



# X. Thinkst thou then by thy fayning

Cantus

John Dowland



1. Thinkst thou then by thy fayning sleepe with a proud disday-  
Or with thy crafty closing Thy cruel eyes reposit-
2. O that my sleepe dissembled, were to a trance resem-  
Thy cruel eyes deceiving, Of lively sense be reav-
3. Should then my love aspiring, Forbiddenjoyes desir-  
So farre exceed the duty That vertue owes to beau-

1. 2.

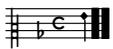


ning, To drive me from thy sight, when sleepe yeelds  
ing, And while sleepe fayned is, may not I  
bled, Then should my love require Thy loves un-  
ing: In beauties sweet disgrace: And livd in  
ing, No, Love seeke not thy blisse, Beyond a  
tie? Yet kisse a thousand fold. For kisse

1. 2.



more delight, such harmlesse beautie gracing.  
steale a kisse, Thy quiet armes embracing.  
kind despite, While fury triumpht boldly  
sweet embrace Of her that lov'd so coldly.  
simple kisse: For such deceits are harmlesse,  
may be bold When lovely sleep is armeslesse.



# X. Thinkst thou then by thy fayning

Altus.

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- sem- bled, were to a trance  
 Thy cru- ell eyes de- cei- ving, Of live- ly sense  
 3. Should then my love as- pir- ing, For- bid- den joyes  
 So farre ex- ceed the due- ty That ver- tue owes

1. 2.

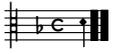


dis- day- ning, To drive me from thy sight, when  
 re- pos- ing, And while sleepe fayn- ed is, may  
 re- sem- bled, Then should my love re- quire Thy  
 be- reav- ing: In beau- ties sweet dis- grace: And  
 de- sir- ing, No, Love seeke not thy blisse, Be-  
 to beau- tie? Yet kisse a thou- sand fold.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

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- 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-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 ex-ceed 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 fayn-ed is, may not I steale a kisse,  
bled, Then should my love re-quire 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



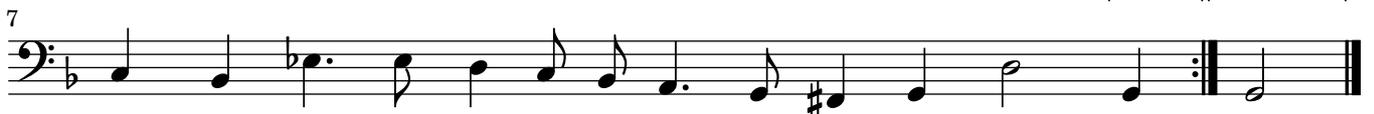
1. Thinkst thou then by thy fayning sleepe with a proud dis-  
 Or with thy craf-ty clos- ing Thy cru- el eyes re-
2. O that my sleepe dis- sem- bled, were to a trance re-  
 Thy cru- ell eyes de- cei- ving, Of live- ly sense be-
3. Should then my love as- pir- ing, For- bid- den joyes de-  
 So farre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

<sup>1</sup>Original looks like a dotted eighth quarter, but it has to be a dotted quarter eighth