XII. Now each flowry bancke of May

Now each flow-<br />

Wooes the streames that glides a-<br />

Wooes the streames that glides a-<br />

Mounta-<br />

the hum-ble look-<br />

Win-des the lov-ed leaves doe kisse, Win-des the<br />

Each thing tast-<br />

blisse, One-<br />

be, to be lov'd by des-<br />

love is life, whose hate is death. Whose love is life, whose hate is death. Whose love is life, whose love is life, whose hate is death, whose love is life,

Whose deere love is life, whose hate is death.

\(^1\)Original a long, to be held to end with the other parts.

XII. Now each flowry bancke of May
Quintus
Orlando Gibbons 1583-1625

Now each flow-ry bancke of May, each flow-ry bancke of

May, Wooes the streames that glides a-way, Wooes the streames that glides a-

way, Wooes the streames that glides a-way, Moun-taines fan’d by a

sweet gale, by a sweet gale, Moun-taines fan’d by a sweet gale,

Loves the hum-ble look-ing Dale, Loves the hum-ble look-ing Dale, the hum-ble

look-ing Dale, the lov-ed leaves doe kisse, Windes the lov-ed leaves doe

kisse, doe kisse, Each thing tast-eth of loves blisse, tast-eth of loves

blisse, One-ly I though blest I be, to be lov’d by des-tin-ie, by des-tin-ie,

to be lov’d by des-tin-ie, Love con-fest by her sweet breath,
Whose love is life, whose hate is death, whose hate is death,
whose love is life, whose hate is death, whose love is life, whose hate is death,
Whose love is life, whose hate is death, whose hate is death.
XII. Now each flowry banck of May

Now each flowry banck of May, Now each flowry banck of May, Woose the streames that glides away,

Woose the streames that glides away, the streames that glides away, Woose the streames that glides away, the streames that glides away, Woose the streames that glides away, the streames that glides away, Woon the streames that glides away, Moun- taines fan’d by a sweet gale, a sweet gale, Loves the hum-ble Dale, the hum-ble look-ing Dale, Loves the hum-ble look-ing Dale, the hum-ble look-ing Dale,

Windes the lov-ed leaves doe kisse, Windes the lov-ed leaves doe

kisse, Each thing tast-
theth of loves blisse, of loves blisse, of loves blisse,

One-

ly I though blest I be, to be lov'd by des-

tin-
ie, Love con-

fest by her sweet breath, by her sweet breath,

Whose love is life, whose hate is death, whose love is life,

whose love is life, whose hate is death, whose love is life, whose hate is death, whose love is life, whose hate is death,

Whose live is life, whose hate is death, Whose live is life, whose hate is death, Whose live is life, whose hate is death, Whose live is life, whose hate is death.

\footnote{Original a long, held to end with the other parts.}
XII. Now each flowry bancke of May

Tenor

Now each flow-ry bancke of May, Now each flow-ry bancke, Wooes the streames that glides a-

way, Wooes the streames that glides a-way, Wooes the streames that glides a-

way, Moun-taines fan’d by a sweet gale, sweet gale, Loves the hum-ble look-

ing Dale, Loves the hum-ble look-

Dale, Windes the lov-ed leaves doe kisse, Windes the lov-ed leaves doe kisse, doe kisse, Windes the lov-

ed leaves doe kisse, Each thing tast-eth of loves blisse, of loves blisse, One-

ly I though bl est I be, to
be lov’d by des-ten-y, by des-tin-ie, 
Love con-fest by her sweet

breath, Whose love is life, whose hate is death, whose love is life,

Whose love is life, whose hate is death, whose love is life, whose hate is

dearth, Whose love is life, is life whose hate is death, whose love is life, whose

hate is death, Whose love is life, whose hate is death.
XII. Now each flowry bancke of May

Bassus

Now each flow- ry bancke, Now each flow- ry bancke of May,

Wooes the streames that glides a- way, that glides a- way,

Wooes the streames that glides a- way, that glides a- way,

Moun- taines fan'd by a sweet gale, Moun- taines fan'd by a sweet gale, a sweet gale, Loves the hum- ble look- ing Dale, Windes the lov- ed leaves doe kisse,

Windes the lov- ed leaves doe kisse, Each thing tast- eth of loves blisse,

Love con- fest by her sweet breath, Whose love is life, whose hate is death,

hate is death, Whose love is life, whose hate is death.

\(^1\)Original a long, held to end with the other parts