X. Thinkst thou then by thy fayning

John Dowland

1. Thinkst thou then by thy fayning sleepe with a proud de-
   cayning, And while sleepe fayned is, may not I
   bled, Then should my love re-
   quire Thy loves un-
   ing, In beau-
   ties sweet dis-
   grace: And livd in-
   No, Love seeke not thy blisse, Be-
   yond a
   tie? Yet kisse a thou-
   sand fold. For kis-
   ses

2. Or with thy craf-
   ty clos-
   bled, were to a trance re-
   sem-
   Thy cru-
   ell eyes de-
   ci-
   ing, Of live-
   ly sense be-
   reav-

3. Shoul-
   that my love as-
   pir-
   ing, For-
   bid-den joyes de-

So farre ex-
   ceed the due-

thy fayning, with a proud dis-

cayning sleepe with a proud de-

cayning, And while sleepe fayned is, may not I

more de-
light, such harm-
less beau-
tie gra-

cing.

steale a kisse, Thy qui-
et armes em-

kind de-
spite, While fu-

sweet em-
brace Of her that lov'd so cold-

sim-
ple kisse: For such de-
cuits are harm-

may be bold When love-
ly sleep is arme-

lesse,
X. Thinkst thou then by thy fayning

John Dowland

1. Thinkst thou then by thy fayning sleepe with a proud
   Or with thy craf-ty clos-ing Thy cru-el eyes

2. O that my sleepe dis-sim-bled, were to a trance
   Thy cru-ell eyes de-cei-ving, Of live-ly sense

3. Should then my love as-piri-ng, For-bid-den joyes
   So farre ex-ceed the due-ty That ver-tue owes

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

   sand fold. For

   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-
   umpt 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-sayning,
   To drive me from thy sight, when sleepe yeelds more de-light,
   such harm-less beau-tie gra-cing.
   Thy qui- et armes em-brac-ing.

Or with thy craf-ty clos-ing Thy cru-el eyes re-pos-ing,
   And while sleepe fayn-ed is, may not I steale a kisse,
   While fu-ry tri-umpht bold-ly
   Of her that lov’d so cold-ly.

2. O that my sleepe dis-sem-bled, were to a trance re-sem- ing,
   Then should my love re-quire Thy loves un-kind de-spite,
   such harm-less beau-tie gra-cing.
   Thy qui-et armes em-brac-ing.

Thy cru-ell eyes de-ceiving, Of live-ly sense be-reav-ing,
   In beau-ties sweet dis-grace: And liv’d in sweet em-brace ing,
   While fu-ry tri-umpht bold-ly
   Of her that lov’d so cold-ly.

3. Should then my love as-piring, For-bid-den joys de-sir-ing,
   No, Love seeke not thy blisse, Be-yond a sim-ple kisse: 
   such harm-less beau-tie gra-cing.
   Thy qui- et armes em-brac-ing.

So farre ex-ceed the due-ty That ver-tue owes to beau-
   Yet kisse a thou-sand fold. For kis-ses may be bold
   While fu-ry tri-umpht bold-ly
   Of her that lov’d so cold-ly.

such harm-less beau-tie gra-cing.
X. Thinkst thou then by thy fayning
Bassus.

John Dowland

1. Thinkst thou then by thy fayning sleepe with a proud disguising
   Thy cruel eyes deceiving, Of lively sense bereavememblended, were to a trance receiving
   For my love aspiring, For bid to the deception
   That virtue owes to

   1. || 2
   
   4
   
   7

   dayning, To drive me from thy sight, when, may
   posing, And while sleepe fayned is, may

   5

   6

   3. Should then my love assem glorified grace: And
   Handle my love requirereasembling, were to a trance receiving
   For bid to the deception
   That virtue owes to

   1. || 2

   4

   7

   8

   sleepe yeelds more de-light, such harm- less beau-tie gracing.
   not I steale a kisse, Thy quiet armes embracing.

   2

   3

   4

   5

   loves unkind de-spite, While fur- ry triumph bold- ly
   livd in sweet em-brace Of her that lov'd so cold- ly.

   1

   2

   3

   4

   yond a sim- ple kisse: For such de-ceits are harme- lesse,
   kis- ses may be bold When love- ly sleep is armes-

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