V. Shall I strive with wordes to move,

CANTUS.  

Shall I strive with wordes to move, when deedes receive not due regard?
Griefe alas though all in vaine, her restlesse anguish must regard?

Shall I speake, and neyther please, nor be freely heard?
Shee a lone my wound shall know, Though she will not heale.

All woes have end, though a while delayed, our patience pro-
Stormes calme at last, and why may not shee leave off her frowning.

O that times strange effects could but make,
O sweet Love, help her hands my affecting.

I woo'd her, I lov'd her, and non but her admire.
O come deare joy, and answer my desire.
V. Shall I strive with wordes to move,
ALTUS.  

Shall I strive with wordes to move, when deedes receive not due regard?
Griefe alas though all in vaine, her restlesse anguish must reveale:

Shall I speake, and neyer please, nor be freely heard? All woes
Shee alone my wound shall know, Though she will not heale. Stormes calme

have end, though a while de-laid, our patience proving. O that
at last, and why may not shee leave off her frowning? O sweet
times, strange times, strange effects, effects could but make, her lo-

Love, help Love, help her hands, her hands my affection crowning.

I woold her, I lovd her, and none but her admire.

O come deare joy, and answere, answere my desire.
V. Shall I strive with wordes to move,  
TENOR.  
John Dowland

Shall I strive with wordes to move, when deedes receive not due regard? Shall I speake, and neyther please, nor be freely veale: Shee alone my wound shall know, Though she will not heard? All woes have end, though a while, a while delayed, heale. Stormes calme at last, and why may, why may not shee our patience, patience prov'ing. O, O that times, that times strange, leave off, leave off her frowning? O, O sweet Love, sweet Love help, strange times, strange effects could make her, could make her help Love, help her hands my, my affection crowning.

I, I woo'd her, I lov'd her, and none but her admiring.  
mire. O come deare joy, and answere, and answere my desire.

2 Original is a quarter note.
V. Shall I strive with wordes to move,

BASSUS.  

John Dowland

Shall I strive with wordes to move, when deedes receive not due regard?
Griefe alas though all in vaine, her rest-lesse anguish must reveale:

Shall I speake, and neyther please, nor be freely heard? All woes
Shee alone my wound shall know, Though she will not heale. Stormes calme

have end, though a while delayed, our patience proving,
at last, and why may not shee leave off her frowning?

O that times strange effects could but make her, make her lo-
O sweet Love, help her hands my affection crowning, crowning.

I, I woo’d her, I lov’d her, and none but her ad-

mire. O come deare joy, and answer my desire.

2 Original is a quarter note.