XII. Now each flowry bancke of May

CANTUS

Orlando Gibbons 1583-1625

Now each flowry bancke of May, Woees the streames that glides away,

Wooes the streames that glides away, away,

Mountaines fan'd by a sweet gale, a sweet gale, Loves the humble,

the humble looking Dale, Loves the humble looking Dale,

Windes the loved leaves doe kisse, Windes the loved leaves doe kisse,

Each thing tasteth of loves blisse, Each thing tasteth of loves

blisse, One ly I though blest I be, by destinie, One ly I though blest I
Whose breath,
sweet her by fest Love, 
y, ten-
des-
by lov'd be, to be lov'd by des-
ten-
y, Love con-
fest by her sweet breath, Whose
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.

1Original 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, WOoes the streames that glides a-

way,

Mountai- nes fan’d by a sweet gale, by a sweet gale, Mountai- nes 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
destinie, to be lov'd by destinie, Love confess 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 bancke of May

Now each flowry bancke of May, Now each
flowry bancke of May, Now each

Wooes the streames that glides away, Wooes the streames that glides away, the streames that glides away, the streames that glides away, Wooes the streames that glides away, the streames that glides away, the streames that glides away, the streames that

glides away, the streames that glides away, the streames that glides away, the streames that
glides away, the streames that glides away, the streames that glides away, the streames that
glides away, the streames that
glides away, the streames that
glides away, the streames that

Moun- taines fan’d by a sweet gale, a sweet gale, Loves the humble Dale, the humble look- ing

da sweet gale, a sweet gale, Loves the humble Dale, the humble look- ing

dale, Loves the humble look- ing Dale, the humble look- ing Dale, Win- des the

Orlando Gibbons 1583-1625
Each kisse, doe leaves ed

thing tast-th of loves blisse, of loves blisse, of loves blisse,

One-ly I though blest I be, to be lovd 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 hate is death, whose hate is death.

1Original a long, held to end with the other parts.
XII. Now each flowry bancke of May

TENOR

Orlando Gibbons 1583-1625

Now each flowry bancke of May, Now each flowry bancke,

Wooes the streames that glides away, Wooes the streames that glides away,

Wooes the streames that glides away, Wooes the streames that glides away,

Moun- taines fan’d by a sweet gale, sweet gale, Loves 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, doe kisse, Windes the lov- ed leaves doe kisse, Each thing tast- eth
blest  
though I

One-
blisse,

loves of

her by

fest love

tin-
des-
by 

be, to be lov’d by des-

nancial, 

Love con-

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 

dead Death, Who 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

Orlando Gibbons 1583-1625

Now each flowry bancke, Now each flowry bancke of May,

Wooes the streames that glides away, that glides away,

Wooes the streames that glides away, that glides away, 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,

Whose love is life, whose hate is death.