VII. Stay time a while thy flying,
CANTUS.

John Dowland

1. Stay time a while thy fly-ing, Stay and pit-tie me dy-ing Come,
For fates and friends have left mee, And of com-fort be-reft mee.

2. To whom shall I com-plaine me, When thus friends doe dis-daine mee? Come,
T’is time that must be-friend me, Drown’d in sor-row to end mee.

3. Teares but aug-ment this se-well I feede by night, (oh cru-ell) Quicke,
Light griefes can speake their plea-sure, Mine are dumbe pass-ing mea-sure.

ALTUS.

John Dowland

1. Stay time a while thy fly-ing, Stay and pit-tie me dy-ing
For fates and friends have left mee, And of com-fort be-reft mee.

2. To whom shall I com-plaine me, When thus friends doe dis-daine mee?
T’is time that must be-friend me, Drown’d in sor-row to end mee.

3. Teares but aug-ment this se-well I feede by night, (oh cru-ell)
Light griefes can speake their plea-sure, Mine are dumbe pass-ing mea-sure.

Come, come close, close mine eyes, bet-ter to dye bless-ed, Then to live, to live thus dis-stressed,
Quicke, quicke, close, close mine eyes, bet-ter to dye bless-ed, Then here to live, to live dis-stressed.

1Original has dot on the other side of the "barline".
2Original has what looks like a quarter note, although it may be an authentic 17th century xerox smudge.
VII. Stay time a while thy flying,
TENOR.

1. Stay time a while thy flying, Stay, stay and pit-tie, pit-tie me dying.
For fates and friends have left mee, And, and of comfort, comfort bereft mee.

2. To whom shall I com-plaine me, When, when thus friends doe disdain, disdain mee?
T'is time that must be-friend me, Drown'd, drown'd in sorrow, sorrow to end mee.

3. Teares but augment this se-ved well I, I feede by night, by night (oh cruel)
Light griefes can speake their pleasure, Mine, mine are dumbe passing, passing measure.

BASSUS.

1. Stay time a while thy flying, Stay and pit-tie me dying Come, com.
For fates and friends have left mee, And of comfort bereft mee.

2. To whom shall I com-plaine me, When thus friends doe disdain mee? Come, com.
T'is time that must be-friend me, Drown'd in sorrow to end mee.

3. Teares but augment this se-ved well I, I feede by night, (oh cruel) Quicke,
Light griefes can speake their pleasure, Mine are dumbe passing measure.

come close, close mine eyes, bet-ter to dye bless-ed, Then to live, to live thus dis-tressed.

quicke, close, close mine eyes, bet-ter to dye bless-ed, Then here to live, to live dis-tressed.