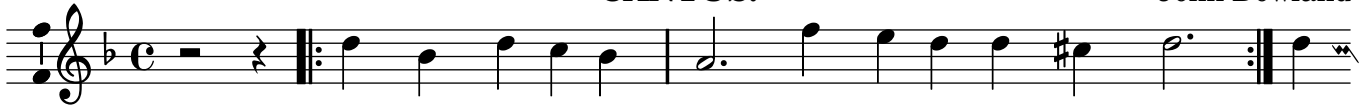


### XIII. Oh what hath overwrought

CANTUS.

John Dowland



Oh what hath o-ver-wrought My all a-ma-zed thought Till  
Or where- to am I brought, That thus in vaine have sought



time and truth hath taught, I la- bor all for nought. The day I see is  
For grieve doth stil ap-



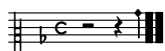
peare, But I am nere the neere, While I can no-thing heare, But win-ter all the  
To crosse out me-rie cheere,



yeare, Cold, hold, the sun wil shine warme, There-fore now feare no harme.



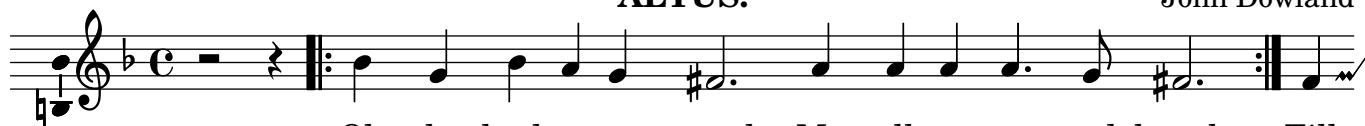
O bless-ed beames, Where beau-tie streames Hap-pie hap-pie light to loves dreames.



### XIII. Oh what hath overwrought

ALTUS.

John Dowland



Oh what hath o-ver-wrought My all a-ma-zed thought Till  
Or where- to am I brought, That thus in vaine have sought



time and truth hath taught, I la-bor all for nought. The day I see is cleare, But  
For grieve doth stil ap-peare To



I am nere the neere, While I can no-thing heare, But win-ter all the yeare,  
crosse out me-rie cheere,

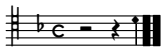


Cold, hold, the sun wil shine warme, There-fore now feare no harme.



Obless-ed beames, Where beau-tie streames Hap-pie hap-pie light to loves dreames.

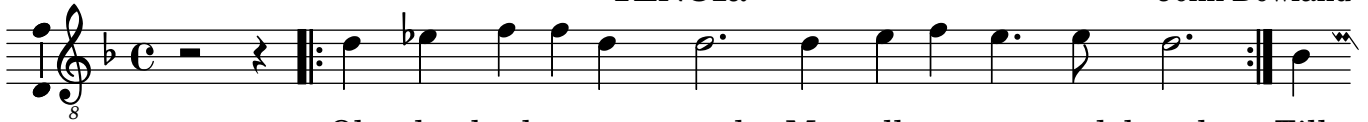
<sup>1</sup> Looks like a half note in facsimile, but may be bad printing



### XIII. Oh what hath overwrought

TENOR.

John Dowland



Oh what hath o-ver-wrought My all a-ma-zed thought Till  
Or where- to am I brought, That thus in vaine have sought



time and truth hath taught, I la- bor all for nought. The day I see is cleare, But  
For grieffe doth stil ap-peare To



I am nere the neere, While I can no- thing heare, But win- ter all the yeare, Cold,  
crosse out me- rie cheere,

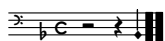


hold, the sun wil shine warme, There- fore now feare no harme. Obless- ed beames,



Where beau- tie streames Hap- pie hap- pie light, hap- pie light to loves dreames.

<sup>2</sup> looks like a half rest in facsimile



### XIII. Oh what hath overwrought

BASSUS.

John Dowland



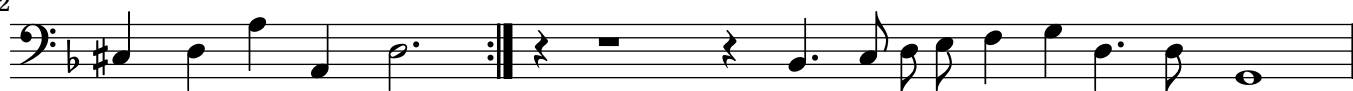
Oh what hath o-ver-wrought My all a-ma-zed thought  
Or where- to am I brought, That thus in vaine have sought

6



I la-bor all for nought. The day I see is cleare, But  
For grieve doth stil ap-peare To

12



I am nere the neere, But win-ter all the yeare,  
crosse out me-rie cheere,

18



Cold, hold, the sun wil shine warme, There-fore now feare no harme.

24



O bless-ed beames, Where beau-tie streames Hap-pie hap-pie light to loves dreames.