VI. Were every thought an eye,
CANTUS.

Were eve- y thought an eye, and all those eyes could see, Her sub- till
Her fires do in- ward burne, They make no out- ward show. And her de-
wiles their sights would be- guile, and mocke their je- lou- sie. De-
lights a- mid the dark shades, which none dis- co- ver, grow. The
sire lives in her heart, Di- na- na in her eyes, T'were vaine to wish wo- men
flowers growth is un- seene, yet e- very day it growes. So where her fan- cy is
true, t'is well, if they prove wise. Such a Love de- serves
set it thrives, but how none knowes.

more grace, Then a tru- er heart that hath no con- ceit, To make
use both of time and place When a wit hath need of all his sleight.

1 The original really does have the dotted whole followed by the pickup quarter note between two "barlines".
2 original has dotted whole instead of whole and quarter rest.
VI. Were every thought an eye,

ALTUS.

(1)

John Dowland

Were ev'ry thought an eye, and all those eyes could see, Her sub-till
Her fires do inward burne, They make no outward show. And her de-
wiles their sights would be-guile, and mocke their je-lousie. De-
lights a-mid the dark shades, which none dis-cover, grow. The

sire lives in her heart, in her hart, Dia-na in her eyes, in
flowers growth is un-seene, is un-seene yet every day it growes., it
her eyes. Twere vaine to wish wo-men true, t'is well, t'is well,
growes. So where her fan-cy is set it thrives, it thrives,

if they prove wise. Such a Love de-serves more grace, Then a tru-

but how none knowes.

er heart that hath no con-ceit, To make use both

of time and place, and place, When a wit hath need of all his sleight.

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5 Original is a quarter note
7 Original might be a half note, or some ink might have fallen out of a quarter note.
VI. Were every thought an eye,

**TENOR.**

John Dowland

Were every thought an eye, and all those eyes could see, Her subtilly
Her fires do inward burne, They make no outward show. And her de-
wiles their sights would beguile, and mocke their jealousie.
lights amid the dark shades, which none discover, grow.

Desire lives in her heart, her heart, Dia-
The flowers growth is unseen, unseen, yet e-
na in her eyes, in her eyes. 'Twere vaine to wish wo-
very day it growes, it growes. So where her fancy is set
'tis well, if they prove wise. Such a Love serves
it thrives, but how none knowes.

more grace, Then a truer heart that hath no conceit, To make use
both of time and place When a wit hath need of all his sleight.

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3 original has a quarter note.
6 Original is a whole note
VI. Were every thought an eye,
BASSUS.

Were evey thought an eye, and all those eyes could see, Her sub-till
Her fires do inward burne, They make no outward show. And her de-
wiles their sight would beguile, and mocke their je-
lousie.

Desire lives in her heart, in her heart, Dia-

na in her eyes, The flowers growth is unalseen,
herself.

in her eyes. T'were vaine to wish wo-
men true, tis well, if they prove wise.
it growes. So where her fancy is set it thrives, but how none knowes.

Such a Love deserves more grace, Then a truer heart that hath no

conceit, To make use both of time and place, and place, When a wit

hath need of all his sleight.

---

4 Original has a quarter note.