

Lute songs to play with Mike Satz

The Cantabile Renaissance Band List compiled by Mike Satz
Transcriptions by Laura Conrad

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II. Flow my tears

Lachrimae.

Canto.

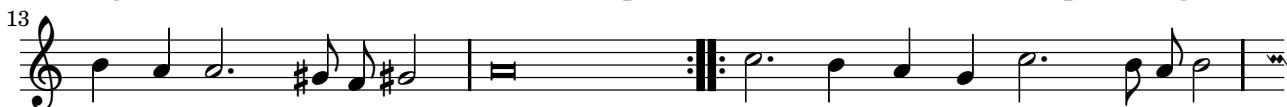
John Dowland



Flow my- teares fall from your springs, Ex- ilde for ev- er:
Downe vaine lights shine you no more, No nights are dark e-



Let mee mourne where nights black bird hir sad in- fa- my sings, there
nough for those that in dis- pair their lost for- tuns de- plore, light



let me live for - - lorne. Ne- ver may my woes be re-
doth but shame dis- close. From the high- est spire of con-



lie- ved, since pit- tie is fled, and teares, and sighes, and grones
tent ment, my for- tune is throwne, and feare, and grieve, and paine



my wea- rie dayes, my wear- ie dayes, of all joyes have de- pri- ved.
for my de- serts, for my de- serts, are my hopes since hope is gone.



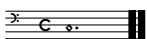
Harke you sha- dowes that in darck- nesse dwell, learne to con- temne light,



Hap- pie, hap- pie they that in hell feele not the worlds des- pite.

¹Original has a quarter note.

²This note is missing in the original.



II. Flow my tears

Lachrimae.

Basso.

John Dowland



Flow teares from your springs Ex-ild for ev- er let mee mourne where
Downe lights shine no more, no night is dark e-nough for those that



nights black bird hir sad in- fa- my sings, there let me live for-lorne.
in dis- pair their for- tuns de- plore, light doth but shame dis- close.



Ne- ver may my woes, my woes, be re- lie- ved, since pitt' is
From the high- est spire, high'st spire of con- tent- ment, my for- tunes



fled: and teares, and sighes, and grones, my wea- ry dayes, my wear- ry dayes all
throwne, and feare, and grieve, and paine, for my de- serts, for my de- serts are



joyes have de- prived. Harke that in Darke- nesse dwel, learne to con- temne
hopes, hope is gone.



light, Hap- py: hap- py, they that in hell feele not the worlds des- pite.

Rest Sweet Nymphs

Cantus

Francis Pilkington (1565 - 1638)



Rest, sweet nymphs, let gold-en sleep Charm your star bright-er
 Dream, fair vir - gins, of de-light And blest E - ly - sian
 Thus, dear dam - sels, I do give 'Good night', and so am



eyes, While my lute the watch doth keep With pleasing sym - pa-
 groves, While the wandring shades of night Re - sem-ble your true
 gone: With your hearts' de - sires long live, Still joy, and ne - ver



thies. Lul - la, lul - la-by. Lul - la, lul - la-by.
 loves. Lul - la, lul - la-by. Lul - la, lul - la-by.
 moan. Lul - la, lul - la-by. Lul - la, lul - la-by.



Sleep sweet - ly, sleep sweet - ly, Let no - thing af - fright ye,
 Your kiss - es, your bliss - es, Send them by your wish - es,
 Hath pleased you and eased you, And sweet slumber seized you,



In calm con - tent - ments lie. Lul - la lie.
 Al - though they be not nigh. Lul - la nigh.
 And now to bed I hie. Lul - la hie.

Rest Sweet Nymphs

Altus

Francis Pilkington (1565 - 1638)



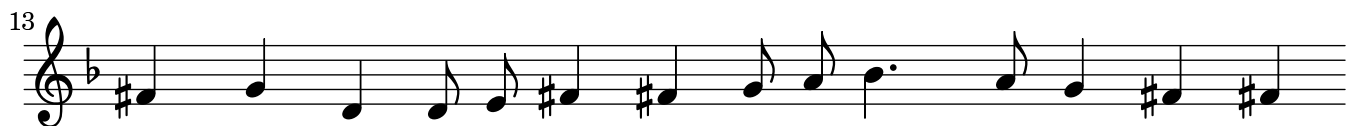
Rest, sweet nymphs, let gold-en sleep Charm your star brighter
 Dream, fair vir - gins, of de-light And blest E - ly - sian
 Thus, dear dam - sels, I do give 'Good night', and so am



eyes, While my lute the watch doth keep With pleasing sym - pa -
 groves, While the wandring shades of night Re - sem-ble your true
 gone: With your hearts' de - sires long live, Still joy, and ne - ver



thies. Lul - la, lul - la - by. Lul - la - by, lul - la - by.
 loves. Lul - la, lul - la - by. Lul - la - by, lul - la - by.
 moan. Lul - la, lul - la - by. Lul - la - by, lul - la - by.



Sleep sweet - ly, sleep sweet - ly, Let no - thing af - fright ye,
 Your kiss - es, your bliss - es, Send them by your wish - es,
 Hath pleased you and eased you, And sweet slumber seized you,



In calm con - tent - ments lie. Lul - la lie.
 Al - though they be not nigh. Lul - la nigh.
 And now to bed I hie. Lul - la hie.

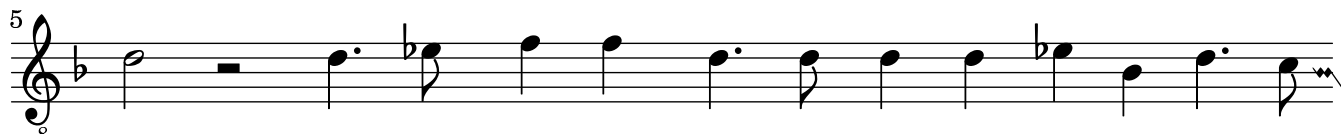
Rest Sweet Nymphs

Tenor

Francis Pilkington (1565 - 1638)



Rest, sweet nymphs, let gold-en sleep Charm your star brighter
 Dream, fair vir - gins, of de - light And blest E - ly-sian
 Thus, dear dam - sels, I do give 'Good night', and so am



eyes, While my lute the watch doth keep With pleasing sym - pa-
 groves, While the wandring shades of night Re - sem-ble your true
 gone: With your hearts' de - sires long live, Still joy, and ne - ver



thies. Lul - la, lul - la-by. Lul - la-by, lul - la-by.
 loves. Lul - la, lul - la-by. Lul - la-by, lul - la-by.
 moan. Lul - la, lul - la-by. Lul - la-by, lul - la-by.



Sleep sweet - ly, sleep sweet - ly, Let no - thing af - fright ye,
 Your kiss - es, your bliss - es, Send them by your wish - es,
 Hath pleased you and eased you, And sweet slumber seized you,

1. || 2.



In calm con - tent - ments lie. Lul - la lie.
 Al - though they be not nigh. Lul - la nigh.
 And now to bed I hie. Lul - la hie.

Rest Sweet Nymphs

Bassus

Francis Pilkington (1565 - 1638)



Rest, sweet nymphs, let gold-en sleep Charm your star brighter
 Dream, fair vir - gins, of de-light And blest E - ly-sian
 Thus, dear dam - sels, I do give 'Good night', and so am



eyes, While my lute the watch doth keep With pleasing sym - pa -
 groves, While the wandring shades of night Re - sem - ble your true
 gone: With your hearts' de - sires long live, Still joy, and ne - ver

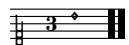


thies. Lul-la, lul - laby. Lul-la - by, Sleep sweet - ly, sleep
 loves. Lul-la, lul - laby. Lul-la - by, Your kiss - es, your
 moan. Lul-la, lul - laby. Lul-la - by, Hath pleased you and

1. || 2.



sweet-ly, Let no - thing af - fright ye, In calm contentments lie. lie.
 bliss - es, Send them by your wish - es, Although they be not nigh. nigh.
 eased you, And sweet slumber seized you, And now to bed I hie. hie.



VI. Now, O now, I needs must part,

Cantus

John Dowland



1. Now O now, I needs must part, part - ing though I
 While I live I needs must love, love lives not when
 2. Deare when I from thee am gone, Gone are all my
 And al-though your sight I leave, Sight where in my
 3. Deare if I do not re-terne, Love and I shall
 Part we must though now I die, Die I do to



ab - sent mourn. Ab - sence can no joy im - part:
 hope is gone. Now at last de - spaire doth prove,
 joyes at once. I loved thee and thee a - lone,
 joyes doe lie, Till that death doth sence be - reave,
 die to - gether. For my ab - sence ne - ver mourne,
 part with you. Him des - paire doth cause to lie,



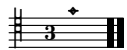
joy once fled can-not re - turne.
 love di - vi - ded lov-eth none.
 In whose love I joy-ed once. Sad de - spair doth
 Ne - ver shall af - fec-tion die.
 Whom you might have joy-ed ever:
 Who both lived and di-eth true.



drive me hence, this despaire un-kindnes sends. If that



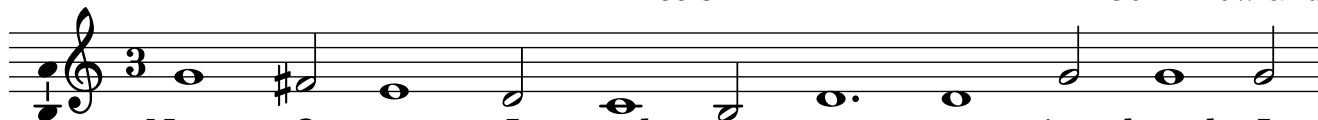
part - ing bee of - fence, it is shee which then of - fends.



VI. Now, O now, I needs must part,

Altus

John Dowland



1. Now, O now, I needs must part, part - ing though I
 While I live I needs must love, love lives not when
 2. Deare, when I from thee am gone, Gone are all my
 And al-though your sight I leave, Sight where in my
 3. Deare, If I do not re - turne, Love and I shall
 Part we must though now I die, Die I do to



ab - sent mourn. Ab - sence can no joy im - part:
 hope is gone. Now at last des - paire doth prove,
 joyes at once. I loved thee and thee a - lone,
 joyes doe lie, Till that death doth sence be - reave,
 die to - gether. For my ab - sence ne - ver mourne,
 part with you. Him de - spaire doth cause to lie,



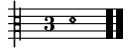
joy once fled can - not re - turne. Sad de - spair doth
 love di - vi - ded lov - eth none.
 In whose love I joy - ed once.
 Ne - ver shall af - fec - tion die.
 Whom you might have joy - ed ever:
 Who both lived and di - eth true.



drive me hence, this des - paire un - kind - nes sends. If that



part - ing bee of - fence, it is shee which then of - fends.



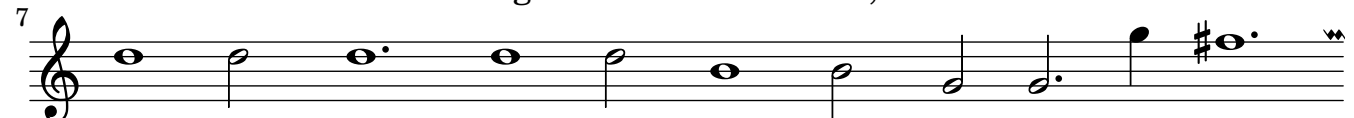
VI. Now, O now, I needs must part,

Tenor

John Dowland



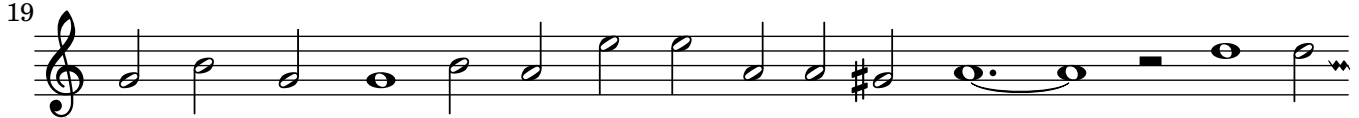
1. Now, O now, I needs must part, part - ing though I
 While I live I needs must love, love lives not when
 2. Deare, when I from thee am gone, Gone are all my
 And al-though your sight I leave, Sight where in my
 3. Deare, If I do not re - turne, Love and I shall
 Part we must though now I die, Die I do to



8 ab - sent mourn. Ab - sence can no joy im - part:
 hope is gone. Now at last de - spaire doth prove,
 joyes at once. I loved thee and thee a - lone,
 joyes doe lie, Till that death doth sence be - reave,
 die to - gether. For my ab - sence ne - ver mourne,
 part with you. Him des - paire doth cause to lie,



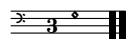
13 8 joy once fled can - not re - turne. Sad de - spair doth
 love di - vi - ded lov - eth none.
 In whose love I joy - ed once.
 Ne - ver shall af - fec - tion die.
 Whom you might have joy - ed ever.
 Who both lived and di - eth true.



19 8 drive me hence, this despaire despaire unkindnes sends. If that



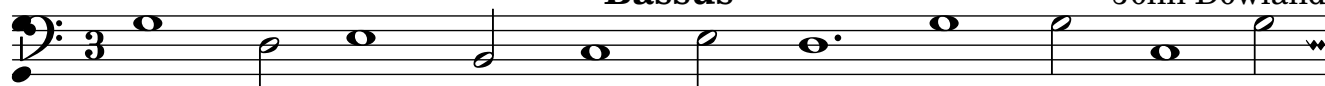
26 8 part - ing bee of - fence, it is shee which then of - fends.



VI. Now, O now, I needs must part,

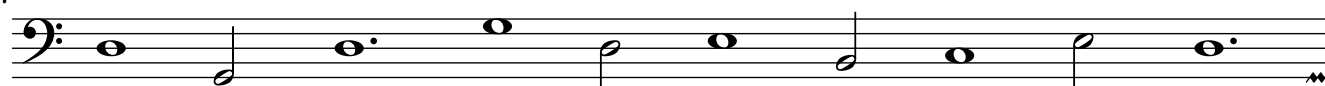
Bassus

John Dowland



1. Now, O now, I needs must part, part - ing though I
 While I live I needs must love, love lives not when
 2. Deare, when I from thee am gone, Gone are all my
 And al-though your sight I leave, Sight where in my
 3. Deare, If I do not re - turne, Love and I shall
 Part we must though now I die, Die I do to

7



ab - sent mourn. Ab - sence can no joy im - part:
 hope is gone. Now at last de - spaire doth prove,
 joyes at once. I loved thee and thee a - lone,
 joyes doe lie, Till that death doth sence be - reave,
 die to - gether. For my ab - sence ne - ver mourne,
 part with you. Him de - spaire doth cause to lie,

13



joy once fled can - not re - turne. Sad de - spair doth
 love di - vi - ded lov - eth none.
 In whose love I joy - ed once.
 Ne - ver shall af - fec - tion die.
 Whom you might have joy - ed ever:
 Who both lived and di - eth true.

19

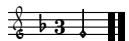


drive me hence, me hence; this despaire unkindnes sends. If that

26



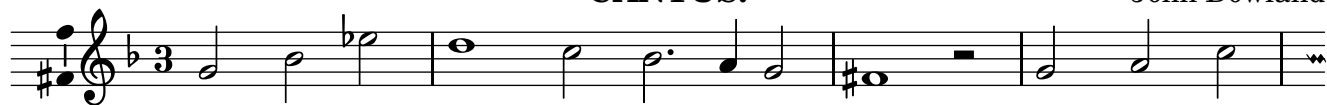
part - ing bee of - fence, it is shee which then of - fends.



If my complaints

CANTUS.

John Dowland



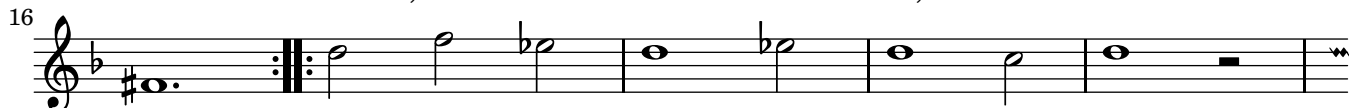
1. If my com-plaints could pas - si-ons move, or make love
 My pas-sions were e - nough to prove, that my de -
 2. Can love be rich, and yet I want? Is love my
 Thou plen - ty hast, yet me dost scant: Thou made a



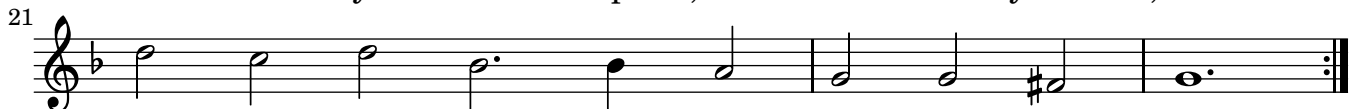
see where-in I suf - fer wrong: O love, I live and
 spaires had go-vernd mee too long. Thy wounds doe fresh - ly
 Judge, and yet I am con - - demnd? That I do live, it
 God, and yet thy power con - temnd. If love doth make mens



die in thee, thy grieffe in my deepe sighes still
 bleed in mee, my heart for thy un - kind - nesse
 is thy power: That I de - sire it is
 lives too sowre, Let me not love, not live hence-

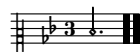


speakes: Yet thou dost hope when I de - spaire,
 breakes: thou saist thou canst my harmes re - paire,
 thy worth: Die shall my hopes, but not my
 forth. May heere des - paire, which true - ly saith,



and when I hope, thou makst me hope in vaine.
 yet for re - dresse, thou letst me still com - plaine.
 faith That you that of my fall may hear - ers
 I was more true to love than love to me.

¹ original has quarter note



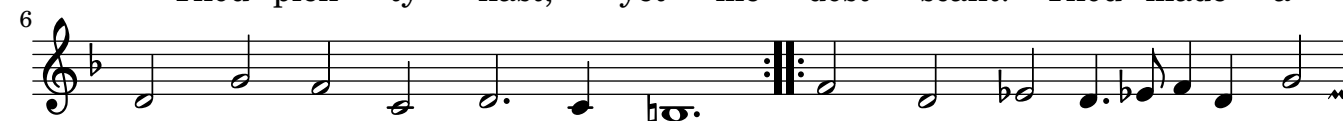
If my complaints

ALTUS.

John Dowland



1. If my com-plaints could pas-si-ons move, or make love
 My pas-sions were e-nough to prove, that my de-
 2. Can love be rich, and yet I want? Is love my
 Thou plen-ty hast, yet me dost scant: Thou made a



see where-in I suf-fer wrong: O love, I live I live
 spaires had go-vernd mee too long. Thy wounds doe fresh-ly fresh-
 Judge, and yet I am con-demnd? That I do live, it is
 God, and yet thy power con-temnd. If love doth make mens



and die in thee, thy grieffe in my deepe sighes deepe sighs still
 ly bleed in mee, my heart for thy un-kind un-kind-nesse
 thy power: That I de-sire, de-sire it is thy
 lives too sowre, Let me not love, not love, not live hence-

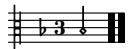


speakes: Yet thou dost hope dost hope when I de-spaire,
 breakes: thou saist thou canst thou canst my harmes re-paire,
 worth: Die shall my hopes, but not my faith,
 forth. May heere des-paire, which true-ly saith,



and when I hope, thou makst thou makst me hope in vaine.
 yet for re-dresse, thou letst thou letst me still com-plaine.
 That you that of my fall may hear-ers be
 I was more true to love than love to me.

⁰Yes, he really has two flats for the altus and only one on the other parts.



If my complaints

TENOR.

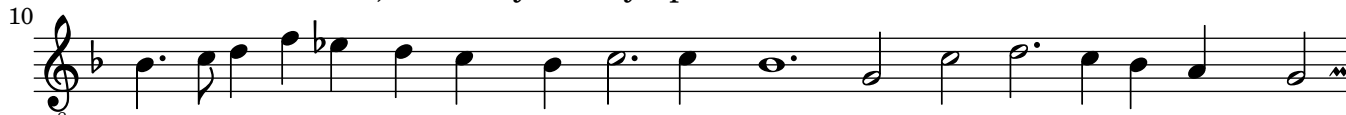
John Dowland



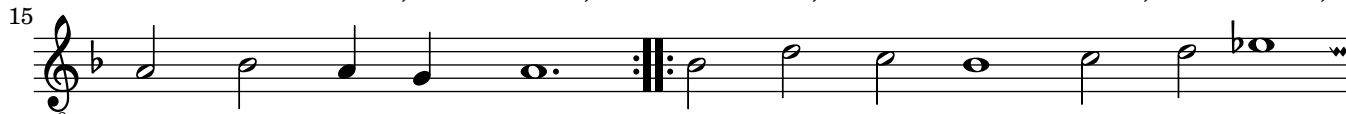
1. If my com-plaints could pas-sions move, could pas-sions move, or
 My pas-sions were e-nough to prove, e-nough to prove, that
 2. Can love be rich, and yet I want? and yet I want, Is
 Thou plen-ty hast, yet me dost scant, yet me dost scant: Thou



8 make love see where-in I suf-fer wrong: O love, I
 my de-spaire had go-vernd mee too long. Thy wounds doe
 love my Judge, and yet I am con-demnd? That I do
 made a God, and yet thy power con-temnd. If love doth



10 live and die, I live and die in thee, thy grieffe in my deepe sighes
 fresh-ly bleed do fresh-ly bleed in mee, my hart for thy unkind un-
 live, it is, I live it is thy power: That I de-sire it
 make mens lives, mens lives, too sowre, Let me not love, not live,



15 deepe sighs still speakes: Yet thou dost hope when I de-
 kind-nesse breakes: thou saist thou canst my harmes re-paire,
 is thy worth: Die shall my hopes, but not my
 not live, hence-forth. May heere des-paire, which true-ly



20 spaire, and when I hope, thou makst me hope in vaine.
 yet for re-dresse, thou letst me still com-plaine.
 faith, That you that of my fall may hear-ers be
 saith, I was more true to love than love to me.



If my complaints

BASSUS.

John Dowland



1. If my com-plaints could pas-sions move, or make love
 My pas-sions were e-nough to prove, that my de-
 2. Can love be rich, and yet I want? Is love my
 Thou plen-ty hast, yet me dost scant: Thou made a



see where-in I suf-fer wrong: O love, I live and
 spaires had go-vernd mee too long. Thy wounds doe fresh-ly
 Judge, and yet I am con-demnd? That I do live, it
 God, and yet thy power con-temnd. If love doth make mens



die in thee, thy grieffe thy grieffe in my deepe sighes still
 bleed in mee, my heart my heart for thy un-kind-nesse
 is thy power: That I de-sire it is thy
 lives too sowre, Let me, let me, not love, not live hence-



speakes:
 breakes:
 worth:
 forth.



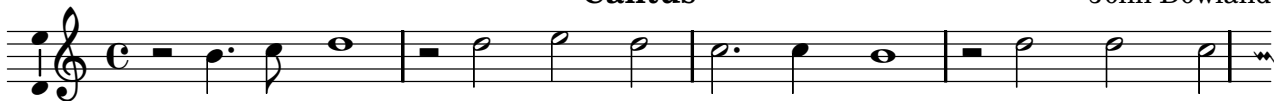
and when I hope, thou makst, thou makst, me hope in vaine.
 yet for re-dresse, thou letst, thou letst, me still com-plaine.
 That you that of my fall, my fall may hear-ers be
 I was more true to love, to love, than love to me.



XVII. Come again:

Cantus

John Dowland



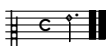
1. Come a- gain: sweet love doth now in- vite, Thy gra- ces
2. Come a- gaine, that I may cease to mourne, Through thy un-
3. All the day the sun that lends me shine, By frownes doth
4. All the night my sleepes are full of dreames, My eyes are
5. Out a- las, my faith is e- ver true, Yet will she
6. Gen- tle love draw forth thy wound- ing dart, Thou canst not



that re- fraine, To do me due de- light, to see, to heare, to touch,
 kind dis- daine: For now left and for- lorne, I sit, I sigh, I weepe,
 cause me pine, And feeds mee with de- lay: Her smiles, my springs, that makes
 full of streames. My heart takes no de- light, To see the fruits and joyes
 ne- ver rue, Nor yeeld me a- ny grace: Her eyes of fire, her heart
 peerce her heart, For I that doe ap- prove, By sighs and teares more hot



to kisse, to die, with thee a- gaine in sweet- est sym- pa- thy.
 I faint, I die, In dead- ly paine and end- lesse mis- er- ie.
 my joyes to grow, Her frownes the win- ters of my woe:
 that some do find, And marke the stormes are mee as- signde.
 of flint is made, Whom teares, not truth may once in- vade.
 then are thy shafts, Did tempt while she for tri- umph laughs.



XVII. Come again:

Altus.

John Dowland



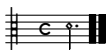
1. Come a- gain: sweet love doth now in- vite, Thy gra- ces that re-
2. Come a- gaine, that I may cease to mourne, Through thy un- kind dis-
3. All the day the sun that lends me shine, By frownes doth cause me
4. All the night my sleepes are full of dreames, My eyes are full of
5. Out a- las, my faith is e- ver true, Yet will she ne- ver
6. Gen- tle love draw forth thy wound- ing dart, Thou canst not peerce her



fraine, To do me due de- light, to see, to heare, to touch, to
daine: For now left and for- lorne, I sit, I sigh, I weepe, I
pine, And feeds mee with de- lay: Her smiles, my springs, that makes my
streames. My heart takes no de- light, To see the fruits and joyes that
rue, Nor yeeld me a- ny grace: Her eyes of fire, her heart of
heart, For I that doe ap- prove, By sighs and teares more hot then



kisse, to die, to die, with thee a- gaine in sweet- est sym- pa- thy.
faint, I die, I die, In dead- ly paine and end- lesse mis- er- ie.
joyes to grow, to grow, Her frownes the win- ters of my woe:
some do find, do find, And marke the stormes are mee as- signde.
flint is made, is made, Whom teares, not truth may once in- vade.
are thy shafts, thy shafts, Did tempt while she for tri- umph laughs.



XVII. Come again:

Tenor.

John Dowland



1. Come a- gain: sweet love doth now in- vite, Thy
 2. Come a- gaine, that I may ceaase to mourne, Through
 3. All the day the sun that lends me shine, By
 4. All the night my sleepes are full of dreames, My
 5. Out a- las, my faith is e- ver true, Yet
 6. Gen- tle love draw forth thy wound- ing dart, Thou



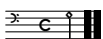
gra- ces that re- fraine, To do me due de- light,
 thy un- kind dis- daine: For now left and for- lorne,
 frownes doth cause me pine, And feeds mee with de- lay:
 eyes are full of streames. My heart takes no de- light,
 will she ne- ver rue, Nor yeeld me a- ny grace:
 canst not peerce her heart, For I that doe ap- prove,



To see, to heare, to touch, to kisse, to die, to die, With
 I sit, I sigh, I weepe, I faint, I die, I die, In
 Her smiles, my springs, that makes my joyes to grow, to grow, Her
 To see the fruits and joyes that some do find, do find, And
 Her eyes of fire, her heart of flint is made, is made, Whom
 By sighs and teares more hot then are thy shafts, thy shafts, Did



thee a- gaine with thee a- gaine in sweet- est sym- pa- thy.
 dead- ly paine, In dead- ly paine and end- lesse mis- er- ie.
 frownes the win- Her frownes the win- ters of my woe:
 marke the stormes, And marke the stormes are mee as- signe.
 teares, not truth, Whom teares, not truth may once in- vade.
 tempt while she Did tempt while she for tri- umph laughs.



XVII. Come again:

Bassus.

John Dowland



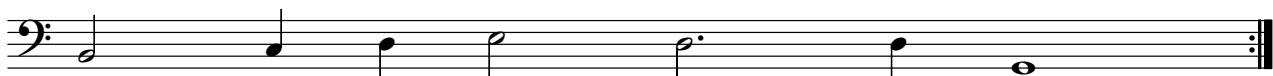
1. Come a- gain:	sweet love doth now in- vite,	Thy gra- ces
2. Come a- gaine,	that I may cease to mourne,	Through thy un-
3. All the day	the sun that lends me shine,	By frownes doth
4. All the night	my sleepes are full of dreames,	My eyes are
5. Out a- las,	my faith is e- ver true,	Yet will she
6. Gen- tle love	draw forth thy wound- ing dart,	Thou canst not



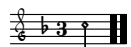
that re- fraine,	To do me due de- light,	to see, to
kind dis- daine:	For now left and for- lorne,	I sit, I
cause me pine,	And feeds mee with de- lay:	Her smiles, my
full of streames.	My heart takes no de- light,	To see the
ne- ver rue,	Nor yeeld me a- ny grace:	Her eyes of
peerce her heart,	For I that doe ap- prove,	By sighs and



heare, to touch,	to kisse,	to die, to die,	with thee a- gaine
sigh, I weepe,	I faint,	I die, I die,	In dead- ly paine
springs, that makes	my joyes	to grow, to grow,	Her frownes the win-
fruits and joyes	that some	do find, do find,	And marke the stormes
fire, her heart	of flint	is made, is made,	Whom teares, not truth
teares more hot	then are	thy shafts, thy shafts,	Did tempt while she



in	sweet-	est	sym-	pa-	thy.
and	end-	lesse	mis-	er-	ie.
ters	of			my	woe:
are	mee			as-	signde.
may	once			in-	vade.
for	tri-			umph	laughs.



XIX. Awake, sweet love, thou art returnd:

Cantus.

John Dowland



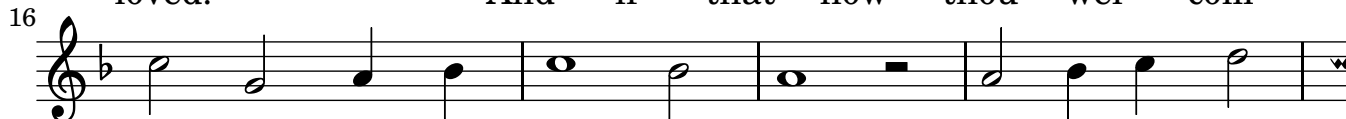
1. A-wake sweet love, thou art re - turnd: My hart, which
 Let love, which ne - ver ab - sent dies, Now live for -
 2. If she es - teeme thee now aught worth, She will not
 Despaire hath prov - ed now in mee, That love will



long in ab - sence mournd, Lives now in per - fect
 e - ver in her eyes, Whence came my first an -
 grieve thy love hence - forth, Which so des - paire hath
 not un - con - stant be, Though long in vaine I



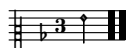
joy. On - ly her - selfe hath see - med
 noy. De - spaire did make me wish to
 proved. If shee at last re - ward thy
 loved. And if that now thou wel - com



faire: She on - ly I could love, She on - ly drave
 die That I my joyes might end: She on - ly, which
 love, And all thy harmes re - paire, Thy hap - pi - ness
 be, When thou with her doest meet, She all this while



me to de - spaire, When she un - kind did prove.
 did make me flie, My state may now a - mend.
 will sweet - er prove, Raisd up from deep de - spaire.
 but playde with thee, To make thy joyes more sweete.



XIX. Awake, sweet love, thou art returnd:

Altus.

John Dowland



1. A-wake sweet love, thou art re - turnd: My hart, which
 Let love, which ne - ver ab - sent dies, Now live for-
 2. If she es - teeme thee now aught worth, She will not
 Despaire hath prov - ed now in mee, That love will



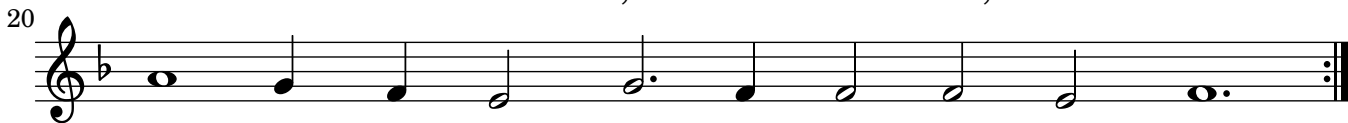
long in ab - sence mournd, Lives now, lives now, in per - fect
 e - ver in her eyes, Whence came, whence came, my first an-
 grieve thy love hence - forth, Which so, which so, des-paire hath
 not un - con - stant be, Though long, though long, in vaine I



joy. On - ly her - selfe, her - selfe, hath see - med faire: She
 noy. De - spaire did make, did make, me wish to die That
 proved. If shee at last, at last, re - ward thy love, And
 loved. And if that now, that now, thou wel - com be, When



on - ly I could love, I could love, She on - ly drave
 I my joyes might end: joyes might end: She on - ly, which
 all thy harmes re - paire, harmes re - paire, Thy hap - pi - ness
 thou with her doest meet, her doest meet, She all this while



me to de - spaire, When she un - kind did prove.
 did make me flie, My state may now a - mend.
 will sweet - er prove, Raisd up from deep de - spaire.
 but playde with thee, To make thy joyes more sweete.



XIX. Awake, sweet love, thou art returnd:

Tenor.

John Dowland



1. A - wake sweet love, thou art re - turnd: My hart,
 Let love, which ne - ver ab - sent dies, Now live
 2. If she es - teeme thee now aught worth, She will
 De-spaire hath prov - ed now in mee, That love



which long in ab - sence mournd, Lives now in per - fect
 for - e - ver in her eyes, Whence came my first an -
 not grieve thy love hence - forth, Which so des - paire hath
 will not un - con - stant be, Though long in vaine I



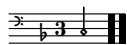
joy. On - ly her - selfe, her - selfe, hath see - med
 noy. De - spaire did make, did make, me wish to
 proved. If shee at last, at last, re - ward thy
 loved. And if that now, that now, thou wel - com



faire: She on - ly I could love, She on -
 die That I my joyes might end: She on -
 love, And all thy harmes re - paire, Thy hap -
 be, When thou with her doest meet, She all



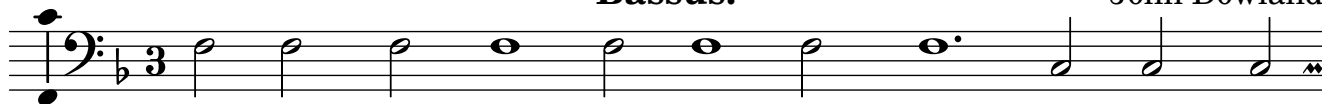
ly drave me to de - spaire, When she un - kind did prove.
 ly, which did make me flie, My state may now a - mend.
 pi - ness will sweet - er prove, Raisd up from deep de - spaire.
 this while but playde with thee, To make thy joyes more sweete.



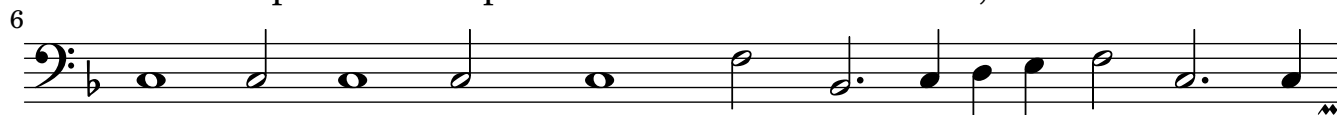
XIX. Awake, sweet love, thou art returnd:

Bassus.

John Dowland

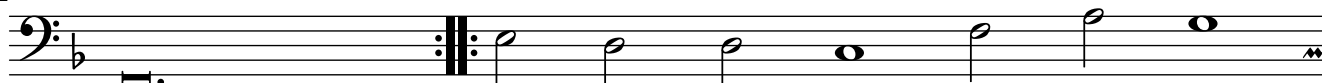


1. A - wake sweet love, thou art re - turnd: My hart, which
 Let love, which ne - ver ab - sent dies, Now live for -
 2. If she es - teeme thee now aught worth, She will not
 De-spaire hath prov - ed now in mee, That love will



long in ab - sence mournd, Lives now in per - fect
 e - ver in her eyes, Whence came my first an -
 grieve thy love hence - forth, Which so des - paire hath
 not un - con - stant be, Though long in vaine I

11



joy. On - ly her - selfe hath see - med
 noy. De - spaire did make me wish to
 proved. If shee at last re - ward thy
 loved. And if that now thou wel - com

16

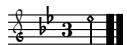


faire: She on - ly I could love, She on - ly drave
 die That I my joyes might end: She on - ly, which
 love, And all thy harmes re - paire, Thy hap - pi - ness
 be, When thou with her doest meet, She all this while

20



me to de - spaire, When she un - kind did prove.
 did make me flie, My state may now a - mend.
 will sweet - er prove, Raisd up from deep de - spaire.
 but playde with thee, To make thy joyes more sweete.



III. My thoughts are wingd with hopes

Cantus

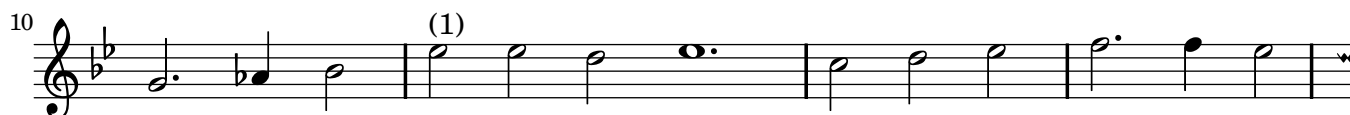
John Dowland



1. My thoughts are wingd with hopes, my hopes with love.
 2. And you my thoughts that some mis- trust do cary,
 3. If she, for this, with clouds doe maske her eyes,



Mount love un- to the Moone in cleer- est night, and say as
 If for mis- trust my mis- tresse do you blame, Say though you
 And make the hea- vens darke with her dis- daine, With wind- y



she doth in the hea- vens move, In earth so wanes and wax-
 al- ter, yet you do not varie, As she doth change, and yet
 sighes, dis- perse them in the skies, Or with thy teares dis- solve

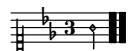


eth my de- light: and whis- per this but soft- ly in her
 re- maine the same: Dis- trust doth en- ter hearts, but not in-
 them in- to raine Thoughts, hopes, and love re- turn to me no



ea- res, Hope oft doth hang the head, and trust shead teares.
 fect, And love is sweet- est sea- soned with sus- pect.
 more, Till Cyn- thia shine as she hath done be- fore.

¹ It's hard to tell whether there was a barline here that got erased,
⁰ or just one that didn't come through the reproduction process very well.
⁰ There isn't an obvious reason not to have one.



III. My thoughts are wingd with hopes

Altus

John Dowland



1. My thoughts are wingd with hopes, my hopes with love. Mount love un-
 2. And you my thoughts that some mis- trust do cary, If for If
 3. If she, for this, with clouds doe maske her eyes, And make the



to the Moone, the Moone in cleer- est night, and say as she doth
 for mis- trust my mis- tresse do you blame, Say though you al- ter,
 hea- vens darke with her dis- daine, Or with thy teares dis-



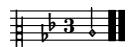
in the hea- vens move, In earth so wanes and wax- eth my
 yet you do not va- rie, As she doth change, and yet re- maine
 solve them in- to raine With wind- y sighes, dis- perse them in



de- light: and whis- per this, but soft- ly in her eares,
 the same: Dis- trust doth en- ter hearts, but not in- fect,
 the skies, Thoughts, hopes, and love re- turn to me no more



Hope oft doth hang the head, the head, and trust shead teares.
 And love is sweet- est sea- soned, sea- soned with sus- pect.
 Till Cyn- thia shine as she, as she hath done be- fore.



III. My thoughts are wingd with hopes

Tenor

John Dowland

(1)



1. My thoughts are wingd with hopes, my hopes with love. Mount love
 2. And you my thoughts that some mis- trust do cary, If for
 3. If she, for this, with clouds doe maske her eyes, And make



un- to the Moone in cleer- est night, and say as she doth in
 mis- trust my mis- tresse do you blame, Say though you al- ter, yet
 the hea- vens darke with her dis- daine, With wind- y sighes, dis- perse



the hea- vens move, In earth so wanes so wanes and wax- eth my de-
 you do not varie, As she doth change, and yes, and yet re- maine the
 them in the skies, Or with thy teares dis- solve, dis- solve them in- to



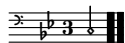
light: and whis- per this, and whis- per this, but soft- ly in her
 same: Dis- trust, dis- trust doth en- ter hearts, but not in-
 raine Thoughts, hopes, and love, thoughts, hopes, and love re- turn to me no



eares, soft- ly in her eares, Hope oft doth hang the head, and trust shead teares.
 fect, but not in- fect, And love is sweet- est sea- soned with sus- pect.
 more, to me no more, Till Cyn- thia shine as she hath done be- fore.

¹Original has C half note

²Original is a quarter note.



III. My thoughts are wingd with hopes

Bassus

John Dowland



1. My thoughts are wingd with hopes, my hopes with love. Mount love un-
 2. And you my thoughts that some mis- trust do cary, If for mis-
 3. If she, for this, with clouds doe maske her eyes, And make the



to the Moone in cleer- est night, and say as
 trust my mis- tresse do you blame, Say though you
 hea- vens darke with her dis- daine, With wind- y



she doth in the hea- vens moove, In earth so wanes and wax-
 al- ter, yet you do not varie, As she doth change, and yet
 sighes, dis- perse them in the skies, Or with thy teares dis- solve



eth my de- light: And whis- per this but soft- ly in her
 re- maine the same: Dis- trust doth en- ter hearts, but not in-
 them in- to raine Thoughts, hopes, and love re- turn to me no



eares, her eares, Hope oft doth hang the head, and Trust and Trust shead teares.
 fact, in- fact, And love is sweet- est sea- soned, sea- soned with sus- pect.
 more, no more, Till Cyn- thia shine as she hath done, hath done be- fore.



XX. Come heavy sleepe the image of true death

Cantus.

John Dowland



1. Come hea- vy sleepe the i- mage of true death And close
 2. Come sha- dow of my end, and shape of rest, Al- lied



up these my wear-y weep- ing eies: Whose spring of
 to death, child to his blacke- fact night: Come thou and



tears doth stop my vi- tall breath, And tears my hart with sor- rows sigh swoln
 charme these re- bels in my breast, Whose wa- king fan- cies doe my mind af-



cries: Com and po- sses my tir- ed thoughts worne soule, That liv- ing
 fright. O come sweet sleepe come, or I die for e- ver: Come ere my



dies, that liv- ing dies, that liv- ing dies till thou on me be stoule.
 last, come ere my last, come ere my last sleeps comes, or come ne- ver



XX. Come heavy sleepe the image of true death

Altus

John Dowland



1. Come hea- vy sleepe the i- mage of true death And

2. Come sha- dow of my end, and shape of rest, Al-



close up these my wear- y, wear- y weep- ing eies: Whose spring of

lied to death, child to his, to his blacke- fact night: Come thou and



tears doth stop my vi- tall breath, And tears my hart with sor- rows sigh swoln

charm these re- bels in my breast, Whose wa- king fan- cies doe my mind af-



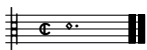
cries: Come and po- sses my tir- ed thoughts worne soule, That liv- ing

fright. O come sweet sleepe come, or I die for ever: Come ere my



dies, That liv- ing dies till thou on me, on me be stoule.

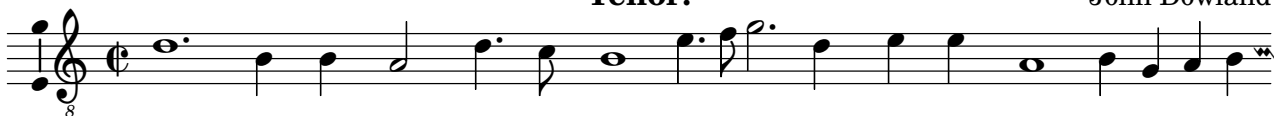
last, Come ere my last sleeps comes, or come, or come ne- ver.



XX. Come heavy sleepe the image of true death

Tenor.

John Dowland



1. Com hea- vy sleepe, hea- vy sleepe the i- mage of true death And close up
 2. Come sha- dow of, sha- dow of my end, and shape of rest, Al- lied to



these my wear- y, my wear- y weep- ing eies: Whose spring of tears doth
 death, child to his, child to his blacke- fact night: Come thou and charme these



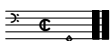
stop my vi- tall breath, And tears my hart with sor- rows sigh swoln cries:
 re- bels in my breast, Whose wa- king fan- cies doe my mind af- fright.



Com and po- sses my tir- ed thoughts worne soule, That liv- ing
 O come sweet sleepe come, or I die for ever: Come ere my



dies, that liv- ing dies till thou on me, on me be stoule.
 last, Come ere my last sleeps comes, or come, or come ne- ver.



XX. Come heavy sleepe the image of true death

Bassus.

John Dowland



1. Come hea- vy sleepe the i- mage of true death And close up
 2. Come sha- dow of my end, and shape of rest, Al- lied to

10



these my wear-y weep- ing eies: Whose spring of tears doth stop my vi- tall
 death, child to his blacke- fact night: Come thou and charme these re- bels in my

17



breath, And tears, and tears my hart with sor- rows sigh swoln cries: Com and po-
 breast, Whose wak- whose wak- ing fan- cies doe my mind af- fright. O come sweet

23

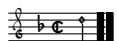


sses my tir- ed thoughts worne soule, That liv- ing dies, that liv- ing
 sleepe come, or I die for ever: Come ere my last, come ere my

28



dies, that liv- ing dies till thou, till thou on me, on me be stoule.
 last, come ere my last sleeps comes, sleeps comes, or come, or come ne- ver.



II. Whoever thinks or hopes of love for love

Cantus

John Dowland



1. Who- e- ver thinks or hopes of love for love: or who be- lov'd in
 2. Who thinks that sor- rowes felt, de- si- res hidden, Or hum- ble faith in



Cu- pids lawes doth glo- ry: Who joyes in vowes, or vowes not to re- move:
 con- stant ho- nour arm- ed, Can keepe love from the fruit that is for- bidden,



Who by this light god hath not been made so- ry: Let him see
 thinks that change is by intrea ty charm- ed, Look- ing on



mee e- clip- sed from my sun, with dark clouds of an earth, with
 me let him know, loves de- lights are trea- sures hid in caves, are



dark clouds of an earth Quite o- ver- runne. Let him see runne.
 trea- sures hid in caves But kept by sprights. Look- ing on sprights.

¹ The B natural is a quarter note in the original

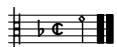


II. Whoever thinks or hopes of love for love

Altus

John Dowland

1. Who e- ver thinkes or hopes of Love for Love, Or who be- lov'd in
 2. Who thinks that sor- rowes felt, de- sires hid- den, Or hum- ble faith in
 7 Cu- pids lawes doth glo- ry, Who joyes in vowes or vowes not to re-
 con- stant ho- nour arm'd, Can keepe love from the fruit that is for-
 12 move, Who by this light- god hath not bin made so- rie:
 bidden, Who thinks that change is by in- treat- y charmd,
 18 Let him see me Let him see me e- clip- sed from my sun, my
 Look- ing on me, Look- ing on me let him know, loves de- lights de-
 22 sun with dark clouds of an earth. With dark clouds of an
 lights Are trea- sures hid in caves, are trea- sures hid in
 26 earth quite o- ver- runne, quite o- ver- runne. Let him see me runne.
 caves But kept by sprights, but kept by sprights. Look- ing on me sprights.



II. Whoever thinks or hopes of love for love

Tenor

John Dowland



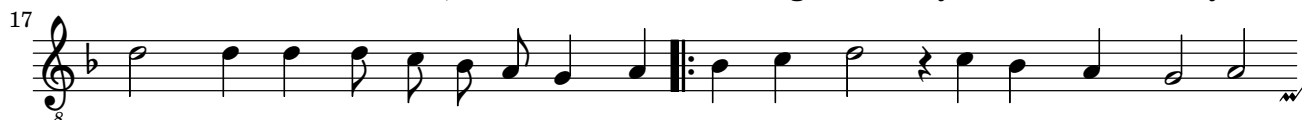
1. Who e- ver thinkes or hopes of Love for Love, Or who be-
 2. Who thinks that sor- rowes felt, de- sires hid- den, Or hum- ble



lov'd in Cu- pids lawes doth glo- ry, Who joyes in vowes or
 faith in con- stant ho- nour arm'd, Can keepe love from the



vowes not to re- move, Who by thi light- god hath not bin made
 fruit that is for- bidden, Who thinks that change is by in- treat- y



so- rie, Let him see me e- clip- sed from my sun, e- clip- sed from my
 charmd, Look- ing on me let him know, loves de- lights, let him know, loves de-



(1)
 sun, With dark clouds of an earth. With dark clouds of an earth quite o- ver-
 lights Are trea- sures hid in caves, are trea- sures hid in caves But kept by

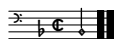
1. 2.



runne, of an earth quite o- ver- run. Let him see me e- clip- sed runne.
 sprights. Are trea- sures hid in caves but kept by sprights Look- ing on me sprights.

¹ Original has a D quarter note.

² this is a quarter rest in the original



II. Whoever thinks or hopes of love for love

Bassus

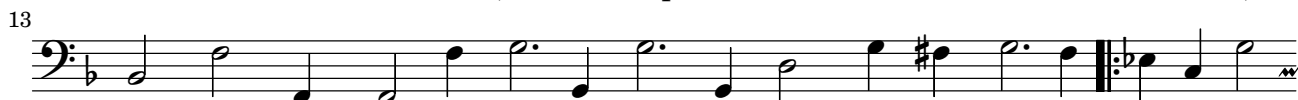
John Dowland



1. Who- e- ver thinks or hopes of love for love, or who be- lov'd in
 2. Who thinks that sor- rows felt, de- sires hid- den, Or hum- ble faith in



7 Cu- pids lawes doth glo- ry: Who joyes in vowes, or vowes not to re- move:
 con- stant ho- nour arm'd, Can keepe love from the fruit that is for- bidden,



13 Who by this light god hath not been made so- ry: Let him see me e- clip-
 Who thinks that change is by in- treat- y charmd, Look- ing on me let him



20 sed from my sun, with dark clouds of an earth, with dark clouds of an earth Quite
 know, loves de- lights Are trea- sures hid in caves, are trea- sures hid in caves But

1. 2.

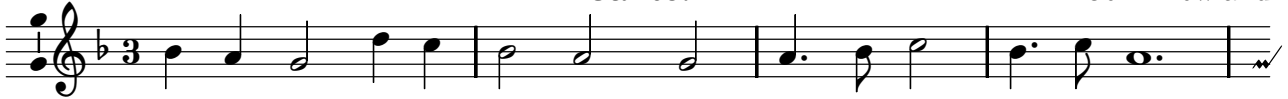


26 o- ver- runne. clouds of an earth quite o- ver- run, Let him see runne.
 kept by sprights. hid in caves but kept by sprights, Look- ing on sprights.

XIX. Shall I sue

Canto.

John Dowland



1. Shall I sue shall I seeke for grace? Shall I pray shall I prove?
2. Sil-ly wretch for- sake these dreames, of a vaine de- sire
3. Pit- tie is but a poore de- fence, for a dy- ing hart,
4. Jus- tice gives each man his owne though my love bee just,



Shall I strive to a heaven-ly Joy, with an earth-ly love?
 o be-thinke what hie re- gard, ho-ly hopes doe re-quire.
 La- dies eies re- spect no mone, in a meane de- sert.
 Yet will not shee pittie my grieffe, there-fore die I must,



Shall I think that a bleed- ing hart Or a wound- ed eie,
 Fa- vour is as faire as things are, Trea- sure is not bought,
 Shee is to wor- thie far, for a worth so base,
 Sil- ly hart then yeeld to die, per- ish in dis- paire,



Or a sigh can as- cend the cloudes to at- taine so hie.
 Fa- vour is not wonne with words, nor the wish of a thought.
 Cru- ell and but just is shee, in my just dis- grace.
 Wit- nesse yet how faine I die, When I die for the faire.

XIX. Shall I sue

Alto.

John Dowland

1. Shall I sue shall I seeke for grace? Shall I pray shall I prove?
 2. Sil-ly wretch for- sake these dreames, of a vaine de- sire
 3. Pit- tie is but a poore de- fence, for a dy- ing hart,
 4. Jus- tice gives each man his owne though my love bee just,
 5. Shall I strive to a heav- en- ly Joy, with an earth- ly
 o be- thinke what hie re- gard, ho- ly hopes doe re-
 La- dies eies re- spect no mone, in a meane de-
 Yet will not shee pit- tie my grieffe, there- fore die I
 8. love? Shall I think that a bleed- ing hart, a bleed- ing hart
 quire. Fa- vour is as faire as things are, as things are,
 sert. Shee is to wor- thie far, to wor- thie far,
 must, Sil- ly hart then yeeld to die, then yeeld to die,
 11. Or a wound- ed eie, Or a sigh can as- cend
 Trea- sure is not bought, Fa- vour is not wonne
 for a worth so base, Cru- ell and but just is
 per- ish in dis- paire, Wit- nesse yet how faine
 14. the cloudes, as- cend the cloudes to at- taine so hie.
 with words, not wonne with words, nor the wish of a thought.
 shee, but just is shee, in my just dis- grace.
 I die, how faine I die, When I die for the faire.

XIX. Shall I sue

Tenore.

John Dowland



1. Shall I sue shall I seeke for grace? Shall I pray shall I prove?
2. Sil-ly wretch for- sake thesedreames, of a vaine de- sire
3. Pit- tie is but a poore de- fence, for a dy- ing hart,
4. Jus- tice gives each man his owne though my love bee just,



Shall I strive to a heav- en- ly Joy, with an earth- ly love?
 o be- think what hie re- gard, ho- ly hopes doe re-quire.
 La- dies eies re- spect no mone, in a meane de- sert.
 Yet will not shee pit- tie my grieffe, there- fore die I must,



Shall I think that a bleed- ing hart Or a wound- ed eie,
 Fa- vour is as faire as things are, Trea- sure is not bought,
 Shee is to wor- thie far, for a worth, for a worth, so base,
 Sil- ly hart then yeeld to die, per- ish in dis- paire,



Or a sigh can as- cend the cloudes, the cloudes, to at- taine so hie.
 Fa- vour is not wonne with words, with words, nor the wish of a thought.
 Cru- ell and but just is shee, is shee, in my just dis- grace.
 Wit- nesse yet how faine I die, I die, When I die for the faire.

XIX. Shall I sue**Basso.**

John Dowland



1. Shall I sue shall I seeke for grace? Shall I pray shall I prove?
2. Sil- ly wretch for- sake these dreames, of a vaine de- sire
3. Pit- tie is but a poore de- fence, for a dy- ing hart,
4. Jus- tice gives each man his owne though my love bee just,



Shall I strive to a heav- en- ly Joy, with an earth- ly love?
 o be- thinke what hie re- gard, ho- ly hopes doe re- quire.
 La- dies eies re- spect no mone, in a meane de- sert.
 Yet will not shee pit- tie my grieffe, there- fore die I must,



Shall I think, Shall I think, that a bleed- ing hart Or a wound- ed eie,
 Fa- vour is, Fa- vour is, as faire as things are, Treas- ure is not bought,
 Shee is to Shee is to wor- thie far, for a worth so base,
 Sil- ly hart, Sil- ly hart, then yeeld to die, per- ish in dis- paire,



Or a sigh can as- cend the cloudes to at- taine so hie.
 Fa- vour is not wonne with words, nor the wish of a thought.
 Cru- ell and but just is shee, in my just dis- grace.
 Wit- nesse yet how faine I die, When I die for the faire.



VII. Deare, if you change

Cantus

John Dowland



Deare, if you change, ile ne- ver chuse a- gaine. Sweet, if you
Earth with her flowers shall soon- er heaven a- dorne, Heaven her bright



shrinke, ile ne- ver thinke of love. Faire, if you faile, ile
starres through earths dim globe shall move, Fire heate shall lose, and



judge all beau- tie vaine. Wise, if too weake, moe wits Ile
frosts of flames be borne, Ayre made to shine as black as

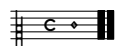


ne- ver prove. Deare, sweet, faire, wise, change, shrink, nor be not
hell shall prove: Earth, heaven, fire, ayre, the world trans- form'd shall

1. | 2.



weake: and, on my faith, my faith shall ne- ver breake. breake.
view, Ere I prove false to faith, or strange to you. you.



VII. Deare, if you change

Altus

John Dowland



Deare, if you change, ile ne- ver chuse a- gaine. Sweet,
Earth with her flowers shall soon- er heaven a- dorne, Heaven



if you shrinke, you shrinke, ile ne- ver thinke of love.
her bright starres, bright starres, through earths dim globe shall move,



Faire, if you faile, you faile, ile judge all beau- ty vaine. Wise,
Fire heate shall lose, shall lose, and frosts of flames be borne, Ayre



if too weake, too weake, moe wits, moe wits, ile ne- ver prove. Deare,
made to shine, to shine, as blacke, as blacke, as hell shall prove: Earth,

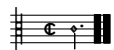


sweet, deare, sweet, faire, wise, change, shrinke nor be not weake:
heaven, earth, heaven fire, ayre, the world trans- form'd shall view,



and on my faith, and on my faith, my faith shall ne- ver breake. Deare, breake.
ere I prove false to faith, to faith, or strange, or strange, to you. Earth, you.

⁰ yes, the altus and bassus really do have C instead of C—



VII. Deare, if you change

Tenor

John Dowland

8 Deare, if you change, ile ne- ver chuse a- gaine Sweet, if you
Earth with her flowers shall soon- er heaven a- dorne, Heaven her bright

9 shrink, you shrink, ile ne- ver thinke of love. Faire, if you
starres, bright starres, through earths dim globe shall move, Fire heate shall

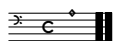
15 faile, ile judge all beau- ty vaine. Wise, if too weake, moe wits ile
lose, and frosts of flames be borne, Ayre made to shine as black as

22 ne- ver prove, moe wits ile ne- ver prove. Deare, sweet, faire,
hell shall prove, as black as hell shall prove, Earth, hea- ven, fire,

27 wise, Deare, sweet, faire, wise, change, shrink nor bee not weake:
ayre, Earth, hea- ven fire ayre, the world trans- form'd shall view,

32 and, on my faith, my faith shall ne- ver breake. Deare, breake.
Ere I prove false to faith, or strange to you. Earth, you.

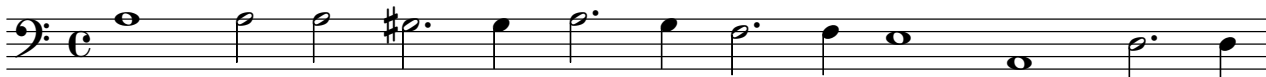
1. 2.



VII. Deare, if you change

Bassus

John Dowland



Deare, if you change, ile ne- ver chuse a- gaine. Sweet, if you
Earth with her flowers shall soon- er heaven a- dorne. Heaven her bright



shrinke, you shrinke, ile ne- ver thinke of love. Faire, if you faile, ile
starres, bright starres, through earths dim globe shall move, Fire heate shall lose, and



judge all beau- tie vaine. Wise, if too weake, moe wits ile ne- ver prove. Deare,
frosts of flames be borne, Ayre made to shine as blacke as hell shall prove: Earth,



sweet, faire, wise, deare, sweet, faire, wise, change, shrinke nor be not weak:
heaven, fire, ayre, earth, heaven fire, ayre, the world trans- form'd shall view,

1. || 2.



and, on my faith, my faith shall ne- ver breake. Deare, breake.
Ere I prove false to faith, or strange to you. Earth, you.

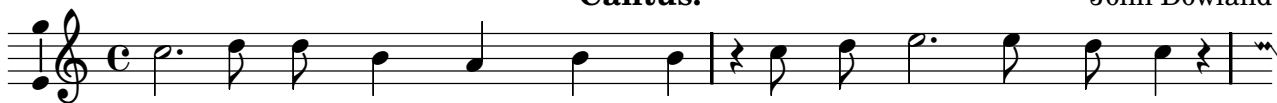
⁰ Yes, the altus and bassus really do have C instead of C—



XV. Wilt thou unkind thus reave me of my heart,

Cantus.

John Dowland



1. Wilt thou un- kind thus reave me of my heart, of my heart,
2. Hope by dis- daine growes cheere- lesse, cheere- lesse, Feare doth love
3. If no de- layes can move thee, move thee, Life shall die
4. Yet be thou mind- full e- ver, e- ver, Heat from fire
5. True love can- not be chang- ed, chang- ed, Though de- light

1. || 2.



And so leave me? And so leave me? me? 1.-5. Fare- well: Fare- well: but
 Love doth feare, beau- ty peere- lesse. lesse.
 Death shall live Still to love thee. thee.
 Fire from heat None can se- ver. ver.
 From de- sert Be es- tran- ged. ged.

1. || 2.



yet or ere I part (O cru- ell) kisse me, sweet, kiss me sweet, my Jew- ell. Fare- Jew- ell.



XV. Wilt thou unkind thus reave me of my heart,

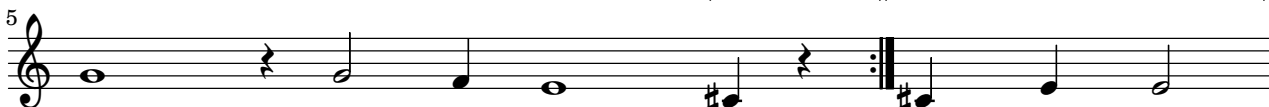
Altus.

John Dowland



- 1. Wilt thou un- kind, un- kind thus reave me of my heart, of my
- 2. Hope by dis- daine, dis- daine growes cheere-lesse, cheere-lesse, Feare doth
- 3. If no de- layes, de- layes can move thee, move thee, Life shall
- 4. Yet be thou mind- full, mind- full e- ver, e- ver, Heat from
- 5. True love can- not, can- not be chang- ed, chang- ed, Though de-

1. 2.

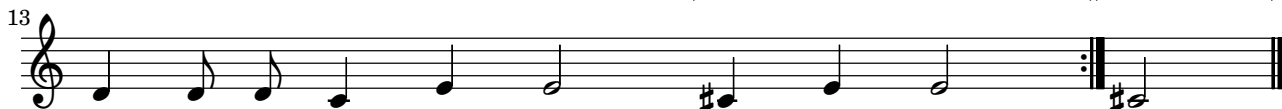


heart, And so leave me? me? 1.-5. Fare- well:
 love Love doth feare, feare,
 die Death shall live live
 fire Fire from heat heat
 light From de- sert sert



Fare- well: but yet or ere I part (O cru- ell) kisse me,

1. 2.



sweet, kisse me, sweet, my Jew- ell. Fare- well, ell.



XV. Wilt thou unkind thus reave me of my heart,

Tenor.

John Dowland

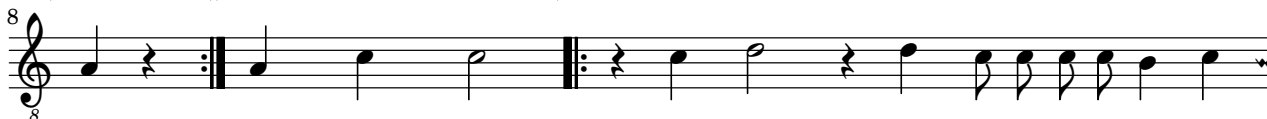


1. Wilt thou un- kind thus reave me of my heart,
 2. Hope by dis- daine growes cheere- lesse, cheere- lesse,
 3. If no de- layes can move thee, move thee,
 4. Yet be thou mind- full e- ver, e- ver,
 5. True love can- not be change- ed, chang- ed,



of my heart, of my heart, And so leave me? And so leave
 Feare doth love, Feare doth love Love doth feare, beau- ty peere-
 Life shall die, Life shall die Death shall live Still to love
 Heat from fire, Heat from fire Fire from heat, None can se-
 Though de- light, Though de- light From de- sert Be es- tran-

1. 2.

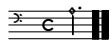


me? me? 1.-5. Fare- well: Fare- well: but yet or ere I part (O
 lesse. lesse.
 thee. thee.
 ver. ver.
 ged. ged.

1. 2.



cru- ell) kisse me, kisse me sweet, my Jew- ell. Fare- well: ell.



XV. Wilt thou unkind thus reave me of my heart,

Bassus.

John Dowland



- 1. Wilt thou un- kind thus reave me of my heart, of my heart,
- 2. Hope by dis- daine growes cheere- lesse, cheere- lesse, Feare doth love
- 3. If no de- layes can move thee, move thee, Life shall die
- 4. Yet be thou mind- full e- ver, e- ver, Heat from fire
- 5. True love can- not be chang- ed, chang- ed, Though de- light

1. 2.



And so leave me? me? 1.-5. Fare- well: Fare- well: but yet or ere I part (O
 Love doth feare, feare,
 Death shall live live
 Fire from heat heat
 From de- sert sert

1. 2.



cru- ell) kisse me, sweet, kisse me, sweet, kisse me my Jew- ell. Fare- well: ell.



V. Can she excuse my wrongs

Cantus.

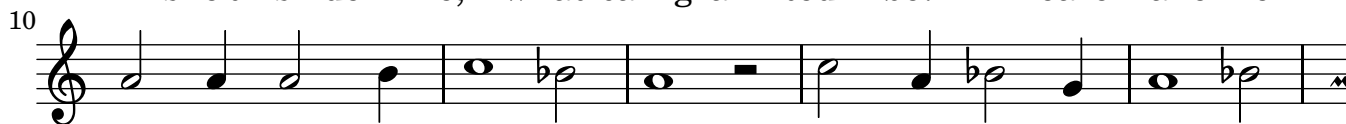
John Dowland



1. Can she excuse my wrongs with ver-tues cloak?
 Are those cleer fires which va-nish in-to smoak?
 2. Was I so base, that I might not as-pire
 As they are high, so high is my de-sire:



shal I call her good when she proves un-kind? No no: where
 must I praise the leaves where no fruit I find? Cold love is
 Un-to those highjoyes which she holds from me? If she will
 If she this de-nie, what can gran-ted be? Deare make me



sha-dows do for bo-dies stand, thou maist be a-busde if
 like to words writ-ten on sand, or to bub-bles which on
 yeeld to that which rea-son is, It is rea-sons will that
 hap-py still by grant-ing this, Or cut off de-layes if



thy sight be dim. Wilt thou be thus a-bu-sed still,
 the wa-ter swim.
 love should be just. Bet-ter a thou-sand times to die,
 that I die must.



see-ing that she wil right thee ne-ver if thou canst not ore-
 Then for to live thus still tor-ment-ed: Deare but re-mem-ber



com her wil, thy love wil be thus fruit-les e-ver.
 it was I Who for thy sake did die con-tent-ed.

⁰ Actually, Dmin, but all the Bb's are accidentals



V. Can she excuse my wrongs

Altus

John Dowland



1. Can she excuse my wrongs with vertues cloak?
 Are those cleer fires which vanish into smoak?
 2. Was I so base, that I might not aspire
 As they are high, so high is my desire:



shal I call her good when she proves un-kind?
 must I praise the leaves where no fruit I find?
 Un-to those high joyes which she holds from me?
 If she this deny, what can granted be?



No no: where shadows do where shadows do for bodies
 Cold love is like to words writ like to words written on
 If she will yeeld to that which reason is, which reason
 Deare make me happy still by granting this, granting



stand, thou maist be abused if thy sight be dim.
 sand, or to bubbles which on the water water swim.
 is, It is reasons will that love, that love, should be just.
 this, Or cut off delays if that I die, I die, must.



1. Wilt thou be thus abused still, seeing that she wil right thee never
 Better a thousand times to die, Then for to live, thus still tormented:



if thou canst not overcome her wil, thy love will be thus fruitless ever.
 Deare but remember it was I Who for thy sake did die contented.

¹ original is whole note.

² Original has A whole note.



V. Can she excuse my wrongs

Tenor

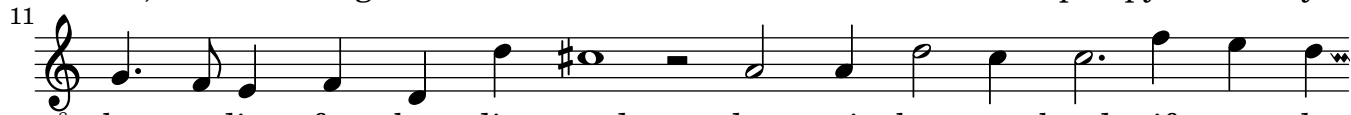
John Dowland



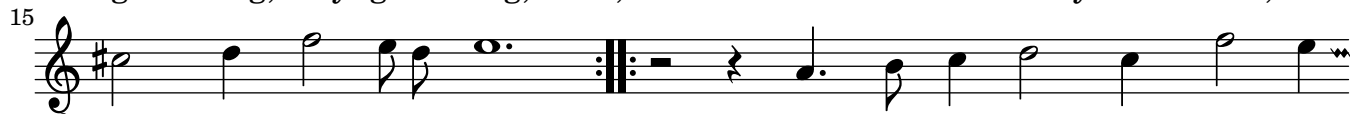
1. Can she excuse my wrongs with ver-tues cloak? shal I call her
 Are those cleer fires which va-nish in- to smoak? must I praise the
 2. Was I so base, that I might not as- pire Un- to those high
 As they are high, so high is my de- sire: If she this de-



good when she proves un-kind? No no no: where sha-dowes do for
 leaves where no fruit I find? Cold love love is like to words to
 joyes which she holds from me? If she will yeeld to that which
 nie, what can gran- ted be? Deare make me hap- py still by



bo - dies for bo- dies stand, thou maist bee a- busde if thy
 words writ- ten on sand, or to bub- bles which on the
 rea- son, which rea- son, is, It is rea- sons will that love, that
 grant- ing, by grant- ing, this, Or cut off de- layes if that, if



sight thy sight be dim. Wilt thou be thus a- bu- sed
 wa- ter wa- ter swim. Bet- ter a thou- sand times to
 love, should be just.
 that, I die must.



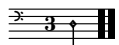
still, see- ing that she wil right thee ne- ver if thou canst not ore-
 die, Then for to live thus still tor- ment- ed: Deare but re- mem- ber



com her wil, thy love wil be thus fruit- les e- ver.
 it was I Who for thy sake did die con- tent- ed.

⁰The key signature is D dorian, but it looks more like D minor, since almost every B is flat.

³ Facsimile has D \sharp , but this conflicts with D in the Altus part.



V. Can she excuse my wrongs

Bassus

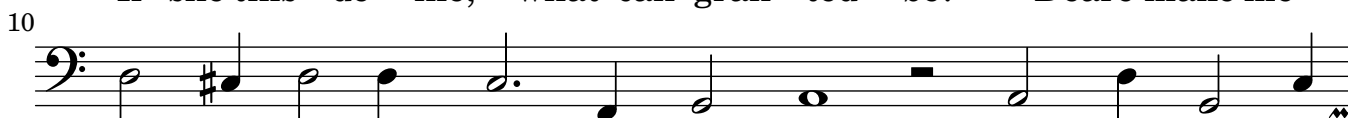
John Dowland



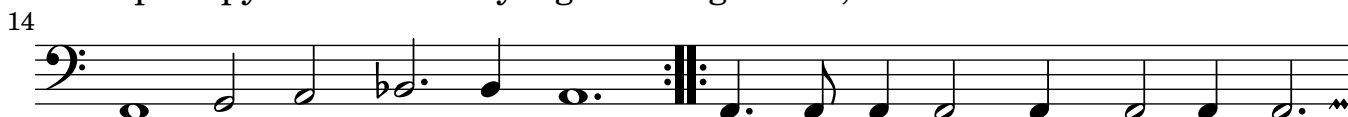
1. Can she ex- cuse ex- cuse my wrongs with ver- tues cloak?
 Are those cleer fires cleer fires which va- nish in- to smoak?
 2. Was I so base, that I might not, might not, as- pire
 As they are high, so high is my de- sire, de- sire:



shal I call her good when she proves un- kind? No no: where
 must I praise the leaves where no fruit I find? Cold love is
 Un- to those high joyes which she holds from me? If she will
 If she this de- nie, what can gran- ted be? Deare make me



sha- dows do for bo- dies stand, thou maist be a-
 like to words writ- ten on sand, or to bub- bles
 yeeld to that which rea- son is, It is rea- sons
 hap- py still by grant- ing this, Or cut off de-



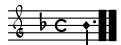
busde if thy sight be dim. Wilt thou be thus a- bu- sed still,
 which on the wa- ter swim.
 will that love should be just. Bet- ter a thou- sand times to die,
 layes if that I die must.



see- ing that she wil right thee ne- ver? if thou canst not ore-
 Then for to live thus still tor- ment- ed: Deare but re- mem- ber



com her wil, thy love wil be thus fruit- les e- ver.
 it was I Who for thy sake did die con- tent- ed.



Love those beames that breede,

CANTUS.

John Dowland



1. Love those beames that breede, all day long breed, and feed,
Love I quench with flouds, Flouds of teares, night-ly teares
2. Ile goe to the woods, and a-lone, make my moane,
For I am de-ceiv'd and be-reav'd of my life,
3. Love then I must yeeld to thy might, might and spight
Since I see my wrongs, woe is me, can-not be

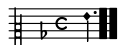


this burn- ing: But a- las teares coole this fire in vaine, in vaine, The
and mourn- ing.

o cru- ell: O but in the woods, though love be blinde, be blinde, Hee
my jew- ell:
op- press- ed, Come at last, be friend- ly Love to me, to me, And
re- dress- ed.



more I quench, the more I quench, the more there doth re- maine.
hath his spies, hee hath his spies, my se- cret haunts to finde.
let me not, and let me not, en- dure this mi- se- rie.



Love those beames that breede,

ALTUS.

John Dowland



1. Love those beames that breede, that breede, all day long breed,
 Love I quench with flouds, with flouds, Flouds of teares, night-
 2. Ile goe to the woods, the woods, and a- lone, make
 For I am de- ceiv'd, de- ceiv'd and be- reav'd of
 3. Love then I must yeeld, must yeeld to thy might, might
 Since I see my wrongs, my wrongs, woe is me, can-



and feed, this, this bur- ning: But a- las
 ly teares, teares and mourn- ing.
 my moane, o, o cru- ell: O but in
 my life, my, my jew- ell:
 and spight op- press- ed, Come at last,
 not be re- dress- ed.



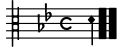
teares coole this fire in vaine, in vaine, The more I quench, the more
 the woods, though love be blinde, be blinde, Hee hath his spies, my se-
 be friend- ly Love to me, to me, And let me not, en- dure



there doth re- maine.
 cret haunts to finde.
 this mi- se- rie.

³ Original has half note

⁴ The facsimile has this – Mary Benton moves the dot to the next note.



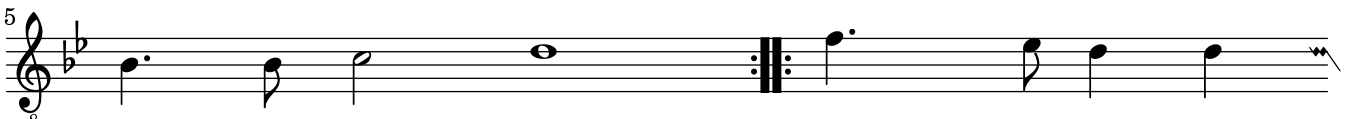
Love those beames that breede,

TENOR.

John Dowland



1. Love those beames that breede, all day long breed, and feed, and
Love I quench with flouds, Flouds of teares, night-ly teares, ly
2. Ile goe to the woods, and a-lone, make my moane, my
For I am de-ceiv'd and be-reav'd of my life, my
3. Love then I must yeeld to thy might, might and spight, and
Since I see my wrongs, woe is me, can-not be, not



feed, this bur-ning: But a-las teares
teares and mourn- ing.
moane, o cru-ell: O but in the
life, my jew-ell:
spight op-press-ed, Come at last, be
be re-dress-ed.



coole, teares coole this fire in vaine, in vaine, The more I quench, the
woods, the woods though love be blinde, be blinde, Hee hath his spies, he
friend-ly, friend-ly Love to me, to me, And let me not, and



more I quench, the more, the more there doth re- maine.
hath his spies, my se-cret, se-cret haunts to finde.
let me not, en-dure, en-dure this mi-se-rie.

¹ The key signature really does have two flats in the tenor, and one in the other parts



Love those beames that breede,

BASSUS.

John Dowland



1. Love those beames that breede, all day long breed, and feed, this
 Love I quench with flouds, Flouds of teares, night-ly teares and
 2. Ile goe to the woods, and a-lone, make my moane, o
 For I am de-ceiv'd and be-reav'd of my life, my
 3. Love then I must yeeld to thy might, might and spight op-
 Since I see my wrongs, woe is me, can-not be re-



bur- mourning: But, but a-las teares coole this
 mourn- ing.
 cru- ell: O, o but in the woods, though
 jew- ell:
 press- ed, Come, come at last, be friend-ly
 dress- ed.



fire in vaine, The more I quench, the more, the more there doth re-maine.
 love be blinde, Hee hath his spies, my se-cret, se-cret haunts to finde.
 Love to me, And let me not, en-dure, en-dure this mi-se-rie.

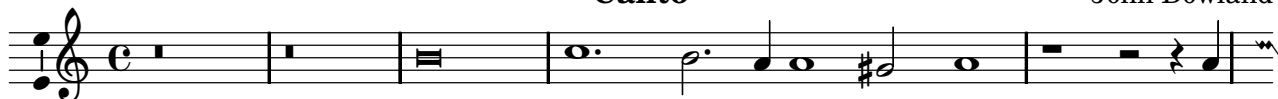
²For this line, the clef is a normal bass clef, but the key signature is correct for a baritone clef, and the other lines have a baritone clef.



I. I saw my Lady weepe,
To the most famous, Anthony Holborne.

Canto

John Dowland



I saw my La- dy weepe, and
 Sor- row was there made faire, And
 O fay- rer then ought ells, The



sor- row proud to bee ad- van- ced so: in those faire
 pas- sion wise, teares a de- light- full thing, Si- lence be-
 world can shew, leave of in time to grieve, I- nough, i-



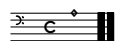
eies, in those faire eies where all per- fec- tions keepe, hir face was
 yond all speech, be- yond all speech, a wis- dome rare, Shee made hir
 nough, i- nough, i- nough, your joy- full looks ex- cells, Teares kills the



full of woe, full of woe, But such a woe (be- leeve me as) wins more
 sighes to sing, sighes to sing, And all things with so sweet a sad - ness
 heart be- lieve, heart be- lieve, O strive not to bee ex- cel- lent in



hearts, Then mirth can doe, with hir, with hir in- ty- sing parts.
 move, As made my heart at once, at once both grieve and love.
 woe, Which one- ly, ono- ly, breeds your beau- ties o- ver- throw.



I. I saw my Lady weepe,

Basso

John Dowland



I saw my La- dy weepe, I saw my La- dy weepe,
 Sor- row was there made faire, Sor- row was there made faire,
 O fay- rer then ought ells, O fay- rer then ought ells,

12



I saw my La- dy weepe, I saw my La- dy weepe, and sor- row
 Sor- row was there made faire, Sor- row was there made faire, And pas- sion
 O fay- rer then ought ells, O fay- rer then ought ells, The world can

22



proud to bee ad- van- ced so: in those faire eies, faire eyes, where all per- fec-
 wise, teares a de- light- full thing, Si- lence be- yond, be- yond, all speech a wis-
 shew, leave of in time to grieve, I- nough, i- nough, in- ough your joy- full lookes

30



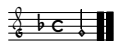
tions keepe: hir face was full full of woe, But such a woe as
 dome rare, Shee made hir sighes to sing, And all things with so sweet a
 ex- cells, O strive not to bee ex- cel- lent in woe, Teares kills the

41



wins more hearts, Then mirth can doe, with hir, in- ty- sing parts.
 sad- ness move, As made my heart at once both grieve and love.
 heart be- lieve, Which one- ly breeds your beau- ties o- ver- throw.

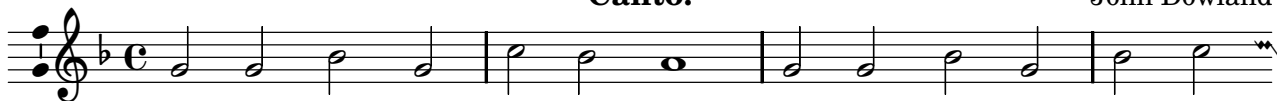
⁰ Original says Canto



XV. White as Lillies was hir face,

Canto.

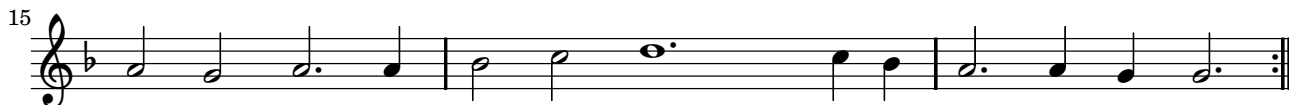
John Dowland



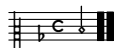
1. White as Lil- lies was hir face, When she smil- ed, She bee-
 2. When I swore my hart hir owne, She dis- dain- ed, I com-
 3. Vowesand oaths and faith as- sured, Con-stant e- ver, Chang- ing
 4. Oh that Love should have the art, By sur- mi- ses, And dis-
 5. All in vaine is La- dies love, Quick- ly choos- ed, Short- ly
 6. To thy selfe the sweet- est faier, Thou hast wound- ed, And con-
 7. By thine er- ror thou has lost, Hart un- fain- ed, Truth un-
 8. For my hart though set at nought, Since you will it, Spoil and



guil- ed, Quit- ting faith with foule dis- grace, Ver- tue ser- vice
 plain- ed, Yet shee left mee o- ver- throwen, Care- les of my
 ne- ver, Yet shee could not bee pro- cured, To be- leeve my
 guis- es, To des- troy a faith- full hart, Or that wan- ton
 loos- ed, For their pride is to re- move, Out a- las their
 found- ed, Chang- les faith with foule dis- paier, And my ser- vice
 stain- ed, And the swainethat lov- ed most, More as- sured in
 kill it, I will ne- ver change my thoughts Butgrieve that beau-



thus ne- glect- ed, Heart with sor- rows hath in- fect- ed.
 bit- ter gro- ning, Ruth- lesse bent to no re- lie- ving.
 paines ex- ceed- ing, From hir scant ne- glect proceed- ing.
 look- ing wo- men, Should re- ward their friends as foe- men.
 looks first won us, And their pride hath straight un- done us.
 hath en- vi- ed, And my suc- cours hath de- ni- ed.
 love then man- y, More dis- pised in love then an- y,
 tie ere was borne. Butgrieve that beau- tie ere was borne.



XV. White as Lillies was hir face,

Alto.
(1)

John Dowland



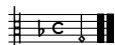
1. White as Lil- lies was hir face, When she smil- ed, She bee-
 2. When I swore my hart hir owne, She dis- dain- ed, I com-
 3. Vowes and oaths and faith as- sured, Con-stant e- ver, Chang- ing
 4. Oh that Love should have the art, By sur- mi- ses, And dis-
 5. All in vaine is La- dies love, Quick- ly choos- ed, Short- ly
 6. To thy selfe the sweet-est faier, Thou hast wound- ed, And con-
 7. By thine er- ror thou has lost, Hart un- fain- ed, Truth un-
 8. For my hart thoughtset at nought, Since you will it, Spoil and



guil- ed, Quit- ting faith with foule dis- grace, Ver- tue ser- vice
 plain- ed, Yet shee left mee o- ver- throwen, Care- les of my
 ne- ver, Yet shee could not bee pro- cured, To be- leeve my
 guis- es, To des- troy a faith- full hart, Or that wan- ton
 loos- ed, For their pride is to re- move, Out a- las their
 found- ed, Chang- les faith with foule dis- paier, And my ser- vice
 stain- ed, And the swaine that lov- ed most, More as- sured in
 kill it, I will ne- ver change my thoughts But grieve that beau-



thus ne- glect- ed, Heart with sor- rowes hath in- fect- ed.
 bit- ter gro- ning, Ruth- lesse bent to no re- lie- ving.
 paines ex- ceed- ing, From hir scant ne- glect pro- ceed- ing.
 look- ing wo- men, Should re- ward their friends as foe- men.
 looks first won us, And their pride hath straight un- done us.
 hath en- vi- ed, And my suc- cours hath de- ni- ed.
 love then man- y, More dis- pised in love then an- y,
 tie ere was borne. But grieve that beau- tie ere was borne.



XV. White as Lillies was hir face,

Tenor

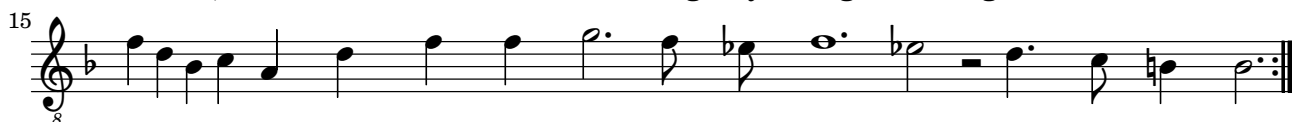
John Dowland



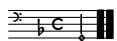
1. White as Lil- lies was hir face, When she smil- ed, She bee-
2. When I swore my hart hir owne, She dis- dain- ed, I com-
3. Vowes and oaths and faith as- sured, Con-stant e- ver, Chang- ing
4. Oh that Love should have the art, By sur- mi- ses, And dis-
5. All in vaine is La- dies love, Quick- ly choos- ed, Short- ly
6. To thy selfe the sweet-est faier, Thou hast wound- ed, And con-
7. By thine er- ror thou has lost, Hart un- fain- ed, Truth un-
8. For my hart though set at nought, Since you will it, Spoil and



guil- ed, Quit- ting faith with foule dis- grace, Ver- tue ser- vice thus
 plain- ed, Yet shee left mee o- ver- thrown, Care- les of my bit-
 ne- ver, Yet shee could not bee pro- cured, To be- leeve my paines
 guis- es, To des- troy a faith- full hart, Or that wan- ton look-
 loos- ed, For their pride is to re- move, Out a- las their looks
 found- ed, Chang- les faith with foule dis- paier, And my ser- vice hath
 stain- ed, And the swainethat lov- ed most, More as- sured in love
 kill it, I will ne- ver change my thoughts But grieve that beau- tie



ne- glect- ed, Heart with sor- rowes with sor- rowes hath in- fect- ed.
 ter gro- ning, Ruth- lesse bent to, bent to no re- lie- ving.
 ex- ceed- ing, From hir scant ne- glect, ne- glect pro- ceed- ing.
 ing wo- men, Should re- ward their, re- ward their friends as foe- men.
 first won us, And their pride hath, their pride hath straight un- done us.
 en- vi- ed, And my suc- cours my suc- cours hath de- ni- ed.
 then man- y, More dis- pised in dis- pised in love then an- y,
 ere was borne. But grieve that beau- tie, that beau- tie ere was borne.



XV. White as Lillies was hir face,

Basso.

John Dowland



1. White as Lil- lies was hir face, When she smil- ed, She bee- guil-
2. When I swore my hart hir owne, She dis- dain- ed, I com- plain-
3. Vowesand oaths and faith as- sured, Con-stant e- ver, Chang- ing ne-
4. Oh that Love should have the art, By sur- mi- ses, And dis- guis-
5. All in vaine is La- dies love, Quick- ly choos- ed, Short- ly loos-
6. To thy selfe the sweet-est faier, Thou hast wound- ed, And con- found-
7. By thine er- ror thou has lost, Hart un- fain- ed, Truth un- stain-
8. For my hart though set at nought, Since you will it, Spoil and kill

8

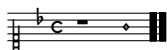


ed, Quit- ting faith with foule dis- grace, Ver- tue ser- vice
 ed, Yet shee left mee o- ver- throwen, Care- les of my
 ver, Yet shee could not bee pro- cured, To be- leeve my
 es, To des- troy a faith- full hart, Or that wan- ton
 ed, For their pride is to re- move, Out a- las their
 ed, Chang- les faith with foule dis- paier, And my ser- vice
 ed, And the swaine that lov- ed most, More as- sured in
 it, I will ne- ver change my thoughts But grieve that beau-

15



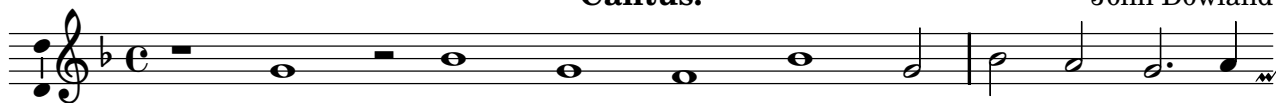
thus ne- glect- ed, Heart with sor- rows hath in- fect- ed.
 bit- ter gro- ning, Ruth- lesse bent to no re- lie- ving.
 paines ex- ceed- ing, From hir scant ne- glect pro- ceed- ing.
 look- ing wo- men, Should re- ward their friends as foe- men.
 looks first won us, And their pride hath straight un- done us.
 hath en- vi- ed, And my suc- cours hath de- ni- ed.
 love then man- y, More dis- pised in love then an- y,
 tie ere was borne. But grieve that beau- tie ere was borne.



VIII. Burst forth my tears

Cantus.

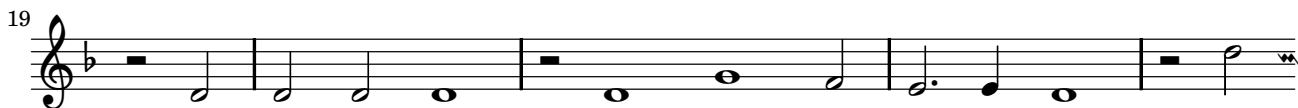
John Dowland



1. Burst, burst, forth my tears, assist my forward
 2. Sad, sad, pinning care, that never may have
 3. Like, like, to the winds my sighs have winged



griefe, And shew what pain imperious love provokes.
 peace, At beauties gate in hope of pittie knocks
 beene Yet are my sighes and sutes repaid with mocks:



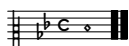
Kindetender lambes, lament loves scant reliefe, And
 Butmercy sleeps while deep disdain increase, And
 I pleade, yet she repineth at my teene, O



pine, since pensiv care my freedom yokes. O pine, to
 beautie hope in her faire bosses yokes. O grieve to
 ruthlesse rigour harder then the rocks, That both the



see me pine, O pine, to see me pine my tender flockes.
 heare my griefe, O grieve to heare my griefe, my tender flockes.
 shepheard kills, That both the shepheard kills, and his poore flockes.



VIII. Burst forth my tears

Altus.

John Dowland

1. Burst, burst, forth my tears, as- sist my for- ward
 2. Sad, sad, pin- ing care, that ne- ver may have
 3. Like, like to the winds my sighs have wing- ed

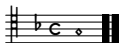
10 grieffe, And shew what pain, and shew what pain, im- per- i- ous
 peace, At beau- ties gate, at beau- ties gate, in hope of pi-
 beene Yet are my sighes, yet are my sighes, and sutes re- paid

16 love pro- vokes, im- per- i- ous love pro- vokes. Kinde ten- der lambes, la-
 tie knocks in hope of pi- tie knocks But mer- cy sleepes while
 with mocks: and sutes re- paid with mocks: I pleade, yet she, yet

23 ment, la- ment loves scant re- lief, And pine, since pen- sive care my free-
 deep, while deep dis- daine in- crease, And beau- tie hope in her faire bo-
 she re- pi- neth at my teene, O ruth- lesse ri- gour har- der then

30 dome yokes. my free- dome yokes. O pine, to see me pine,
 some yokes. faire bo- some yokes. O grieve to heare my grieffe,
 the rocks, har- der then the rocks, That both the she- pheard kills,

37 O pine, to see me pine, to see me pine, my ten- der flockes.
 O grieve to heare my grieffe, to heare my grieffe, my ten- der flockes.
 That both the she- pheard kills, the she- pheard kills, and his poore flockes.



VIII. Burst forth my tears

Tenor.

John Dowland

8

1. Burst, burst forth my tears, as- sist, as- sist my for- ward
 2. Sad, sad pin- ing care, that ne- ver, ne- ver may have
 3. Like, like to the winds my sighs, my sighs have wing- ed

10

8

griefe, And shew what pain, pain im- per- ious love pro- vokes, im-
 peace, At beau- ties gate, gate in hope of pi- tie knocks in
 beene Yet are my sighes, sighes and sutes re- paid with mocks: and

17

8

per- ious love pro- vokes. Kinde ten- der lambes, la- ment la- ment loves
 hope of pi- tie knocks But mer- cy sleeps while deep dis- daine, dis-
 sutes re- paid with mocks: I pleade, yet she, yet she re- pi- neth

24

8

scant re- liefe, re- liefe, And pine, since pen- sive care, since pen- sive
 daine in- crease, in- crease, And beau- tie hope in her faire, in her
 at my teene, my teene, O ruth- lesse ri- gour har- der, ri- gour

30

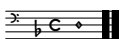
8

care my free- dome yokes. O pine, to see me pine, to see me
 faire bo- some yokes. O grieve to heare my griefe, to heare my
 har- der then the rocks, That both the she- pheard kills, the she- pheard

37

8

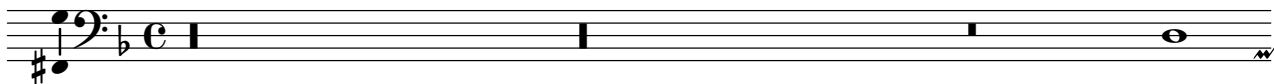
pine, O pine, to see me pine, my ten- der flockes.
 griefe, O grieve to heare my griefe, my ten- der flockes.
 kills, That both the she- pheard kills, and his poore flockes.



VIII. Burst forth my tears

Bassus.

John Dowland



- 1. And
- 2. At
- 3. Yet

12



shew what pain im- per- ious love, im- per- ious love pro- vokes.
 beau- ties gate in hope of pi- tie, hope of pi- tie knocks
 are my sighes and sutes re- paid, and sutes re- paid with mocks:

20



Kinde ten- der lambes, la- ment loves scant re- lief, And pine, since
 But mer- cy sleepes while deep dis- daine in- crease, And beau- tie
 I pleade, yet she re- pi- neth at my teene, O ruth- lesse

28

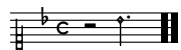


pen- sive care my free- dome, my free- dome yokes. O pine,
 hope in her faire bo- some, faire bo- some yokes. O grieve
 ri- gour har- der then har- der then the rocks, That both

36



to see me, pine, to see me pine my ten- der, my ten- der flockes.
 to heare my griefe, to heare my griefe, my ten- der, my ten- der flockes.
 the she- pheard, both the she- pheard kills, she- pheard kills, and his poore flockes.



III. Sorrow sorrow stay,

Canto

John Dowland

Sor- row sor- row stay, lend true re- pen- tant

7 teares, to a woe- full, woe- full wretch- ed wight,

15 hence, hence, dis- paire with thy tor- ment- ing feares: doe not,

21 O doe not my heart poore heart af- fright, pit- ty, pit- ty, pit- ty,

27 pit- ty, pit- ty, pit- ty, help now or ne- ver, mark me not

32 to end- lesse paine, mark me not to end- lesse paine,

37 a- las I am con- dempne'd, a- las I am con-

42 dempne'd, I am con- demp- ned e- ver, no hope, no help,

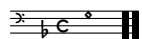
47 ther doth re- maine, but downe, down, down, down I fall,

 but downe, down, down, down I fall, downe and a- rise, downe and a-

57

rise, I ne- ver shall, but downe, downe, downe downe, I fall,
but downe, downe, downe, downe I fall, downe and a- rise,
68 downe and a- rise, (1) downe and a- rise, I ne- ver shall.

¹I suspect that there should be a tie between this and the previous note;
⁰ Dowland has them on two separate lines, but doesn't provide a new word.



III. Sorrow sorrow stay,

Basso

John Dowland

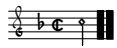
7 Sor- row sor- row stay, lend true re- pen- tant teares, lend
 14 true re- pen- tant re- pen- tant teares, to a woe- full, woe- full
 18 wretch- ed wight, hence, hence, dis- paire with they tor- ment- ing
 23 feares, with they tor- ment- ing feares, Oh doe not my poore heart my poore
 30 heart af- fright: pit- tie, pit- tie, help now or
 35 ne- ver, mark mee not to end- lesse paine, O mark me not to
 40 end- lesse paine, a- lasse I am con- dem- ned, con- dem- ned e- ver: a-
 45 lasse I am con- dem- ned, con- demn- ed, I am con- demn'd e-
 50 ver, no hope, no help, ther doth re- maine, but downe, downe,
 downe, downe, downe I fall, but downe, down, down, down, down,

54
down I fall, downe and a- rise, downe and a- rise, a- rise I ne- ver

60
shall, but downe, downe, downe, downe, downe I fall, but downe, downe,

65
downe, downe, downe, downe I fall, downe and a- rise, downe and a-

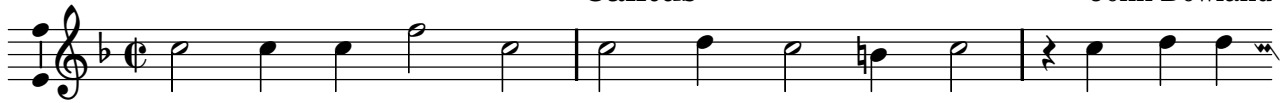
70
rise, a- rise, a- rise, a- rise, a- rise, a- rise I ne- ver shall.



XII. Fine knacks for ladies,

Cantus

John Dowland



1. Fine knacks for la- dies, cheape choise brave and new, Good pen- ni-
 2. Great gifts are guiles and looke for gifts a- gaine, My tri- fles
 3. With- in this packe pinnes points la- ces and gloves, And di- vers



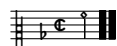
worths but mo- ny can- not move, I keepe a faiyer but for the faier to
 come, as trea- sures from my minde, It is a pre- cious Je- well to bee
 toies fit- ting a coun- try faier, But my hart where du- e- ty serves and



view, a beg- ger may bee li- ber- all of love, Though all my
 plaine, Some- times in shell th'o- ri- enst pearles we finde, Of o- thers
 loves, Tur- tels and twins, courts brood, a heaven- ly paier, Hap- py the



wares bee trash the hart is true, the hart is true, the hart is true.
 take a sheafe, of mee a graine, of mee a graine, of mee a graine.
 hart that thinkes of no re- moves, of no re- moves, of no re- moves.



XII. Fine knacks for ladies,

Altus

John Dowland



1. Fine knacks for La- dies, cheape, choise, brave and new, good pen- i-
2. Great gifts are guiles and looke for gifts a- gaine, My tri- fles
3. With- in this packe pinnes points la- ces and gloves, And di- vers



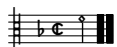
worthes, but mo- ny can- not move, I keep a fayer, but for the fayer to
 come, as trea- sures from my minde, It is a pre- cious Je- well to bee
 toies fit- ting a coun- try faier, But my hart where du- e- ty serves and



view, a beg- ger may be li- ber- all of love, though all my
 plaine, Some- times in shell th'o- ri- enst pearles we finde, Of o- thers
 loves, Tur- tels and twins, courts brood, a heaven- ly paier, Hap- py the



wares be trash, the heart is true, the heart is true, the heart is true.
 take a sheafe, of mee a graine, of mee a graine, of mee a graine.
 hart that thinkes of no re- moves, of no re- moves, of no re- moves.



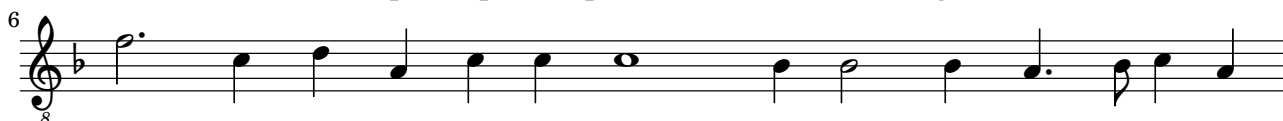
XII. Fine knacks for ladies,

Tenor

John Dowland



1. Fine knacks for La- dies, cheap, choise, brave and new, good pen- i-
 2. Great gifts are guiles and looke for gifts a- gaine, My tri- fles
 3. With- in this packe pinnes points la- ces and gloves, And di- vers



worthes but mo- ny can- not move, I keepe a fayer but
 come, as trea- sures from my minde, It is a pre- cious
 toies fit- ting a coun- try faier, But my hart where du-



for the fayer to view, a beg- ger may be li- ber- all of
 Je- well to bee plaine, Some- times in shell th'o- ri- enst pearles we
 e- ty serves and loves, Tur- tels and twins, courts brood, a heaven- ly



love, though all my wares be trash, the heart, the heart is true. The
 finde, Of o- thers take a sheafe, a sheafe, of mee a graine, a
 paier, Hap- py the hart that thinkes that thinkes of no re- moves, of



heart, the heart is true is true, the heart is true, the heart is true.
 graine, of mee of mee a graine, of mee a graine, of mee a graine.
 no re- moves of no re- moves, of no re- moves, of no re- moves.



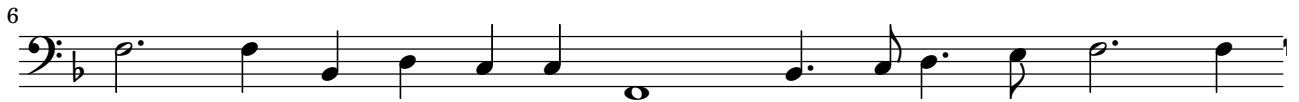
XII. Fine knacks for ladies,

Basso

John Dowland



1. Fine knacks for la- dies cheap, choise, brave and new, good pe- ni-
2. Great gifts are guiles and looke for gifts a- gaine, My tri- fles
3. With- in this packe pinnes points la- ces and gloves, And di- vers



worthes, but mo- ny can- not move, I keep a fayer, but
 come, as trea- sures from my minde, It is a pre- cious
 toies fit- ting a coun- try faier, But my hart where du-



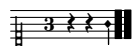
for the fayer to view, a beg- ger may be li- ber- all of
 Je- well to bee plaine, Some- times in shell th'o- ri- enst pearles we
 e- ty serves and loves, Tur- tels and twins, courts brood, a heaven- ly



love: though all my wares be trash, the heart is true, is
 finde, Of o- thers take a sheafe, of mee a graine, of
 paier, Hap- py the hart that thincks of no re- moves, of



true, the heart is true, the hart is true, the heart is true.
 mee a graine, of mee of mee a graine, of mee a graine.
 no re- moves, of no of no re- moves, of no re- moves.



VI. When Phoebus first did Daphne love,

Cantus.

John Dowland



When *Phœ- bus* first did *Daph- ne* love, And no meanes might her
If mai- dens then shal chance be sped Ere they can scars- ly



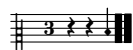
fa- vour move He craved the cause, the cause quoth she Is, I have
dress their head, yet par- don them, for they be loth To make good



vow'd vir- gin- i- tie, Then in a rage he sware, and
Phœ- bus break his oth. And bet- ter twere a child were



said, Past fif- teene none none but one should live a maid.
borne Then that a god, that a god should be for- sworne.



VI. When Phoebus first did Daphne love,

Altus

John Dowland



When *Phoebus* first did *Daphne* love, And no meanes might her
If mai- densthen shal chance be sped Erethey can scars- ly



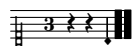
fa- vour move He craved the cause, the cause quoth she Is, I have
dress their head, yet par- donthem, for they be loth To make good



vow'd vir- gin- i- tie, Then in a rage he sware, and
Phoebus break his oth. And bet-ter twere a child were



said, Past fif- teene none none but one should live a maid.
borne Then that a god, that a god, should be for-sworne.



VI. When Phoebus first did Daphne love,

Tenor.

John Dowland



When *Phoebus* first did *Daphne* love, And no mean might her
If maiden then shall chance be sped Ere they can scarcely



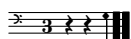
fa- your move He craved the cause, the cause quoth she Is, I have
dress their head, yet pardon them, for they be loth To make good



vow'd, I have vow'd vir- gin- i- tie, Then in a rage he sware, and
Phoebus good *Phoebus* break his oth. And bet- ter twere a child were



said, Past fif- teene none none but one should live a maid.
borne Then that a god, that a god should be for-sworne.



VI. When Phoebus first did Daphne love,

Bassus.

John Dowland



When *Ph\oe}-bus* first did *Daph- ne* love, And no meanes might
If mai- dens then shal chance be sped Ere they can scars-



her fa- vour move He craved the cause, the cause quoth she Is, I have
ly dress their head, yet par- don them, for they be loth To make good



vow'd vir- gin- i- tie, Then in a rage he sware, and
Ph\oe}- bus break his oth. And bet- ter twere a child were



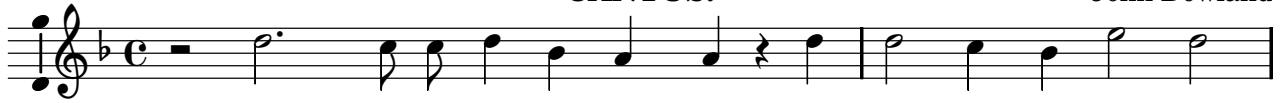
said, Past fif- teene none none but one should live a maid.
borne Then that a god, that a god should be for- sworne.



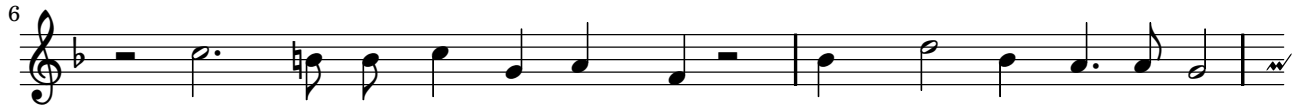
XV. Weepe you no more sad fountaines,

CANTUS.

John Dowland



1. Weepe you no more sad foun- taines, What need you flowe so fast,
 2. Sleepe is a re- con- cil- ing, A rest that peace be- gets:



Looke how the snow- ie moun- taines, Heav'ns sunne doth gent- ly wast.
 Doth not the sunne risesmil- ing, When faire at ev'n he sets,



But my sunnes heav'n-ly eyes View not your weep- ing. That nowe
 Rest you, then rest sad eyes, Melt not in weep- ing, While she



lie sleep- ing, sleep- ing, soft- ly, soft- ly sleep- ing Now soft- ly lies sleep- ing.
 lies sleep- ing, sleep- ing, soft- ly, soft- ly sleep- ing Now soft- ly lies sleep- ing.



XV. Weepe you no more sad fountaines,

ALTUS.

John Dowland



1. Weepe, weepe you no more sad foun- taines, What need, what need you flowe so fast,
 2. Sleepe, sleepe is a re- con- cil- ing, A rest, a rest that peace be-gets:



Looke how the snow- ie moun- taines, Heav'ns sunne doth gent- ly wast.
 Doth not the sunnerise smil- ing, When faire at ev'n he sets,



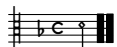
But my sunnes, my sunnes heav'n- ly eyes View not your weep-
 Rest you, rest you, then rest sad eyes, Melt not in weep-



ing. That now lie sleep- ing, that now ly sleep- ing, soft- ly soft- ly soft-
 ing, While she liessleep- ing, while she liessleep- ing, soft- ly soft- ly soft-



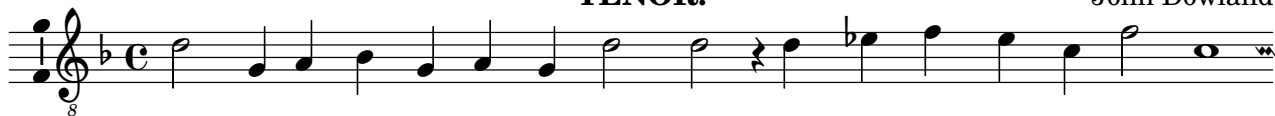
ly that now soft- ly lies sleep- ing.
 ly that now soft- ly lies sleep- ing.



XV. Weepe you no more sad fountaines,

TENOR.

John Dowland



1. Weepe you no more, no more sad foun- taines, What need you flowe so fast, Looke

2. Sleepe is a re- con,-re- con- cil- ing, A rest that peace be- gets: Doth



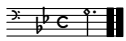
how the snow- ie moun- taines, Heav'ns sunne doth gent-ly wast. But my sunnes heav'n-
not the sunnerise mil- ing, When faire at ev'n he sets, Rest you, then rest



ly eyes View not, view not your weep- ing. That now lie sleep- ing, sleep- ing,
sad eyes, Melt not, melt not in weep- ing, While she liess sleep- ing, sleep- ing,



that now ly sleep- ing soft- ly soft- ly Now soft- ly lie sleep- ing.
that now ly sleep- ing soft- ly soft- ly Now soft- ly lie sleep- ing.



XV. Weepe you no more sad fountaines,

BASSUS.

John Dowland



1. Weepe you no more sad foun-taines, What need you flowe, what need you
 2. Sleepe is a re- con- cil- ing, A rest that peace, a rest that



5 flowe so fast, Looke how the snow- ie moun- taines, Heav'nssunne doth gent-
 peace be-gets: Doth not the sunnerise smil- ing, When faire at ev'n



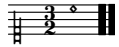
10 ly wast. But my sunnes heav'n- ly eyes View not, view now your weep-
 he sets, Rest you, then rest sad eyes, Melt not, melt not in weep-



15 ing, your weep- ing. That nowe lie sleep- ing, soft- ly soft-
 ing, in weep- ing, While she liessleep- ing, soft- ly soft-



21 ly now soft- ly Now soft- ly lies sleep- ing.
 ly now soft- ly Now soft- ly lies sleep- ing.



Stay time a while thy fly-ing,

CANTUS.

John Dowland



1. Stay time a while thy fly- ing, Stay and pit-
For fates and friends have left mee, And of com-
2. To whom shall I com- plaine me, When thus friends
T'is time that must be- friend me, Drown'd in sor-
3. Teares but aug- ment this se- well I feede by
Light griefes can speake their plea- sure, Mine are dumbe



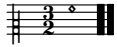
tie me dy- ing Come, come close mine eyes, bet- ter to dye
fort be- rept mee.
doe dis- daine mee? Come, come close mine eyes, bet- ter to dye
row to end mee.
night, (oh cru- ell) Quicke, quicke, close mine eyes, bet- ter to dye
pass- ing meas- ure.



bles- ed, Then to live, to live thus di- stres- sed.
bles- ed, Then to live, to live thus di- stres- sed.
bles- ed, Then here to live, to live dis- tres- sed.

¹ Original has dot on the other side of the "barline".

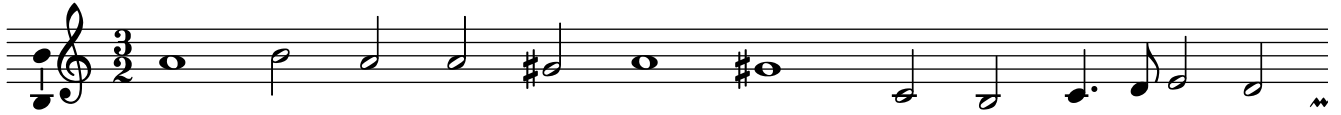
² Original has what looks like a quarter note, although it may be an authentic 17th century xerox smudge.



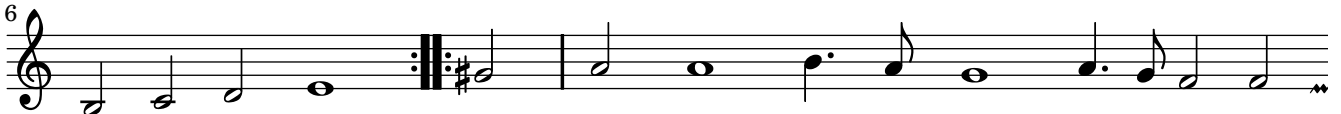
Stay time a while thy flying,

ALTUS.

John Dowland



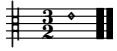
1. Stay time a while thy fly- ing, Stay and pit- tie
For fates and friends have left mee, And of com- fort
2. To whom shall I com- plaine me, When thus friends doe
T'is time that must be- friend me, Drown'd in sor- row
3. Teares but aug- ment this se- well I feede by night,
Light griefes can speake their plea- sure, Mine are dumbe pass-



me dy- ing Come, come close, close mine eyes, bet- ter to dye
be- reft mee.
dis- daine mee? Come, come close, close mine eyes, bet- ter to dye
to end mee.
(oh cru- ell) Quicke, quicke, close, close mine eyes, bet- ter to dye
ing meas- ure.



bles- ed, Then to live, to live thus di- stres- sed.
bles- ed, Then to live, to live thus di- stres- sed.
bles- ed, Then here to live, to live dis- tres- sed.



Stay time a while thy flying,

TENOR.

John Dowland



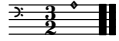
1. Stay time a while thy fly- ing, Stay, stay and
For fates and friends have left mee, And, and of
2. To whom shall I com- plaine me, When, when thus
T'is time that must be- friend me, Drown'd, drown'd in
3. Teares but aug- ment this se- well I, I feede
Light griefes can speake their plea- sure, Mine, mine are



pit- tie, pit- tie me dy- ing Come, come close mine
com- fort, com- fort be- reft mee.
friends doe dis- daine, dis- daine mee? Come, come close mine
sor- row, sor- row to end mee.
by night, by night (oh cru- ell) Quicke, quicke, close mine
dumbe pass- ing, pass- ing meas- ure.



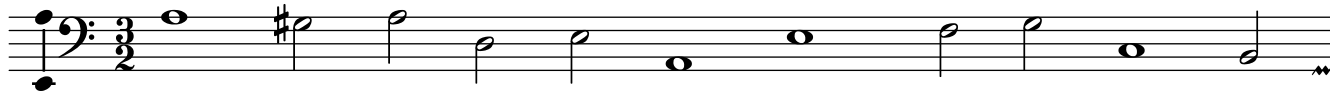
eyes, bet- ter to dye bless- ed, Then to live, to live thus di- stres- sed.
eyes, bet- ter to dye bless- ed, Then to live, to live thus di- stres- sed.
eyes, bet- ter to dye bless- ed, Then here to live, to live dis- tres- sed.



Stay time a while thy flying,

BASSUS.

John Dowland



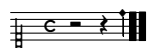
1. Stay time a while thy fly- ing, Stay and pit- tie
For fates and friends have left mee, And of com- fort
2. To whom shall I com- plaine me, When thus friends doe
T'is time that must be- friend me, Drown'd in sor- row
3. Teares but aug- ment this se- well I feede by night,
Light griefes can speake their plea- sure, Mine are dumbe pass-



- me dy- ing Come, come close, close mine eyes, bet- ter to
be- reft mee.
dis- daine mee? Come, come close, close mine eyes, bet- ter to
to end mee.
(oh cru- ell) Quicke, quicke, close, close mine eyes, bet- ter to
ing meas- ure.



- dye bless- ed, Then to live, to live thus di- stres- sed.
dye bless- ed, Then to live, to live thus di- stres- sed.
dye bless- ed, Then here to live, to live di- stres- sed.



VII. Say love if ever thou didst find,

Cantus.

John Dowland



1. Say love if e- ver thou didst find, A wo- man with a
2. But could thy fi- ry poy- sned dart At no time touch her
3. How might I that faire won- der know, That mockes de- sire with
4. To her then yeeld thy shafts and bowe, That can com- mand af-



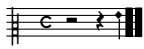
con- stant mind, None but one, And what should that rare
 spot- lesse hart, Nor come neare, She is not sub- ject
 end- lesse no See the Moone That e- ver in one
 fec- tions so: Love is free, So are her thoughts that



mir- ror be, Some God- desse or some Queen is shee Shee, shee,
 to Loves bow, Her eye com- maunds, her heart saith no, No, no,
 changedoth grow, Yet still the same, and she is so So, so,
 van- quish thee, There is no queene of love but she, Shee, shee,



shee, shee, shee, shee, and one- lie she, She one- ly Queene of love and beau- tie.
 no, no, no, no, and on- ly no, One no a- no- ther still doth fol- low.
 so, so, so, so, and one- ly so, From heaven her ver- tues she doth bor- row.
 shee, shee, shee, shee, and one- lie she, She one- ly Queene of love and beau- tie.



VII. Say love if ever thou didst find,

Altus.

John Dowland



1. Say love if e- ver thou didst find, A wo- man with a
 2. But could thy fi- ry poy- sned dart At no time touch her
 3. How might I that faire won- der know, That mockes de- sire with
 4. To her then yeeld thy shafts and bowe, That can com- mand af-



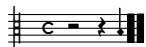
con- stant mind, None but one, And what should that rare
 spot- lesse hart, Nor come neare, She is not sub- ject
 end- lesse no See the Moone That e- ver in one
 fec- tions so: Love is free, So are her thoughts that



mir- ror be, Some God- desse or some Queen is shee Shee, shee, shee, shee,
 to Loves bow, Her eye com- maunds, her heart saith no, No, no, no, no,
 changedoeth grow, Yet still the same, and she is so So, so, so, so,
 van- quish thee, There is no queene of love but she, Shee, shee, shee, shee,



shee, shee, shee, and one- lie she, She one- ly Queene of love and beau- tie.
 no, no, no, and on- ly no, One no a- no- ther still doth fol- low.
 so, so, so, and one- ly so, From heaven her ver- tues she doth bor- row.
 shee, shee, shee, and one- lie she She one- ly Queene of love and beau- tie.



VII. Say love if ever thou didst find,

Tenor.

John Dowland



1. Say love if e- ver thou didst find, A wo- man with a
2. But could thy fi- ry poy- sned dart At no time touch her
3. How might I that faire won- der know, That mockes de- sire with
4. To her then yeeld thy shafts and bowe, That can com- mand af-



con- stant mind, None but one, And what should that rare
 spot- lesse hart, Nor come neare, She is not sub- ject
 end- lesse no See the Moone That e- ver in one
 fec- tions so: Love is free, So are her thoughts that



mir- ror be, Some God- desse or some Queen is shee Shee, shee,
 to Loves bow, Her eye com- maunds, her heart saith no, No, no,
 changedoth grow, Yet still the same, and she is so So, so,
 van- quish thee, There is no queene of love but she, Shee, shee,



shee, shee, shee, shee, and one- lie she, She one- ly Queene of love and beau- tie.
 no, no, no, no, and on- ly no, One no a- no- ther still doth fol- low.
 so, so, so, so, and one- ly so, From heaven her ver- tues she doth bor- row.
 shee, shee, shee, shee, and one- lie she, She one- ly Queene of love and beau- tie.



VII. Say love if ever thou didst find,

Bassus.

John Dowland



1. Say love if e- ver thou didst find, A wo- man with a
2. But could thy fi- ry poy- sned dart At no time touch her
3. How might I that faire won- der know, That mockes de- sire with
4. To her then yeeld thy shafts and bowe, That can com- mand af-



con-stant mind, None but one, And what should that rare
 spot-lesse hart, Nor come neare, She is not sub-ject
 end-lesse no See the Moone That e- ver in one
 fec- tions so: Love is free, So are her thoughts that



mir-ror be, Some God- desse or some Queen is shee Shee, shee, shee, shee,
 to Loves bow, Her eye com- maunds, her heart saith no, No, no, no, no,
 changedoeth grow, Yet still the same, and she is so So, so, so, so,
 van- quish thee, There is no queene of love but she, Shee, shee, shee, shee,



shee, shee, shee, and one- lie she, She one- ly Queene of love and beau- tie.
 no, no, no, and on- ly no, One no a- no- ther still doth fol- low.
 so, so, so, and one- ly so, From heaven her ver- tues she doth bor- row.
 shee, shee, shee, and one- lie she, She one- ly Queene of love and beau- tie.

Never weather-beaten Saile

Cantus

Thomas Campian

1. Nev- er weath- er- beat- en Saile more
 Nev- er tyr- ed Pil- grims limbs af-
 2. Ev- er bloom- ing are the joyes of
 Cold age defes not there our eares, nor

3
 will- ing bent to shore, Than my wea- ry
 fect- ed slum- ber more;
 heavens high par- a- dise. Glo- ry there the
 va- pour dims our eyes;

6
 spright now longs to flye out of my
 Sun out- shines, whose beames the bless- ed

8
 trou- bled brest. O come quick- ly,
 one- ly see: O come quick- ly,

10
 O come quick- ly, O come quick- ly,
 O come quick- ly, O come quick- ly,

12
 sweet- est Lord, and take my soule to rest.
 Glor- ious Lord, and raise my spright to thee.

Never weather-beaten Saile

Altus

Thomas Campian

1. Nev- er weath- er- beat- en Saile more
 Nev- er tyr- ed Pil- grims limbs af-
 2. Ev- er bloom- ing are the joyes of
 Cold age defes not there our eares, nor

3
 will- ing bent to shore, Than my wea- ry
 ect- ed slum- ber more;
 heavens high par- a- dise. Glo- ry there the
 va- pour dims our eyes;

6
 spright now longs to flye out of my trou- bled brest.
 Sun out- shines, whose beames the bless- ed one- ly see:

9
 O come quick- ly, O come quick- ly, O come quick- ly,
 O come quick- ly, O come quick- ly, O come quick- ly,

12
 sweet- est Lord, and take my soule to rest.
 Glor- ious Lord, and raise my spright to thee.

Never weather-beaten Saile

Tenor

Thomas Campian

1. Nev- er weath- er- beat- en Saile more
 Nev- er tyr- ed Pil- grims limbs af-
 2. Ev- er bloom- ing are the joyes of
 Cold age defes not there our eares, nor

3
 will- ing bent to shore, Than my wea- ry
 ect- ed slum- ber more;
 heavens high par- a- dise. Glo- ry there the
 va- pour dims our eyes;

6
 spright now longs to flye out of my trou- bled brest.
 Sun out- shines, whose beames the bless- ed one- ly see:

9
 O come quick- ly, O come quick- ly, O come quick- ly,
 O come quick- ly, O come quick- ly, O come quick- ly,

12
 sweet- est Lord, and take my soule to rest.
 Glor- ious Lord, and raise my spright to thee.

Never weather-beaten Saile

Bassus

Thomas Campian

1. Nev- er weath- er- beat- en Saile more
 Nev- er tyr- ed Pil- grims limbs af-
 2. Ev- er bloom- ing are the joyes of
 Cold age defes not there our eares, nor

3
 will- ing bent to shore, Than my wea- ry
 ect- ed slum- ber more;
 heavens high par- a- dise. Glo- ry there the
 va- pour dims our eyes;

6
 spright now longs to flye out of my
 Sun out- shines, whose beames the bless- ed

8
 trou- bled brest. O come quick- ly,
 one- ly see: O come quick- ly,

10
 O come quick- ly, O come quick- ly,
 O come quick- ly, O come quick- ly,

12
 sweet- est Lord, and take my soule to rest.
 Glor- ious Lord, and raise my spright to thee.

V. My love hath vowd hee will forsake mee

Cantus

Thomas Campion (1567-1620)



1. My love hath vowd hee will for- sake mee And I am al- rea- die sped.
 Far o- ther pro- mise he did make me When he had my mai- den- head
 2. Had I fore seene what is en- su- ed, And what now with paine I prove
 Un- hap- pie then I had es- chew- ed, This un- kind e- vent of love,
 3. Dis- sem- bling wretch to gaine thy plea- sure, What didst thou not vow and sweare?
 So didst thou rob me of the trea- sure, Which so long I held so deare
 4. That hart is neer- est to mis- for- tune, That will trust a fain- ed toong,
 When flat- tring men our loves im- por- utune, They en- tend us deep- est wrong,

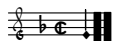


If such dan- ger be in play- ing And sport must to ear- nest turne I will go no more a may- ing.
 Maides fore- know their owne un- doo- ing, But feare naught till all is done, When a man a lone is woo- ing,
 Now thou prov'st to me a stran- ger, Such is the vile guise of men, When a wo- man is in dan' ger.
 If this shame of loves be- tray- ing, But this once I cleane- ly shun, I will go no more a may- ing.

Bassus

Thomas Campion (1567-1620)





Though your strangeness frets my hart,

Cantus

Thomas Campian



1. Though your strangeness frets my hart, yet may not I com -
 You per - suade me 'tis but Art That se - cret love must
2. Your wisht sight if I de - sire, Sus - pi - cions you pre -
 cause - less you your - selfe re - tire while I in vaine at -
3. When an - o - ther holds your hand, You swear I hold your
 When my ri - vals close doe stand, And I sit farre a -
4. Would my Ri - val then I were, Some els your se - cret
 So much less - er should I feare, And not so much at -

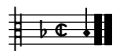


plaine: If an - o - ther you af - fect, T'is but a show
 faine,
 tend, This a Lo - ver whets you say, Still made more ea -
 tend;
 hart; I am neer - er yet then they, Hid in your bo -
 part,
 friend: They en - joy you e - v'ry one, Yet I must seeme
 tend.



t'a - void sus - pect, Is this faire ex - cus - ing? O no, all is a - bus - ing.
 ger by de - lay. Is this faire ex - cus - ing? O no, all is a - bus - ing.
 some, as you say. Is this faire ex - cus - ing? O no, all is a - bus - ing.
 your friend a - lone, Is this faire ex - cus - ing? O no, all is a - bus - ing.

⁵ Facsimile has a dotted half note.



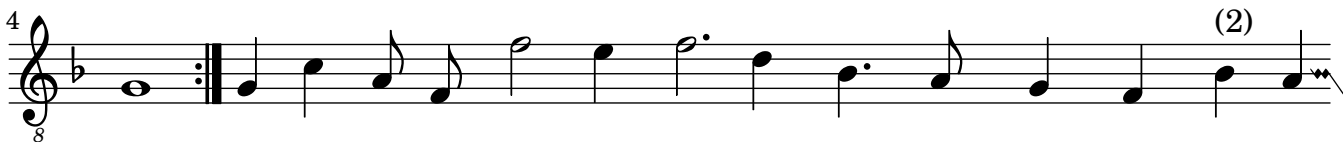
Though your strangeness frets my hart,

Altus

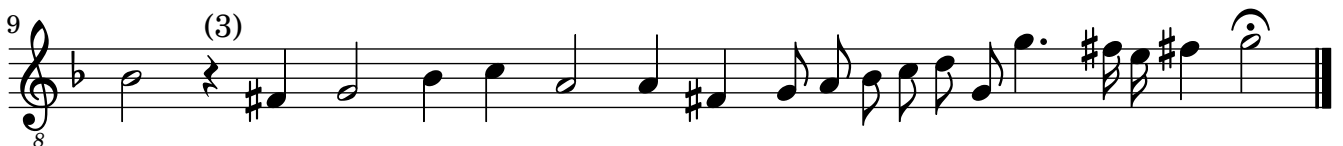
Thomas Campian



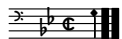
1. Though your strangeness frets my hart, yet may not I com -
 You per - suade me 'tis but Art That se - cret love must
2. Your wisht sight if I de - sire, Sus - pi - cions you pre -
 cause - less you your - selfe re - tire while I in vaine at -
3. When an - o - ther holds your hand, You swear I hold your
 When my ri - vals close doe stand, And I sit farre a -
4. Would my Ri - val then I were, Some els your se - cret
 So much less - er should I feare, And not so much at -



plaine: If an - o - ther you af - fect, T'is but a show t'a - void sus -
 faine,
 tend, This a Lo - ver whets you say, Still made more ea - ger by de -
 tend;
 hart; I am neer - er yet then they, Hid in your bo - some, as you
 part,
 friend: They en - joy you e - v'ry one, Yet I must seeme your friend a -
 tend.



pect, Is this faire ex - cus - ing? O no, all is a - busing.
 lay. Is this faire ex - cus - ing? O no, all is a - busing.
 say. Is this faire ex - cus - ing? O no, all is a - busing.
 lone, Is this faire ex - cus - ing? O no, all is a - busing.



Though your strangeness frets my hart,

Bassus

Thomas Campian



1. Though your strangeness frets my hart, yet may not I com -
 You per - suade me 'tis but Art That se - cret love must
2. Your wisht sight if I de - sire, Sus - pi - cions you pre -
 cause - less you your - selfe re - tire while I in vaine at -
3. When an - o - ther holds your hand, You swear I hold your
 When my ri - vals close doe stand, And I sit farre a -
4. Would my Ri - val then I were, Some els your se - cret
 So much less - er should I feare, And not so much at -



plaine: If an - o - ther you af - fect, T'is but a show
 faine,
 tend, This a Lo - ver whets you say, Still made more ea -
 tend;
 hart; I am neer - er yet then they, Hid in your bo -
 part,
 friend: They en - joy you e - v'ry one, Yet I must seeme
 tend.



t'a - void sus - pect, Is this faire ex - cus - ing? O no, all is a - bus - ing.
 ger by de - lay. Is this faire ex - cus - ing? O no, all is a - bus - ing.
 some, as you say. Is this faire ex - cus - ing? O no, all is a - bus - ing.
 your friend a - lone, Is this faire ex - cus - ing? O no, all is a - bus - ing.



The peacefull Westernne winde

Cantus

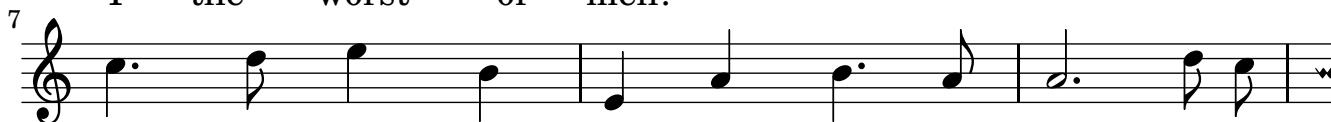
Thomas Campian



1. The peace - ful wes - terne winde The
And na - ture in each kind the
2. See how the morn - ing smiles On
And with soft steps be - guiles Them
3. What Sa - turn did des - troy, Love's
And now her na - ked boy Doth
4. If all things life pre - sent, Why
Why suf - fers my con - tent? Am



win - ter stormes hath tam'd. The for - ward buds so
kind heat hath in - flam'd.
her bright east - ern hill. The mu - sic - lov - ing
that lie slum - bring still.
queen re - vives a - gain; Where he such pleas - ing
in the fields re - main.
die my com - forts then? O beau - ty, be not
I the worst of men?



sweet - ly breathe Out of their earth - ly bow'rs, That
birds are come From cliffs and rocks un - known; To
change doth view In ev - 'ry liv - ing thing, As
thou ac - cus'd Too just - ly in this case; Un -



heav'n which views their pomp be - neath, would fain be deck'd with flow'rs.
see the trees and bri - ars bloom, That late were ov - er - flown.
if the world were born a - new, To gra - ti - fy the Spring.
kind - ly if true love be us'd, T'will yield thee lit - tle grace.



The peacefull Westerne winde

Altus

Thomas Campian



1. The peace - ful wes - terne winde The
And na - ture in each kind the
2. See how the morn - ing smiles On
And with soft steps be - guiles Them
3. What Sa - turn did des - troy, Love's
And now her na - ked boy Doth
4. If all things life pre - sent, Why
Why suf - fers my con - tent? Am



win - ter stormes hath tam'd. The for - ward buds so
kind heat hath in - flam'd. The mu - sic - - lov - ing
her bright east - ern hill. The
that lie slum - bring still. mu - sic - - lov - ing
queen re - vives a - gain; Where he such pleas - ing
in the fields re - main. O beau - ty, be not
die my com - forts then?
I the worst of men?

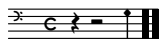


sweet - ly breathe Out of their earth - ly bow'rs, That
birds are come From cliffs and rocks un - known; To
change doth view In ev - 'ry liv - ing thing, As
thou ac - cus'd Too just - ly in this case; Un -



heav'n which views their pomp be - neath, would fain be deck'd with flow'rs.
see the trees and bri - ars bloom, That late were ov - er - flown.
if the world were born a - new, To gra - ti - fy the Spring.
kind - ly if true love be us'd, T'will yield thee lit - tle grace.

¹Facsimile has an e, but the lute tab shows a G chord.



The peacefull Westernne winde

Bassus

Thomas Campian



1. The peace-ful westernne winde The win - ter stormes hath
And na - ture in each kind the kind heat hath in -
2. See how the morn - ing smiles On her bright east - ern
And with soft steps be - guiles Them that lie slum - bring
3. What Sa - turn did des - troy, Love's queen re - vives a -
And now her na - ked boy Doth in the fields re -
4. If all things life pre - sent, Why die my com - forts
Why suf - fers my con - tent? Am I the worst of



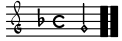
tam'd. The for - ward buds so sweet - ly breathe Out
flam'd. hill. The mu - sic - - lov - ing birds are come From
still. Where he such pleas - ing change doth view In
gain; main. O beau - ty, be not thou ac - cus'd Too
then? men?



of their earth - ly bow'rs, That heav'n which views their
cliffs and rocks un - known; To see the trees and
ev - 'ry liv - ing thing, As if the world were
just - ly in this case; Un - kind - ly if true



pomp be - neath, would fain be deck'd with flow'rs.
bri - ars bloom, That late were ov - er - flown.
born a - new, To gra - ti - fy the Spring.
love be us'd, T'will yield thee lit - tle grace.



III. To aske for all thy love,

Cantus.

John Dowland



1. To aske for all thy love, and thy whole heart t'were mad- nesse,
2. He that re- cei- veth all, can have no more than see- ing.
3. You can- not e- very day give me your heart for mer- it:
4. Yet if you please, Ile finde a bet- ter way, than change them:



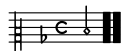
I doe not sue, nor can ad- mit (fai- rest from)
 My Love by length of e- very houre, ga- thers new strength,
 Yet if you will when yours doth goe, You shall have still
 For so a- lone dear- est we shall Be one and one,



you to have all, yet who giv- eth all hath no- thing
 new growth, new flower You must have dai- ly new re-
 one to be- stow: For you shall mine when
 an- oth- ers all. Let us to joyne our hearts that



to im- part, but sad- nesse.
 wards in store still be- ing.
 yours doth part in- her- it.
 no- thing may es- trange them.



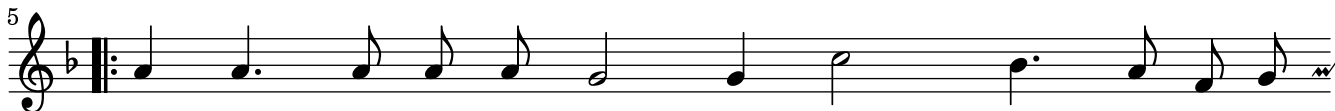
III. To aske for all thy love,

Altus.

John Dowland



1. O aske for all thy love, and thy whole heart t'were mad- nesse,
2. He that re- cei- veth all, can have no more than see- ing.
3. You can- not e- very day give me your heart for mer- it:
4. Yet if you please, Ile finde a bet- ter way, than change them:



I doe not sue, nor can ad- mit (fay- rest, fay- rest
 My Love by length of e- very houre, ga- thers new
 Yet if you will when yours doth goe, You shall have
 For so a- lone dear- est we shall Be one and

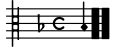


from) you to have all, yet who giv- eth all, gi- veth all
 strength, new growth, new flower You must have dai- ly, have dai- ly new
 still one to be- stow: For you shall mine when yours doth part,
 one, an- oth- ers all. Let us to joyne our hearts that no- thing,



hath no- thing to im- part, but sad- nesse.
 re- wards in store, re- wards still be- ing.
 when yours doth part, doth part, in- her- it.
 that no- thing, no- thing may es- trange them.

¹ Original is a half note



III. To aske for all thy love,

Tenor.

John Dowland



1. O aske for all thy love, and thy whole heart t'were mad- nesse:
2. He that re- cei- veth all, can have no more than see- ing.
3. You can- not e- very day give me your heart for mer- it:
4. Yet if you please, Ile finde a bet- ter way, than change them:



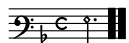
I doe not sue, nor can ad- mit (Fay-rest, Fay- rest from) you
 My Love by length of e- very houre, ga- thers, ga- thers new strength,
 Yet if you will when yours doth goe, You shall, you shall have still
 For so a- lone dear- est we shall Be one, be one and one,



to have all, yet who giv- eth all, giv- eth all hath
 new growth, new flower You must have dai- ly, have dai- ly new
 one to be- stow: For you shall mine, shall mine when
 an- oth- ers all. Let us to joyne our hearts, our



no- thing to im- part, but sad- nesse.
 re- wards in store still be- ing.
 yours doth part in- her- it.
 hearts that no- thing may es- trange them.



III. To aske for all thy love,

Bassus.

John Dowland



1. O aske for all thy love, and thy whole heart t'were mad- nesse,
 2. He that re- cei- veth all, can have no more than see- ing.
 3. You can- not e- veryday give me your heart for mer- it:
 4. Yet if you please, Ile finde a bet- ter way, than change them:



I doe not sue, nor can ad- mit (fai- rest from) you
 My Love by length of e- very houre, ga- thers new strength,
 Yet if you will when yours doth goe, You shall have still
 For so a- lone dear- est we shall Be one and one,



to have all, yet who giv- eth all hath no-
 new growth, new flower You must have dai- ly new
 one to be- stow: For you shall mine when yours
 an- oth- ers all. Let us to joyne our hearts



thing, no- thing to im- part, but sad- nesse.
 re- wards, re- wards in store still be- ing.
 doth part, when yours doth part in- her- it.
 that no- thing, no- thing may es- trange them.



II. Time stands still with gazing on her face,

Cantus

John Dowland

Time stands still with ga - zing on her face, Stand
 When for - tune, love, and time at - tend on Her

8
 still and gaze for mi - nutes, houres and yeares, to her give place:
 with my for-tunes, love, and time, I hon - our will a - lone,

15
 All o - ther things shall change, But she re-mains the
 If bloud-less en - vie say, Du - tie hath no de -

22
 same, Till hea-vens chan - ged have their course and
 sert. Du - tie re - plies that en - vie knowes her

28
 time hath lost his name. Cu - pid doth ho - ver
 selfe his faith - full heart, My set - led vowes and

34
 up and downe blind - ed with her faire eyes, And for-tune
 spot - less faith no for-tune can re - move, Cour-age shall
 (1)

41
 cap - tive at her feete con-tem'd and con-querd lies.
 shew my in - ward faith, and faith shall trie my love.

¹ original has whole note.



II. Time stands still with gazing on her face,

Bassus.

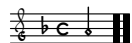
John Dowland

10

20

29

38



XVI. Fie on this faining,

CANTUS.

John Dowland



1. Fie on this fain-ing, Is love with-out de-sire,
2. Shew some re-lent-ing, Or graunt thou doest now love,
3. Truth is not plac-ed In words and forc-ed smiles,



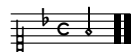
Heat still re-main-ing And yet no sparke of fire?
 Two hearts con-sent-ing Shall they no com-forts prove?
 Love is not grac-ed With that which still be-guiles,



Thou art un-true, nor wert with fan-cie mov-ed,
 Yeeld, or con-fesse that love is with-out plea-sure,
 Love or dis-like, yeeld fire, or give no fu-ell,



For de-sire hath powre on all that e-ver lov-ed.
 And that wo-mens boun-ties rob men of their trea-sure,
 So maist thou prove kind, or at the least lesse cru-ell.



XVI. Fie on this faining,

ALTUS.

John Dowland



1. Fie on this fain-ing, Is love with-out de-sire:
 2. Shew some re-lent-ing, Or graunt thou doest now love,
 3. Truth is not plac-ed In words and forc-ed smiles,



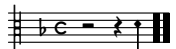
Heat still re-main-ing, And yet no sparke of fire?
 Two hearts con-sent-ing Shall they no com-forts prove?
 Love is not grac-ed With that which still be-guiles,



Thou art un-true, thou art un-true, nor wert with fan-cie mov-ed,
 Yeeld, or confesse, yeeld, or confesse that love is with-out plea-sure,
 Love or dis-like, love or dis-like yeeld fire, or give no fu-ell,



For de-sire hath powre on all, on all that e-ver lov-ed.
 And that wo-mens boun-ties rob men, rob men of their treasure,
 So maist thou prove kind, or at the least, the least lesse cru-ell.



XVI. Fie on this faining,

TENOR.

John Dowland



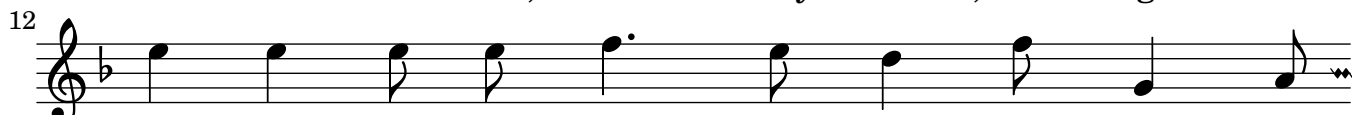
1. Fie on this fain - ing, Is love with - out de - sire,
 2. Shew some re - lent - ing, Or graunt thou doest now love,
 3. Truth is not plac - ed In words and forc - ed smiles,



Heat still re - main - ing And yet no sparke of fire?
 Two hearts con - sent - ing Shall they no com - forts prove?
 Love is not grac - ed With that which still be - guiles,



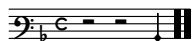
Thou art un - true, un - true nor wert with fan - cie
 Yeeld, or con - fesse, con - fesse that love is with - out
 Love or dis - like, dis - like yeeld fire, or give no



mov - ed, For de - sire, de - sire hath powre, hath
 plea - sure, And that wo - mens, wo - mens boun - ties,
 fu - ell, So maist thou, maist thou prove kind, prove



powre on all that e - ver lov - ed.
 boun - ties rob men of their trea - sure,
 kind or at the least lesse cru - ell.



XVI. Fie on this faining,

BASSUS.

John Dowland



1. Fie on this fain-ing, Is love with-out de-sire,
 2. Shew some re-lent-ing, Or graunt thou doest now love,
 3. Truth is not plac-ed In words and forc-ed smiles,



Heat still re-main-ing And yet no sparke of fire?
 Two hearts con-sent-ing Shall they no com-forts prove?
 Love is not grac-ed With that which still be-guiles,



Thou art un-true, nor wert with fan-cie mov-ed, For de-
 Yeeld, or con-fesse that love is with-out plea-sure, And that
 Love or dis-like, yeeld fire, or give no fu-ell, So maist



sire, de-sire hath powre on all, on all that e-ver lov-ed.
 wo-mens, wo-mens boun-ties, bounties rob men of their trea-sure,
 thou, maist thou prove kind, prove kind or at the least lesse cru-ell.



XIX. Faction that ever dwells

Canto.

John Dowland



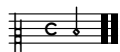
1. Fact-ion that e - ver dwells,	In court where wits ex -
2. For-tune swears, weak - est harts	The booke of Cu-pids
3. This dis - cord it be - get	A - theist that ho - nor
4. So to the wood went I	With love to live and
5. My saint is deere to mee,	And love hir selfe is



cells hath set de - fi-ance,	For-tune and love hath
arts Turne with hir wheele,	Sen - ces them-selves shall
not Na - ture thought good,	For-tune should e - ver
die For - tune for - lorne.	Ex - per - ience of my
shee Jone faier and true,	Jone that doth e - ver



sworne,	That they were ne - ver borne,	of one a - liance.
prove	Ven-ture hir place in love	Aske them that feele.
dwel	In court where wits ex - cell	Love keepe the wood.
youth	Made me thinke hum-ble truth	In de - sert borne.
move	Pas-sions of love with love	For - tune a - diew.



XVIII. Faction that ever dwells

Alto.

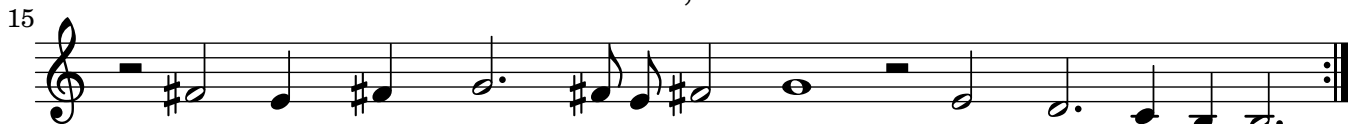
John Dowland



1. Fact-ion that e - ver dwells,	In court where wits ex-
2. For-tune swears, weak-est harts	The booke of Cu-pids
3. This dis - cord it be - get	A - theist that ho - nor
4. So to the wood went I	With love to live and
5. My saint is deere to mee,	And love hir selfe is



cells, Hath set de - fiance,	For-tune and love hath sworne,
arts Turne with hir wheele,	Sen - ces themselves shall prove
not Na - ture thought good,	For-tune should e - ver dwell
die For - tune for - lorne.	Ex - per - ience of my youth
shee Jone faier and true,	Jone that doth e - ver move



That they were ne - ver borne,	of one a - liance.
Ven-ture hir place in love	Aske them that feele.
In court where wits ex - cell	Love keepe the wood.
Made me thinke hum - ble truth	In de - sert borne.
Pas-sions of love with love	For - tune a - diew.



XVIII. Faction that ever dwells

Tenore.

John Dowland



1. Fact-ion that e - ver dwells, In court where wits ex-
 2. For-tune swears, weak - est harts The booke of Cu-pids
 3. This dis - cord it be - get A - theist that ho - nor
 4. So to the wood went I With love to live and
 5. My saint is deere to mee, And love hir selfe is



8 cells, Hath set de - fiance, For-tune and love hath
 arts Turne with hir wheele, Sen - ces themselves shall
 not Na - ture thought good, For-tune should e - ver
 die For - tune for - lorne. Ex - per - ience of my
 shee Jone faier and true, Jone that doth e - ver



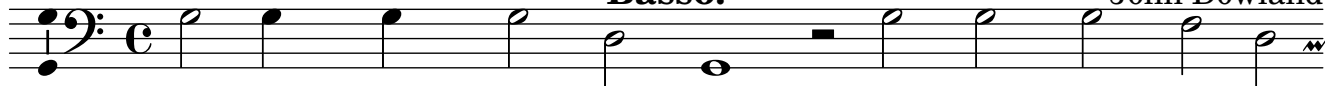
14 8 sworne, That they were ne - ver borne, of one a - liance.
 prove Ven-ture hir place in love Aske them that feele.
 dwell In court where wits ex - cell Love keepe the wood.
 youth Made me thinke hum - ble truth In de - sert borne.
 move Pas-sions of love with love For - tune a - diew.



XVIII. Faction that ever dwells

Basso.

John Dowland



<p>1. Fact-ion that e - ver dwells, 2. For-tune swears, weak - est harts 3. This dis - cord it be - get 4. So to the wood went I 5. My saint is deere to mee,</p>	<p>In court where wits ex - The booke of Cu-pids A - theist that ho - nor With love to live and And love hir selfe is</p>
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7

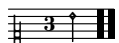


<p>cells, arts not die shee</p>	<p>Hath set de - fi-ance, Turne with hir wheele, Na - ture thought good, For - tune for - lorne. Jone faier and true,</p>	<p>For - tune and love hath Sen - ces them-selves shall For - tune should e - ver Ex - per - ience of my Jone that doth e - ver</p>
---	---	---

14



<p>sworne, prove dwell youth move</p>	<p>That they were ne - ver borne, Ven-ture hir place in love In court where wits ex - cell Made me thinke hum-ble truth Pas-sions of love with love</p>	<p>of one a - liance. Aske them that feele. Love keepe the wood. In de - sert borne. For - tune a - diew.</p>
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XVIII. His golden locks time hath to silver turnde

Cantus.

John Dowland



1. His gold - en locks time hath to sil - ver turnde.
 2. His hel - met now shall make a hive for Bees,
 3. And when he sad - dest sits in home - ly Cell,



O time too swift, O swift-nesse ne - ver ceas-ing!
 And lo - vers So - nets turne to ho - ly Psalmes:
 Hee'l teach his swaines this Ca - roll for a song,



His youth gainst time and age hath e - ver spurnd,
 A man at armes must now serve on his knees,
 Blest be the hearts that wish my So-veraigne well,



But spurnd in vain, youth wa - neth by in-creas - ing.
 And feed on Pray - ers which are ag - es almes:
 Curst be the soule that thinks him an - y wrong.

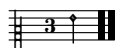


Beau - tie, strength, youth are flowers but fad - ing
 But though from Court to co - tage he de -
 Yee gods al - low this a - ged man his



seene: Du - tie, Faith, Love are roots and e - ver greene.
 part, His Saint is sure of his un - spot - ted heart.
 right, To be your Beads-man now that was your Knight.

¹ Original is a G



XVIII. His golden locks time hath to silver turnde

Altus.

John Dowland



1. His gold-en locks time hath to sil-ver, to sil-ver turnde.
 2. His hel-met now shall make a hive for, a hive for Bees,
 3. And when he sad-dest sits in home-ly, in home-ly Cell,



O time too swift, O swift-nesse ne-ver ceas-ing!
 And lo-vers So-nets turne to ho-ly Psalmes:
 Hee'l teach his swaines this Ca-roll for a song,



His youth gainst time and age hath e-ver spurnd,
 A man at armes must now serve on his knees,
 Blest be the hearts that wish my So-veraigne well,



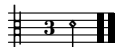
But spurnd in vain, youth wa-neth, wa-neth by increas-ing.
 And feed on Pray-ers which are, which are ag-es almes:
 Curst be the soule that thinks him, thinks him an-y wrong.



Beau-tie, strength, youth are flowers but fad-ing seene:
 But though from Court to co-tage he de-part,
 Yee gods al-low this a-ged man his right,



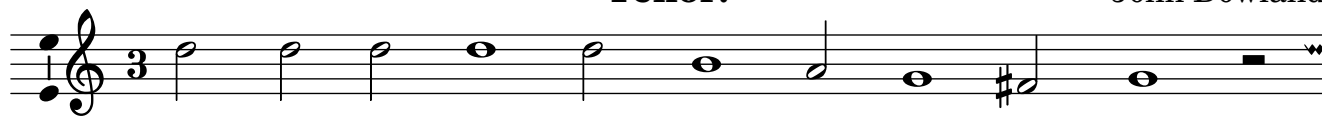
Du-tie, Du-tie, Faith, Love are roots and e-ver greene.
 His Saint, his Saint is sure of his un-spot-ted heart.
 To be, to be your Beads-man now that was your Knight.



XVIII. His golden locks time hath to silver turnde

Tenor.

John Dowland



1. His gold - en locks time hath to sil - ver turnde.
 2. His hel - met now shall make a hive for Bees,
 3. And when he sad - dest sits in home - ly Cell,



O, O time too swift, O time too swift, O swiftnesse ne-ver
 And, And lo - vers So - nets, lo - vers So - nets, turne to ho - ly
 Hee'l, Hee'l teach his swaines, Hee'l teach his swaines this Ca - roll for a



ceasing! His youth gainst time and age hath e - ver spurnd,
 Psalmes: A man at armes must now serve on his knees,
 song, Blest be the hearts that wish my Sovereigne well,



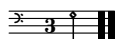
But spurnd in vain, youth wa - neth by in - creas - ing.
 And feed on Pray - ers which are ag - es almes:
 Curst be the soule that thinks him an - y wrong.



Beau - tie, strength, youth are flowers but fad - ing seene:
 But though from Court to co - tage he de - part,
 Yee gods al - low this a - ged man his right,



Du - tie, Faith, Love are roots and e - ver greene.
 His Saint is sure of his un - spot - ted heart.
 To be your Beads - man now that was your Knight.



XVIII. His golden locks time hath to silver turnde

Bassus.

John Dowland



1. His gold-en locks time hath to sil - ver turnde. O time too
 2. His hel-met now shall make a hive for Bees, And lo - vers
 3. And when he sad - dest sits in home - ly Cell, Hee'l teach his

7 (1)



swift, O swift-nesse ne-ver ceasing! His youth gainst time and age
 So - nets turne to ho - ly Psalmes: A man at armes must now
 swaines this Ca - roll for a song, Blest be the hearts that wish

12



hath e - ver spurnd, But spurnd in vain, youth wa - neth by in -
 serve on his knees, And feed on Pray - ers which are ag - es
 my So-veraigne well, Curst be the soule that thinks him an - y

17



creas-ing. Beau - tie, strength, youth are flowers but fad - ing
 almes: But though from Court to co - tage he de -
 wrong. Yee gods al - low this a - ged man his

24



seene: Du - tie, Faith, Love are roots and e - ver greene.
 part, His Saint is sure of his un - spot - ted heart.
 right, To be your Beads-man now that was your Knight.

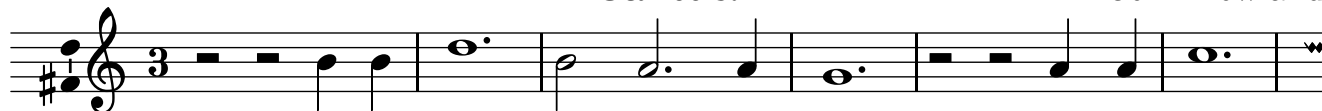
¹ Original is half note



XII. Rest a while, you cruell cares

Cantus.

John Dowland



1. Rest a while you cru - ell cares, Be not more
 2. If I speake, my words want wait, Am I mute,
 3. Never houre of pleas - ing rest Shall re - vive



se - vere then love. Beautie kils and beau - tie spares
 my heart doth breake, If I sigh, she feares de - ceit,
 my dy - ing ghost, Till my soule has re - pos - sest,



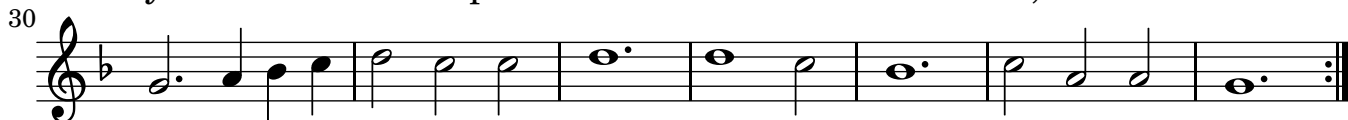
And sweet smiles sad sighes re - move: Lau - ra, faire
 Sor - row then for me must speake: Cru - ell, un -
 The sweet hope which love hath lost: Lau - ra re -



queene of my de - light, Come grant me love in loves de -
 kind, with fa - your view The wound that first was made by
 deeme the soule that dies, By fu - rie of thy murdering



spite, And if I e - ver faile to honor thee: 1-3. Let this
 you: And if my tor - ments fay - ned be,
 eyes: And if it prove un - kinde to thee,



hea - ven - ly light I see, Bee as darke as hell to me.

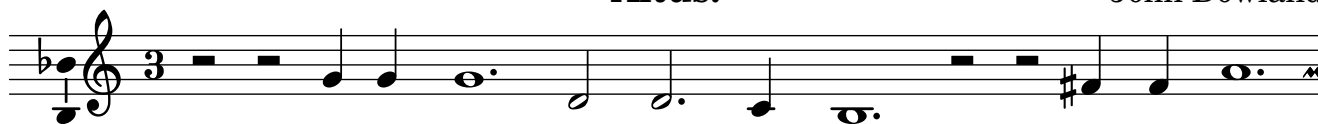
⁰Rest is editorial



XII. Rest a while, you cruell cares

Altus.

John Dowland



1. Rest a while you cru - ell cares, Be not more
 2. If I speake, my words want wait, Am I mute,
 3. Never houre of pleas - ing rest Shall re - vive



se - vere then love. Beautie kils and beau - tie spares
 my heart doth breake, If I sigh, she feares de - ceit,
 my dy - ing ghost, Till my soule has re - pos - sest,



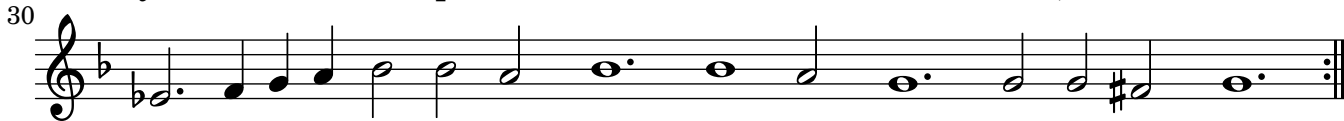
And sweet smiles sad sighes re - move: Lau-ra, faire
 Sor - row then for me must speake: Cru-ell, un-
 The sweet hope which love hath lost: Lau-ra re-



queene of my de - light, Come grant me love in loves de -
 kind, with fa - vour view The wound that first was made by
 deeme the soule that dies, By fu - rie of thy mur - dering



spite, And if I e - ver faile to ho - nor thee: 1-3. Let this
 you: And if my tor - ments fay - ned be,
 eyes: And if it prove un - kinde to thee,



hea - ven - ly light I see, Bee as darke as hell to me.

⁰ Key signature change is actually at start of line, not at start of phrase in original



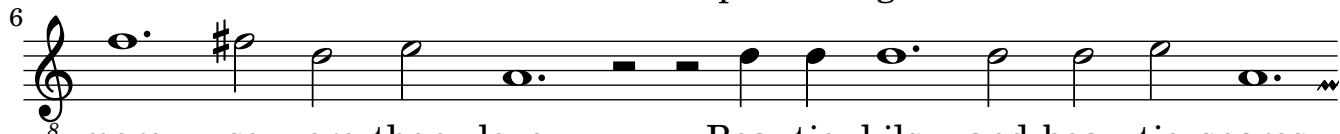
XII. Rest a while, you cruell cares

Tenor.

John Dowland



1. Rest a while you cru - ell cares, Be not
 2. If I speake, my words want wait, Am I
 3. Ne-ver houre of pleas - ing rest Shall re-



more se - vere then love. Beautie kils and beau-tie spares
 mute, my heart doth breake, If I sigh, she feares de - ceit,
 vive my dy - ing ghost, Till my soule has re - pos - sest,



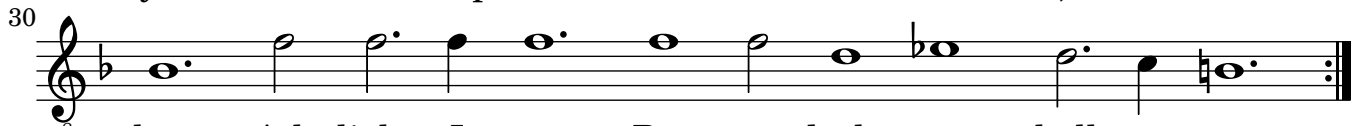
And sweet smiles sad sighes re - move: Lau - ra, faire
 Sor - row then for me must speake: Cru - ell, un -
 The sweet hope which love hath lost: Lau - ra re -



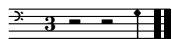
queene of my de - light, Come grant me love in loves de -
 kind, with fa - vour view The wound that first was made by
 deeme the soule that dies, By fu - rie of thy mur - derring



spite, And if I e - ver faile to ho - nor thee: 1-3. Let this
 you: And if my tor - ments fay - ned be,
 eyes: And if it prove un - kinde to thee,



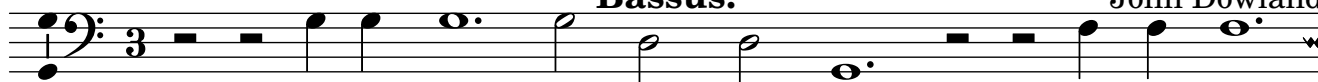
hea - v'nly light I see, Bee as darke as hell to me.



XII. Rest a while, you cruell cares

Bassus.

John Dowland



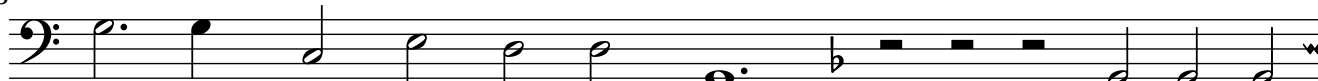
1. Rest a while you cru - ell cares, Be not more
 2. If I speake, my words want wait, Am I mute,
 3. Never houre of pleas - ing rest Shall re - vive

7



se - vere then love. Beautie kills and beau - tie spares
 my heart doth breake, If I sigh, she feares de - ceit,
 my dy - ing ghost, Till my soule has re - pos - sest,

13



And sweet smiles sad sighes re - move: Lau - ra, faire
 Sor - row then for me must speake: Cru - ell, un -
 The sweet hope which love hath lost: Lau - ra re -

18



queene of my de - light, Come grant me love in loves de -
 kind, with fa - your view The wound that first was made by
 deeme the soule that dies, By fu - rie of thy murdering

24



spite, And if I e - ver faile to honor thee: 1-3. Let this
 you: And if my tor - ments fay - ned be,
 eyes: And if it prove un - kinde to thee,

30



hea - v'nly light I see, Bee as darke as hell to me.

XVI. Wofull hart with griefe oppressed,

Canto.

John Dowland

1. Wo- full hart with griefe op- press-ed, Since my for- tunes most dis-
 2. Fly my breast, leave mee for- sak- en, Where- in Griefe his seate hath

8
 tres- sed. From my joyes hath mee re- mo- ved, Fol- low
 tak- en, All his ar- rowes through mee dart- ing, Thou maist

14
 those sweet eies a- do- red, Those sweet eyes where- in are
 live by hir Sunne- shin- ing, I shall suf- fer no more

20
 stor- ed, All my plea- sures best bee- lov- ed.
 pin- ing, By thy losse, then by hir part- ing.

¹ This system (from tress- ed to those sweet) has the flat in the key signature on the third line, although the C clef is on the first line. I'm assuming the clef is correct and the key signature is wrong.

XVI. Wofull hart with grieve oppressed,

Alto.

John Dowland

1. Wo- full hart with grieve op-press-ed, Since my for-tunes most dis-
 2. Fly my breast, leave mee for- sak- en, Where-in Griefe his seate hath
 8 tres-sed. From my Joyes my Joyes hath mee re- mov'd, Fol- low
 tak- en, All his ar- rows ar- rows through mee dart- ing, Thou maist
 14 those sweete eies a- dored, Those faier eyes where- in are
 live by hir Sunne- shin- ing, I shall suf- fer no more
 20 stor- ed, All my plea- sures best bee- lov- ed.
 pin- ing, By thy losse, then by hir part- ing.

XVI. Wofull hart with griefe oppressed,

Tenore.

John Dowland

1. Wo- full hart with griefe op-press-ed, Since my for-tunes most dis-
 2. Fly my breast, leave mee for-sak-en, Where-in Griefe his seate hath
 8 tres-sed. From my joyes my Joyes hath mee re- mo-ved, Fol- low those sweet
 tak- en, All his ar- rows through mee dart- ing, Thou maist live by
 14 eies those sweet eyes a- do- red, Those sweet eyes where- in are
 hir Sunne- by hir Sunne- shin- ing, I shall suf- fer no more
 20 stor- ed, All my plea- sures plea- sures best bee- lov- ed.
 pin- ing, By thy losse, by thy losse then by hir part- ing.

² This and the following note are quarter notes in the original.

XVI. Wofull hart with grieve oppressed,

Basso.

John Dowland



1. Wo- full hart with grieve op-press- ed, Since my for-tunes most dis-
 2. Fly my breast, leave mee for- sak- en, Where-in Griefe his seate hath



tres-sed. From my joyes hath mee re- mov'd, Fol- low those sweet eyes sweet
 tak- en, All his ar- rows through mee darting, Thou maist live by hir by



eyes a- do- red, All my plea- sures best bee- lov- ed.
 hir Sunne-shin-ing, By thy losse, then by hir part-ing.



Tell me true Love where shall I seeke thy being,

CANTUS.

John Dowland



1. Tell me true Love where shall I seeke thy being, In
 2. When thoughts are still un-seene and words dis-gui-sed; voves
 3. Mount then my thoughts, here is for thee no dwell-ing, Since
 4. O fair-est minde, en-rich'd with Loves re-si-ding, re-



thoughts or words, in voves or pro-mise mak-ing, In rea-sons, lookes,
 are not sa-cred held, nor pro-mise debt: By pas-sion rea-
 truth and false-hood live like twins to-ge-ther: Be-leeve not sense,
 taine the best; in hearts let some seede fall, In stead of weeds



or pas-sions, or pas-sions, ne-ver see-ing In men on earth,
 sons glo-ry, glo-ry, is sur-pris-ed, In ney-ther sexe
 not sense, eyes, eares, touch, taste, or smell-ing, Both Art and Na-
 Loves fruits may, Loves fruits may have a-bid-ing; at Har-vest you



or wo-mens minds par-ta-king. Thou canst not dye, and
 is true love firme-ly set, Thoughts fainde, words false, voves
 ture's forc'd: put trust in ney-ther. One one-ly shee doth
 shall reape en-crease of all. O hap-py Love, more



there-fore li-ving, there-fore li-ving, Tell me
 and pro-mise bro-ken, pro-mise bro-ken, Made true
 true Love cap-tive binde, cap-tive binde In fair-
 hap-py man that findes thee, man that findes thee, Most hap-

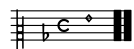
30

where is thy seate, is thy seate, thy seate, Why,
 Love flye from earth, fly from earth, from earth, This,
 est brest, fair- est brest, fair- est brest, but,
 py Saint, hap- py Saint, hap- py Saint, hap- py Saint, that,

35

why doth this age ex- pell thee?
 this is the to- ken.
 but in a fair- er minde.
 that keepes, re- stores, un- bindes thee.

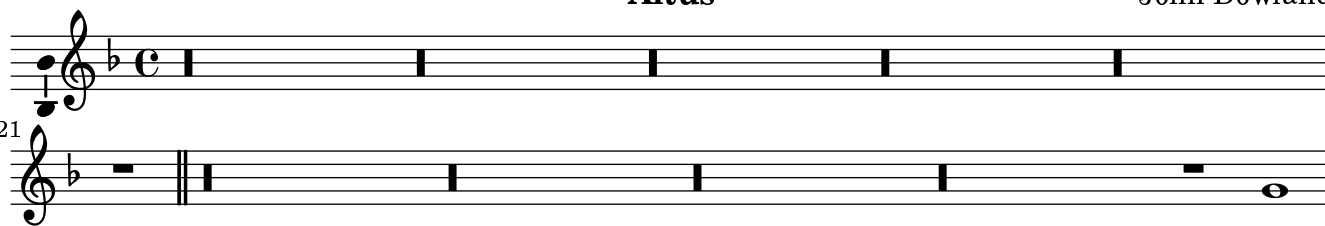
¹ Original has dot on right side of barline.



Tell me true Love where shall I seeke thy being,

Altus

John Dowland



1. Thou,
2. Thoughts,
3. One,
4. O,



thou canst not dye, and there- fore, there- fore li- ving, Tell
 thoughts fainde, words false, voves and pro- mise bro- ken Made
 one one- ly shee doth true Love cap- tive binde, cap- tive binde, In
 O hap- py Love, more hap- py man that findes thee, Most

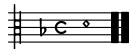


me, tell mee, where is thy seate, where is thy seate, Why
 true Love flye from earth, flye from earth, flye from earth, This
 fair- est brest, in fair- est brest, fair- est brest, fair- est brest, but
 hap- py Saint, most hap- py Saint, hap- py Saint, hap- py Saint, that



doth this age ex- pell thee?
 is the to- ken.
 in a fair- er minde.
 keeps, re- stores, un- bindes thee.

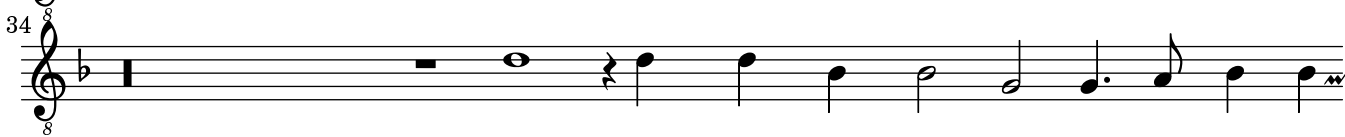
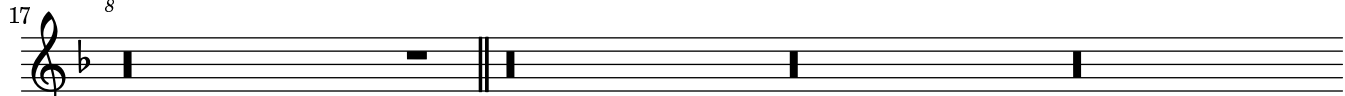
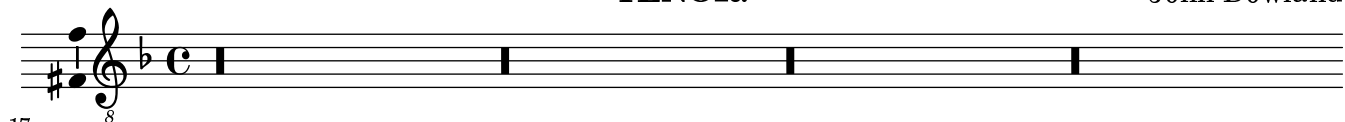
⁰Note the altus and the tenor sing only on the repeat of the chorus



Tell me true Love where shall I seeke thy being,

TENOR.

John Dowland



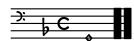
1. Thou, thou canst not dye, and there- fore
2. Thoughts fainde, words false, vowes and pro- mise
3. One, one one- ly shee doth true Love cap- tive
4. O, O hap- py Love, more hap- py man that



li- ving, there-fore li- ving Tell me, tell me, where is thy
 bro- ken, pro- mise bro- ken, Made true Love flye, flye from earth, from
 binde, doth true Love cap- tive binde, In fair- est brest, in fair- est,
 findes thee, man that findes thee, Most hap- py Saint, most hap- py,



seate, thy seate, Why doth this age, why doth this age ex- pell, ex- pell thee?
 earth, from earth, This is, this is the to- ken.
 fair- est brest, but in, but in a fair- er minde.
 hap- py Saint, that keepes, re- stores, un- bindes thee.



Tell me true Love where shall I seeke thy being,

Bassus

John Dowland



13



25



Bassus -- Chorus second time

C



1. Thou, thou canst not dye, and therefore li- ving, Tell
2. Thoughts fainde, words false, vovves and pro- mise bro- ken Made
3. One, one- ly shee doth true Love cap- tive binde In
4. O hap- py Love, more hap- py man that findes thee, Most



me, tell me, where is thy seate, thy seate, where
 true Love, flye from earth, from earth, Love
 fair- est brest, In fair- est brest, fair- est brest but
 hap- py Saint, most hap- py Saint, hap- py Saint, that

12



is thy seate, Why doth this age ex- pell thee?
 flye from earth, This is the to- ken.
 in a fair- er minde, a fair- er minde.
 keepes, re- stores, un- bindes thee, un- bindes thee.

⁰Note the bassus plays through the verse and the first time through the chorus, but sings only on the repeat of the chorus.