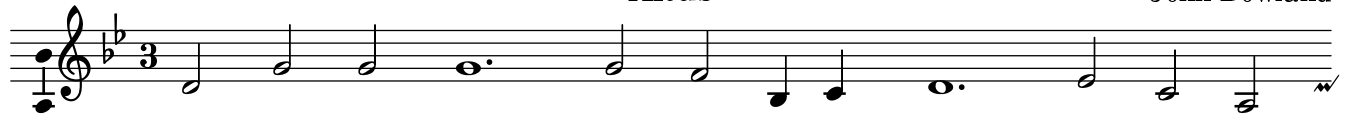
¹ Original has quarter note



III. If my complaints

Altus

John Dowland

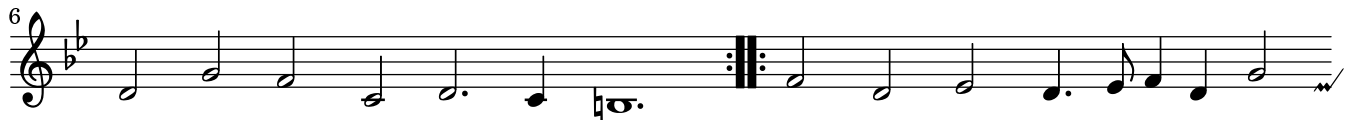


1. If my com-plaints could pas-si-ons move, or make love

My pas-sions were e-nough to prove, that my de-

2. Can love be rich, and yet I want? Thou plen-ty

Is love my Judge, and yet I am condemnd? Thou made a



see where- in I suf-fer wrong: O love, I live I live
 spaires had go-vernd mee too long. Thy wounds doe fresh-ly fresh-
 hast, yet me dost scant: That I do live, it is
 God, and yet thy power con-temnd. That I de-sire it is



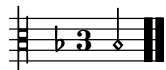
and die in thee, thy grieffe in my deepe sighes deepe
 ly bleed in mee, my heart for thy un-kind un-
 thy power: If love doth make mens
 thy worth: Let me not love, not



sighs still speaks: Yet thou dost hope dost hope when I de-
 kind-nesse breaks: thou saist thou canst thou canst my harmes re-
 lives too sowre, Die shall my hopes, but not my
 live hence-forth. May heere des-paire, which true-ly



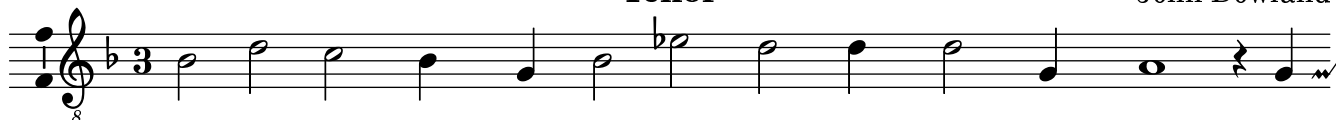
spaire, and when I hope, thou makst thou makst me hope in vaine.
 paire, yet for re-dresse, thou letst thou letst me still com-plaine.
 faith, That you that of my fall may hear-ers be
 faith, I was more true to love than love to me.



III. If my complaints

Tenor

John Dowland



1. If my com-plaints could pas-sions move, could pas-sions move, or
 My pas-sions were e-nough to prove, e-nough to prove, that
 2. Can love be rich, and yet I want? and yet I want, Thou
 Is love my Judge, and yet I am con-demnd? con-demned? Thou



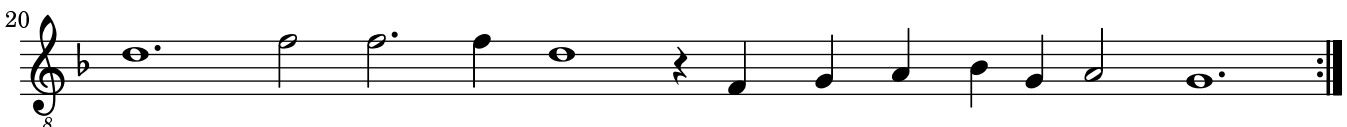
make love see where- in I suf- fer wrong: O love, I
 my de- spaires had go- vernd mee too long. Thy wounds doe
 plen- ty hast, yet me dost scant: That I do
 made a God, and yet thy power con-temnd. That I de-



live and die, I live and die in thee, thy grieffe in my deepe sighes
 fresh - ly bleed do fresh-ly bleed in mee, my hart for thy un- kind
 live, it is, I live it is thy power: If love doth make mens lives,
 sire it is, I de- sire it, thy worth: Let me not love, not live,



deepe sighs still speakes: Yet thou dost hope when I de-
 un- kind- nesse breakes: thou saist thou canst my harmes re-
 mens lives, too sowre, Die shall my hopes, but not my
 not live, hence- forth. May heere des- paire, which true- ly

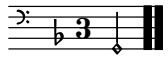


spaire, and when I hope, thou makst me hope in vaine.
 paire, yet for re-dresse, thou letst me still com- plaine.
 faith, That you that of my fall may hear-ers be
 faith, I was more true to love than love to me.

III. If my complaints

Bassus

John Dowland



1. If my com- plaints could pas- sions move, or make love
 My pas- sions were e- nough to prove, that my de-
 2. Can love be rich, and yet I want? Thou plen- ty
 Is love my Judge, and yet I am con- demnd? Thou made a



see where- in I suf- fer wrong: O love, I live and
 spaires had go- vernd mee too long. Thy wounds doe fresh- ly
 hast, yet me dost scant: That I do live, it
 God, and yet thy power con- temnd. That I de- sire it



die in thee, thy griefe thy griefe in my deepe sighes still speakes:
 bleed in mee, my heart my heart for thy un- kind- nesse breakes:
 is thy power: If love, if love, doth make mens lives too sowre,
 is thy worth: Let me, let me, not love, not live hence- forth.



and when I hope, thou makst, thou makst, me hope in vaine.
 yet for re- dresse, thou letst, thou letst, me still com- plaine.
 That you that of my fall, my fall may hear- ers be
 I was more true to love, to love, than love to me.

¹ This rest is editorial.



V. Can she excuse my wrongs

Cantus.

John Dowland

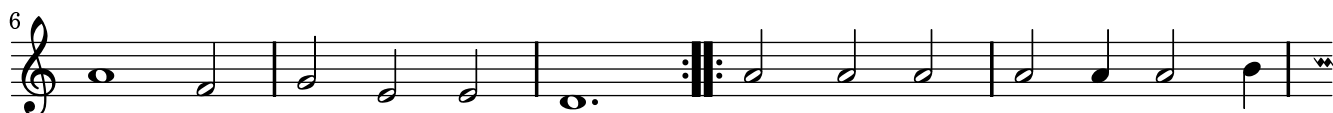


1. Can she ex- cuse my wrongs with ver- tues cloak? shal I call her

Are those cleer fires which va- nish in- to smoak? must I praise the

2. Was I so base, that I might not as- pire Un- to those high

As they are high, so high is my de- sire: If she this de-



good when she proves un- kind? No no: where sha- dows do for
leaves where no fruit I find? Cold love is like to words writ-
joyes which she holds from me? If she will yeeld to that which
nie, what can gran- ted be? Deare make me hap- py still by



bo- dies stand, thou maist be a- busde if thy sight be dim.
ten on sand, or to bub- bles which on the wa- ter swim.
rea- son is, It is rea- sons will that love should be just.
grant- ing this, Or cut off de- layes if that I die must.



Wilt thou be thus a- bu- sed still, see- ing that she wil right thee ne- ver
Bet- ter a thou- sand times to die, Then for to live thus still tor- ment- ed:



if thou canst not ore- com her wil, thy love wil be thus fruit- les e- ver.
Deare but re- mem- ber it was I Who for thy sake did die con- tent- ed.

The words to this song may have been written by the Earl of Essex, about his stormy relationship with Queen Elizabeth. [Pou82, page 226ff] This would explain why Dowland calls the instrumental version of the tune (Page L-32)(Page L-32), published after both Elizabeth and Essex were dead, *The Earl of Essex Galliard*.



V. Can she excuse my wrongs

Altus

John Dowland

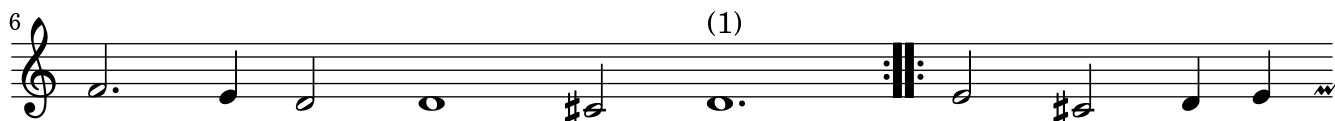


1. Can she ex- cuse my wrongs with ver- tues cloak? shal I call her

Are those cleer fires which va- nish in- to smoak? must I praise the

2. Was I so base, that I might not as- pire Un- to those high

As they are high, so high is my de- sire: If she this de-



6 good when she proves un- kind? No no: where

leaves where no fruit I find? Cold love is

joyes which she holds from me? If she will

nie, what can gran- ted be? Deare make me



10 sha- dows do where sha- dows do for bo- dies stand, thou maist be a-

like to words writ like to words writ- ten on sand, or to bub- bles

yeeld to that which rea- son is, rea- son is, It is rea- sons

hap- py still by grant- ing this, grant- ing this, Or cut off de-



14 busde a- bused if thy sight be dim. 1. Wilt thou be thus a-

which on the wa- ter wa- ter swim.

will that love, that love, should be just. Bet- ter a thou- sand

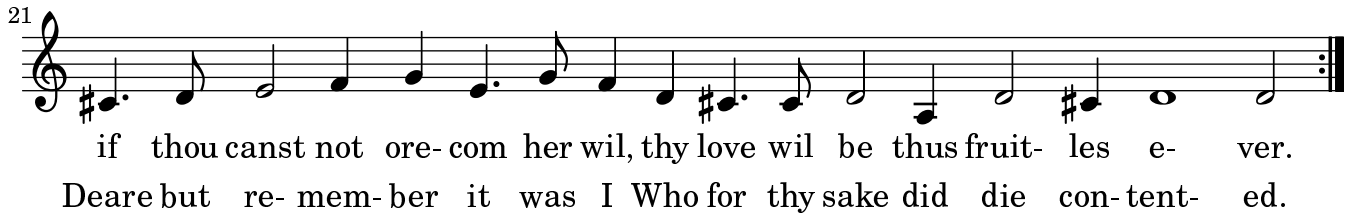
layes if that I die, I die, must.



18 bu - sed still, see- ing that she wil right thee ne- ver

times to die, Then for to live, thus still tor- ment- ed:

21



if thou canst not ore-com her wil, thy love will be thus fruit-les e-ver.
Deare but re-mem-ber it was I Who for thy sake did die con-tent-ed.



PLATE XXXVIII. QUEEN ELIZABETH, 1588. Water-colour drawing by Isaac Oliver
Royal Library, Windsor. *By gracious permission of H.M. the King*

Figure 0.1: Queen Elizabeth, 1588. Watercolor drawing by Isaac Oliver.

¹ Original is whole note.

² Original has A whole note.



V. Can she excuse my wrongs

Tenor

John Dowland

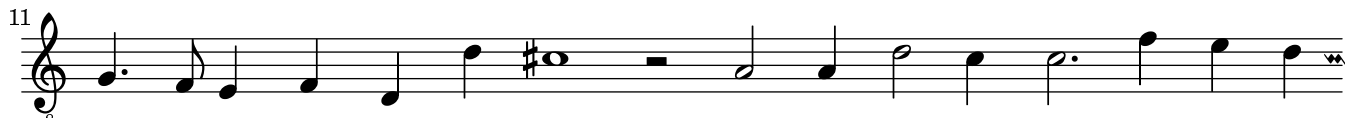


1. Can she ex- cuse my wrongs with ver- tues cloak? shal I call her
Are those cleer fires which va- nish in- to smoak? must I praise the

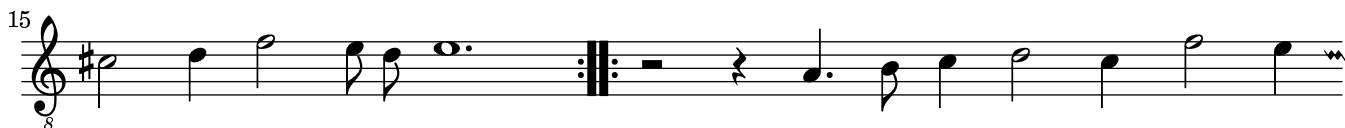
2. Was I so base, that I might not as- pire Un- to those high
As they are high, so high is my de- sire: If she this de-



good when she proves un-kind? No no no: where sha-dowes do for
leaves where no fruit I find? Cold love love is like to words to
joyes which she holds from me? If she will yeeld to that which
nie, what can gran- ted be? Deare make me hap- py still by



bo - dies for bo- dies stand, thou maist bee a- busde if thy
words writ- ten on sand, or to bub- bles which on the
rea- son, which rea- son, is, It is rea- sons will that love, that
grant- ing, by grant- ing, this, Or cut off de- layes if that, if



sight thysight be dim. Wilt thou be thus a- bu- sed
wa- ter wa- ter swim.
love, should be just. Bet- ter a thou- sand times to
that, I die must.



still, see- ing that she wil right thee ne- ver if thou canst not ore-
die, Then for to live thus still tor- ment- ed: Deare but re- mem- ber

22



com her wil, thy love wil be thus fruit-les e-ver.
it was I Who for thy sake did die con-tent-ed.



Figure 0.2: Robert Devereux, 3rd Earl of Essex.

³ Facsimile has D#, but this conflicts with D in the Altus part.



V. Can she excuse my wrongs

Bassus

John Dowland



1. Can she ex- cuse ex- cuse my wrongs with ver- tues cloak?
 Are those cleer fires cleer fires which va- nish in- to smoak?
 2. Was I so base, that I might not, might not, as- pire
 As they are high, so high is my de- sire, de- sire:



shal I call her good when she proves un- kind? No no: where
 must I praise the leaves where no fruit I find? Cold love is
 Un- to those high joyes which she holds from me? If she will
 If she this de- nie, what can gran- ted be? Deare make me



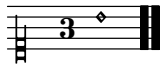
sha- dows do for bo- dies stand, thou maist be a- busde if thy sight be
 like to words writ- ten on sand, or to bub- bles which on the wa- ter
 yeeld to that which rea- son is, It is rea- sons will that love should be
 hap- py still by grant- ing this, Or cut off de- layes if that I die



dim. Wilt thou be thus a- bu- sed still, see- ing that she wil right thee ne- ver?
 swim.
 just. Bet- ter a thou- sand times to die, Then for to live thus still tor- ment- ed:
 must.



if thou canst not ore- com her wil, thy love wil be thus fruit- les e- ver.
 Deare but re- mem- ber it was I Who for thy sake did die con- tent- ed.



VI. Now, O now, I needs must part,

Cantus

John Dowland



1. Now O now, I needs must part, part- ing though I ab- sent
 While I live I needs must love, love lives not when hope is
 2. Deare when I from thee am gone, Gone are all my joyes at
 And al- though your sight I leave, Sight where in my joyes doe
 3. Deare if I do not re- turne, Love and I shall die to-
 Part we must though now I die, Die I do to part with



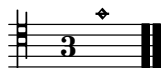
mourn. Ab- sence can no joy im- part: joy once fled can- not re-
 gone. Now at last de- spaire doth prove, love di- vi- ded lov- eth
 once. I loved thee and thee a- lone, In whose love I joy- ed
 lie, Till that death doth sence be- reave, Ne- ver shall af- fec- tion
 gether. For my ab- sence ne- ver mourne, Whom you might have joy- ed
 you. Him des- paire doth cause to lie, Who both lived and di- eth



turne.
 none.
 once. Sad de- spair doth drive me hence, this des- paire un- kind- nes
 die.
 ever:
 true.



sends. If that part- ing bee of- fence, it is shee which then of- fends.



VI. Now, O now, I needs must part,

Altus

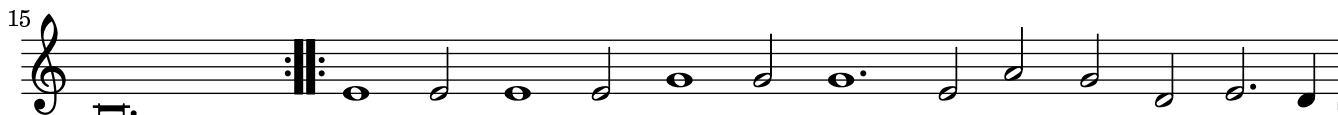
John Dowland



1. Now, O now, I needs must part, part- ing though I ab- sent
 While I live I needs must love, love lives not when hope is
 2. Deare, when I from thee am gone, Gone are all my joyes at
 And al- though your sight I leave, Sight where in my joyes doe
 3. Deare, If I do not re- turne, Love and I shall die to-
 Part we must though now I die, Die I do to part with



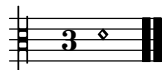
mourn. Ab- sence can no joy im- part: joy once fled can- not re-
 gone. Now at last des- paire doth prove, love di- vi- ded lov- eth
 once. I loved thee and thee a- lone, In whose love I joy- ed
 lie, Till that death doth sence be- reave, Ne- ver shall af- fec- tion
 gether. For my ab- sence ne- ver mourne, Whom you might have joy- ed
 you. Him de- spare doth cause to lie, Who both lived and di- eth



turne. Sad de- spair doth drive me hence, this des- paire un- kind- nes
 none.
 once.
 die.
 ever:
 true.



sends. If that part- ing bee of- fence, it is shee which then of- fends.



VI. Now, O now, I needs must part,

Tenor

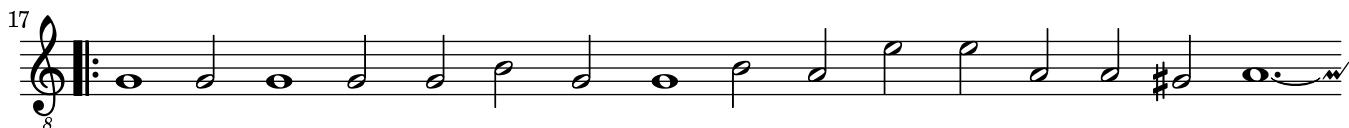
John Dowland



1. Now, O now, I needs must part, part- ing though I ab- sent mourn.
While I live I needs must love, love lives not when hope is gone.
2. Deare, when I from thee am gone, Gone are all my joyes at once.
And al- though your sight I leave, Sight where in my joyes doe lie,
3. Deare, If I do not re- turne, Love and I shall die to- gether.
Part we must though now I die, Die I do to part with you.



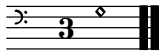
Ab- sence can no joy im- part: joy once fled can- not re- turne.
Now at last de- spaire doth prove, love di- vi- ded lov- eth none.
I loved thee and thee a- lone, In whose love I joy- ed once.
Till that death doth sence be- reave, Ne- ver shall af- fec- tion die.
For my ab- sence ne- ver mourne, Whom you might have joy- ed ever.
Him des- paire doth cause to lie, Who both lived and di- eth true.



Sad de- spair doth drive me hence, this des- paire des- paire un- kind- nes sends.



If that part- ing bee of - fence, it is shee which then of- fends.



VI. Now, O now, I needs must part,

Bassus

John Dowland



1. Now, O now, I needs must part, part- ing though I ab- sent
While I live I needs must love, love lives not when hope is
2. Deare, when I from thee am gone, Gone are all my joyes at
And al- though your sight I leave, Sight where in my joyes doe
3. Deare, If I do not re- turne, Love and I shall die to-
Part we must though now I die, Die I do to part with

8



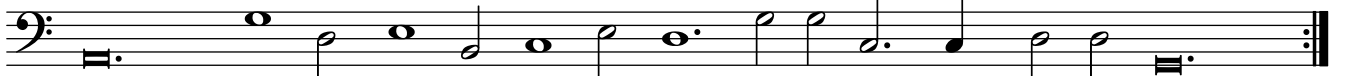
mourn. Ab- sence can no joy im- part: joy once fled can- not re-
gone. Now at last de- spaire doth prove, love di- vi- ded lov- eth
once. I loved thee and thee a- lone, In whose love I joy- ed
lie, Till that death doth sence be- reave, Ne- ver shall af- fec- tion
gether. For my ab- sence ne- ver mourne, Whom you might have joy- ed
you. Him de- spaire doth cause to lie, Who both lived and di- eth

15



turne. Sad de- spair doth drive me hence, me hence; this des- paire un- kind- nes
none.
once.
die.
ever:
true.

23



sends. If that part- ing bee of- fence, it is shee which then of- fends.



VII. Deare, if you change

Cantus

John Dowland



Deare, if you change, ile ne- ver chuse a- gaine. Sweet, if you
Earth with her flowers shall soon- er heaven a- dorne, Heaven her bright



shrinke, ile ne- ver thinke of love. Faire, if you faile, ile
starres through earths dim globe shall move, Fire heate shall lose, and



judge all beau- tie vaine. Wise, if too weake, moe wits Ile
frosts of flames be borne, Ayre made to shine as black as



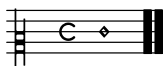
ne- ver prove. Deare, sweet, faire, wise, change, shrink, nor be not
hell shall prove: Earth, heaven, fire, ayre, the world trans- form'd shall

1. || 2.



weake: and, on my faith, my faith shall ne- ver breake. breake.
view, Ere I prove false to faith, or strange to you. you.

⁰I have moved the spot that the B section repeats to to make the text underlay easier.



VII. Deare, if you change

Altus

John Dowland

Deare, if you change, ile ne- ver chuse a- gaine. Sweet, if you
 Earth with her flowers shall soon- er heaven a- dorne, Heaven her bright

9
 shrinke, you shrinke, ile ne- ver thinke of love. Faire, if you
 starres, bright starres, through earths dim globe shall move, Fire heate shall

14
 faile, you faile, ile judge all beau- ty vaine. Wise, if too weake, too
 lose, shall lose, and frosts of flames be borne, Ayre made to shine, to

21
 weake, moe wits, moe wits, ile ne- ver prove. Deare, sweet,
 shine, as blacke, as blacke, as hell shall prove: Earth, heaven,

27
 deare, sweet, faire, wise, change, shrinke nor be not weake: and on my
 earth, heaven fire, ayre, the world trans- form'd shall view, ere I prove

33
 faith, and on my faith, my faith shall ne- ver breake. Deare, breake.
 false to faith, to faith, or strange, or strange, to you. Earth, you.

⁰Yes, the altus and bassus really do have Common Time instead of Cut Time.



VII. Deare, if you change

Tenor

John Dowland

8 Deare, if you change, ile ne- ver chuse a- gaine Sweet, if you
Earth with her flowers shall soon- er heaven a- dorne, Heaven her bright

9 shrink, you shrink, ile ne- ver thinke of love. Faire, if you
starres, bright starres, through earths dim globe shall move, Fire heate shall

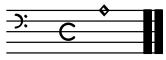
15 faile, ile judge all beau- ty vaine. Wise, if too weake, moe wits ile
lose, and frosts of flames be borne, Ayre made to shine as black as

22 ne- ver prove, moe wits ile ne- ver prove. Deare, sweet, faire,
hell shall prove, as black as hell shall prove, Earth, hea- ven, fire,

27 wise, Deare, sweet, faire, wise, change, shrink nor bee not weake:
ayre, Earth, hea- ven fire ayre, the world trans- form'd shall view,

32 and, on my faith, my faith shall ne- ver breake. Deare, breake.
Ere I prove false to faith, or strange to you. Earth, you.

1. 2.



VII. Deare, if you change

Bassus

John Dowland



Deare, if you change, ile ne- ver chuse a- gaine. Sweet, if you
Earth with her flowers shall soon- er heaven a- dorne. Heaven her bright



shrinke, you shrinke, ile ne- ver thinke of love. Faire, if you faile, ile
starres, bright starres, through earths dim globe shall move, Fire heate shall lose, and



judge all beau- tie vaine. Wise, if too weake, moe wits ile ne- ver prove. Deare,
frosts of flames be borne, Ayre made to shine as blacke as hell shall prove: Earth,

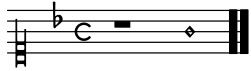


sweet, faire, wise, deare, sweet, faire, wise, change, shrinke nor be not weak:
heaven, fire, ayre, earth, heaven fire, ayre, the world trans- form'd shall view,

1. || 2.



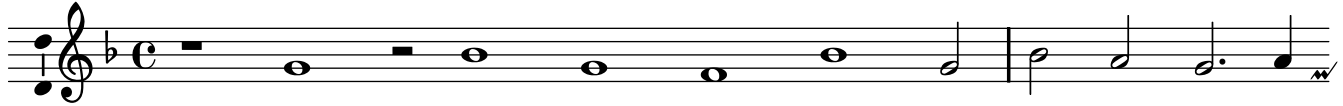
and, on my faith, my faith shall ne- ver breake. Deare, breake.
Ere I prove false to faith, or strange to you. Earth, you.



VIII. Burst forth my tears

Cantus.

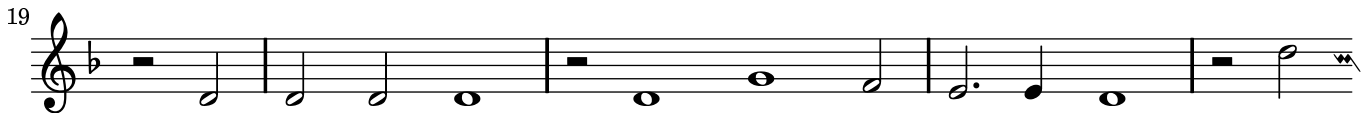
John Dowland



1. Burst, burst, forth my tears, as- sist my for- ward
2. Sad, sad, pin- ing care, that ne- ver may have
3. Like, like, to the winds my sighs have wing- ed



griefe, And shew what pain im- per- ious love pro- vokes.
 peace, At beau- ties gate in hope of pi- tie knocks
 beene Yet are my sighes and sutes re- paid with mocks:



Kinde ten- der lambes, la- ment loves scant re- lief, And
 But mer- cy sleeps while deep dis- daine in- crease, And
 I pleade, yet she re- pi- neth at my teene, O



pine, since pen- sive care my free- dome yokes. O pine, to
 beau- tie hope in her faire bo- some yokes. O grieve to
 ruth- lesse ri- gour har- der then the rocks, That both the



see me pine, O pine, to see me pine my ten- der flocks.
 heare my griefe, O grieve to heare my griefe, my ten- der flocks.
 she- pheard kills, That both the she- pheard kills, and his poore flocks.



VIII. Burst forth my tears

Altus.

John Dowland

1. Burst, burst, forth my tears, as- sist my for- ward
 2. Sad, sad, pin- ing care, that ne- ver may have
 3. Like, like to the winds my sighs have wing- ed

10
 griefe, And shew what pain, and shew what pain, im- per- i- ous
 peace, At beau- ties gate, at beau- ties gate, in hope of pi-
 beene Yet are my sighes, yet are my sighes, and sutes re- paid

16
 love pro- vokes, im- per- i- ous love pro- vokes. Kinde ten- der lambes, la-
 tie knocks in hope of pi- tie knocks But mer- cy sleeps while
 with mocks: and sutes re- paid with mocks: I pleade, yet she, yet

23
 ment, la- ment loves scant re- lief, And pine, since pen- sive care my free-
 deep, while deep dis- daine in- crease, And beau- tie hope in her faire bo-
 she re- pi- neth at my teene, O ruth- lesse ri- gour har- der then

30
 dome yokes. my free- dome yokes. O pine, to see me pine,
 some yokes. faire bo- some yokes. O grieve to heare my griefe,
 the rocks, har- der then the rocks, That both the she- phard kills,

37
 O pine, to see me pine, to see me pine, my ten- der flockes.
 O grieve to heare my griefe, to heare my griefe, my ten- der flockes.
 That both the she- phard kills, the she- phard kills, and his poore flockes.

VIII. Burst forth my tears

Tenor.

John Dowland

8

1. Burst, burst forth my tears, assist, assist my forward
 2. Sad, sad pining care, that never, never may have
 3. Like, like to the winds my sighs, my sighs have winged

10

grieffe, And shew what pain, pain imperious love provokes, im-
 peace, At beauties gate, gate in hope of pities knocks in
 beene Yet are my sighes, sighes and sutes repaid with mocks: and

17

per-ious love provokes. Kinde tender lambes, lament lament loves
 hope of pities knocks But mercy sleeps while deep disdain, dis-
 sutes repaid with mocks: I pleade, yet she, yet she repi-neth

24

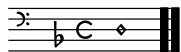
scant reliefe, reliefe, And pine, since pensive care, since pensive
 daigne increase, increase, And beautie hope in her faire, in her
 at my teene, my teene, O ruthlesse rigour harder, rigour

30

care my freedom yokes. O pine, to see me pine, to see me
 faire bo-some yokes. O grieve to heare my grieffe, to heare my
 har-der then the rocks, That both the shepheard kills, the shepheard

37

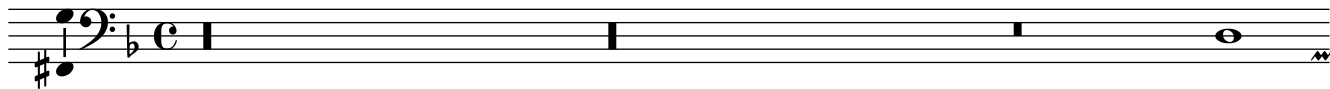
pine, O pine, to see me pine, my tender flockes.
 grieffe, O grieve to heare my grieffe, my tender flockes.
 kills, That both the shepheard kills, and his poore flocks.



VIII. Burst forth my tears

Bassus.

John Dowland



1. And
2. At
3. Yet



shew what pain im- per- ious love, im- per- ious love pro- vokes.
 beau- ties gate in hope of pi- tie, hope of pi- tie knocks
 are my sighes and sutes re- paid, and sutes re- paid with mocks:



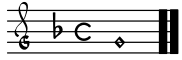
Kinde ten- der lambes, la- ment loves scant re- lief, And pine, since
 But mer- cy sleeps while deep dis- daine in- crease, And beau- tie
 I pleade, yet she re- pi- neth at my teene, O ruth- lesse



pen- sive care my free- dome, my free- dome yokes. O pine,
 hope in her faire bo- some, faire bo- some yokes. O grieve
 ri- gour har- der then har- der then the rocks, That both



to see me, pine, to see me pine my ten- der, my ten- der flockes.
 to heare my grieffe, to heare my grieffe, my ten- der, my ten- der flockes.
 the she- phard, both the she- phard kills, she- phard kills, and his poore flockes.



IX. Go crystall teares,

Cantus

John Dowland



1. Go cry- stall tears, like to the mor- ning showrs, And

2. Haste, rest- lesse sighes, and let your burn- ing breath Dis-



sweet- ly weep in- to thy La- dies breast. And as the

solve the ice of her in- du- rate heart, Whose fro- zen



dewes re- vive the droop- ing flowers, so let your drops of pi- tie

ri- gour like for- get- full death, Feeles ne- ver an- y touch of



be ad- drest, to quick- en up the thoghts of my de- sert,

my de- sert: Yet sighes and teares to her I sa- cri- fice,

1. 2.



which sleeps too sound, whilst I from her de- part. To part.

both from a spot- less heart and pa- tient eyes. Yet eyes.

⁰Modern conventions for notating the repeats are very different from what Dowland used. In this piece, I had to move the begin repeat to a much later point than Dowlands “go back to here” squiggle, with a correspondingly longer first alternative ending. LEC

¹ Original has a barline between the note and the dot.



IX. Go crystall teares,

Altus

John Dowland



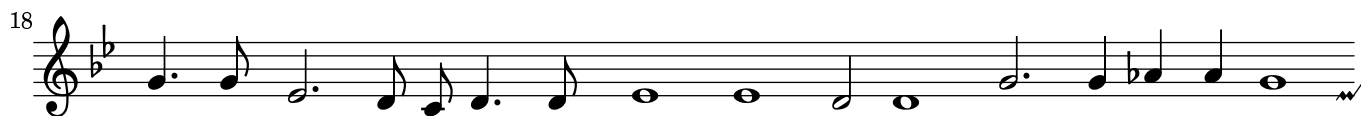
1. Go cry- stall tears, like to the mor- ning shows, And

2. Haste, rest- lesse sighes, and let your burn - ing breath Dis-



sweet- ly weep in- to thy La- dies breast. And as the

solve the ice of her in- du- rate heart, Whose fro- zen



dewes re- vive the droop- ing flowers, so let your drops of pi- tie be

ri- gour like for - get- full death, Feeles ne- ver an- y touch of my



ad- drest, to quick- en up the thoghts of my de- sert, which sleeps too

de- sert: Yet sighes and teares to her I sa- cri- fice, both from a



sound, whilst I from her, from her de- part: from her de- part. part.

spot- less heart and pa- tient eyes, and pa- tient eyes. eyes.

¹ Original is a quarter note.

² Original is a quarter note.



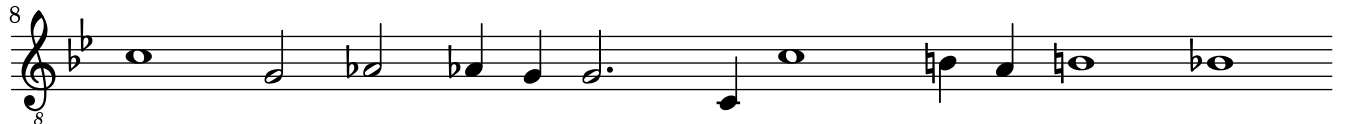
IX. Go crystall teares,

Tenor.

John Dowland



1. Go cry- stall tears, like to the mor- ning showrs,
2. Haste, rest- lesse sighes, and let your burn- ing breath



And sweet- ly weep in- to thy La- dies breast.
Dis- solve the ice of her in- du- rate heart,



And as the dewes re- vive the droop- ing flowers,
Whose fro- zen ri- gour like for- get- full death,



so let your drops of pi- tie be ad- drest, to quick- en
Feeles ne- ver an- y touch of my de- sert: Yet sighes and



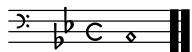
up the thoghts, the thoghts of my de- sert, which sleeps too sound, whilst
teares to her to her I sa- cri- fice, both from a spot- less



I from her from her, de- part, from her de- part from her de- part.
heart and pa- tient eyes, and eyes, and pa- tient eyes, and pa- tient eyes.

² Original is a quarter note.

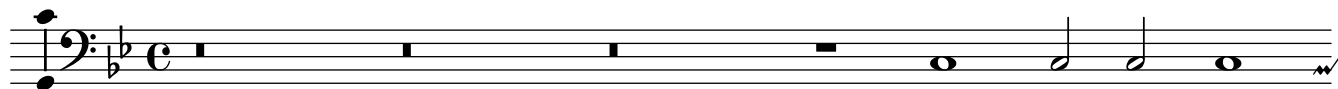
⁵ these rests added by editor



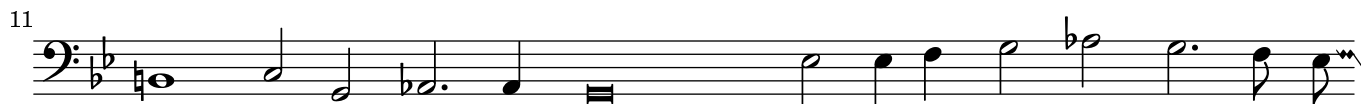
IX. Go crystall teares,

Bassus.

John Dowland



1. And sweet-ly weep,
2. Dis- solve the ice



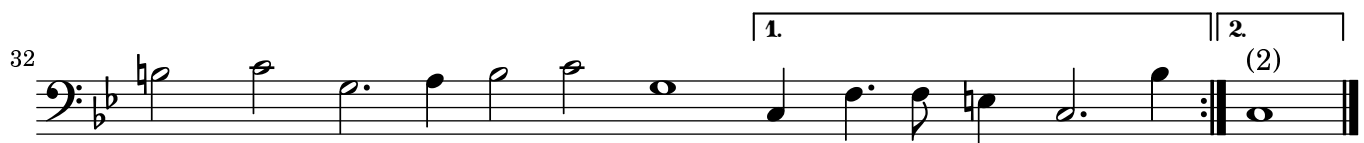
in- to thy La- dies breast. And as the dewes re- vive the
of her in- du- rate heart, Whose fro- zen ri- gour like for-



droop- ing flowers, so let your drops of pi- tie be ad- drest, ad-
get- full death, Feeles ne- ver an- y touch of my de- sert, de-



drest, to quick- en up the thoughts of my de- sert, which sleeps too
sert: Yet sighes and teares to her I sa- cri- fice, Both from a



sound, whilst I from her de- part, from her de- part. To part.
spot- less heart and pa- tient eyes, and pa- tient eyes. Yet eyes.

² Original is a quarter note.



X. Thinkst thou then by thy fayning

Cantus

John Dowland



1. Thinkst thou then by thy fayning sleepe with a proud dis- day-
 Or with thy craf- ty clos- ing Thy cru- el eyes re- pos-
 2. O that mysleepe dis- sem- bled, were to a trance re- sem-
 Thy cru- ell eyes de- cei- ving, Of live- ly sense be- reav-
 3. Should then my love as- pir- ing, For- bid- den joyes de- sir-
 So farre ex- ceed the due- ty That ver- tue owes to beau-

1. | 2. |



ning, To drive me from thy sight, when sleepe yeelds
 ing, And while sleepe fayn- ed is, may not I
 bled, Then should my love re- quire Thy loves un-
 ing: In beau- ties sweet dis- grace: And livd in
 ing, No, Love seeke not thy blisse, Be- yond a
 tie? Yet kisse a thou- sand fold. For kis- ses

1. | 2. |



more de- light, such harm- less beau- tie gra- cing.
 steale a kisse, Thy qui- et armes em- bra- cing.
 kind de- spite, While fu- ry tri- umpht bold- ly
 sweet em- brace Of her that lov'd so cold- ly.
 sim- ple kisse: For such de- ceits are harme- lesse,
 may be bold When love- ly sleep is arme- lesse.



X. Thinkst thou then by thy fayning

Altus.

John Dowland



1. Thinkst thou then by thy fayning sleepe with a proud
 Or with thy crafty closing Thy cruel eyes
 2. O that my sleepe dissembled, were to a trance
 Thy cruel eyes deceiving, Of lively sense
 3. Should then my love aspiring, Forbidden joyes
 So farre exceed the duty That vertue owes

1. | 2. |



- disdayning, To drive me from thy sight, when
 reposing, And while sleepe fayned is, may
 resem- bled, Then should my love require Thy
 be-reav- ing: In beauties sweet disgrace: And
 de-sir- ing, No, Love seeke not thy blisse, Be-
 to beau- tie? Yet kisse a thousand fold. For

1. | 2. |



- sleepe yeelds more delight, such harm- less beau- tie gra- cing.
 not I steale a kisse, Thy quiet armes em- bra- cing.
 loves un- kind de- spite, While fu- ry tri- umpht bold- ly
 livd in sweet em- brace Of her that lov'd so cold- ly.
 yond a sim- ple kisse: For such de- ceits are harme- lesse,
 kis- ses may be bold When love- ly sleep is arme- lesse.



X. Thinkst thou then by thy fayning

Tenor.

John Dowland



1. Thinkst thou then by thy fayning sleepe with a proud dis-day-
 Or with thy craf-ty clos-ing Thy cru-el eyes re-pos-
 2. O that my sleepe dis-sem-bled, were to a trance re-sem-
 Thy cru-ell eyes de-cei-ving, Of live-ly sense be-reav-
 3. Should then my love as-pir-ing, For-bid-den joyes de-sir-
 So farre exceed the due-ty That ver-tue owes to beau-

1. 2.

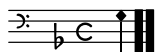


ning, To drive me from thy sight, when sleepe yeelds more de-light,
 ing, And while sleepe fayned is, may not I steale a kisse,
 bled, Then should my love require Thy loves un-kind de-spite,
 ing: In beau-ties sweet dis-grace: And livd in sweet em-brace
 ing, No, Love seeke not thy blisse, Be-yond a sim-ple kisse:
 tie? Yet kisse a thou-sand fold. For kis-ses may be bold

1. 2.



such harm-less beau-tie gra-cing.
 Thy qui-et armes em-bra-cing.
 While fu-ry tri-umpht bold-ly
 Of her that lov'd so cold-ly.
 For such de-ceits are harme-lesse,
 When love-ly sleep is arme-lesse.



X. Thinkst thou then by thy fayning

Bassus.

John Dowland



1. Thinkst thou then by thy fayning sleepe with a proud dis-
 Or with thy craf-ty clos- ing Thy cru- el eyes re-
 2. O that my sleepe dis- sem- bled, were to a trance re-
 Thy cru- ell eyes de- cei- ving, Of live- ly sense be-
 3. Should then my love as- pir- ing, For- bid- den joyes de-
 So farre ex- ceed the due- ty That ver- tue owes to

1. || 2.



day- ning, To drive me from thy sight, when
 pos- ing, And while sleepe fayn- ed is, may
 sem- bled, Then should my love re- quire Thy
 reav- ing: In beau- ties sweet dis- grace: And
 sir- ing, No, Love seeke not thy blisse, Be-
 beau- tie? Yet kisse a thou- sand fold. For

1. || 2.



sleepe yeelds more de- light, such harm- less beau- tie gra- cing.
 not I steale a kisse, Thy qui- et armes em- bra- cing.
 loves un- kind de- spite, While fu- ry tri- umpht bold- ly
 livd in sweet em- brace Of her that lov'd so cold- ly.
 yond a sim- ple kisse: For such de- ceits are harme- lesse,
 kis- ses may be bold When love- ly sleep is arme- lesse.

¹ Original looks like a dotted eighth quarter, but it has to be a dotted quarter eighth



XI. Come away, come sweet love

Cantus

John Dowland



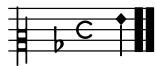
1. Come a- way, come sweet love, The gol- den morn- ing breakes.
All the earth, all the ayre, of love and plea- sure speakes.
2. Come a- way, come sweet love, The gol- den morn- ing wastes,
While the Sunne from his sphere, His fier- y ar- rowes casts:
3. Come a- way, come sweet love, Doe not in vaine a- dorne
Beau- ties grace that should rise, Like to the na- ked morne:



Teach thine armes then to em- brace, And sweet ro-
Eyes were made for beau- ties grace, View- ing ru-
Mak- ing all the sha- dows flie, Play- ing, stay-
Thi- ther sweet love let us hie, Fly- ing, dy-
Lil- lies on the ri- vers side, And faire Cy-
Or- na- ment is nurse of pride, Plea- sure mea-



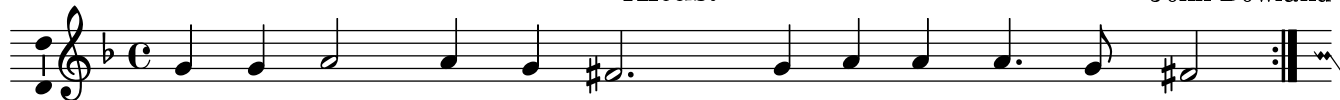
sie lips to kisse, and mix our soules in mu- tuall blisse.
ing loves long pains, Pro- cur'd by beau- ties rude dis- daine.
ing in the grove, To en- ter- taine the stealth of love.
ing in de- sire, Wingd with sweet hopes and heav'n- ly fire.
prian flowres new blowne, De- sire no beau- ties but their owne.
sure loves de- light: Haste then sweet love our wish- ed flight.



XI. Come away, come sweet love

Altus.

John Dowland



1. Come a- way, come sweet love, The gol- den morn- ing breakes.
 All the earth, all the ayre, of love and plea- sure speakes.
 2. Come a- way, come sweet love, The gol- den morn- ing wastes,
 While the Sunne from his sphere, His fier- y ar- rowes casts:
 3. Come a- way, come sweet love, Doe not in vaine a- dorne
 Beau- ties grace that should rise, Like to the na- ked morne:



Teach thine armes then to em- brace, And sweet ro- sie lips to kisse, and
 Eyes were made for beau- ties grace, View- ing ru- ing loves long pains, Pro-
 Mak- ing all the sha- dowers flie, Play- ing, stay- ing in the grove, To
 Thi- ther sweet love let us hie, Fly- ing, dy- ing in de- sire, Wingd
 Lil- lies on the ri- vers side, And faire Cy- prian flowres new blowne, De-
 Or- na- ment is nurse of pride, Plea- sure mea- sure loves de- light: Haste



mix our soules in mu- tuall blisse.
 cur'd by beau- ties rude dis- daine.
 en- ter- taine the stealth of love.
 with sweet hopes and heav'n- ly fire.
 sire no beau- ties but their owne.
 then sweet love our wish- ed flight.

² Original is a quarter note.



XI. Come away, come sweet love

Tenor.

John Dowland



1. Come a- way, come sweet love, The gol- den morn- ing breakes.
All the earth, all the ayre, of love and plea- sure speakes.

2. Come a- way, come sweet love, The gol- den morn- ing wastes,
While the Sunne from his sphere, His fier- y ar- rowes casts:

3. Come a- way, come sweet love, Doe not in vaine a- dorne
Beau- ties grace that should rise, Like to the na- ked morne:



Teach thine armes then to em- brace, And sweet ro- sie lips to kisse, and
Eyes were made for beau- ties grace, View- ing ru- ing loves long pains, Pro-
Mak- ing all the sha- dows flie, Play- ing, stay- ing in the grove, To
Thi- ther sweet love let us hie, Fly- ing, dy- ing in de- sire, Wingd
Lil- lies on the ri- vers side, And faire Cy- prian flowres new blowne, De-
Or- na- ment is nurse of pride, Plea- sure mea- sure loves de- light: Haste



mix our soules in mu- tuall blisse.
cur'd by beau- ties rude dis- daine.
en- ter- taine the stealth of love.
with sweet hopes and heav'n- ly fire.
sire no beau- ties but their owne.
then sweet love our wish- ed flight.

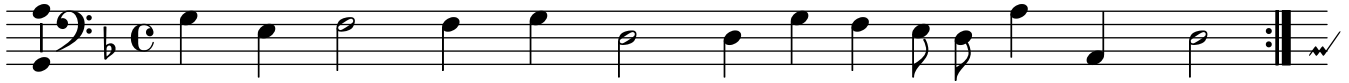
³Original has a quarter note.



XI. Come away, come sweet love

Bassus.

John Dowland



1. Come a- way, come sweet love, The gol- den morn- ing breakes.
 All the earth, all the ayre, of love and plea- sure speakes.
2. Come a- way, come sweet love, The gol- den morn- ing wastes,
 While the Sunne from his sphere, His fier- y ar- rowes casts:
3. Come a- way, come sweet love, Doe not in vaine a- dorne
 Beau- ties grace that should rise, Like to the na- ked morne:



Teach thine armes then to em- brace, And sweet ro- sie
 Eyes were made for beau- ties grace, View- ing ru- ing
 Mak- ing all the sha- dows flie, Play- ing, stay- ing
 Thi- ther sweet love let us hie, Fly- ing, dy- ing
 Lil- lies on the ri- vers side, And faire Cy- prian
 Or- na- ment is nurse of pride, Plea- sure mea- sure



lips to kisse, and mix our soules in mu- tuall blisse.
 loves long pains, Pro- cur'd by beau- ties rude dis- daine.
 in the grove, To en- ter- taine the stealth of love.
 in de- sire, Wingd with sweet hopes and heav'n- ly fire.
 flowres new blowne, De- sire no beau- ties but their owne.
 loves de- light: Haste then sweet love our wish- ed flight.

¹ Original is missing the dot.

⁴Original has a dot.



XII. Rest a while, you cruell cares

Cantus.

John Dowland



1. Rest a while you cru- ell cares, Be not more se- vere then
2. If I speake, my words want wait, Am I mute, my heart doth
3. Ne- ver houre of pleas- ing rest Shall re- vive my dy- ing



love. Beau- tie kils and beau- tie spares And sweet smiles sad sighes re-
 breake, If I sigh, she feares de- ceit, Sor- row then for me must
 ghost, Till my soule has re- pos- sest, The sweet hope which love hath



move: Lau- ra, faire queene of my de- light, Come grant me
 speake: Cru- ell, un- kind, with fa- vour view The wound that
 lost: Lau- ra re- deeme the soule that dies, By fu- rie



love in loves de- spite, And if I e- ver faile to ho- nor thee:
 first was made by you: And if my tor- ments fay- ned be,
 of thy mur- dering eyes: And if it prove un- kinde to thee,



1-3. Let this hea- ven- ly light I see, Bee as darke as hell to me.

¹Rest is editorial



XII. Rest a while, you cruell cares

Altus.

John Dowland



1. Rest a while you cru- ell cares, Be not more se- vere then
 2. If I speake, my words want wait, Am I mute, my heart doth
 3. Ne-ver houre of pleas- ing rest Shall re- vive my dy- ing



love. Beau- tie kils and beau- tie spares And sweet smiles sad sighes re-
 breake, If I sigh, she feares de- ceit, Sor- row then for me must
 ghost, Till my soule has re- pos- sest, The sweet hope which love hath



move: Lau- ra, faire queene of my de- light, Come grant me
 speake: Cru-ell, un- kind, with fa- vour view The wound that
 lost: Lau- ra re- deeme the soule that dies, By fu- rie



love in loves de- spite, And if I e- ver faile to ho- nor thee:
 first was made by you: And if my tor- ments fay- ned be,
 of thy mur- derring eyes: And if it prove un- kinde to thee,



1-3. Let this hea- ven- ly light I see, Bee as darke as hell to me.

⁰ Key signature change is actually at start of line, not at start of phrase in original



XII. Rest a while, you cruell cares

Tenor.

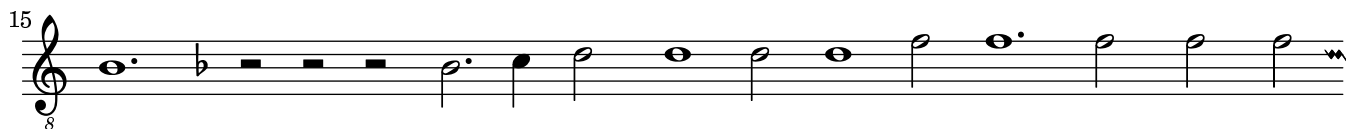
John Dowland



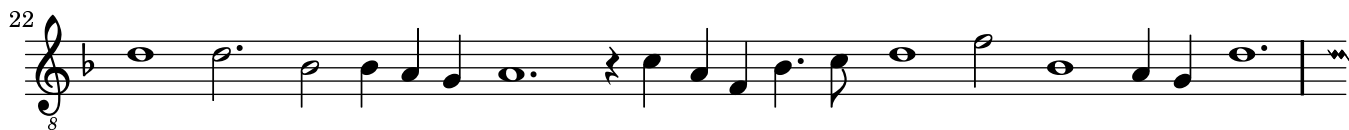
1. Rest a while you cru- ell cares, Be not more se- vere then
2. If I speake, my words want wait, Am I mute, my heart doth
3. Ne- ver houre of pleas- ing rest Shall re- vive my dy- ing



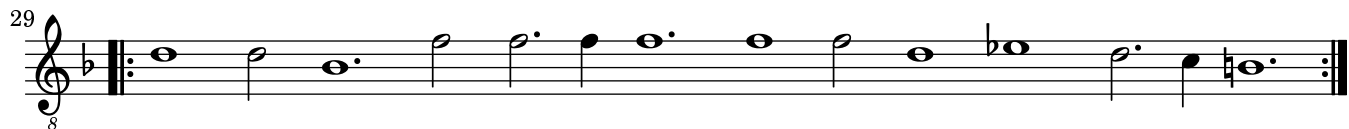
love. Beau- tie kills and beau- tie spares And sweet smiles sad sighes re-
 breake, If I sigh, she feares de- ceit, Sor- row then for me must
 ghost, Till my soule has re- pos- sest, The sweet hope which love hath



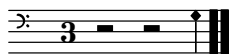
move: Lau- ra, faire queene of my de- light, Come grant me
 speake: Cru- ell, un- kind, with fa- vour view The wound that
 lost: Lau- ra re- deeme the soule that dies, By fu- rie



love in loves de- spite, And if I e- ver faile to ho- nor thee:
 first was made by you: And if my tor- ments fay- ned be,
 of thy mur- derring eyes: And if it prove un- kinde to thee,



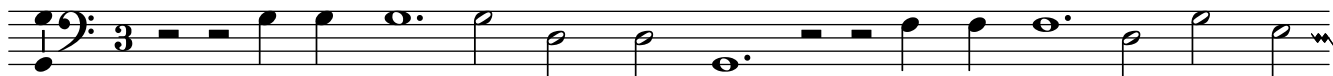
1-3. Let this hea- v'nly light I see, Bee as darke as hell to me.



XII. Rest a while, you cruell cares

Bassus.

John Dowland



1. Rest a while you cru- ell cares, Be not more se- vere then
 2. If I speake, my words want wait, Am I mute, my heart doth
 3. Ne- ver houre of pleas- ing rest Shall re- vive my dy- ing

8



love. Beau- tie kils and beau- tie spares And sweet smiles sad sighes re-
 breake, If I sigh, she feares de- ceit, Sor- row then for me must
 ghost, Till my soule has re- pos- sest, The sweet hope which love hath

15



move: Lau- ra, faire queene of my de- light, Come grant me
 speake: Cru- ell, un- kind, with fa- vour view The wound that
 lost: Lau- ra re- deeme the soule that dies, By fu- rie

22



love in loves de- spite, And if I e- ver faile to ho- nor thee:
 first was made by you: And if my tor- ments fay- ned be,
 of thy mur- dering eyes: And if it prove un- kinde to thee,

29



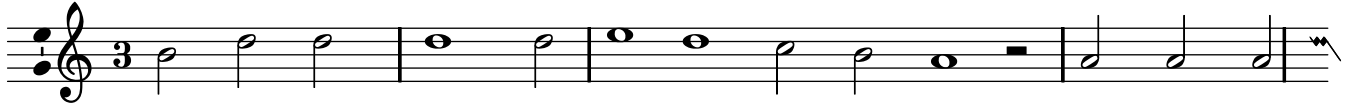
1-3. Let this hea- v'nly light I see, Bee as darke as hell to me.



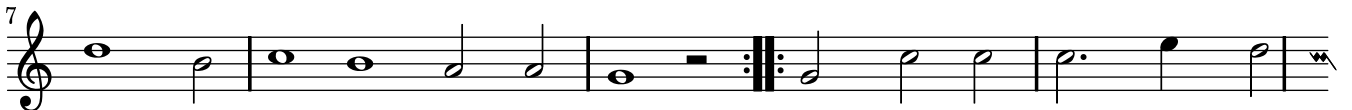
XIII. Sleep, waiward thoughts

Cantus.

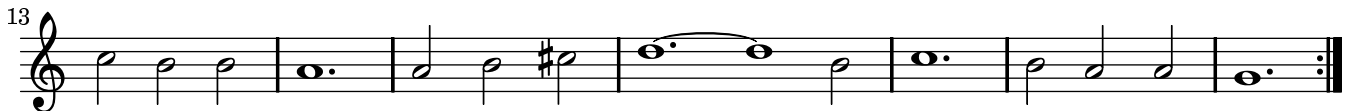
John Dowland



1. Sleep wai-ward thoughts, and rest you with my love: Let not my
 Touch not proud hands, lest you her an-ger move: But pine you
 2. But O the fu-ry of my rest-lesse feare The hid-den
 The glo-ries and the beau-ties that ap-peare, Be-tweene her
 3. My love doth rage, and yet my love doth rest: Feare in my
 Peace in my love, and yet my love op-prest: Im-pa-tient,



- love bee with my love dis-easd. Thus, while she sleeps, I sor-
 with my long-ings long dis-pleasd.
 an-guish of my flesh de-sires Thus while she sleeps, moves sigh-
 browes, neere Cu-pids clo-sed fires,
 love, and yet my love se- cure: Sleepe, dain-ty love, while I
 yet of per-fect tem-pera- ture.



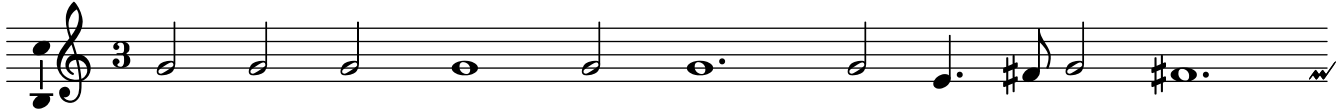
- row for her sake: So sleeps my love, and yet my love doth wake.
 ing for her sake: So sleeps my love, and yet my love doth wake.
 sigh for thy sake: So sleeps my love, and yet my love doth wake.



XIII. Sleep, waiward thoughts

Altus.

John Dowland



1. Sleep wai- ward thoughts, and rest you with my love:
Touch not proud hands, lest you her an- ger move:
2. But O the fu- ry of my rest- lesse feare
The glo- ries and the beau- ties that ap- peare,
3. My love doth rage, and yet my love doth rest:
Peace in my love, and yet my love op- prest:



Let not my love bee with my love dis- easd.
But pine you with my long- ings long dis- pleasd.
The hid- den an- guish of my flesh de- sires
Be- tweene her browes, neere Cu- pids clo- sed fires,
Feare in my love, and yet my love se- cure:
Im- pa- tient, yet of per- fect tem- pera- ture.

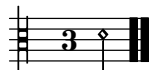


Thus, while she sleeps, I sor- row for her sake: So sleeps my
Thus while she sleeps, moves sigh- ing for her sake: So sleeps my
Sleepe, dain- ty love, while I sigh for thy sake: So sleeps my



love, So sleeps my love, and yet, and yet my love doth wake.
love, So sleeps my love, and yet, and yet my love doth wake.
love, So sleeps my love, and yet, and yet my love doth wake.

² Dot is missing in original



XIII. Sleep, waiward thoughts

Tenor.

John Dowland



1. Sleep wai- ward thoughts, and rest you with my love:
Touch not proud hands, lest you her an- ger move:
2. But O the fu- ry of my rest- lesse feare
The glo- ries and the beau- ties that ap- peare,
3. My love doth rage, and yet my love doth rest:
Peace in my love, and yet my love op- prest:



Let not my love bee with my love dis- easd.
But pine you with my long- ings long dis- pleasd.
The hid- den an- guish of my flesh de- sires
Be- tweene her browes, neere Cu- pids clo- sed fires,
Feare in my love, and yet my love se- cure:
Im- pa- tient, yet of per- fect tem- pe- ra- ture.



Thus, while she sleeps, I sor- row for her sake: So sleeps my
Thus while she sleeps, moves sigh- ing for her sake: So sleeps my
Sleepe, dain- ty love, while I sigh for thy sake: So sleeps my



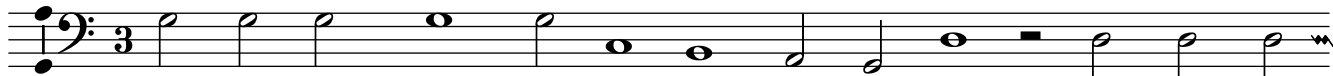
love, So sleeps my love, and yet and yet my love doth wake.
love, So sleeps my love, and yet and yet my love doth wake.
love, So sleeps my love, and yet, and yet my love doth wake.



XIII. Sleep, waiward thoughts

Bassus.

John Dowland



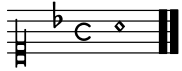
1. Sleep wai- ward thoughts, and rest you with my love: Let not my
 Touch not proud hands, lest you her an- ger move: But pine you
 2. But O the fu- ry of my rest- lesse feare The hid- den
 The glo- ries and the beau- ties that ap- peare, Be- tweene her
 3. My love doth rage, and yet my love doth rest: Feare in my
 Peace in my love, and yet my love op- prest: Im- pa- tient,



love bee with my love dis- easd. Thus, while she sleeps, I sor-
 with my long- ings long dis- pleasd.
 an- guish of my flesh de- sires Thus while she sleeps, moves sigh-
 browes, neere Cu- pids clo- sed fires,
 love, and yet my love se- cure: Sleepe, dain- ty love, while I
 yet of per- fect tem- pera- ture.



row for her sake: So sleeps my love, So sleeps my love, and yet my love doth wake.
 ing for her sake: So sleeps my love, So sleeps my love, and yet my love doth wake.
 sigh for thy sake: So sleeps my love, So sleeps my love, and yet my love doth wake.



XIII. All ye, whom love or fortune hath betraid

John Dowland

Cantus.



1. Al ye, whom love or for- tune hath be- traid All ye, that

2. Care that con- sumes the heart with in- ward paine, Paine that pre-



9 dream of blisse but live in grieffe All ye, whose hopes are e- ver-
sents sad care in out- ward view, Both ty- rant- like en- force me



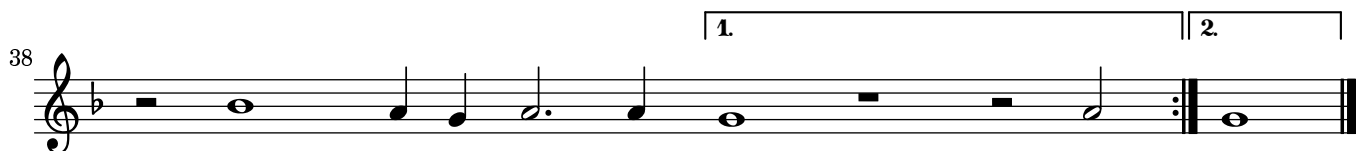
17 more de- laid All ye, whose sighes, whose sighes, or sick- nesse
to com- plaine But still in vaine, in vaine: for none my



24 wants re- liefte Lend eares and teares to mee most
plaints will rue. Teares sighes and cease- lesse cries a-



31 hap- lesse man, That sings my sor- rowes, That sings my sor- rowes,
lone I spend: My woe wants com- fort, My woe wants com- fort,



38 like the dy- ing Swanne. Lend Swanne.
and my sor- row end. Teares end.

⁰This is actually numbered IX in the original

XIII. All ye, whom love or fortune hath betraid

John Dowland

Altus.



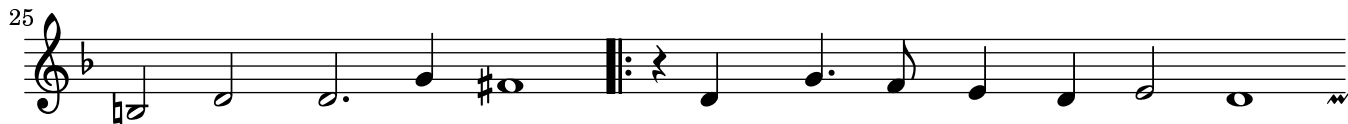
1. Al ye, whom love or for- tune hath be- traid, be- traid All
2. Care that con- sumes the heart with paine, with in- ward paine, Paine



ye, that dream of blisse but live in grieffe are e- ver- more de-
that pre- sents sad care in out- ward view, en- force me to com-



laid All ye, whose sighes, All ye, whose sighes or sick- nesse wants re-
plaine But still in vaine, But still in vaine: for none my plaints will



lief Lend eares and teares, Lend eares and teares to mee most
rue. Teares sighes and cries Teares sighes and cease- lesse cries a-

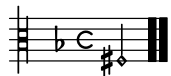


hap- lesse man, That sings my sor- rowes, sor-
lone I spend: My woe wants com- fort, com-



rowes, my sor- rowes, like the dy- ing Swanne. Lend eares and teares Swanne.
fort wants com- fort, and my sor- row end. Teares sighes and cries end.

¹ This had the dot on the other side of the bar line, so I've left out the barline



XIII. All ye, whom love or fortune hath betraid

John Dowland

Tenor.



1. Al ye, whom love or for- tune hath be- traid All ye, that

2. Care that con- sumes the heart with in- ward paine, Paine that pre-



dream of blisse but live in grieffe in grieffe All ye, whose hopes are e- ver-

sents sad care in out- ward, out- ward view, Both ty- rant- like en- force me



more e- ver- more de- laid de- laid All ye, whose sighes or

en- force me to com- plaine com- plaine But still in vaine: for none



sick- nesse wants re- lief; Lend eares and teares to mee most hap- lesse

my plaints will rue. Teares sighes and cease- lesse cries a- lone I



man, most hap- lesse man, That sings my sor- rowes, sor- rowes, my

spend: a- lone I spend: My woe wants com- fort, com- fort, wants



sor- rowes, like the dy- ing Swanne. Lend eares and teares to mee most Swanne.

com- fort, and my sor- row end. Teares sighes and cease- lesse cries a- end.



XIII. All ye, whom love or fortune hath betraid

John Dowland

Bassus.

1. Al ye, whom love or for- tune hath be- traid but
2. Care that con- sumes the heart with in- ward paine, in

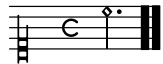
10 live in grieffe All ye, whose hopes are e- ver- more de-
out- ward view, Both ty- rant- like en- force me to com-

18 laid All ye, whose sighes, whose sighes or sick- nesse wants re-
plaine But still in vaine, in vaine: for none my plaints will

25 liefe Lend eares and teares, Lend eares and teares, Lend eares and teares to
rue. Teares sighes and cries, Teares sighes and cries, Teares sighes and cease- lesse

30 mee, to mee, most hap- lesse man, That sings my sor- rows, my sor-
cries, and cries a- lone I spend: My woe wants com- fort, wants com-

37 rows like the dy- ing Swanne. Lend eares and teares, Lend Swanne.
fort, and my sor- row end. Teares sighes and cries, Teares end.



XV. Wilt thou unkind thus reave me of my heart,

Cantus.

John Dowland

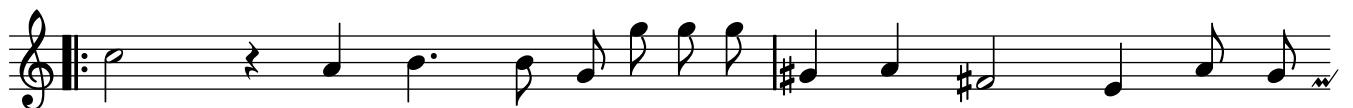


- 1. Wilt thou un- kind thus reave me of my heart, of my heart,
- 2. Hope by dis- daine growes cheere-lesse, cheere- lesse, Feare doth love
- 3. If no de- layes can move thee, move thee, Life shall die
- 4. Yet be thou mind- full e- ver, e- ver, Heat from fire
- 5. True love can- not be chang- ed, chang- ed, Though de- light

1. | 2.



And so leave me? And so leave me? me? 1.-5. Fare-
 Love doth feare, beau- ty peere- lesse. lesse.
 Death shall live Still to love thee. thee.
 Fire from heat None can se- ver. ver.
 From de- sert Be es- tran- ged. ged.



well: Fare- well: but yet or ere I part (O cru- ell) kisse me,

1. | 2.



sweet, kiss me sweet, my Jew- ell. Fare- Jew- ell.



XV. Wilt thou unkind thus reave me of my heart,

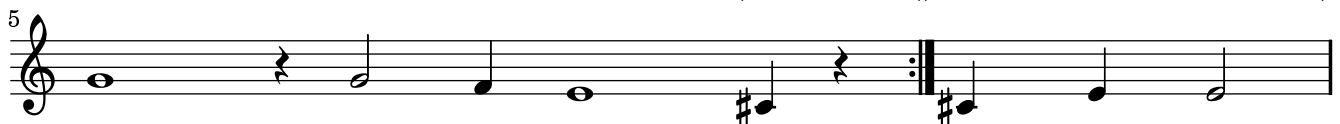
Altus.

John Dowland



1. Wilt thou un- kind, un- kind thus reave me of my heart, of my
2. Hope by dis- daine, dis- daine growes cheere- lesse, cheere- lesse, Feare doth
3. If no de- layes, de- layes can move thee, move thee, Life shall
4. Yet be thou mind- full, mind- full e- ver, e- ver, Heat from
5. True love can- not, can- not be chang- ed, chang- ed, Though de-

| 1. | 2. |



heart, And so leave me? me? 1.-5. Fare-well:
 love Love doth feare, feare,
 die Death shall live live
 fire Fire from heat heat
 light From de- sert sert



Fare- well: but yet or ere I part (O cru- ell) kisse me,

| 1. | 2. |



sweet, kisse me, sweet, my Jew- ell. Fare- well, ell.



XV. Wilt thou unkind thus reave me of my heart,

Tenor.

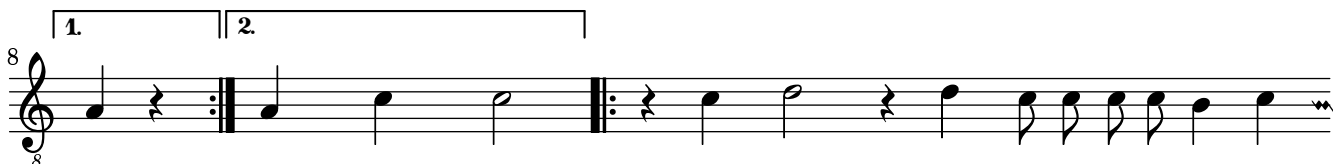
John Dowland



- 1. Wilt thou unkind thus reave me of my heart,
- 2. Hope by disdain grows cheere-lesse, cheere-lesse,
- 3. If no delays can move thee, move thee,
- 4. Yet be thou mindfull ever, ever,
- 5. True love cannot be changed, chang- ed,



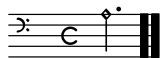
of my heart, of my heart, And so leave me? And so leave
 Feare doth love, Feare doth love Love doth feare, beau- ty peere-
 Life shall die, Life shall die Death shall live Still to love
 Heat from fire, Heat from fire Fire from heat, None can se-
 Though de- light, Though de- light From de- sert Be es- tran-



me? me? 1.-5. Fare- well: Fare- well: but yet or ere I part (O
 lesse. lesse.
 thee. thee.
 ver. ver.
 ged. ged.



cru- ell) kisse me, kisse me sweet, my Jew- ell. Fare- well: ell.



XV. Wilt thou unkind thus reave me of my heart,

Bassus.

John Dowland



1. Wilt thou un- kind thus reave me of my heart, of my heart,
2. Hope by dis- daine growes cheere- lesse, cheere- lesse, Feare doth love
3. If no de- layes can move thee, move thee, Life shall die
4. Yet be thou mind- full e- ver, e- ver, Heat from fire
5. True love can- not be chang- ed, chang- ed, Though de- light

1. | 2.



And so leave me? me? 1.-5. Fare- well: Fare- well: but yet or ere I part (O
 Love doth feare, feare,
 Death shall live live
 Fire from heat heat
 From de- sert sert

1. | 2.



cru- ell) kisse me, sweet, kisse me, sweet, kisse me my Jew- ell. Fare- well: ell.



XVI. Would my conceit, that first enforst my woe,

Cantus

John Dowland



1. Would my conceit, that first enforst my woe,
 2. Each houre amidst the deepe of hell I frie,
 3. To all save mee is free to live or die,



Or els mine eyes which still the same increase, Might
 Each houre I waft and wither where I sit: But
 To all save mee remain-eth hap or hope: But



be extinct, to end my sorrowes so, Which now are such as
 that sweet houre where-in I wish to die, My hope alas may
 all perforce I must abandon, I, Sith Fortune still di-



no-thing can release: Whose life is death, whose sweet each change
 not in-joy it yet, Whose hope is such, be-reaved of
 rects my hap as hope, Wherefore to neither hap nor hope



of sowre, And eke whose hel renew-eth every houre.
 the blisse, Which unto all save mee allotted is.
 I trust, But to my thralles I yeeld, for so I must.

¹ Original has a bar between the note and the dot



XVI. Would my conceit, that first enforst my woe,

Altus.

John Dowland



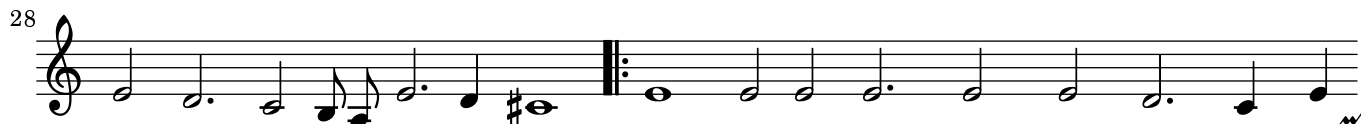
1. Would my con- ceit, that first en- forst my woe, Or els mine
2. Each houre a- midst the deepe of hell I frie, Each houre I
3. To all save mee is free to live or die, To all save



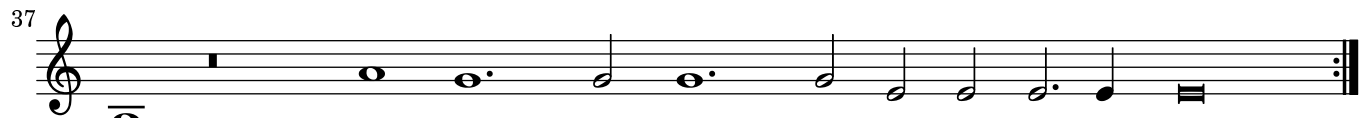
eyes which still the same in- crease, still the same in- crease, Might be ex-
waft and wi- ther where I sit: wi- ther where I sit: But that sweet
mee re- main- eth hap or hope: main-eth hap or hope: But all per-



tinct, to end my sor- rows so, Which now are such, are such as
houre where- in I wish to die, My hope a- las, a- las may
force I must a- ban- don, I, Sith For- tune still, tune still di-



no- thing can re- lease: Whose life is death, whose sweet each change of
not in- joy it yet, Whose hope is such, be- reav- ed of the
rects my hap as hope, Where- fore to nei- ther hap nor hope I



sowre, And eke whose hel re- new- eth e- very houre.
blisse, Which un- to all save mee al- lot- ted is.
trust, But to my thralles I yeeld, for so I must.



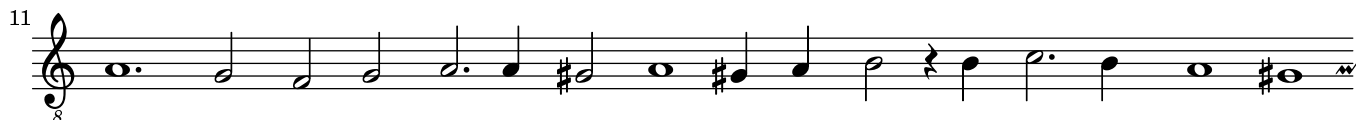
XVI. Would my conceit, that first enforst my woe,

Tenor.

John Dowland



1. Would my conceit, that first enforst my woe, Or els mine eyes which
 2. Each houre amidst the deepe of hell I frie, Each houre I waft, I
 3. To all save mee is free to live or die, To all save mee, save



still, which still, the same increase, the same increase, Might be extinct, ex-
 waft, and wither where I sit: ther where I sit: But that sweet houre, sweet
 mee, remain-eth hap or hope: eth hap or hope: But all perforce, per-



tinct, to end my sorrowes so, Which now are such as no-thing can re-lease:
 houre, where-in I wish to die, My hope alas maynot in-joy it yet,
 force, I must abandon, I, Sith Fortune still directs my hap as hope,



Whose life is death, Whose life is death, whose sweet each change, each
 Whose hope is such, Whose hope is such, be-reaved of, ved
 Wherefore to nei- Wherefore to nei-ther hap nor hope, nor



change, of sowre, And eke whose hel, whose hel, re-new-eth e- ver-y houre.
 of, the blisse, Which un- to all, to all, save mee al-lot- ted is.
 hope, I trust, But to my thralles, my thralles, I yeeld, for so I must.

¹ Original has a breve.



XVI. Would my conceit, that first enforst my woe,

Bassus.

John Dowland



1. Would my conceit, that first enforst my woe, Or els mine
2. Each houre amidst the deepe of hell I frie, Each houre I
3. To all save mee is free to live or die, To all save

11



eyes which still the same increase, Which now are
 waft and wither where I sit: My hope a-
 mee remaineth hap or hope: Sith Fortune

25



such as nothing, nothing can release: Whose life is death,
 las may not, may not, injoy it yet, Whose hope is such,
 still directs, directs my hap as hope, Wherefore to neither

37



And eke whose hel, whose hel reneweth every houre.
 Which unto all save mee, save mee allotted is.
 But to my thralls I yeeld, I yeeld, for so I must.



XVII. Come again:

Cantus

John Dowland



1. Come a- gain: sweet love doth now in- vite, Thy gra- ces
2. Come a- gaine, that I may cease to mourne, Through thy un-
3. All the day the sun that lends me shine, By frownes doth
4. All the night my sleepes are full of dreames, My eyes are
5. Out a- las, my faith is e- ver true, Yet will she
6. Gen- tle love draw forth thy wound- ing dart, Thou canst not



that re- fraine, To do me due de- light, to see, to heare, to touch,
 kind dis- daine: For now left and for- lorne, I sit, I sigh, I weepe,
 cause me pine, And feeds mee with de- lay: Her smiles, my springs, that makes
 full of streames. My heart takes no de- light, To see the fruits and joyes
 ne- ver rue, Nor yeeld me a- ny grace: Her eyes of fire, her heart
 peerce her heart, For I that doe ap- prove, By sighs and teares more hot



to kisse, to die, with thee a- gaine in sweet- est sym- pa- thy.
 I faint, I die, In dead- ly paine and end- lesse mis- er- ie.
 my joyes to grow, Her frownes the win- ters of my woe:
 that some do find, And marke the stormes are mee as- signde.
 of flint is made, Whom teares, not truth may once in- vade.
 then are thy shafts, Did tempt while she for tri- umph laughs.



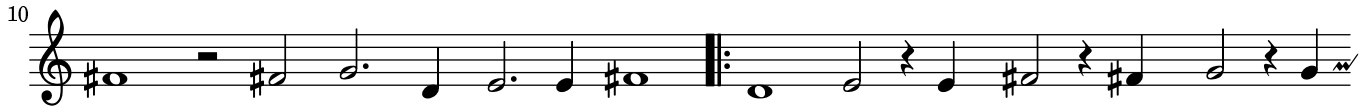
XVII. Come again:

Altus.

John Dowland



1. Come a- gain: sweet love doth now in- vite, Thy gra- ces that re-
2. Come a- gaine, that I may cease to mourne, Through thy un- kind dis-
3. All the day the sun that lends me shine, By frownes doth cause me
4. All the night my sleepes are full of dreames, My eyes are full of
5. Out a- las, my faith is e- ver true, Yet will she ne- ver
6. Gen- tle love draw forth thy wound- ing dart, Thou canst not peece her



fraine, To do me due de- light, to see, to heare, to touch, to
 daine: For now left and for- lorne, I sit, I sigh, I weepe, I
 pine, And feeds mee with de- lay: Her smiles, mysprings, that makes my
 streames. My heart takes no de- light, To see the fruits and joyes that
 rue, Nor yeeld me a- ny grace: Her eyes of fire, her heart of
 heart, For I that doe ap- prove, By sighs and teares more hot then



kisse, to die, to die, with thee a- gaine in sweet- est sym- pa- thy.
 faint, I die, I die, In dead- ly paine and end- lesse mis- er- ie.
 joyes to grow, to grow, Her frownes the win- ters of my woe:
 some do find, do find, And marke the stormes are mee as- signde.
 flint is made, is made, Whom teares, not truth may once in- vade.
 are thy shafts, thy shafts, Did tempt while she for tri- umph laughs.



XVII. Come again:

Tenor.

John Dowland



1. Come a- gain: sweet love doth now in- vite, Thy
2. Come a- gaine, that I may ceaase to mourne, Through
3. All the day the sun that lends me shine, By
4. All the night my sleepes are full of dreames, My
5. Out a- las, my faith is e- ver true, Yet
6. Gen- tle love draw forth thy wound- ing dart, Thou



gra- ces that re- fraine, To do me due de- light,
 thy un- kind dis- daine: For now left and for- lorne,
 frownes doth cause me pine, And feeds mee with de- lay:
 eyes are full of streames. My heart takes no de- light,
 will she ne- ver rue, Nor yeeld me a- ny grace:
 canst not peerce her heart, For I that doe ap- prove,



To see, to heare, to touch, to kisse, to die, to die, With
 I sit, I sigh, I weepe, I faint, I die, I die, In
 Her smiles, my springs, that makes my joyes to grow, to grow, Her
 To see the fruits and joyes that some do find, do find, And
 Her eyes of fire, her heart of flint is made, is made, Whom
 By sighs and teares more hot then are thy shafts, thy shafts, Did



thee a- gaine with thee a- gaine in sweet- est sym- pa- thy.
 dead- ly paine, In dead- ly paine and end- lesse mis- er- ie.
 frownes the win- Her frownes the win- ters of my woe:
 marke the stormes, And marke the stormes are mee as- signde.
 teares, not truth, Whom teares, not truth may once in- vade.
 tempt while she Did tempt while she for tri- umph laughs.



XVII. Come again:

Bassus.

John Dowland



- | | | |
|-------------------|---------------------------------|-----------------|
| 1. Come a- gain: | sweet love doth now in- vite, | Thy gra- ces |
| 2. Come a- gaine, | that I may cease to mourne, | Through thy un- |
| 3. All the day | the sun that lends me shine, | By frownes doth |
| 4. All the night | my sleepes are full of dreames, | My eyes are |
| 5. Out a- las, | my faith is e- ver true, | Yet will she |
| 6. Gen- tle love | draw forth thy wound- ing dart, | Thou canst not |

9



that re- fraine,	To do me due de- light,	to see, to
kind dis- daine:	For now left and for- lorne,	I sit, I
cause me pine,	And feeds mee with de- lay:	Her smiles, my
full of streames.	My heart takes no de- light,	To see the
ne- ver rue,	Nor yeeld me a- ny grace:	Her eyes of
peerce her heart,	For I that doe ap- prove,	By sighs and

17



heare, to touch,	to kisse,	to die, to die,	with thee a- gaine
sigh, I weepe,	I faint,	I die, I die,	In dead- ly paine
springs, that makes	my joyes	to grow, to grow,	Her frownes the win-
fruits and joyes	that some	do find, do find,	And marke the stormes
fire, her heart of flint	is made, is made,	Whom teares, not truth	
teares more hot	then are	thy shafts, thy shafts,	Did tempt while she



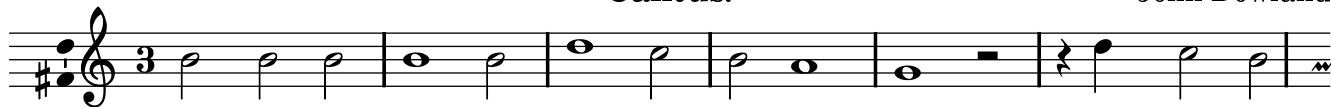
in	sweet-	est	sym-	pa-	thy.
and	end-	lesse	mis-	er-	ie.
ters	of			my	woe:
are	mee			as-	signde.
may	once			in-	vade.
for	tri-			umph	laughs.



XVIII. His golden locks time hath to silver turnde

Cantus.

John Dowland



1. His gold- en locks time hath to sil- ver turnde. O time too
 2. His hel- met now shall make a hive for Bees, And lo- vers
 3. And when he sad- dest sits in home- ly Cell, Hee'l teach his



swift, O swift- nesse ne- ver ceas- ing! His youth gainst time and age
 So- nets turne to ho- ly Psalmes: A man at armes must now
 swaines this Ca- roll for a song, Blest be the hearts that wish



hath e- ver spurnd, But spurnd in vain, youth wa- neth by in-
 serve on his knees, And feed on Pray- ers which are ag- es
 my So- veraigne well, Curst be the soule that thinks him an- y



creas- ing. Beau- tie, strength, youth are flowers but fad- ing
 almes: But though from Court to co- tage he de-
 wrong. Yee gods al- low this a- ged man his



seene: Du- tie, Faith, Love are roots and e- ver greene.
 part, His Saint is sure of his un- spot- ted heart.
 right, To be your Beads- man now that was your Knight.

¹ Original is a G.



XVIII. His golden locks time hath to silver turnde

Altus.

John Dowland



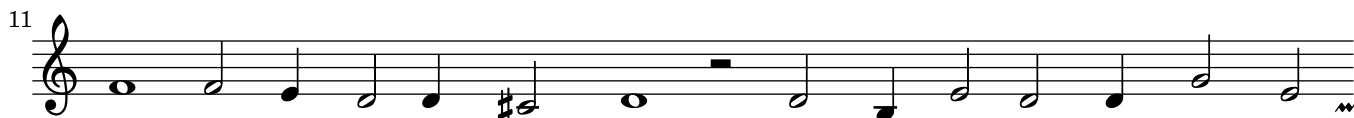
1. His gold- en locks time hath to sil- ver, to sil- ver turnde.

2. His hel- met now shall make a hive for, a hive for Bees,

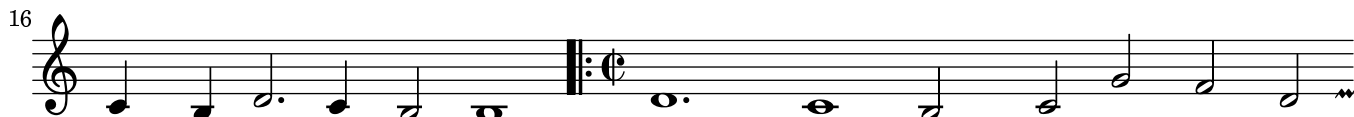
3. And when he sad- dest sits in home-ly, in home-ly Cell,



O time too swift, O swift-nesse ne- ver ceas- ing! His youth gainst
And lo- vers So- nets turne to ho- ly Psalmes: A man at
Hee'l teach his swaines this Ca- roll for a song, Blest be the



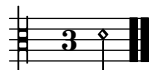
time and age hath e- ver spurnd, But spurnd in vain, youth wa- neth,
armes must now serve on his knees, And feed on Pray- ers which are,
hearts that wish my So- veraigne well, Curst be the soule that thinks him,



wa- neth by in- creas- ing. Beau- tie, strength, youth are flowers but
which are ag- es almes: But though from Court to co- tage
thinks him an- y wrong. Yee gods al- low this a- ged



fad- ing seene: Du- tie, Du- tie, Faith, Love are roots and e- ver greene.
he de- part, His Saint, his Saint is sure of his un- spot- ted heart.
man his right, To be, to be your Beads- man now that was your Knight.



XVIII. His golden locks time hath to silver turnde

Tenor.

John Dowland



1. His gold- en locks time hath to sil- ver turnde. O, O time too

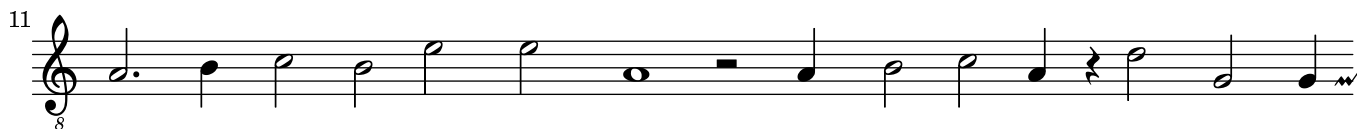
2. His hel- met now shall make a hive for Bees, And, And lo- vers

3. And when he sad- dest sits in home- ly Cell, Hee'l, Hee'l teach his



swift, O time too swift, O swift- nesse ne- ver ceas- ing! His youth gainst

So- nets, lo- vers So- nets, turne to ho- ly Psalmes: A man at
swaines, Hee'l teach his swaines this Ca- roll for a song, Blest be the



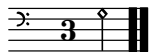
time and age hath e- ver spurnd, But spurnd in vain, youth wa- neth
armes must now serve on his knees, And feed on Pray- ers which are
hearts that wish my So- veraigne well, Curst be the soule that thinks him



by in- creas- ing. Beau- tie, strength, youth are flowers but fad- ing
ag- es almes: But though from Court to co- tage he de-
an- y wrong. Yee gods al- low this a- ged man his



seene: Du- tie, Faith, Love are roots and e- ver greene.
part, His Saint is sure of his un- spot- ted heart.
right, To be your Beads- man now that was your Knight.



XVIII. His golden locks time hath to silver turnde

Bassus.

John Dowland



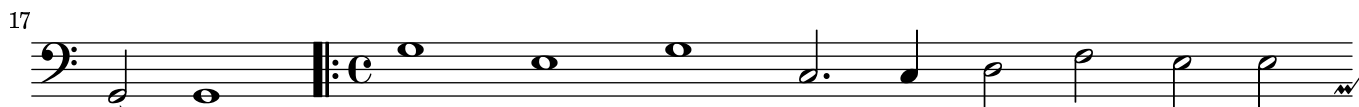
1. His gold- en locks time hath to sil- ver turnde. O time too
2. His hel- met now shall make a hive for Bees, And lo- vers
3. And when he sad- dest sits in home- ly Cell, Hee'l teach his



swift, O swift- nesse ne- ver ceas- ing! His youth gainst time and age
So- nets turne to ho- ly Psalmes: A man at armes must now
swaines this Ca- roll for a song, Blest be the hearts that wish



hath e- ver spurnd, But spurnd in vain, youth wa- neth by in-
serve on his knees, And feed on Pray- ers which are ag- es
my So- veraigne well, Curst be the soule that thinks him an- y



creas- ing. Beau- tie, strength, youth are flowers but fad- ing
almes: But though from Court to co- tage he de-
wrong. Yee gods al- low this a- ged man his



seene: Du- tie, Faith, Love are roots and e- ver greene.
part, His Saint is sure of his un- spot- ted heart.
right, To be your Beads- man now that was your Knight.

¹ Original is half note



XIX. Awake, sweet love, thou art returnd:

Cantus.

John Dowland



1. A- wake sweet love, thou art re- turnd: My hart, which long in
 Let love, which ne- ver ab- sent dies, Now live for- e- ver
 2. If she es- teeme thee now aught worth, She will not grieve thy
 De- spaire hath prov- ed now in mee, That love will not un-



ab- sence mournd, Lives now in per- fect joy. On- ly her-
 in her eyes, Whence came my first an- noy. De- spaire did
 love hence- forth, Which so des- paire hath proved. If shee at
 con- stant be, Though long in vaine I loved. And if that



selfe hath see- med faire: She on- ly I could love,
 make me wish to die That I my joyes might end:
 last re- ward thy love, And all thy harmes re- paire,
 now thou wel- com be, When thou with her doest meet,



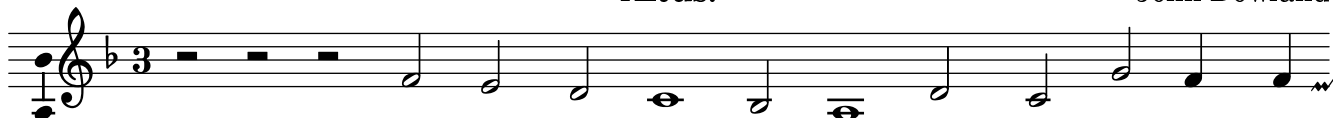
She on- ly drave me to de- spaire, When she un- kind did prove.
 She on- ly, which did make me flie, My state may now a- mend.
 Thy hap- pi- ness will sweet- er prove, Raisd up from deep de- spaire.
 She all this while but playde with thee, To make thy joyes more sweete.



XIX. Awake, sweet love, thou art returnd:

Altus.

John Dowland



1. A- wake sweet love, thou art re- turnd: My hart, which
Let love, which ne- ver ab- sent dies, Now live for-
2. If she es- teeme thee now aught worth, She will not
De- spaire hath prov- ed now in mee, That love will



long in ab- sence mournd, Lives now, lives now, in per- fect
e- ver in her eyes, Whence came, whence came, my first an-
grieve thy love hence- forth, Which so, which so, des- paire hath
not un- con- stant be, Though long, though long, in vaine I



joy. On- ly her- selfe, her- selfe, hath see- med
noy. De- spaire did make, did make, me wish to
proved. If shee at last, at last, re- ward thy
loved. And if that now, that now, thou wel- com



faire: She on- ly I could love, I could love, She on- ly drave
die That I my joyes might end: joyes might end: She on- ly, which
love, And all thy harmes re- paire, harmes re- paire, Thy hap- pi- ness
be, When thou with her doest meet, her doest meet, She all this while



me to de- spaire, When she un- kind did prove.
did make me flie, My state may now a- mend.
will sweet- er prove, Raisd up from deep de- spaire.
but playde with thee, To make thy joyes more sweete.

XIX. Awake, sweet love, thou art returnd:

Tenor.

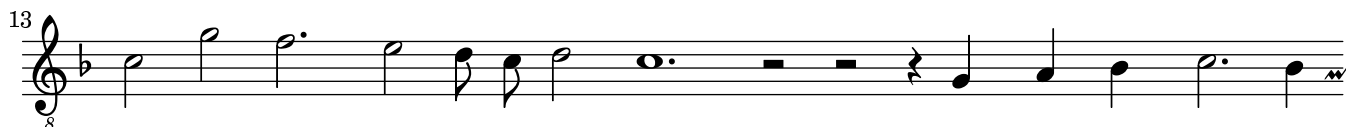
John Dowland



1. A- wake sweet love, thou art re- turnd: My hart, which long in
 Let love, which ne- ver ab- sent dies, Now live for- e- ver
 2. If she es- teeme thee now aught worth, She will not grieve thy
 De- spaire hath prov- ed now in mee, That love will not un-



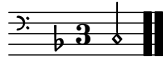
ab- sence mournd, Lives now in per- fect joy. On- ly her-
 in her eyes, Whence came my first an- noy. De- spaire did
 love hence- forth, Which so des- paire hath proved. If shee at
 con- stant be, Though long in vaine I loved. And if that



selfe, her- selfe, hath see- med faire: She on- ly I could
 make, did make, me wish to die That I my joyes might
 last, at last, re- ward thy love, And all thy harmes re-
 now, that now, thou wel- com be, When thou with her doest



love, She on- ly drave me to de- spaire, When she un- kind did prove.
 end: She on- ly, which did make me flie, My state may now a- mend.
 paire, Thy hap- pi- ness will sweet- er prove, Raisd up from deep de- spaire.
 meet, She all this while but playde with thee, To make thy joyes more sweete.



XIX. Awake, sweet love, thou art returnd:

Bassus.

John Dowland



1. A- wake sweet love, thou art re- turnd: My hart, which long in
 Let love, which ne- ver ab- sent dies, Now live for- e- ver
 2. If she es- teeme thee now aught worth, She will not grieve thy
 De- spaire hath prov- ed now in mee, That love will not un-



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 make me wish to die That I my joyes might end: She
 last re- ward thy love, And all thy harmes re- paire, Thy
 now thou wel- com be, When thou with her doest meet, She



on- ly drave me to de- spaire, When she un- kind did prove.
 on- ly, which did make me flie, My state may now a- mend.
 hap- pi- ness will sweet- er prove, Raisd up from deep de- spaire.
 all this while but playde with thee, To make thy joyes more sweete.



XX. Come heavy sleepe the image of true death

Cantus.

John Dowland



1. Come hea- vy sleepe the i- mage of true death And close

2. Come sha- dow of my end, and shape of rest, Al- lied



9 up these my wear- y weep- ing eies: Whose spring of

to death, child to his blacke- fact night: Come thou and



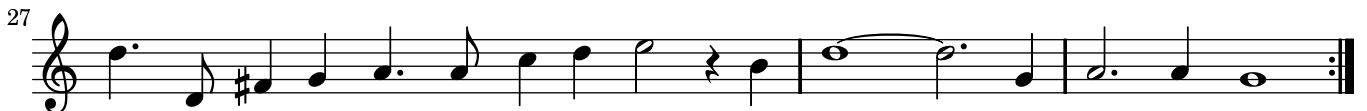
15 tears doth stop my vi- tall breath, And tears my hart with sor- rows sigh swoln

charm these re- bels in my breast, Whose wa- king fan- cies doe my mind af-



21 cries: Com and po- sses my tir- ed thoughts worne soule, That liv- ing

fright. O come sweet sleepe come, or I die for e- ver: Come ere my



dies, that liv- ing dies, that liv- ing dies till thou on me be stoule.

last, come ere my last, come ere my last sleeps comes, or come ne- ver



XX. Come heavy sleepe the image of true death

Altus

John Dowland



1. Come hea- vy sleepe the i- mage of true death And

2. Come sha- dow of my end, and shape of rest, Al-



close up these my wear- y, wear- y weep- ing eies: Whose spring of
lied to death, child to his, to his blacke- fact night: Come thou and



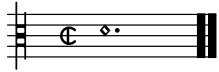
tears doth stop my vi- tall breath, And tears my hart with sor- rows sigh swoln
charm these re- bels in my breast, Whose wa- king fan- cies doe my mind af-



cries: Come and po- sses my tir- ed thoughts worne soule, That liv- ing
fright. O come sweet sleepe come, or I die for ever: Come ere my



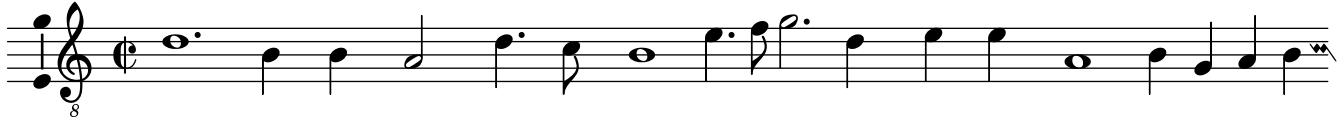
dies, That liv- ing dies till thou on me, on me be stoule.
last, Come ere my last sleeps comes, or come, or come ne- ver.



XX. Come heavy sleepe the image of true death

Tenor.

John Dowland



1. Com hea- vysleepe, hea- vy sleepe the i- mage of true death And close up

2. Come sha- dow of, sha- dow of my end, and shape of rest, Al- lied to



these my wear- y, my wear- y weep- ing eies: Whose spring of tears doth

death, child to his, child to his blacke- fact night: Come thou and charme these



stop my vi- tall breath, And tears my hart with sor- rows sigh swoln cries:

re- bels in my breast, Whose wa- king fan- cies doe my mind af- fright.



Com and po- sses my tir- ed thoughts worne soule, That liv- ing

O come sweet sleepe come, or I die for ever: Come ere my



dies, that liv- ing dies till thou on me, on me be stoule.

last, Come ere my last sleeps comes, or come, or come ne- ver.



XX. Come heavy sleepe the image of true death

Bassus.

John Dowland



1. Come hea- vy sleepe the i- mage of true death And close up

2. Come sha- dow of my end, and shape of rest, Al- lied to

10



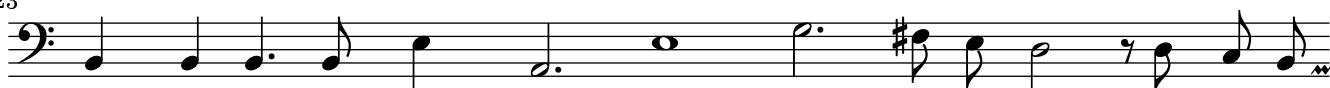
these my wear- y weep- ing eies: Whose spring of tears doth stop my vi- tall
death, child to his blacke- fact night: Come thou and charme these re- bels in my

17



breath, And tears, and tears my hart with sor- rows sigh swoln cries: Com and po-
breast, Whose wak- whose wak- ing fan- cies doe my mind af- fright. O come sweet

23



sses my tir- ed thoughts worne soule, That liv- ing dies, that liv- ing
sleepe come, or I die for ever: Come ere my last, come ere my

28



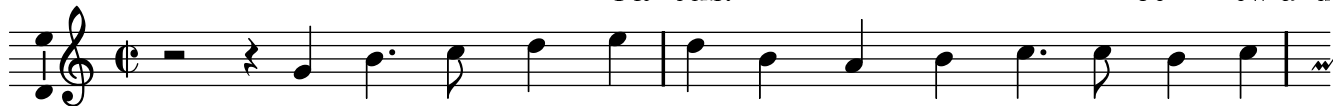
dies, that liv- ing dies till thou, till thou on me, on me be stoule.
last, come ere my last sleeps comes, sleeps comes, or come, or come ne- ver.



XXI. Away with these selfe loving lads

Cantus.

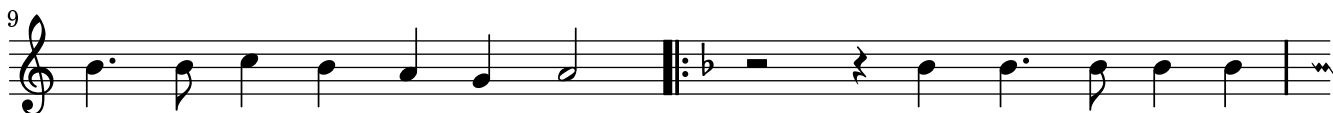
John Dowland



1. A- way with these selfe lov- ing lads, Whom Cu- pids ar- row
2. God Cu- pids shaft, like de- sti- nie, Doth ey- ther good or
3. Mysongs they be of Chn- this praise, I weare her rings on
4. If Cyn- thia crave her ring of mee, I blot her name out



ne- ver glads. A- way poore soules that sigh and weep, In
ill de- cree: De- sert is borne out of his bow, Re-
ho- ly dayes, On e- very tree I write her name, And
of the tree If doubt do dar- ken things held deare, Then



love of them that lie and sleepe. For Cu- pid is a
ward up- on his foot doth goe. What fools are they that
e- very day I reade the same: Where ho- nor, Cu- pids
wel- fare no- thing once a yeare: For ma- ny run, but



me- dow God, And for- ceth none to kisse the rod.
have not known That love likes no lawes but his own?
ri- vall is, There mi- ra- cles are seene of his.
one must win, Fools one- ly hedge the Cu- ckoe in.



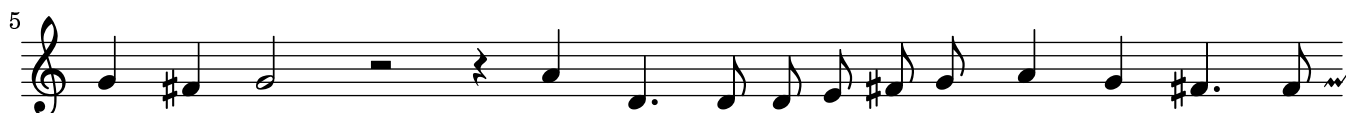
XXI. Away with these self loving lads

Altus.

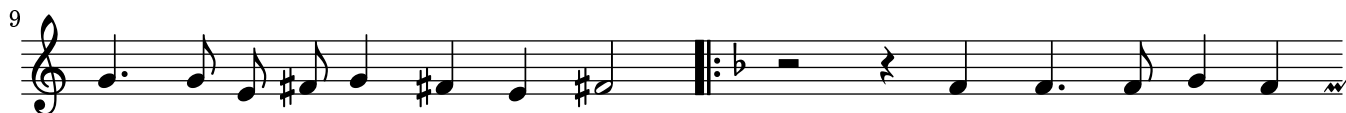
John Dowland



1. A- way with these self lov- ing lads, Whom Cu- pids ar- row
2. God Cu- pids shaft, like de- sti- nie, Doth ey- ther good or
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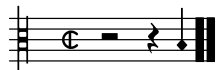
ne- ver glads. A- way poore soules that sigh and weep, In
ill de- cree: De- sert is borne out of his bow, Re-
ho- ly dayes, On e- very tree I write her name, And
of the tree If doubt do dar- ken things held deare, Then



love of those that lie and sleepe. For Cu- pid is a
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e- very day I reade the same: Where ho- nor, Cu- pids
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ri- vall is, There mi- ra- cles are seene of his.
one must win, Fools one- ly hedge the Cu- ckoe in.



XXI. Away with these selfe loving lads

Tenor.

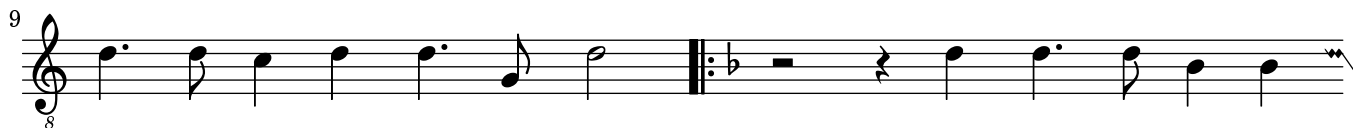
John Dowland



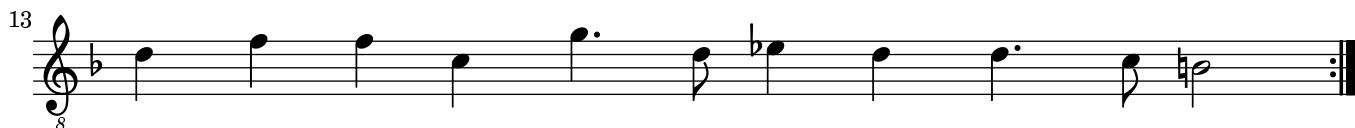
1. A- way with these selfe lov- ing lads, Whom Cu- pids ar- row
2. God Cu- pids shaft, like de- sti- nie, Doth ey- ther good or
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 of the tree If doubt do dar- ken things held deare, Then



love of them that lie and sleepe. For Cu- pid is a
 ward up- on his foot doth goe. What fools are they that
 e- very day I reade the same: Where ho- nor, Cu- pids
 wel- fare no- thing once a yeare: For ma- ny run, but



me- dow God, And for- ceth none to kisse the rod.
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 ri- vall is, There mi- ra- cles are seene of his.
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XXI. Away with these selfe loving lads

Bassus.

John Dowland



1. A- way with these selfe lov- ing lads, Whom Cu- pids ar- row
2. God Cu- pids shaft, like de- sti- nie, Doth ey- ther good or
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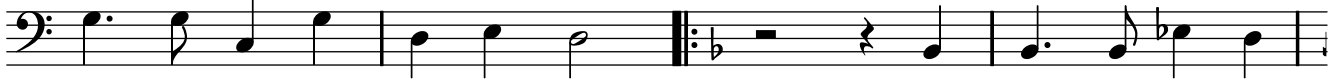
5



ne- ver glads.
ill de- cree:
ho- ly dayes,
of the tree

A- way poore soules that sigh and weep, In
De- sert is borne out of his bow, Re-
On e- very tree I write her name, And
If doubt do dar- ken things held deare, Then

9



love of them that lie and sleepe.
ward up- on his foot doth goe.
e- very day I reade the same:
wel- fare no- thing once a yeare:

For Cu- pid is a
What fools are they that
Where ho- nor, Cu- pids
For ma- ny run, but

13



me- dow God, And for- ceth none to kisse the rod.
have not known That love likes no lawes but his own?
ri- vall is, There mi- ra- cles are seene of his.
one must win, Fools one- ly hedge the Cu- ckoe in.

Bibliography

[Pou82] Diana Poulton. *John Dowland*. University of California Press, second edition, 1982.

fuga ~~...~~:

*f*o: Solandi de L'artemina
his own hand