X. If floods of teares could cleanse my follies past,
Canto. John Dowland

If floods of teares could cleanse my follies past,
And smoakes of sighes might sacrifice for sinne,
If groning cries might salve favours are no lasting flowers,
I see that words will breede my fault at last,
Or endless mone, for error pardon win,
Than losse of time and lightning
But at houres, Thus when I see then thus I say therefore,

Mine errors, fault, sins, follies past and gone.
That favours hopes and words, can blinde no more.
X. If floods of teares could cleanse my follies past,
Alto. John Dowland

If floods of teares could cleanse my follies past, And smoakes of sighes might I see my hopes must wither in their bud, I see my favrours sacrifice for sinne, If groning cries might salve my fault at last, Or endure are no last-ing flowers, I see that woords will breede no better good, Than losse les mone, for error pardon win, Then would I cry, wepe, sigh, and of time and light-en- ing but at houres, Thus when I see then thus I ever mone, Mine errors, fault, error, faults, sins, follies past and gone. say there-fore, That favours hopes, favours hopes and words, can blinde no more.
X. If floods of teares could cleanse my follies past,
Tenore. John Dowland

If fluds of teares could cleanse my follies past, And smoakes of
I see my hopes must wither in their bud, I see my
sighes might sacrifice for sinne, If groning cries might salve
favours are no lasting flowers, I see that words will breede
my fault at last, Or endles mone, for error
no better good, Than losse of time and lightening
pardon win, Then would I cry, weepe, sigh, and ever mone,
but at houres, Thus when I see then thus I say therefore,
Mine errors, mine errors, fault, sins, sins follies past and gone.
That favours, that favours hopes and words, words can blinde no more.
X. If floods of teares could cleanse my follies past,
    Basso.  

  If floods of teares could cleanse my follies past, And smoakes of
    I see my hopes must wither in their bud, I see my

  sighes might sacrifice for sinne, If groning cries might
    favours are no lasting flowers, I see that woords will

  salve my fault at last, Or endless mone, for error par-
    breede no better good, Than losse of time and lightening but

  don win, Then would I cry, weepe, sigh, and ever mone, Mine errors,
    at houres, Thus when I see then thus I say therefore, That favours,

  mine errors, faults, sins, follies past and gone.
    that favours hopes and words, can blinde no more.

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1 Rest is editorial.