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Print History

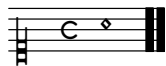
First Edition	First Printing	February, 2007	
	Second Printing	April, 2007	Fix to “Come When I call”, Cantus Primus had the first couple of lines a third lower than they should be, because of a printing error in the facsimile.

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I. Farewell too faire,

Cantus

John Dowland



1. Fare- well too faire, too chast but too too cru- ell, dis- cre-
 2. Fare- well too deare, and too too much de- sir- ed, Un- less



tion ne- ver quench- ed fire with swords: Why has thou made my
 com- pas- sion dwelt more neere they heart: Love by ne- glect (though



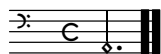
heart thine an- gers fu- ell, and now would kill my pas- sions with thy
 con- stant oft) is ti- red, And forc't from blisse un- will- ing- ly to



words. This is prowde beau- ties true a- na- ta- my, if
 part.



that se- cure se- vere in se- cre- sie, fare- well, fare- well.



I. Farewell too faire,

Bassus

John Dowland

9

18

27



II. Time stands still with gazing on her face,

Cantus

John Dowland



Time stands still with ga- zing on her face, Stand still and
When for- tune, love, and time at- tend on Her with my



gaze for mi- nutes, houres and yeares, to her give place: All o- ther
for- tunes, love, and time, I hon- our will a- lone, If bloud- less



things shall change, But she re- mains the same, Till hea- vens
en- vie say, Du- tie hath no de- sert. Du- tie re-



chan- ged have their course and time hath lost his name.
plies that en- vie knowes her selfe his faith- full heart,

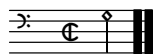


Cu- pid doth ho- ver up and downe blind- ed with her faire eyes,
My set- led voves and spot- less faith no for- tune can re- move,



And for- tune cap- tive at her feete con- tem'd and con- querd lies.
Cour- age shall shew my in- ward faith, and faith shall trie my love.

¹ original has whole note.



II. Time stands still with gazing on her face,

Bassus.

John Dowland

12

25

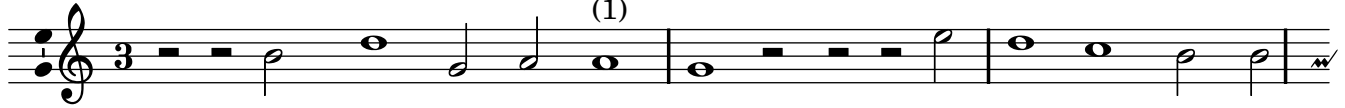
36



III. Behold a wonder here

Cantus.
(1)

John Dowland



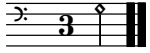
- | | |
|------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Be- hold a won- der here | Love hath re- ceiv'd his |
| 2. Such beames in- fu- sed be | By Cin- thia in his |
| 3. Love now no more will weepe | For them that laugh the |
| 4. So powre- full is the beautie. | That Love doth now be- |
| 5. This Beau- tie shows her might, | To be of dou- ble |



sight	Which ma- nie hun- dred, hun- dred, hun- dred
eyes,	As first have made him, made him, made him
while,	Nor wake for them that, them that, them that
hold,	As love is turn'd to, turn'd to, turn'd to
kind,	In giv- ing love his, love his, love his



yeares,	Hath not	be- held the light.
see,	And then	have made him wise.
sleepe,	Nor sigh	for them that smile.
dutie,	That's nei-	ther blind nor bold.
sight	And strik-	ing fol- ly blind.

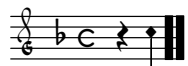


III. Behold a wonder here

Bassus.

John Dowland

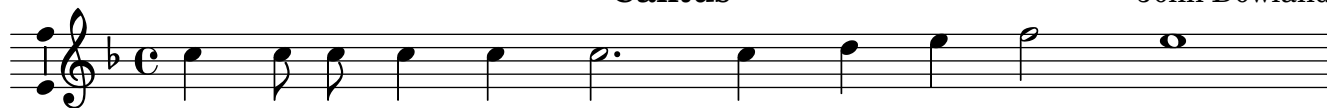
¹ original has whole note.



III. Daphne was not so chaste as she was changing,

Cantus

John Dowland



1. Daph- ne was not so chaste as she was chang- ing,
 He that to day tri- umphs with fa- vors gra- ced,
 2. Beau- tie can want no grace by true love view- ed,
 Like to a fruit- full tree it e- ver grow- eth,



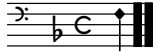
5
 Soon be- gun Love with hate es- tran- ging: Yet
 Fals be- fore night with scornes de- fa- ced:
 Fan- cie by lookes is still re- nu- ed: But
 Or the fresh- spring that end- lesse flow- eth.



9
 is thy beau- tie fainde, and ev- rie one de- sires, Still the
 if that beau- tie were of one con- sent with love, Love should



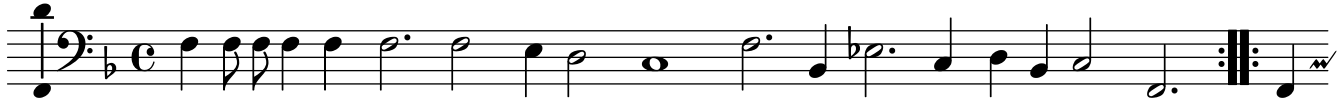
13
 false light, the false light of thy trai- terous fires.
 live free, should live free, and true plea- sure prove.



III. Daphne was not so chaste as she was changing,

Bassus

John Dowland



¹ Original has two g quarter notes before this note. These are not in the lute tablature, and cause the whole section to be the wrong length and sound terrible.



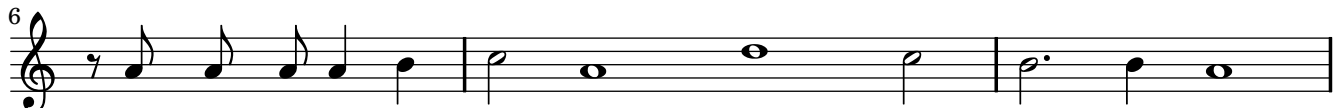
V. Me me and none but me,

Cantus

John Dowland



Me me and none but me, dart home O gen- tle death
Like to the sil- ver Swanne, be- fore my death I sing:



and quick- lie, for I draw too long this i- dle breath:
And yet a- live my fa- tall knell I helpe to ring.



O howe I long till I may fly to heaven a- bove, un- to my
Still I de- sire from earth and earth- ly joyes to flie, He ne- ver



faith- full un- to my faith- full and be- lov- ed tur- tle dove.
hap- pie liv'd, He ne- ver hap- pie liv'd, that can- not love to die.



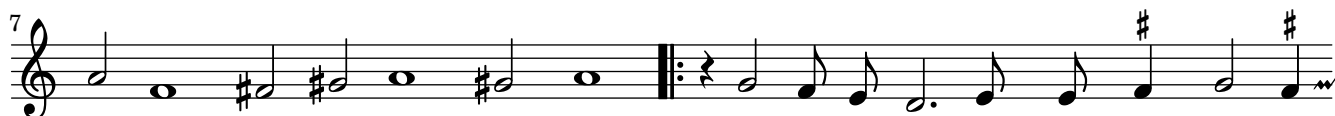
V. Me me and none but me,

Altus.

John Dowland



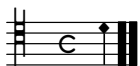
Me me and none but me, dart home O gen- tle death and quick- lie, for I
Like to the sil- ver Swanne, be- fore my death I sing: And yet a- live my



draw too long this i- dle breath: O howe I long till I may fly to
fa- tall knell I helpe to ring. Still I de- sire from earth and earth- ly



heaven a- bove, un- to my faith- full and be- lov- ed tur- tle dove.
joyes to flie, He ne- ver hap- pie liv'd, that can- not love to die.



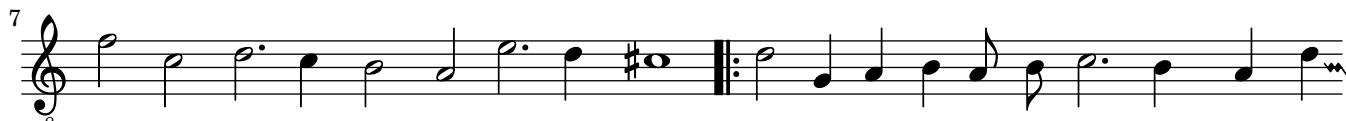
V. Me me and none but me,

Tenor.

John Dowland



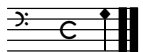
Me me and none but me, dart home O gen- tle death and quick- lie, for I
Like to the sil- ver Swanne, be- fore my death I sing: And yet a- live my



draw too long, too long, this i- dle breath: O howe I long till I may fly to
fa- tall knell I helpe, I helpe, to ring. Still I de- sire from earth and earth- ly



heaven a- bove, un- to my faith- full and be- lov- ed tur- tle dove.
joyes to flie, He ne- ver hap- pie liv'd, that can- not love to die.



V. Me me and none but me,

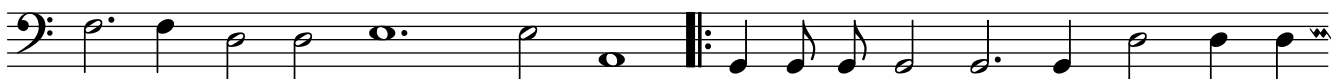
Bassus.

John Dowland



Me me and none but me, dart home O gen- tle death and quick- lie, for I
Like to the sil- ver Swanne, be- fore my death I sing: And yet a- live my

7



draw too long this i- dle breath: O howe I long till I may fly to
fa- tall knell I helpe to ring. Still I de- sire from earth and earth- ly

15



heaven a- bove, un- to my faith- full and be- lov- ed tur- tle dove.
joyes to flie, He ne- ver hap- pie liv'd, that can- not love to die.



VI. When Phœbus first did Daphne love,

Cantus.

John Dowland



When *Phœ- bus* first did *Daph- ne* love, And no meanes might her
If mai- dens then shal chance be sped Ere they can scars- ly



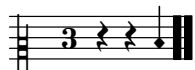
fa- vour move He craved the cause, the cause quoth she Is, I have
dress their head, yet par- don them, for they be loth To make good



vow'd vir- gin- i- tie, Then in a rage he sware, and
Phœ- bus break his oth. And bet- ter twere a child were



said, Past fif- teene none none but one should live a maid.
borne Then that a god, that a god should be for- sworne.



VI. When Phœbus first did Daphne love,

Altus

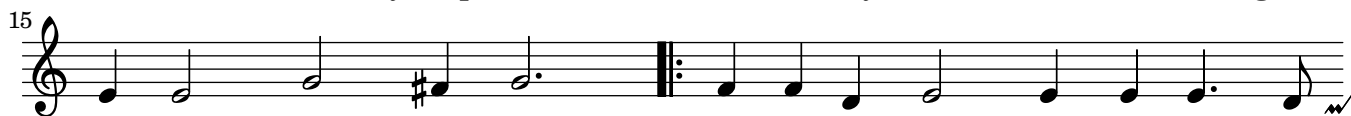
John Dowland



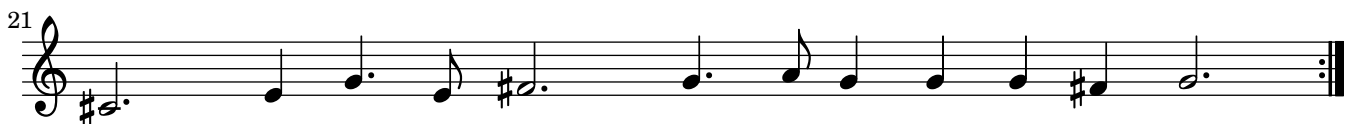
When *Phæ- bus* first did *Daph- ne* love, And no meanes might her
If mai- dens then shal chance be sped Ere they can scars- ly



fa- vour move He craved the cause, the cause quoth she Is, I have
dress their head, yet par- don them, for they be loth To make good



vow'd vir- gin- i- tie, Then in a rage he sware, and
Phæ- bus break his oth. And bet- ter twere a child were



said, Past fif- teene none none but one should live a maid.
borne Then that a god, that a god, should be for- sworne.



VI. When Phœbus first did Daphne love,

Tenor.

John Dowland



When *Phœ-* bus first did *Daph-* ne love, And no meanes
If mai- dens then shal chance be sped Ere they can



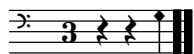
might her fa- vour move He craved the cause, the cause quoth she
scars- ly dress their head, yet par- don them, for they be loth



Is, I have vow'd, I have vow'd vir- gin- i- tie, Then in a rage he
To make good *Phœ-* bus good *Phœ-* bus break his oth. And bet- ter twere a



sware, and said, Past fif- teene none none but one should live a maid.
child were borne Then that a god, that a god should be for- sworne.



VI. When Phœbus first did Daphne love,

Bassus.

John Dowland



When *Phœ- bus* first did *Daph- ne* love, And no meanes might
If mai- dens then shal chance be sped Ere they can scars-

8



her fa- vour move He craved the cause, the cause quoth she Is, I have
ly dress their head, yet par- don them, for they be loth To make good

15



vow'd vir- gin- i- tie, Then in a rage he sware, and
Phœ- bus break his oth. And bet- ter twere a child were

21



said, Past fif- teene none none but one should live a maid.
borne Then that a god, that a god should be for- sworne.



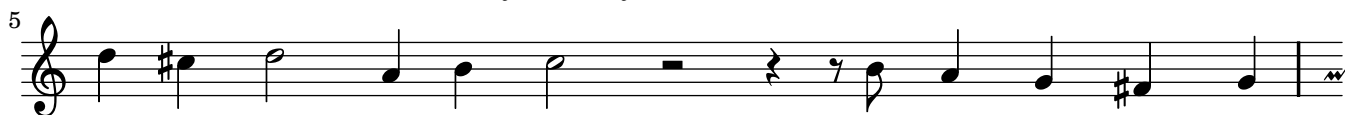
VII. Say love if ever thou didst find,

Cantus.

John Dowland



1. Say love if e- ver thou didst find, A wo- man with a
2. But could thy fi- ry poy- sned dart At no time touch her
3. How might I that faire won- der know, That mockes de- sire with
4. To her then yeeld thy shafts and bowe, That can com- mand af-



con- stant mind, None but one, And what should that rare
 spot- lesse hart, Nor come neare, She is not sub- ject
 end- lesse no See the Moone That e- ver in one
 fec- tions so: Love is free, So are her thoughts that



mir- ror be, Some God- desse or some Queen is shee Shee, shee,
 to Loves bow, Her eye com- maunds, her heart saith no, No, no,
 change doth grow, Yet still the same, and she is so So, so,
 van- quish thee, There is no queene of love but she, Shee, shee,



shee, shee, shee, shee, and one- lie she, She
 no, no, no, no, and on- ly no, One
 so, so, so, so, and one- ly so, From
 shee, shee, shee, shee, and one- lie she, She

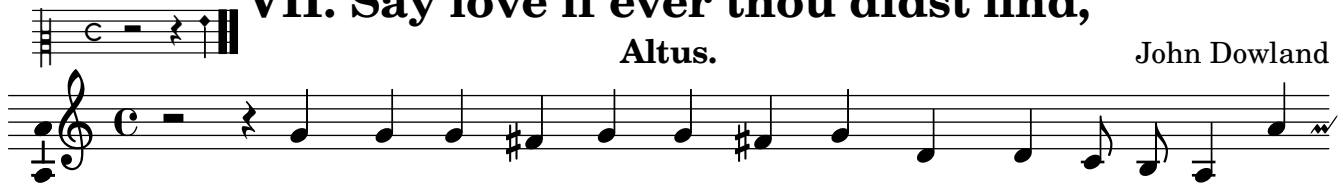


one- ly Queene of love and beau- tie.
 no a- no- ther still doth fol- low.
 heaven her ver- tues she doth bor- row.
 one- ly Queene of love and beau- tie.

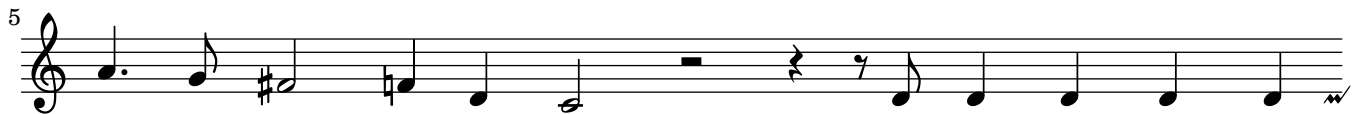
VII. Say love if ever thou didst find,

Altus.

John Dowland



1. Say love if e- ver thou didst find, A wo- man with a
2. But could thy fi- ry poy- sned dart At no time touch her
3. How might I that faire won- der know, That mockes de- sire with
4. To her then yeeld thy shafts and bowe, That can com- mand af-



con- stant mind, None but one, And what should that rare
 spot- lesse hart, Nor come neare, She is not sub- ject
 end- lesse no See the Moone That e- ver in one
 fec- tions so: Love is free, So are her thoughts that



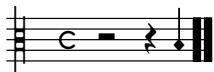
mir- ror be, Some God- desse or some Queen is shee
 to Loves bow, Her eye com- maunds, her heart saith no,
 change doth grow, Yet still the same, and she is so
 van- quish thee, There is no queene of love but she,



Shee, shee, shee, shee, shee, shee, shee, and
 No, no, no, no, no, no, no, and
 So, so, so, so, so, so, so, and
 Shee, shee, shee, shee, shee, shee, shee, and



one- lie she, She one- ly Queene of love and beau- tie.
 on- ly no, One no a- no- ther still doth fol- low.
 one- ly so, From heaven her ver- tues she doth bor- row.
 one- lie she She one- ly Queene of love and beau- tie.



VII. Say love if ever thou didst find,

Tenor.

John Dowland



1. Say love if e- ver thou didst find, A wo- man with a
2. But could thy fi- ry poy- sned dart At no time touch her
3. How might I that faire won- der know, That mockes de- sire with
4. To her then yeeld thy shafts and bowe, That can com- mand af-



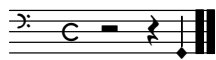
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 spot- lesse hart, Nor come neare, She is not sub- ject
 end- lesse no See the Moone That e- ver in one
 fec- tions so: Love is free, So are her thoughts that



mir- ror be, Some God- desse or some Queen is shee Shee, shee,
 to Loves bow, Her eye com- maunds, her heart saith no, No, no,
 change doth grow, Yet still the same, and she is so So, so,
 van- quish thee, There is no queene of love but she, Shee, shee,



shee, shee, shee, shee, and one- lie she, She one- ly Queene of love and beau- tie.
 no, no, no, no, and on- ly no, One no a- no- ther still doth fol- low.
 so, so, so, so, and one- ly so, From heaven her ver- tues she doth bor- row.
 shee, shee, shee, shee, and one- lie she, She one- ly Queene of love and beau- tie.



VII. Say love if ever thou didst find,

Bassus.

John Dowland



1. Say love if e- ver thou didst find, A wo- man with a
2. But could thy fi- ry poy- sned dart At no time touch her
3. How might I that faire won- der know, That mockes de- sire with
4. To her then yeeld thy shafts and bowe, That can com- mand af-



con- stant mind, None but one, And what should that rare
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 to Loves bow, Her eye com- maunds, her heart saith no,
 change doth grow, Yet still the same, and she is so
 van- quish thee, There is no queene of love but she,



Shee, shee, shee, shee, shee, shee, shee, and
 No, no, no, no, no, no, no, and
 So, so, so, so, so, so, so, and
 Shee, shee, shee, shee, shee, shee, shee, and



one- lie she, She one- ly Queene of love and beau- tie.
 on- ly no, One no a- no- ther still doth fol- low.
 one- ly so, From heaven her ver- tues she doth bor- row.
 one- lie she, She one- ly Queene of love and beau- tie.



VIII. Flow not so fast yee fountaines,

Cantus.

John Dowland



1. Flow not so fast yee foun- taines, what need- eth all this haste,
Swell not a- bove your moun- taines, nor spend your time in waste,
2. Weepe they a- pace whom Rea- son, or ling- ring time can ease:
My so- row can no sea- son, Nor ought be- sides ap- pease
3. Time can a- bate the ter- rour Of e- verie com- mon paine,
But com- mon grieffe is er- rour, True grieffe will still re- maine.



Gen- tle springs, gen- tle springs fresh- ly your salt teares



must still fall drop- ping must still fall drop- ping

1. 2.



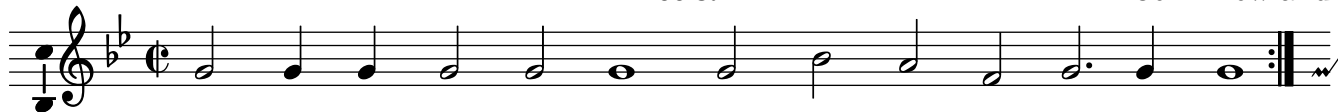
drop- ping drop- ping drop- ping fall drop- ping from their spheares. spheares.



VIII. Flow not so fast yee fountaines,

Altus.

John Dowland



1. Flow not so fast yee foun- taines, what need- eth all this haste,
Swell not a- bove your moun- taines, nor spend your time in waste,
2. Weepe they a- pace whom Rea- son, or ling- ring time can ease:
My so- row can no sea- son, Nor ought be- sides ap- pease
3. Time can a- bate the ter- rour Of e- verie com- mon paine,
But com- mongriefe is er- rour, True griefe will still re- maine.



Gen- tle springs, gen- tle springs fresh- ly your salt teares must still



still fall drop- ping still fall drop- ping must still still fall

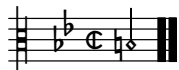


drop- ping still fall drop- ping must still fall drop- ping drop- ping

1. 2.



still fall drop- ping fall drop- ping from their speares. Must still speares.



VIII. Flow not so fast yee fountaines,

Tenor.

John Dowland



1. Flow not so fast yee foun- taines, what need- eth all this
 Swell not a- bove your moun- taines, nor spend your time in
 2. Weepe they a- pace whom Rea- son, or ling- ring time can
 My so- row can no sea- son, Nor ought be- sides ap-
 3. Time can a- bate the ter- rour Of e- verie com- mon
 But com- mon grieffe is er- rour, True grieffe will still re-



haste,
 waste,
 ease:
 pease
 paine,
 maine.



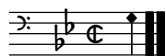
your salt teares must still must still fall fall drop- ping fall drop-



ping must still stil fal fal drop- ping fal drop- ping must still fal



drop- ping still fall drop- ping from their spheares. Must still spheares.



VIII. Flow not so fast yee fountaines,

Bassus.

John Dowland



1. Flow not so fast yee foun- taines, what need- eth all this
 Swell not a- bove your moun- taines, nor spend your time in
 2. Weepe they a- pace whom Rea- son, or ling- ring time can
 My so- row can no sea- son, Nor ought be- sides ap-
 3. Time can a- bate the ter- rour Of e- verie com- mon
 But com- mon grieffe is er- rour, True grieffe will still re-



haste, Gen- tle springs, gen- tle springs fresh- ly your salt
 waste,
 ease:
 pease
 paine,
 maine.



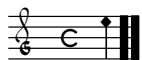
teares must still fall drop- ping still fall drop- ping drop- ping must



stil fal drop- ping stil fal drop- ping drop- ping stil fal drop- ping



stil fal drop- ping still fall drop- ping from their spheares. Must spheares.



IX. What if I never speede,

Cantus

John Dowland



1. What if I ne- ver speede, Shall I straight yeeld to dis- paire, And
or shall I change my love, for I find power to de- part, and
2. Oft have I dreamed of joy, yet I ne- ver felt the sweete, But
Oft have I left my hope, as a wretch by fate for- lorne. But



still on so- row feede That can no losse re- paire. But if she will
in my rea- son prove I can com- mand my hart.
tir- ed with an- noy my griefs each oth- er greeete. He that once loves
Love aimes at one scope, And lost wil stil re- turne:



pit- tie my de- sire, And my love re- quite, then e- ver shall shee
with a true de- sire ne- ver can de- part, for Cu- pid is the



live my deare de- light. Come, come, come, while I have a heart to de-
king of e- very hart.



sire thee. Come, come, come, for ei- ther I will love or ad- mire thee.

² The facsimile has a bar line before this note, but it confused people, since it made the "measure" before it have 7 quarter notes and the one after it have 9. They should of course just ignore the bar lines, but that seems to be harder than not having them, so I took it out.



IX. What if I never speede,

Altus

John Dowland



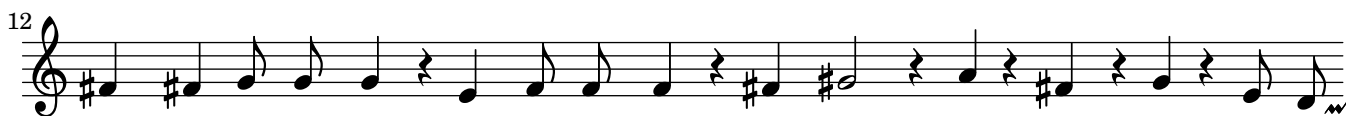
1. What if I ne- ver speede, Shall I straight yeeld to dis- paire, And
 or shall I change my love, for I find power to de- part, and
 2. Oft have I dreamed of joy, yet I ne- ver felt the sweete, But
 Oft have I left my hope, as a wretch by fate for- lorne. But



still on so- row feede That can no losse re- paire.
 in my rea- son prove I can com- mand my hart.
 tir- ed with an- noy my griefs each oth- er greete.
 Love aimes at one scope, And lost wil stil re- turne:



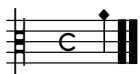
But if she will pit- tie, pit- tie, pit- tie my de- sire, And my love re-
 He that once loves with a true. a true, a true de- sire ne- ver can de-



quite, then e- ver shall shee live my deare de- light. Come, come, come, while I
 part, for Cu- pid is the king of e- very hart.



have a heart to de- sire thee. Come, come, for ei- ther I will love or ad- mire thee.



IX. What if I never speede,

Tenor

John Dowland



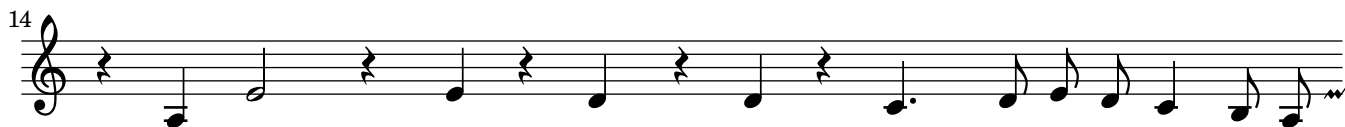
1. What if I ne- ver speede, Shall I straight yeeld to dis- paire, And
 or shall I change my love, for I find power to de- part, and
 2. Oft have I dreamed of joy, yet I ne- ver felt the sweete, But
 Oft have I left my hope, as a wretch by fate for- lorne. But



still on so- row feede That can no losse re- paire. But if she will pit- tie
 in my rea- son prove I can com- mand my hart.
 tir- ed with an- noy my griefs each oth- er gree- te. He that once loves with a
 Love aimes at one scope, And lost wil stil re- turne:



my de- sire, And my love, my love, re- quite, then e- ver shall shee live my deare
 true de- sire ne- ver can, ver can, de- part, for Cu- pid is the king of e-

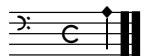


de- light. Come, come, come, while I have a heart to de-
 very hart.



sire thee. Come, come, for ei- ther I will love or ad- mire thee.

¹ rest is editorial.



IX. What if I never speede,

Bassus

John Dowland



1. What if I ne- ver speede, Shall I straight yeeld to dis- paire, And
 or shall I change my love, for I find power to de- part, and
 2. Oft have I dreamed of joy, yet I ne- ver felt the sweete, But
 Oft have I left my hope, as a wretch by fate for- lorne. But



5
 still on so- row feede That can no losse re- paire.
 in my rea- son prove I can com- mand my hart.
 tir- ed with an- noy my griefs each oth- er greeete.
 Love aimes at one scope, And lost wil stil re- turne:



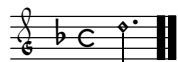
9
 But if she will pit- tie my de- sire, And my love re- quite, then e- ver shall
 He that once loves with a true de- sire ne- ver can de- part, for Cu- pid is



13
 shee live my deare de- light. Come, come, come, while I have a heart to de-
 the king of e- very hart.



18
 sire thee. Come, come, for ei- ther I will love or ad- mire thee.



X. Love stood amazed

CANTUS.

John Dowland



- | | |
|--|-----------------|
| 1. Love stood a- maz'd at sweet beau- ties paine: | Love would have |
| 2. Then his teares bred in thoughts of salt brine, | Fel from his |
| 3. Are you fled faire? where are now those eies | Eyes but too |
| 4. Are you false gods? why then do you raine? | Are you just |
| 5. Then from high rock, the rocke of dis- paire, | He fals, in |
| 6. With pi- ty mov'd the gods the change love | To Phe- nix |



said that all was but vaine,	And Gods but halfe di- vine,	But when Love
eyes, like raine in sun- shine	Ex- peld by rage of fire:	Yet in such
faire, e- hui'd by the skies,	You an- grie gods do know,	With guilt- les
gods? why then have you slaine	The life of love on earth.	Beau- tie, now
hope to smo- ther in th'aire,	Or els on stones to burst,	Or on cold
shape, yet can- not re- move	His won- ted pro- per- tie,	He loves the



saw that beau- tie would die:	Hee all a- gast, to heav'ns did
wise as an- guish af- fords,	He did ex- presse in these his last
bloud your scep- ters you stain,	On poore true hearts like ty- rants you
thy face lives in the skies,	Beau- tie now let me live in thine
waves to spend his last breath,	Or his strange life to end by strange
sunne be- cause it is faire,	Sleepe he ne- glects, he lives but by



X. Love stood amazed

ALTUS.

John Dowland



1. Love stood a- maz'd at sweet sweet beau- ties paine:
2. Then his teares bred in thoughts thoughts of salt brine
3. Are you fled faire? where, where are now those eies
4. Are you false gods? why, why then do you raine?
5. Then from high rock, the rocke, rocke, of dis- paire,
6. With pi- ty mov'd the gods, gods the change love



Love would have said that all was but vaine, And Gods but halfe di-
 Fel from his eyes, like raine in sun- shine Ex- peld by rage of
 Eyes but too faire, e- hui'd by the skies, You an- grie gods do
 Are you just gods? why then have you slaine The life of love on
 He fals, in hope to smo- ther in the aire, Or els on stones to
 To Phe- nix shape, yet can- not re- move His won- ted pro- per-



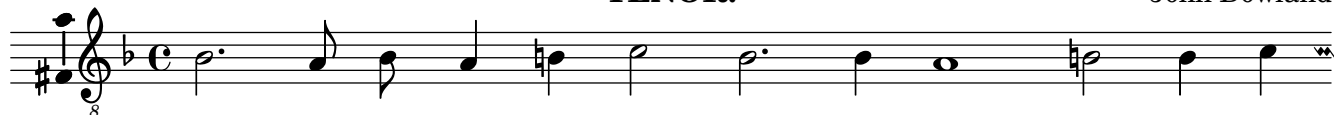
vine, But when Love saw that beau- tie, beau- tie would die:
 fire: Yet in such wise as an- guish, an- guish af- fords,
 know, With guilt- les bloud your scep- ters, scep- ters you stain,
 earth. Beau- tie, now thy face lives, face lives in the skies,
 burst, Or on cold waves to spend, to spend his last breath,
 tie, He loves the sunne be- cause, be- cause it is faire,



X. Love stood amazed

TENOR.

John Dowland



1. Love stood a- maz'd at sweet beau- ties paine: Love would have
2. Then his teares bred in thoughts of salt brine, Fel from his
3. Are you fled faire? where are now those eies Eyes but too
4. Are you false gods? why then do you raine? Are you just
5. Then from high rock, the rocke of dis- paire, He fals, in
6. With pi- ty mov'd the gods the change love To Phe- nix



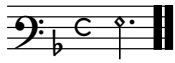
said that all was but vaine, And Gods but halfe di- vine, But when Love saw that
eyes, like raine in sun- shine Ex- peld by rage of fire: Yet in such wise as
faire, e- hui'd by the skies, You an- grie gods do know, With guilt- les bloud your
gods? why then have you slaine The life of love on earth. Beau- tie, now thy face
hope to smo- ther in th'aire, Or els on stones to burst, Or on cold waves to
shape, yet can- not re- move His won- ted pro- per- tie, He loves the sunne be-



beau- tie would die, would die: Hee all a- gast, to heav'ns, to heav'ns did
an- guish af- fords, af- fords, He did ex- presse in these, in these his
scep- ters, scep- ters you stain, On poore true hearts like ty- rants, ty- rants
lives in the skies, the skies, Beau- tie now let me live, me live in
spend his last breath, last breath, Or his strange life to end, to end by
cause it is faire, is faire, Sleepe he ne- glects, he lives, he lives but



crie, did crie, O gods, o gods what wrong, what wrong is mine.
last words His in- fin- ite, in- fin- ite de- sire.
you raine: Un- just, un- just why do, why do you so?
thine eyes, Where blisse, where blisse felt ne- ver, ne- ver death.
strange death, But fate, but fate for- bid, for- bid the worst.
by aire, And would, and would, but can- not, can- not die.



X. Love stood amazed

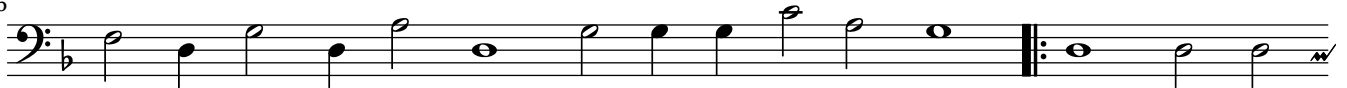
BASSUS.

John Dowland



1. Love stood a- maz'd at sweet beau- ties paine: Love would have
 2. Then his teares bred in thoughts of salt brine, Fel from his
 3. Are you fled faire? where are now those eies Eyes but too
 4. Are you false gods? why then do you raine? Are you just
 5. Then from high rock, the rocke of dis- paire, He fals, in
 6. With pi- ty mov'd the gods the change love To Phe- nix

6



said that all was but vaine, And Gods but halfe di- vine, But when Love
 eyes, like raine in sun- shine Ex- peld by rage of fire: Yet in such
 faire, e- hui'd by the skies, You an- grie gods do know, With guilt- les
 gods? why then have you slaine The life of love on earth. Beau- tie, now
 hope to smo- ther in th'aire, Or els on stones to burst, Or on cold
 shape, yet can- not re- move His won- ted pro- per- tie, He loves the

14



saw that beau- tie would die: Hee all a- gast, to heav'ns did
 wise as an- guish af- fords, He did ex- presse in these last
 bloud your scep- ters you stain, On poore true hearts like ty- rants you
 thy face lives in the skies, Beau- tie now let me live in thine
 waves to spend his last breath, Or his strange life to end by strange
 sunne be- cause it is faire, Sleepe he ne- glects, he lives but by

22



crie, O gods, o gods what wrong is mine.
 words His in- His in- fin- ite de- sire.
 raine: Un- just, un- just, why do you so?
 eyes, Where blisse, where blisse, felt ne- ver death.
 death, But fate, but fate, for- bid the worst.
 aire, And would, And would, but can- not die.



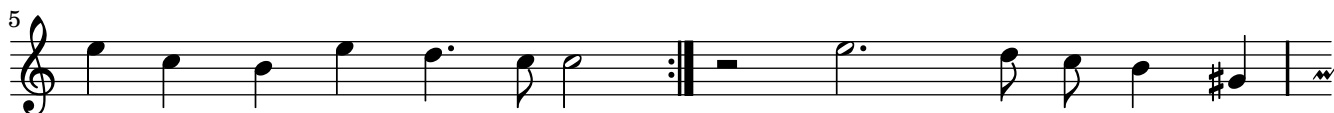
XI. Lend your eares to my sorrow

CANTUS.

John Dowland



1. Lend your eares to my sor- row Good peo- ple
 For no eyes wil I bor- ow Mine own shal
 2. Once I liv'd, once I knew de- light, No griefe did
 Grac'd with love, cheer'd with beau- ties sight, I joyed a-
 3. Cold as Ice fro- zen is that hart, Where thought of
 Such of life reape the poor- est part Whose weight cleaves



that have a- ny pi- tie: Chant then my voice though
 grace, my dole- ful dit- ty:
 sha- dowe then my plea- sure O what a Heav'n is
 lone true heav'n- ly trea- sure,
 love could no time en- ter: Mu- tu- all joies in
 to this earth- ly cen- ter,



rude like to my ri- ming, And tell fourth my griefe which here in
 love firme- ly em- brac- ed, Such power a- lone can fixe de-
 hearts tru- ly u- ni- ted Doe earth to heaven- ly state con-



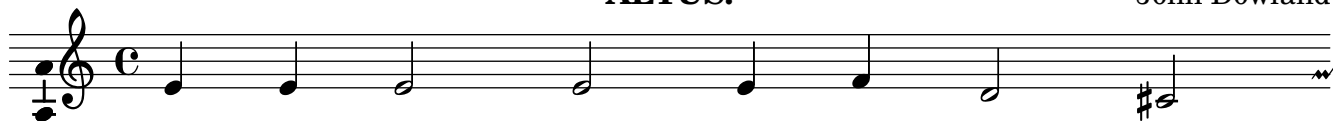
sad des- paire Can find no ease of tor- men- ting.
 light In For- tunes bo- some e- ver plac- ed.
 vert Like heav'n still in it- selfe de- light- ed.



XI. Lend your eares to my sorrow

ALTUS.

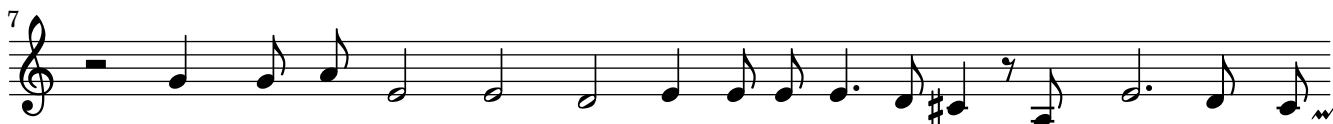
John Dowland



1. Lend your eares to my sor- row Good
 For no eyes wil I bor- ow Mine
 2. Once I liv'd, once I knew de- light,
 Grac'd with love, cheer'd with beau- ties sight,
 3. Cold as Ice fro- zen is that hart,
 Such of life reape the poor- est part



peo- ple, good peo- ple that have a- ny pi- tie:
 own, mine own, shal grace, my dole- ful dit- ty:
 No griefe, no griefe did sha- dowe then my plea- sure
 I joyed, I joyed a- lone true heav'n- ly trea- sure,
 Where thought, where thought of love could no time en- ter:
 Whose weight, whose weight cleaves to this earth- ly cen- ter,



Chant then my voice though rude like to my ri- ming, And tell foorth my
 O what a Heav'n is love firme- ly em- brac- ed, Such power a-
 Mu- tu- all joies in hearts tru- ly u- ni- ted Doe earth to heav-



griefe which here in sad des- paire Can find no ease of tor- men- ting.
 lone can fixe de- light In For- tunes bo- some e- ver plac- ed.
 en- ly state con- vert Like heav'n still in it- selfe de- light- ed.



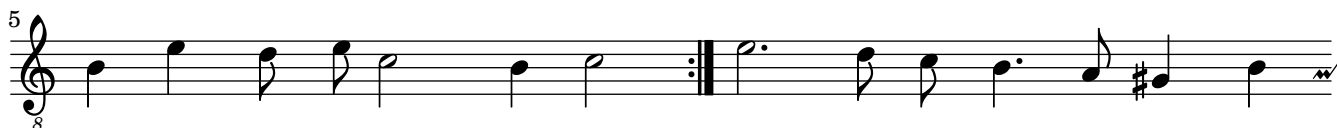
XI. Lend your eares to my sorrow

TENOR.

John Dowland



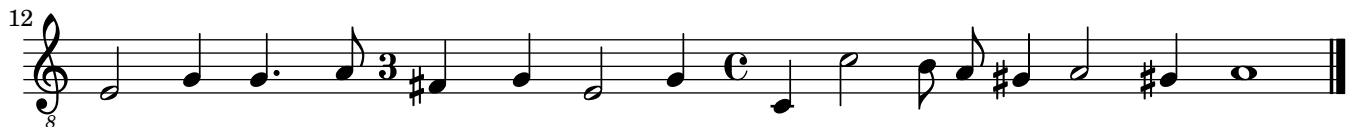
1. Lend your eares to my sor- row Good peo- ple
 For no eyes wil I bor- ow Mine own shal
 2. Once I liv'd, once I knew de- light, No grieffe
 Grac'd with love, cheer'd with beau- ties sight, I joyed
 3. Cold as Ice fro- zen is that hart, Where thought
 Such of life reape the poor- est part Whose weight



that have a- ny pi- tie: Chant then my voice, my voice though
 grace, my dole- ful dit- ty:
 did sha- dowe my plea- sure O what a Heav'n, a Heav'n is
 a- lone heav'n- ly trea- sure,
 of love could not en- ter: Mu- tu- all joies in hearts tru-
 cleaves to this cen- ter,

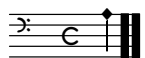


rude like to my ri- ming, And tell foorth my grieffe which
 love firme- ly em- brac- ed, Such power a- lone can
 ly u- ni- ted Doe earth to heaven- ly



here in sad des- paire Can find no ease of tor- men- ting.
 fixe de- light In For- tunes bo- some e- ver pla- ced.
 state con- vert Like heav'n still in it- selfe de- light- ed.

⁰Note that the 3/4 section in this part starts a quarter note into a 3/4 "measure", because of the dotted rhythm in the previous beat.



XI. Lend your eares to my sorrow

BASSUS.

John Dowland



1. Lend your eares to my sor- row Good peo- ple
 For no eyes wil I bor- ow Mine own shal grace,
 2. Once I liv'd, once I knew de- light, No griefe did sha-
 Grac'd with love, cheer'd with beau- ties sight, I joyed a- lone
 3. Cold as Ice fro- zen is that hart, Where thought of love
 Such of life reape the poor- est part Whose weight cleaves to



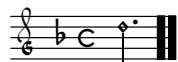
that have a- ny pi- tie: Chaunt it my voice though rude
 my dole- ful dit- ty:
 dowe then my plea- sure O what a Heav'n is love
 true heav'n- ly trea- sure,
 could no time en- ter: Mu- tu- all joies in hearts
 this earth- ly cen- ter,



like to my ri- ming, And tell foorth my griefe which here in
 firme- ly em- brac- ed, Such power a- lone can fixe de-
 tru- ly u- ni- ted Doe earth to heaven- ly state con-



sad des- paire Can find no ease of tor- men- ting.
 light In For- tunes bo- some e- ver pla- ced.
 vert Like heav'n still in it- selfe de- light- ed.



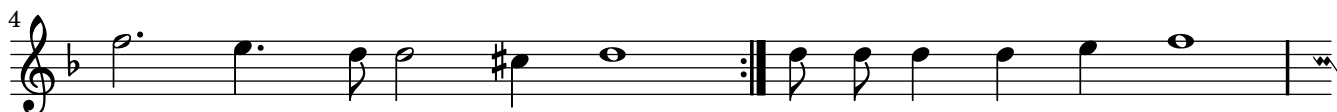
XII. By a fontaine where I lay,

CANTUS.

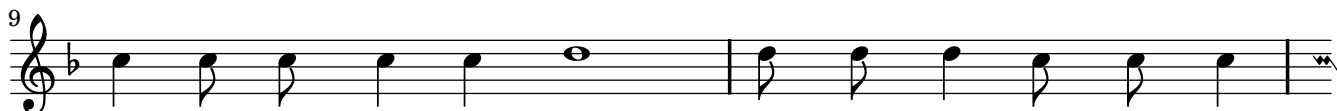
John Dowland



1. By a foun- taine where I lay, Al bles- sed
 By the glint- ing of the sun, Oh ne- ver
 2. Faire with gar- lands all ad- drest, Was ne- ver
 Bless- ed in the highest de- gree, So may she
 3. Then I forth- with tooke my pipe Which I all
 And u- pon a heav'n- ly ground, All in the



bee that bless- ed day When I might see a- lone
 bee her shin- ing done Came to this foun- taine neere,
 Nymph more faire- ly blest, Plaid this round- e- lay,
 e- ver bless- ed be,
 faire and cleane did wipe
 grace of beau- tie found,



My true loves fair- est one, Loves deer light, Loves cleare sight
 With such a smil- ing cheere, Such a face, Such a grace,
 Wel- come faire Queene of May, Sing sweete aire, Wel- come faire.



No worlds eyes can clear- er see A fair- er sight none none can be.
 Hap- pie, hap- pie eyes that see Such a heaven- ly sight as she.
 Wel- come be the shep- hearsd Queene, The glo- rie of all our greene.



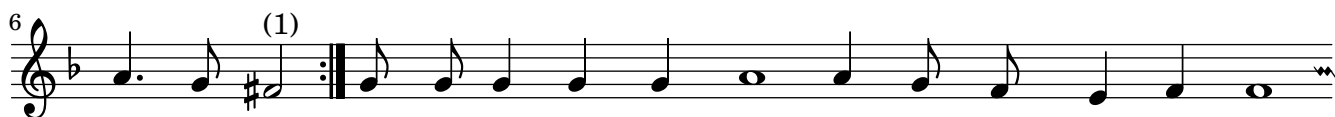
XII. By a fontaine where I lay,

ALTUS.

John Dowland



1. By a foun-taine where I lay, Al bles- sed bee that
 By the glint- ing of the sun, Oh ne- ver bee her
 2. Faire with gar- lands all ad- drest, Was ne- ver Nymph more
 Bless- ed in the highest de- gree, So may she e- ver
 3. Then I forth- with tooke my pipe Which I all faire and
 And u- pon a heav'n- ly ground, All in the grace of



6 (1)
 bless- ed day When I might see a- lone My true loves fair- est one,
 shin- ing done Came to this foun- taine neere, With such a smil- ing cheere,
 faire- ly blest, Plaid this round- e- lay, Wel- come faire Queene of May,
 bless- ed be,
 cleane did wipe
 beau- tie found,



11
 Loves deer light, Loves cleare sight No worlds eyes can clear- er see A
 Such a face, Such a grace, Hap- pie, hap- pie eyes that see Such
 Sing sweete aire, Wel- come faire. Wel- come be the shep- hearsds Queene, The



13
 fair- er sight, a fair- er sight none none can be.
 a heav- en- ly, such a heav- en- ly sight as she.
 glo- rie of, the glo- rie of all our greene.

¹ original has a whole note



XII. By a fontaine where I lay,

TENOR.

John Dowland



1. By a foun- taine where I lay, Al bless-

By the glint- ing of the sun, Oh ne-

2. Faire with gar- lands all ad- drest, Was ne-

Bless- ed in the high- est de- gree, So may

3. Then I forth- with tooke my pipe Which I all

And u- pon a heav'n- ly ground, All in the



ed, bless- ed bee that bless- ed day

ver, ne- ver bee her shin- ing done

ver, ne- ver Nymph more faire- ly blest,

she, may she e- ver bless- ed be,

faire, all faire and cleane did wipe

grace, the grace of beau- tie found,



When I might see a- lone My true loves fair- est

Came to this foun- taine neere, With such a smil- ing

Plaid this round- e- lay, Wel- come faire Queene of



one, Loves deer light, Loves cleare sight No worlds eyes can clear- er see

cheere, Such a face, Such a grace, Hap- pie, hap- pie eyes that see

May, Sing sweete aire, Wel- come faire. Wel- come be the shep- heards Queene,



A fair- er sight, a fair- er sight none can be.

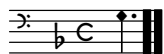
Such a hea- ven- ly sight, heaven- ly sight as she.

The glo- rie of, the glo- rie of all our greene.

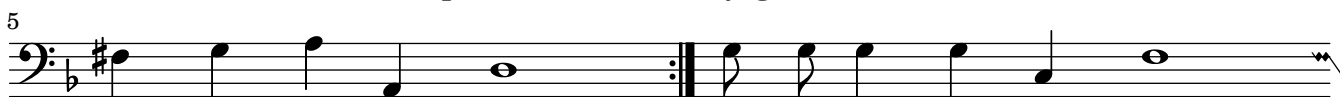
XII. By a fontaine where I lay,

BASSUS.

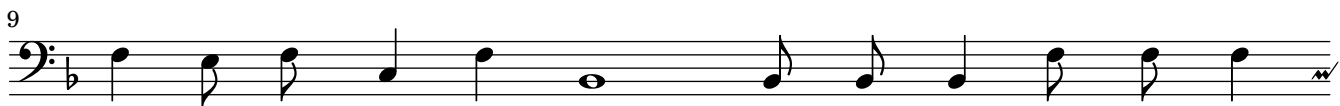
John Dowland



1. By a foun-taine where I lay, Al bles- sed
 By the glint- ing of the sun, Oh ne- ver
 2. Faire with gar- lands all ad- drest, Was ne- ver
 Bless- ed in the highest de- gree, So may she
 3. Then I forth- with tooke my pipe Which I all
 And u- pon a heav'n- ly ground, All in the



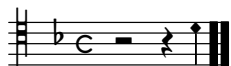
bee that bless- ed day When I might see a- lone
 bee her shin- ing done Came to this foun- taine neere,
 Nymph more faire- ly blest, Plaid this round- e- lay,
 e- ver bless- ed be,
 faire and cleane did wipe
 grace of beau- tie found,



My true loves fair- est one, Loves deer light, Loves cleare sight
 With such a smil- ing cheere, Such a face, Such a grace,
 Wel- come faire Queene of May, Sing sweete aire, Wel- come faire.



No worlds eyes can clear- er see A fair- er sight none none can be.
 Hap- pie, hap- pie eyes that see Such a hea- ven- ly sight as she.
 Wel- come be the shep- hearsd Queene, The glo- rie of all our greene.



XIII. Oh what hath overwrought

TENOR.

John Dowland



Oh what hath o-ver-wrought My all a-ma-zed thought
Or where- to am I brought, That thus in vaine have sought



Till time and truth hath taught, I la- bor all for nought. The
For



day I see is cleare, But I am nere the neere, While I can no-thing
griefe doth stil ap-peare To crosse out me-rie cheere,



heare, But win- ter all the yeare, Cold, hold, (2)

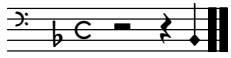


the sun wil shine warme, There-fore now feare no harme. O bless-ed beames,



Where beau-tie streames Hap-pie hap-pie light, hap-pie light to loves dreames.

² looks like a half rest in facsimile



XIII. Oh what hath overwrought

BASSUS.

John Dowland



Oh what hath o-ver-wrought My all a-ma-zed thought
Or where- to am I brought, That thus in vaine have sought



I la-bor all for nought. The day I see is cleare, But
For griefe doth stil ap-peare To



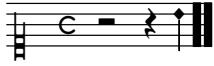
I am nere the neere, But win-ter all the yeare, Cold, hold,
crosse out me-rie cheere,



the sun wil shine warme, There-fore now feare no harme. O bless-ed beames,



Where beau-tie streames Hap-pie hap-pie light to loves dreames.



XIII. Farewell unkind farewell

CANTUS.

John Dowland



1. Fare- well un- kind fare- well, to mee no more a
 2. Tis not the vaine de- sire of hu- mane fleet- ing



fa- ther, since my heart my heart holdes my love most
 beau- tie, Makes my mind to live though my meanes do



deare: The wealth which thou doest reape, A- no- thers hand must ga- ther,
 die, Nor do I Na- ture wrong, though I for- get my du- tie:



Though thy heart thy heart still lies bur- ied there, Then fare- well, then
 Love, not in the bloud, but in the spirit doth lie.



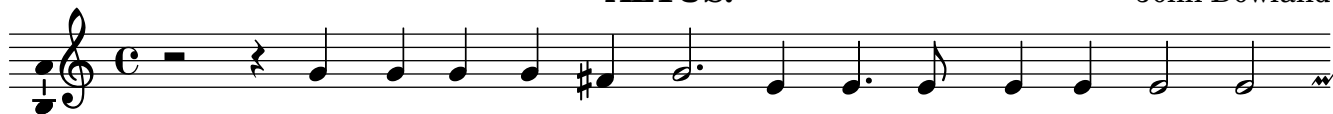
fare- well, O fare- well, wel- come my love, wel- come my joy for- e- ver.



XIII. Farewell unkind farewell

ALTUS.

John Dowland



1. Fare- well un- kind fare- well, to mee no more a fa- ther,
 2. Tis not the vaine de- sire of hu- mane fleet- ing beau- tie,



since my heart, since my heart, my heart holdes my love most deare: The
 Makes my mind, makes my mind, to live though my meanes do die, Nor



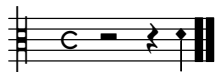
wealth which thou doest reape, A- no- thers hand must ga- ther,
 do I Na- ture wrong, though I for- get my du- tie:



Though thy heart, though thy heart thy heart still lies bur- ied there, Then fare- well,
 Love, not in the bloud, but in the spi- rit doth lie.



then fare- well, then fare- well, O fare- well, wel- come my joy, my joy for- e- ver.



XIII. Farewell unkind farewell

TENOR.

John Dowland



1. Fare- well un- kind fare- well, to mee no more a
2. Tis not the vaine de- sire of hu- mane fleet- ing



fa- ther, since my heart, my heart, my heart holdes my love most
beau- tie, Makes my mind, my mind to live though my meanes do



deare: The wealth which thou doest reape, A- no- thers hand must
die, Nor do I Na- ture wrong, though I for- get my



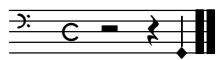
ga- ther, Though thy heart, thy heart, thy heart, thy heart lies bur- ied
du- tie: Love, not in, not in the bloud, but in the spi- rit



there, Then fare- well, then fare- well, then fare- well,
lies.



O fare- well, wel- come my love, wel- come my joy for- e- ver.



XIII. Farewell unkind farewell

BASSUS.

John Dowland



1. Fare- well un- kind fare- well, to mee no more a
2. Tis not the vaine de- sire of hu- mane fleet- ing

5



fa- ther, since my heart, my heart, my heart holdes my love most
beau- tie, Makes my mind, my mind to live though my meanes do

9



deare: The wealth which thou doest reape, A- no- thers hand must
die, Nor do I Na- ture wrong, though I for- get my

13



ga- ther, Though thy heart thy heart thy heart still lies bur- ied
du- tie: Love, not in, not in the bloud, but in the spi- rit

17



there, Then fare- well, then fare- well, O fare- well,
lies.

20



wel- come my love, wel- come, wel- come my joy for- e- ver.



XV. Weepe you no more sad fountaines,

ALTUS.

John Dowland



1. Weepe, weepe you no more sad foun- taines, What

2. Sleepe, sleepe is a re- con- cil- ing, A



need, what need you flowe so fast, Looke how the snow- ie moun- taines,

rest, a rest that peace be- gets: Doth not the sunne rise smil- ing,



Heav'ns sunne doth gent- ly wast. But my sunnes, my sunnes heav'n- ly eyes

When faire at ev'n he sets, Rest you, rest you, then rest sad eyes,



View not your weep- ing. That now lie sleep- ing, that now ly sleep-

Melt not in weep- ing, While she lies sleep- ing, while she lies sleep-



ing, soft- ly soft- ly soft- ly that now soft- ly lies sleep- ing.

ing, soft- ly soft- ly soft- ly that now soft- ly lies sleep- ing.



XV. Weepe you no more sad fountaines,

TENOR.

John Dowland



1. Weepe you no more, no more sad foun- taines, What need you flowe so fast,
 2. Sleepe is a re- con,-re- con- cil- ing, A rest that peace be- gets:



6 Looke how the snow- ie moun- taines, Heav'ns sunne doth gent- ly wast.
 Doth not the sunne rise smil- ing, When faire at ev'n he sets,



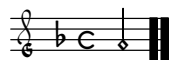
11 But my sunnes heav'n- ly eyes View not, view not your weep-
 Rest you, then rest sad eyes, Melt not, melt not in weep-



16 ing. That nowe lie sleep- ing, sleep- ing, that now
 ing, While she lies sleep- ing, sleep- ing, that now



21 ly sleep- ing soft- ly soft- ly Now soft- ly lie sleep- ing.
 ly sleep- ing soft- ly soft- ly Now soft- ly lie sleep- ing.



XVI. Fie on this faining,

CANTUS.

John Dowland



1. Fie on this fain- ing, Is love with- out de- sire,
2. Shew some re- lent- ing, Or graunt thou doest now love,
3. Truth is not plac- ed In words and forc- ed smiles,



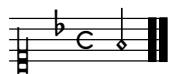
Heat still re- main- ing And yet no sparke of fire?
 Two hearts con- sent- ing Shall they no com- forts prove?
 Love is not grac- ed With that which still be- guiles,



Thou art un- true, nor wert with fan- cie mov- ed,
 Yeeld, or con- fesse that love is with- out plea- sure,
 Love or dis- like, yeeld fire, or give no fu- ell,



For de- sire hath powre on all that e- ver lov- ed.
 And that wo- mens boun- ties rob men of their trea- sure,
 So maist thou prove kind, or at the least lesse cru- ell.



XVI. Fie on this faining,

ALTUS.

John Dowland



1. Fie on this fain- ing, Is love with- out de- sire:
2. Shew some re- lent- ing, Or graunt thou doest now love,
3. Truth is not plac- ed In words and forc- ed smiles,



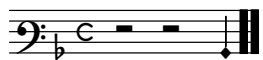
Heat still re- main- ing, And yet no sparke of fire?
 Two hearts con- sent- ing Shall they no com- forts prove?
 Love is not grac- ed With that which still be- guiles,



Thou art un- true, thou art un- true, nor wert with fan- cie mov- ed,
 Yeeld, or con- fesse, yeeld, or con- fesse that love is with- out plea- sure,
 Love or dis- like, love or dis- like yeeld fire, or give no fu- ell,



For de- sire hath powre on all, on all that e- ver lov- ed.
 And that wo- mens boun- ties rob men, rob men of their trea- sure,
 So maist thou prove kind, or at the least, the least lesse cru- ell.



XVI. Fie on this faining,

BASSUS.

John Dowland



1. Fie on this fain- ing, Is love with- out de- sire,
2. Shew some re- lent- ing, Or graunt thou doest now love,
3. Truth is not plac- ed In words and forc- ed smiles,

5



Heat still re- main- ing And yet no sparke of fire?
 Two hearts con- sent- ing Shall they no com- forts prove?
 Love is not grac- ed With that which still be- guiles,

9

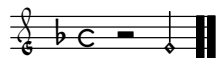


Thou art un- true, nor wert with fan- cie mov- ed, For de-
 Yeeld, or con- fesse that love is with- out plea- sure, And that
 Love or dis- like, yeeld fire, or give no fu- ell, So maist

13



sire, de- sire hath powre on all, on all that e- ver lov- ed.
 wo- mens, wo- mens boun- ties, boun- ties rob men of their trea- sure,
 thou, maist thou prove kind, prove kind or at the least lesse cru- ell.



XVII. I must complaine,

CANTUS.

John Dowland



I must com- plaine, yet do en- joy, en- joy my love,
Should I a- griev'd wish she were lesse she were lesse faire,



She is too faire, too rich in beau- ties parts Thence is my
That were re- pug- nant to my owne de- sires, She is ad-



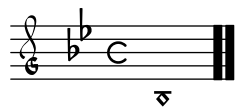
griefe for na- ture while she strove With all her grac- es and de- vin- est
mir'd, new su- ters still re- paire, That kin- dles day- ly loves for- get- full



artes, To forme her too too beau- ti- full of hue, She had no
fres, Rest jea- lous thoughts, and thus re- solve at last, She hath more



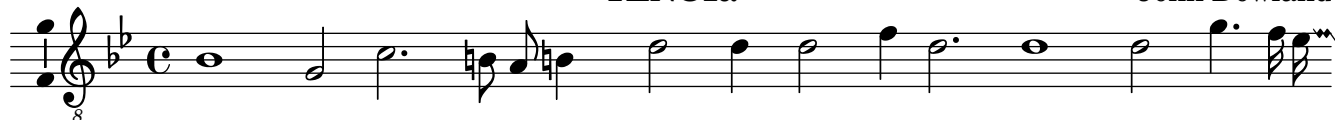
lei- sure, she had no lei- sure no lea- sure left to make her true.
beau- tie, she hath more beau- tie more beau- tie then be- comes the chast.



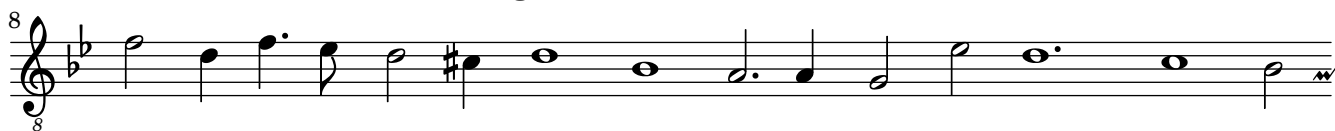
XVII. I must complaine,

TENOR.

John Dowland



I must com- plaine, yet do en- joy my love, She is too
Should I a- griev'd wish she were lesse faire, That were re-



faire, too rich in beau- ties parts Thence is my griefe for na- ture while
pug- nant to my owne de- sires, She is ad- mir'd, new su- ters still



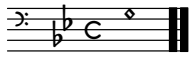
she strove With all her grac- es and de- vin- est artes,
re- paire, That kin- dles day- ly loves for- get- full fires,



To forme her too too beau- ti- full of hue, She had no lei- sure,
Rest jea- lous thoughts, and thus re- solve at last, She hath more beau- tie,



she had no lei- sure no lei- sure left to make her true.
she hath more beau- tie more beau- tie then be- comes the chast.



XVII. I must complaine,

BASSUS.

John Dowland



I must com- plaine, yet do en- joy, en- joy my love, my love,
Should I a- griev'd wish she were, she were lesse faire, lesse faire,



She is too faire, too rich in beau- ties parts Thence is my grieffe
That were re- pug- nant to my owne de- sires, She is ad- mir'd,



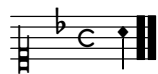
for na- ture while she strove With all her grac- es and de- vin- est artes,
new su- ters still re- paire, That kin- dles day- ly loves for- get- full fires,



To forme her too too beau- ti- full of hue, She had no lei- sure,
Rest jea- lous thoughts, and thus re- solve at last, She hath more beau- tie,



she had no lei- sure no lei- sure left to make her true.
she hath more beau- tie more beau- tie then be- comes the chast.



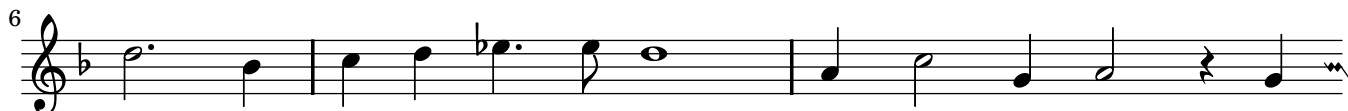
XVIII. It was a time when silly Bees could speake,

Cantus.

John Dowland



1. It was a time when sil- ly Bees could speake, And in that
 2. Then thus I buzd, when time no sap would give, Why should this
 3. My liege, Gods graunt thy time may ne- ver end, And yet vouch-



6 time I was a sil- lie Bee, Who fed on Time un-
 bless- ed time to me be drie, Sith by this Time the
 safe to heare my plaint of Time, Which fruit- lesse Flies have



11 til my heart gan break, Yet ne- ver found the
 la- zie drone doth live, The waspe, the worme, the
 found to have a friend, And I cast downe when

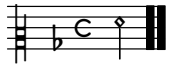


15 time would fa- vour mee. Of all the swarme I
 gnat, the but- ter- flie, Mat- ed with grieve, I
 A- to- mies do clime. The king re- plied but



19 one- ly did not thrive, Yet brought I waxe and ho- ney to the hive.
 kneel- ed on my knees, And thus com- plained un- to the king of Bees.
 thus, Peace pee- vish Bee, Th'art bound to serve the time, the time not thee.

This is yet another poem that may have been written by the Earl of Essex about Queen Elizabeth. (cf. *Can she excuse my wrongs* Page ?? and *O sweet woods*, Page ??)



XVIII. It was a time when silly Bees could speake,

Altus.

John Dowland



1. It was a time, a time, when sil- ly Bees could speake,
2. Then thus I buzd, I buzd, when time no sap would give,
3. My liege, Gods graunt, Gods graunt, thy time may ne- ver end,



And in that time I was, I was a sil- lie Bee,
 Why should this blessed time, this time to me be drie,
 And yet vouch- safe to heare, to heare my plaint of Time,



Who fed on Time un- til my heart, my heart gan break, Yet ne- ver
 Sith by this Time the la- zie drone, the drone doth live, The waspe, the
 Which fruit-lesse Flies have found to have, to have a friend, And I cast



found the time would fa- vour mee. Of all the swarme I one- ly, I one- ly
 worme, the gnat, the but- ter- flie, Mat- ed with griefe, I kneel- ed, I kneel- ed
 downe when A- to- mies do clime. The king re- plied but thus, Peace pee- vish,



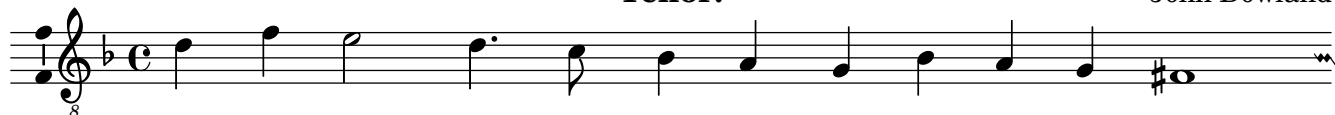
did not thrive, Yet brought I waxe and ho- ny, ho- ny to the hive.
 on my knees, And thus com- plained un- to the king, the king of Bees.
 pee- vish Bee, Th'art bound to serve the time, the time, the time not thee.



XVIII. It was a time when silly Bees could speake,

Tenor.

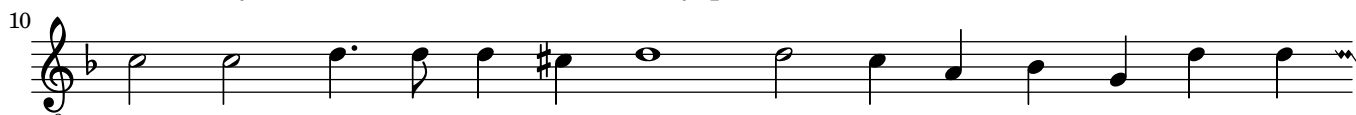
John Dowland



1. It was a time, a time when sil- ly Bees could speake,
2. Then thus I buzzd, I buzzd, when time no sap would give,
3. My liege, Gods graunt, Gods graunt thy time may ne- ver end,



And in that time I was a sil- lie Bee, Who fed on
 Why should this bless- ed time to me be drie, Sith by this
 And yet vouch- safe to heare my plaint of Time, Which fruit- lesse



Time un- til my heart gan break, Yet ne- ver found the time, the
 Time the la- zie drone doth live, The waspe, the worme, the gnat, the
 Flies have found to have a friend, And I cast downe, cast downe when

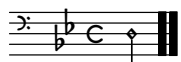


time would fa- vour mee. Of all the swarme, the swarme I one- ly, one- ly
 gnat, the but- ter- flie, Mat- ed with griefe, with griefe, I kneel- ed, kneel- ed
 A- to- mies do clime. The king re- plied, re- plied but thus, Peace pee- vish,



did not thrive, Yet brought I waxe and ho- ney to the hive.
 on my knees, And thus com- plained un- to the king of Bees.
 pee- vish Bee, Th'art bound to serve the time, the time not thee.

¹ rest is editorial.



XVIII. It was a time when silly Bees could speake,

Bassus.

John Dowland



1. It was a time, a time when sil- ly Bees could speake,
2. Then thus I buzd, I buzd, when time no sap would give,
3. My liege, Gods graunt, Gods graunt thy time may ne- ver end,



And in that time I was a sil- lie Bee, Who fed on Time un-
Why should this bless- ed time to me be drie, Sith by this Time the
And yet vouch- safe to heare my plaint of Time, Which fruit- lesse Flies have



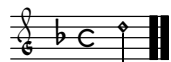
til my heart gan break, Yet ne- ver found the time would fa- vour
la- zie drone doth live, The waspe, the worme, the gnat, the but- ter-
found to have a friend, And I cast downe when A- to- mies do



mee. Of all the swarme, the swarme I one- ly, I one- ly
flie, Mat- ed with griefe, with griefe, I kneel- ed, I kneel- ed
clime. The king re- plied, re- plied but thus, Peace pee- vish,



did not thrive, Yet brought I waxe and ho- ney to the hive.
on my knees, And thus com- plained un- to the king of Bees.
pee- vish Bee, Th'art bound to serve the time, the time not thee.



XIX. The lowest trees have tops,

CANTUS.

John Dowland



The low- est trees have tops, the Ant her gall, The flie her spleene, the
Where wa- ters smooth- est run, deep are the foords, The di- all stirres, yet



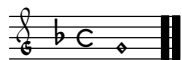
lit- tle sparke his heate, And slen- der haire cast sha- dowes though but small,
none per- ceives it move: The firm- est faith is in the few- est words,



And Bees have stings al- though they be not great. Seas have their source, and
The Tur- tles can- not sing, and yet they love, True hearts have eyes and



so have shal- lowe springs, And love is love in beg- gers and in kings.
ears, no tongues to speake: They heare, and see, and sigh, and then they breake.

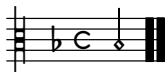


XIX. The lowest trees have tops,

ALTUS.

John Dowland

The low- est trees have tops, the Ant her gall, The
 Where wa- ters smooth- est run, deep are the foords, The
 5 flie her spleene, the lit- tle sparke his heate, And slen- der
 di- all stirres, yet none per- ceives it move: The firm- est
 9 haires cast sha- dows though but small, And Bees have stings al-
 faith is in the few- est words, The Tur- tles can- not
 14 though they be not great. Seas have their source, and so have shal- lowe
 sing, and yet they love, True hearts have eyes and ears, no tongues to
 19 springs, shal- low springs, And love is love in beg- gers and in kings.
 speake, tongues to speake, They heare, and see, and sigh, and then they breake.



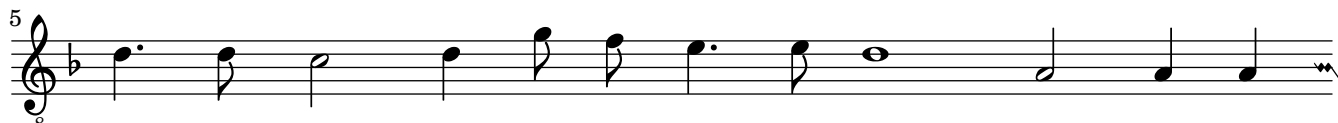
XIX. The lowest trees have tops,

TENOR.

John Dowland



The low- est trees have tops, the Ant her gall, The
Where wa- ters smooth- est run, deep are the foords, The



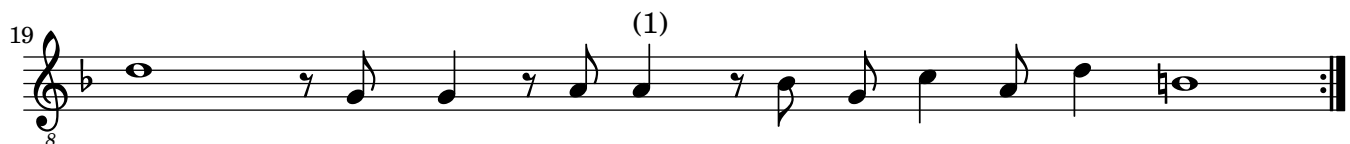
fle her spleene, the lit- tle sparke his heate, And slen- der
di- all stirres, yet none per- ceives it move: The firm- est



haire cast sha- dows though but small, And Bees have stings al-
faith is in the few- est words, The Tur- tles can- not



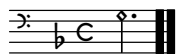
though they be not great. Seas have their source, and so have shal- lowe
sing, and yet they love, True hearts have eyes and ears, no tongues to



springs, And love is love in beg- gers and in kings.
speake: They heare, and see, and sigh, and then they breake.

⁰The clef is printed here on the second line, but that's clearly a mistake

¹ Original has a half note here.



XIX. The lowest trees have tops,

BASSUS.

John Dowland



The low- est trees have tops, the Ant her gall, The
Where wa- ters smooth- est run, deep are the foords, The



5
flie her spleene, the lit- tle sparke his heate, And slen- der
di- all stirres, yet none per- ceives it move: The firm- est



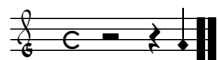
9
haire cast sha- dowes though but small, And Bees have stings al-
faith is in the few- est words, The Tur- tles can- not



14
though they be not great. Seas have their source, and so have shal- lowe
sing, and yet they love, True hearts have eyes and ears, no tongues to



19
springs, shal- low springs, And love is love in beg- gers and in kings.
speake, tongues to speake: They heare, and see, and sigh, and then they breake.



XX. What poore Astronomers are they,

Cantus.

John Dowland



1. What poore A-stro-no-mers are they, Take wo-mens eies for stars
2. And love it selfe is but a jeast. De-visde by i-dle heads,
3. But yet it is a sport to see How wit will run on wheeles,
4. But such as will run mad with will, I can-not cleare their sight:



And set their thoughts in bat-tel ray To fight such id-le warres,
 To catch yong fan-cies in hte neast, And lay it in fooles beds.
 While wit can-not per-swa-ded be With that which rea-son feeles:
 But leave them to their stu-die still, To looke where is no light.



When in the end they shal ap-prove, Tis but a jest drawne out of love.
 That be-ing hatcht in beaut-ies eyes, They may be flidge ere they be wise.
 That wo-mens eyes and starres are odde, And love is but a fain-ed god.
 Till time too late we make them crie, They stu-dy false A-stro-no-mie.



XX. What poore Astronomers are they,

Altus.

John Dowland



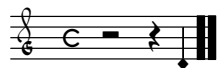
1. What poore A- stro- no- mers are they, Take wo- mens eies for stars
2. And love it selfe is but a jeast. De- visde by i- dle heads,
3. But yet it is a sport to see How wit will run on wheeles,
4. But such as will run mad with will, I can- not cleare their sight:



And set their thoughts in bat- tel ray To fight such id- le warres,
 To catch yong fan- cies in hte neast, And lay it in fooles beds.
 While wit can- not per- swa- ded be With that which rea- son feeles:
 But leave them to their stu- die still, To looke where is no light.



When in the end they shal ap- prove, Tis but a jest drawne out of love.
 That be- ing hatcht in beaut- ies eyes, They may be flidge ere they be wise.
 That wo- mens eyes and starres are odde, And love is but a fain- ed god.
 Till time too late we make them crie, They stu- dy false A- stro- no- mie.



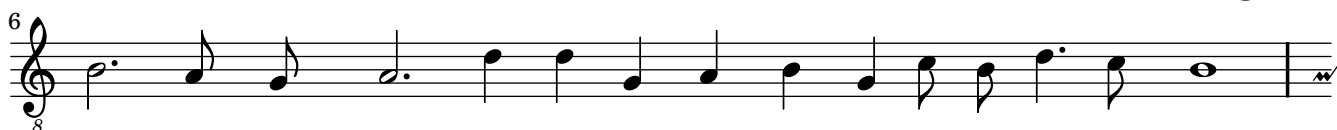
XX. What poore Astronomers are they,

Tenor.

John Dowland



1. What poore A- stro- no- mers are they, Take wo- mens eies for stars
2. And love it selfe is but a jeast. De- visde by i- dle heads,
3. But yet it is a sport to see How wit will run on wheeles,
4. But such as will run mad with will, I can- not cleare their sight:

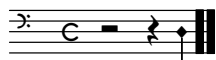


And set their thoughts in bat- tel ray To fight such id- le warres,
 To catch yong fan- cies in hte neast, And lay it in fooles beds.
 While wit can- not per- swa- ded be With that which rea- son feeles:
 But leave them to their stu- die still, To looke where is no light.



When in the end they shal ap- prove, Tis but a jest drawne out of love.
 That be- ing hatcht in beaut- ies eyes, They may be flidge ere they be wise.
 That wo- mens eyes and starres are odde, And love is but a fain- ed god.
 Till time too late we make them crie, They stu- dy false A- stro- no- mie.

¹ Original has a quarter note.



XX. What poore Astronomers are they,

Bassus.

John Dowland



1. What poore A- stro- no- mers are they, Take wo- mens eies for stars
2. And love it selfe is but a jeast. De- visde by i- dle heads,
3. But yet it is a sport to see How wit will run on wheeles,
4. But such as will run mad with will, I can- not cleare their sight:

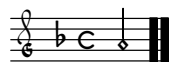


And set their thoughts in bat- tel ray To fight such id- le warres,
 To catch yong fan- cies in hte neast, And lay it in fooles beds.
 While wit can- not per- swa- ded be With that which rea- son feeles:
 But leave them to their stu- die still, To looke where is no light.



When in the end they shal ap- prove, Tis but a jest drawne out of love.
 That be- ing hatcht in beaut- ies eyes, They may be flidge ere they be wise.
 That wo- mens eyes and starres are odde, And love is but a fain- ed god.
 Till time too late we make them crie, They stu- dy false A- stro- no- mie.

² Original has these two notes as eighth notes.



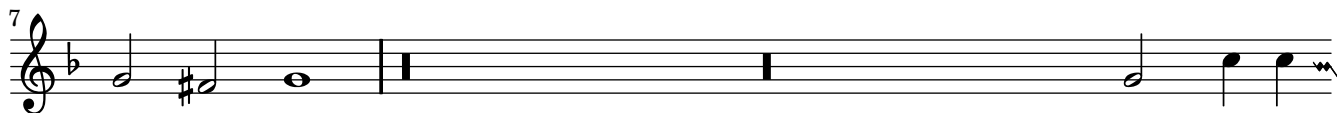
XXI. Come when I call,

CANTUS PRIMA

John Dowland



Prima: Come when I cal, or ta- rie til I com, If you bee deafe I

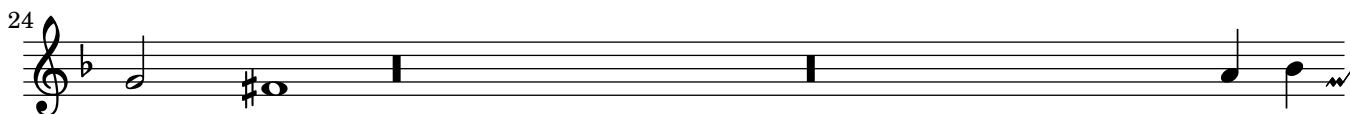


must prove dumb

Prima: If thy de-



sire e- ver knew the grieffe of de- lay, No dan- ger could stand in thy way.



Prima: What need

wee lan-



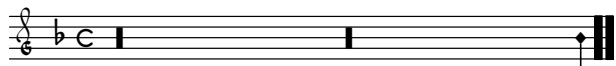
guish? Can love quick- ly quick- ly flie: Fear e- ver hurts more



then jea- lou- sie. All: Then se- cure- ly en- vie scorn- ing, Let us

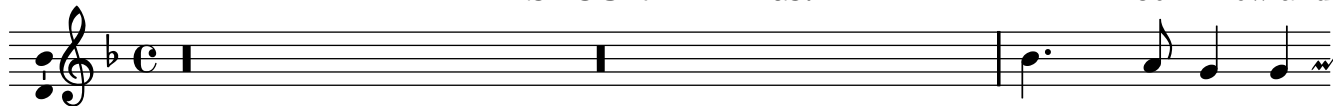


end with joy our mourn- ing, Jea- lou- sie still de- fie, and love till we die.



XXI. Come when I call,
SECUNDA PARS.

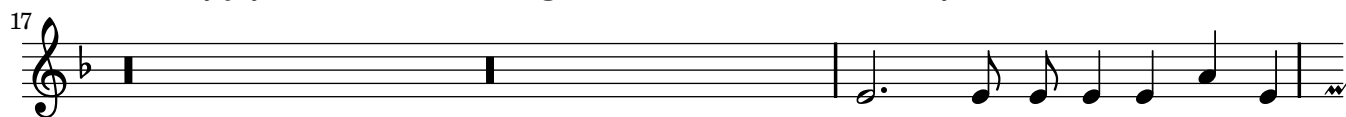
John Dowland



Secunda: Stay a while my



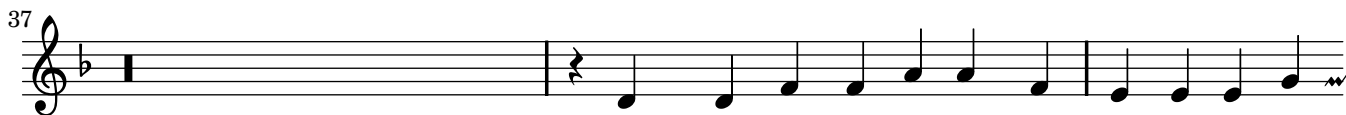
beau my joy, I come with wings of love, When en-vious eyes time shal re- move



Secunda: O die not, ad this sor- row



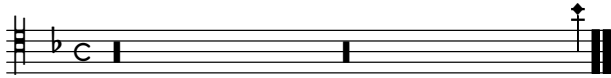
to my grieve that lan- guish here, want- ing re- lief.



All: Then se- cure- ly en- vie scorn- ing, Let us end



with joy our mourn- ing, Jea- lou- sie still de- fie, and love till we die.



XXI. Come when I call,
QUINTUS.

John Dowland

All: Then se- cure-ly en- vie scorn- ing, Let us end with
 joy our mourn- ing, Jea- lou- sie still de- fie, and love, and love, till we die.



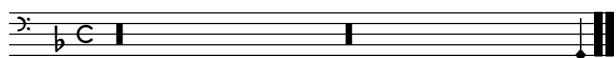
XXI. Come when I call,

TENOR.

John Dowland

en- vie scorn- ing, Let us end

with joy our mourn- ing, Jea- lou- sie still de- fie, and love till we die.



XXI. Come when I call,

BASSUS.

John Dowland

All: Then se- cure- ly en- vie scorn- ing, Let us end with

joy our mourn- ing, Jea- lou- sie still de- fie, and love, and love, til wee die.

