O what shall I do?  

O what shall I do. or whither shall I turn me?  Shall I make unto her eyes? shall I make unto her eyes? O no, they'll burn me! Shall I seal up my eyes and speak my part? Then in a flood of tears, then in a flood of tears, then in a flood of tears, I drown my heart. For tears being stopped will swell will swell will swell for scope, Though they o'er-flow love, life and hope,  

By beauty's eye I'll choose to die. At thy feet I fall, fair creature rich in beauty. And for pity call, for pity
call: O kill not love and duty. O kill not love and duty. O kill not love and duty. Let thy smooth tongue fan on my sense thy breath. To stay thine eye from burning me to death. But if mercy be ex-
il-ed From a thing so fair compiled, from a thing so fair com-
pil-ed. Then patiently By thee I'll die, I'll die.
O what shall I do?

Transposed down a fourth

Altus

John Wilbye (1574 – 1638)
The Second set of English Madrigals (No. 6)

O what shall I do, or whither shall I turn? Shall I make unto her eyes? shall I make unto her eyes? O no, they'll burn me! Shall I seal up my eyes and speak my part? Then in a flood of tears, then in a flood of tears, I drown my heart. For tears being stopped will swell will swell will swell for scope, Though they o'er-flow love, life love, life and hope. By beauty's eye I'll choose to die, I'll choose to die. At thy feet I fall, fair creature rich in beauty. And for pity call: O kill not love and du-

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Printed on: September 13, 2018
ty. O kill not love and duty. O kill not love and duty.

ty. O kill not love and duty. O kill not love and duty.

Let thy smooth tongue fan on my sense thy breath. To stay thine eye from burning me to death. But if mercy be exiled From a thing so fair compiled. From a thing so

fair compiled. Then patiently By thee I'll die.
O what shall I do?

Bassus

John Wilbye (1574 – 1638)

The Second set of English Madrigals (No. 6)

O what shall I do, or wither shall I turn me? Shall I make unto her eyes? O no, they'll burn me! Shall I seal up my eyes and speak my part, and speak my part? Then in a flood of tears, then in a flood of tears, I drown my heart. For tears being stopped will swell will swell for scope, Though they o'er-flow love, life and hope, By beauty's eye I'll choose to die. At thy feet I fall, fair creature rich in beauty. And for pity call, for pity call: O kill not love and duty. O kill not love
and duty. Let thy smooth tongue fan on my sense thy breath

To stay thine eye from burning me to death. But if mercy be ex-

il-ed From a thing so fair compiled, from a

thing so fair compiled. Then patiently By thee I'll die.
O what shall I do?  
Transposed down a fourth  

John Wilbye (1574 – 1638)  
The Second set of English Madrigals (No. 6)  

Cantus

Altus

Bassus

The Second set of English Madrigals (No. 6)
heart. For tears being stopped will swell will swell

heart. For tears being stopped will swell will swell

will swell for scope, Though they o'er-flow love,

will swell for scope, Though they o'er-flow love,

for scope, Though they o'er-

life and hope, By beauty's eye I'll choose to die.

life love, life and hope. By beauty's eye I'll choose to die, I'll choose to die. At thy feet I

flow love, life and hope, By beauty's eye I'll choose to die. At thy feet I

At thy feet I fall, fair creature rich in beauty. And for pi-ty call, for pi-ty

At thy feet I fall, fair creature rich in beauty. And for pi-ty call: O kill not love and du-

fall, fair creature rich in beauty. And for pi-ty call: O kill not love and du-

fall, fair creature rich in beauty. And for pi-ty call, for pi-

call: O kill not love and du - ty. O kill not

call: O kill not love and du - ty. O kill not
I'll

Let thy smooth tongue fan

not love and duty. Let thy smooth tongue fan on my sense

on my sense thy breath. To stay thine eye from burning me to death.

But if mercy be exiled From a thing so fair compiled.

be exiled From a thing so fair compiled.

ed, from a thing so fair compiled. Then patiently By thee I'll die, I'll die.

d, from a thing so fair compiled. Then patiently By thee I'll die.