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

Woes 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 lovd leaves doe kisse, Windes the lovd leaves doe kisse,

Each thing tasteth of loves blisse, Each thing tasteth of loves blisse, One-ly I though blest I be, by destine, One-ly I though blest I be, to be lov'd by desteny, 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.

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1Original a long, to be held to end with the other parts.
Now each flow'ry bancke of May,
each flow'ry bancke of May, Wooes the streames that glides a-
away, 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 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 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

Altus

Orlando Gibbons 1583-1625

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

flow- ry bancke of May, Now each flow-

May, Wooes the streames that glides a-

away,

Wooes the streames that glides a-

away, the streames that glides a-

way, Wooes the streames that glides a-

way, the streames that glides a-

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

way, 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 tasteth of loves blisse, of loves blisse, of loves blisse,

One-ly I though blest I be, to be lov’d by destinie, 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 hate is death,

(1)
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 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-ing Dale, the hum-ble look-ing Dale, Win-des the lov-ed leaves doe kisse, Win-des the lov-ed leaves doe kisse, doe kisse, Win-des the lov-ed leaves doe kisse, Each thing tast-eth of loves blisse, of loves blisse, One-ly I though blest 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 death, 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 flowery 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,

Moun-taines fan'd by a sweet gale, Moun-taines fan'd by 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.

1Original a long, held to end with the other parts