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Part I
First Booke

I. Unquiet thoughts your civil slaughter stint

Cantus



1. Un- qui- et thoughts your ci- vil slaugh- ter stint, and
 2. But what can slay my thoughts they may not start, or
 3. How shall I then gaze on my mis- tresse eyes? My



wrap your wrongs with- in a pen- sive heart: and you my tongue that makes my
 put my tongue in du- rance for to die? When as these eyes, the keys of
 thoughts must have som vent: else hart will break. My tongue would rust as in my



mouth a mint, and stamps my thoughts to coine them words by art, Be still: for if you
 mouth and hart, O- pen the locke where all my love doth lie; Ile seale them up with-
 mouth it lies, If eyes and thoughts were free, and that not speake. Speake then, and tell the



e- ver do the like, Ile cut the string, Ile cut the string, that makes the ham- mer strike. strike.
 in their lids for ever: So thoughts, and words, so thoughts and words, and looks shall die to- gether. gether.
 pas- sions of de- sire; Which turns mine eies to floods, mine eies to floods, my thoghts to fire. fire.

Altus



1. Un- qui- et thoughts, your ci- vill slaugh- ter
2. But what can slay my thoughts they may not
3. How shall I then gaze on my mis- tresse



stint, and wrap your wrongs with- in a pen- sive hart, and you my tongue that makes my
start, or put my wrongs with- in for to die? When as these eyes, the keyes of
eyes? My thoughts must have some vent else hart will break. My tongue would rust as in my



mouth a mint, my tongue that makes my mouth a mint, and stamps my thoughts to coine them
mouth and hart, these eyes, the keyes of mouth and hart, O- pen the locke where all
mouth it lies, would rust as in my mouth it lies, If eyes and thoughts were free,



words by art, be still, be still for if you e- ver do the like, Ile
my love doth lie; Ile seale them up with- in with- in their lids for- ever: So
and that not speake. Speake then, and tell the, and tell pas- sions of de- sire; Which



cut the string, ile cut the string that makes the ham- mer strike be strike.
thoughts, so thoughts and looks and words shall die, to- gether. So thoughts and words,
turns mine eies, which turns mine eies, to floods my thoghts to fire. Which turns

Tenor



1. Un- qui- et thoughts, your ci- vill slaught- er stint, and
 2. But what can slay my thoughts they may not start, or
 3. How shall I then gaze on my mis- tresse eyes? My



wrap your wrongs with- in a pen- sive hart: and you my tongue, and you my
 put my tongue in du- rance for to die? When as these eyes, when as these
 thoughts must have som vent: else hart will break. My tongue would rust, my tongue would



tongue, that makes my mouth a mint, and stamps my thoughts, my thoughts to coine, to coine them words by
 eyes, the keyes of mouth and hart, O- pen the locke, the locke where all, where all my love doth
 rust, as in my mouth it lies, If eyes and thoughts, and thoughts were free, were free and that not



art, be still: for if you e- ver do the like, Ile cut the
 lie; Ile seale them up with- in their lids for e- ver: So thoughts, and
 speake. Speake then, and tell the pas- sions of de- sire; Which turns mine



string, Ile cut the string that makes the ham- mer strike. be strike.
 words, so thoughts and words, and looks shall die to- gether. Ile gether.
 eies, which turns mine eies, to floods, my thoghts to fire. Speak fire.

Bassus



1. Un- qui- et thoughts, your ci- vill slaugh- ter stint, and
 2. But what can slay my thoughts they may not start, or
 3. How shall I then gaze on my mis- tresse eyes? My



wrap your wrongs with- in a pen- sive hart, a pen- sive hart, and you my tongue, that makes my mouth
 put my tongue in du- rance for to die? rance for to die? When as these eyes, the keyes of mouth
 thoughts must have som vent: else hart will break, else hart will break. My tongue would rust as in my mouth



a mint, to coine them words by art, be still: for if you do the
 and hart, O- pen the locke where all my love doth lie; Ile seale them
 it lies, If eyes and thoughts were free, and that not speake. Speake then, and



like, Ile cut the string, Ile cut the string the string that makes the ham- mer strike. strike.
 up with- in their lids for ever: So thoughts, and words, and looks shall die to- gether. gether.
 tell the pas- sions of de- sire; Which turns mine eies to floods, my thoghts to fire. fire.

Altus



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



pids lawes doth glo- ry, Who joyes in vowes or vowes not to re- move, Who by this light- god hath not bin
 stant ho- nour arm'd, Can keepe love from the fruit that is for- bidden, Who thinks that change is by in- treat-



made so- rie: Let him see me Let him see me e- clip- sed from my sun, my sun with dark
 y charmd, Look- ing on me, Look- ing on me let him know, loves de- lights de- lights Are trea-



clouds of an earth. With dark clouds of an earth quite o- ver- runne, quite o- ver- runne. Let him see me runne.
 sures hid in caves, are trea- sures hid in caves But kept by sprights, but kept by sprights. Look- ing on me sprights.

Tenor



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 vowes not to re- move,
 faith in con- stant ho- nour arm'd, Can keepe love from the fruit that is for- bidden,



Who by thi light- god hath not bin made so- rie, Let him see me e- clip- sed from my sun,
 Who thinks that change is by in- treat- y charmd, Look- ing on me let him know, loves de- lights,



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



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

¹Original has a D quarter note.

²This is a quarter rest in the original

Bassus



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



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



hath not been made so- ry: Let him see me e- clip- sed from my sun, with dark clouds of an earth,
 by in- treat- y charmd, Look- ing on me let him know, loves de- lights Are trea- sures hid in caves,



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

III. My thoughts are winged with hopes

See also the instrumental version, *Sir John Souch, his galliard*, Page L-37.

Cantus



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 she doth in
 If for mis- trust my mis- tresse do you blame, Say though you al- ter, yet
 And make the hea- vens darke with her dis- daine, With wind- y sighes, dis- perse



the hea- vens move, In earth so wanes and wax- eth my de- light: and whis- per
 you do not varie, As she doth change, and yet re- maine the same: Dis- trust doth
 them in the skies, Or with thy teares dis- solve them in- to raine; Thoughts, hopes, and



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

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

Altus



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



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



vens move, In earth so wanes and wax- eth my de- light: and whis- per this,
 not va- rie, As she doth change, and yet re- maine the same: Dis- trust doth en-
 to raine; With wind- y sighes, dis- perse them in the skies, Thoughts, hopes, and love



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

Tenor



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



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



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



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



earess, 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.

¹Original has C half note

²Original is a quarter note.

Bassus



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 she doth in the hea- vens moove,
 trust my mis- tresse do you blame, Say though you al- ter, yet you do not varie,
 hea- vens darke with her dis- daine, With wind- y sighes, dis- perse them in the skies,



In earth so wanes and wax- eth my de- light: And whis- per this but soft- ly
 As she doth change, and yet re- maine the same: Dis- trust doth en- ter hearts, but
 Or with thy teares dis- solve them in- to raine; Thoughts, hopes, and love re- turn to



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

III. If my complaints

See also the instrumental version, *Captaine Digorie Piper his Galiard*, Page L-40.

Cantus



1. If my com-plaints could pas-si-ons move,
My pas-sions were e-nough to prove,
2. Can love be rich, and yet I want?
Is love my Judge, and yet I am condemnd?



1. or make love see where- in I suf-fer wrong: O love, I live and
that my de-spairs had go-vernd mee too long. Thy wounds doe fresh-ly
2. Thou plen-ty hast, yet me dost scant: That I do live, it
Thou made a God, and yet thy power con-temnd. That I de-sire it



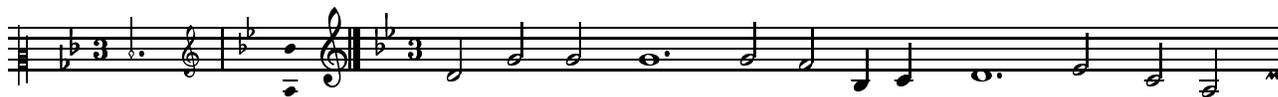
1. die in thee, my heart for thy un-kind-nesse breakes: thou saist thou
bleed in mee, thy griefe in my deepe sighes still speakes: Yet thou dost
2. is thy power: If love doth make mens lives too sowre, Die shall my
is thy worth: Let me not love, not live hence- forth. May heere des-



1. canst my harmes re- paire, and when I hope, thou makst me hope in vaine.
hope when I de- spaire, yet for re- dresse, thou letst me still com- plaine.
2. hopes, but not my faith, That you that of my fall may hear-ers be
paire, which true-ly faith, I was more true to love than love to me.

¹Original has quarter note

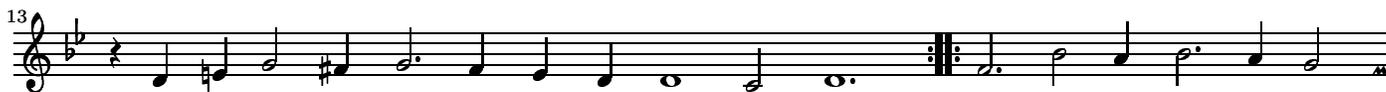
Altus



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? Thou plen-ty
Is love my Judge, and yet I am condemnd? Thou made a



1. see where- in I suf-fer wrong: O love, I live I live and die in thee,
spaires had go-vernd mee too long. Thy wounds doe fresh-ly fresh-ly bleed in mee,
2. hast, yet me dost scant: That I do live, it is thy power:
God, and yet thy power con-temnd. That I de-sire it is thy worth:



1. thy grieffe in my deepe sighes deepe sighs still speakes: Yet thou dost hope dost hope
my heart for thy un-kind un-kind-nesse breakes: thou saist thou canst thou canst
2. If love doth make mens lives too sowre, Die shall my hopes, but
Let me not love, not live hence- forth. May heere des- paire, which



1. when I de- spaire, and when I hope, thou makst thou makst me hope in vaine.
my harmes re- paire, yet for re- dresse, thou letst thou letst me still com- plaine.
2. not my faith, That you that of my fall may hear- ers be
true- ly faith, I was more true to love than love to me.

Tenor



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, Thou
Is love my Judge, and yet I am con-demnd? con-demned? Thou



1. make love see where- in I suf-fer wrong: O love, I live and die, I
my de-spires had go-vernd mee too long. Thy wounds doe fresh - ly bleed do
2. plen-ty hast, yet me dost scant: That I do live, it is, I
made a God, and yet thy power con-temnd. That I de-sire it is, I



1. live and die in thee, thy grieffe in my deepe sighes deepe sighs still speakes:
fresh-ly bleed in mee, my hart for thy un-kind un-kind-nesse breakes:
2. live it is thy power: If love doth make mens lives, mens lives, too sowre,
de-sire it, thy worth: Let me not love, not live, not live, hence- forth.



1. Yet thou dost hope when I de-spaire, and when I hope, thou makst me hope in vaine.
thou saist thou canst my harmes re-paire, yet for re-dresse, thou letst me still com-plaine.
2. Die shall my hopes, but not my faith, That you that of my fall may hear-ers be
May heere des-paire, which true-ly faith, I was more true to love than love to me.

Bassus



1. If my complaints could passions move, or make love
My passions were enough to prove, that my de-
2. Can love be rich, and yet I want? Thou plenty
Is love my Judge, and yet I am con-demnd? Thou made a



1. see where- in I suffer wrong: O love, I live and die in thee, thy grieft thy grieft in my
spaires had governd mee too long. Thy wounds doe fresh- ly bleed in mee, my heart my heart for thy
2. hast, yet me dost scant: That I do live, it is thy power: If love, if love, doth make
God, and yet thy power con- temnd. That I de- sire it is thy worth: Let me, let me, not love,



1. deepe sighes still speakes: and when I hope, thou makst, thou makst, me hope in vaine.
un- kind- nesse breakes: yet for re- dresse, thou letst, thou letst, me still com- plaine.
2. mens lives too sowre, That you that of my fall, my fall may hear- ers be
not live hence- forth. I was more true to love, to love, than love to me.

¹This rest is editorial.

V. Can she excuse my wrongs

The words to this song may have been written by the Earl of Essex, about his stormy relationship with Queen Elizabeth. [Pou82, page 226ff] This would explain why Dowland calls the instrumental version of the tune (Page L-34), published after both Elizabeth and Essex were dead, *The Earl of Essex Galliard*.



PLATE XXXVIII. QUEEN ELIZABETH, 1588: Water-colour drawing by Isaac Oliver
Royal Library, Windsor. By gracious permission of H.M. the King

Figure 0.1: Queen Elizabeth, 1588. Watercolor drawing by Isaac Oliver.

Cantus



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-



1. good when she proves un- kind? No no: where sha- dows do for bo- dies stand,
 leaves where no fruit I find? Cold love is like to words writ- ten on sand,
2. joyes which she holds from me? If she will yeeld to that which rea- son is,
 nie, what can gran- ted be? Deare make me hap- py still by grant- ing this,



1. thou maist be a- busde if thy sight be dim. Wilt thou be thus a- bu- sed still,
 or to bub- bles which on the wa- ter swim.
2. It is rea- sons will that love should be just. Bet- ter a thou- sand times to die,
 Or cut off de- layes if that I die must.



1. see- ing that she wil right thee ne- ver if thou canst not ore- com her wil, thy love wil be thus fruit- les e- ver.
2. Then for to live thus still tor- ment- ed: Deare but re- mem- ber it was I Who for thy sake did die con- tent- ed.

Altus



1. Can she ex- cuse 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-



1. good when she proves un- kind? No no: where sha- dows do where sha- dows do for bo- dies
 leaves where no fruit I find? Cold love is like to words writ like to words writ- ten on
2. joyes which she holds from me? If she will yeeld to that which rea- son is, rea- son
 nie, what can gran- ted be? Deare make me hap- py still by grant- ing this, grant- ing



1. stand, thou maist be a- busde a- bused if thy sight be dim. 1. Wilt thou be thus a- bu - sed still,
 sand, or to bub- bles which on the wa- ter wa- ter swim.
2. is, It is rea- sons will that love, that love, should be just. Bet- ter a thou- sand times to die,
 this, Or cut off de- layes if that I die, I die, must.



1. see- ing that she wil right thee ne- ver if thou canst not ore- com her wil, thy love wil be thus fruit- les e- ver.
 2. Then for to live, thus still tor- ment- ed: Deare but re- mem- ber it was I Who for thy sake did die con- tent- ed.

⁰(1) original is whole note.

⁰(2) Original has A whole note.

Tenor



1. Can she ex- cuse 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-



1. good when she proves un- kind? No no no: where sha- dowes do for bo - dies for bo- dies stand,
leaves where no fruit I find? Cold love love is like to words to words writ- ten on sand,
2. joyes which she holds from me? If she will yeeld to that which rea- son, which rea- son, is,
nie, what can gran- ted be? Deare make me hap- py still by grant- ing, by grant- ing, this,



1. thou maist bee a- busde if thy sight thy sight be dim. Wilt thou be thus a- bu- sed
or to bub- bles which on the wa- ter wa- ter swim.
2. It is rea- sons will that love, that love, should be just. Bet- ter a thou- sand times to
Or cut off de- layes if that, if that, I die must.



1. still, see- ing that she wil right thee ne- ver if thou canst not ore- com her wil, thy love wil be thus fruit- les e- ver.
2. die, Then for to live thus still tor- ment- ed: Deare but re- mem- ber it was I Who for thy sake did die con- tent- ed.

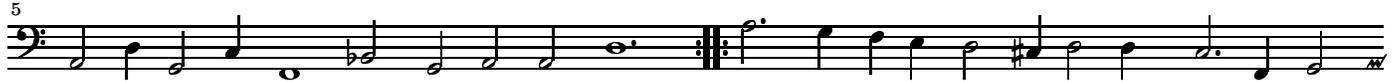


Figure 0.2: Robert Devereux, 3rd Earl of Essex.

Bassus



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:



1. shal I call her good when she proves un- kind? No no: where sha- dows do for bo- dies
 must I praise the leaves where no fruit I find? Cold love is like to words writ- ten on
2. Un- to those high joyes which she holds from me? If she will yeeld to that which rea- son
 If she this de- nie, what can gran- ted be? Deare make me hap- py still by grant- ing



1. stand, thou maist be a- busde if thy sight be dim. Wilt thou be thus a- bu- sed still,
 sand, or to bub- bles which on the wa- ter swim.
2. is, It is rea- sons will that love should be just. Bet- ter a thou- sand times to die,
 this, Or cut off de- layes if that I die must.



1. see- ing that she wil right thee ne- ver? if thou canst not ore- com her wil, thy love wil be thus fruit- les e- ver.
2. Then for to live thus still tor- ment- ed: Deare but re- mem- ber it was I Who for thy sake did die con- tent- ed.

VI. Now, o now, I needs must part

Cantus



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



1. ab- sent mourn. Ab- sence can no joy im- part: joy once fled can- not re-
hope is gone. Now at last de- spaire doth prove, love di- vi- ded lov- eth
2. joyes at once. I loved thee and thee a- lone, In whose love I joy- ed
joyes doe lie, Till that death doth sence be- reave, Ne- ver shall af- fec- tion
3. die to- gether. For my ab- sence ne- ver mourne, Whom you might have joy- ed
part with you. Him des- paire doth cause to lie, Who both lived and di- eth



1. turne.
none.
2. once. 1-3. Sad de- spair doth drive me hence, this des- paire un- kind- nes
die.
3. ever:
true.



- 1-3. sends. If that part- ing bee of- fence, it is shee which then of- fends.

Altus



1. Now O now, I needs must part, part- ing though I ab- sent mourn.
While I live I needs must love, love lives not when hope is gone.
2. Deare, when I from thee am gone, Gone are all my joyes at once.
And al- though your sight I leave, Sight where in my joyes doe lie,
3. Deare, if I do not re- turne, Love and I shall die to- gether.
Part we must though now I die, Die I do to part with you.



1. Ab- sence can no joy im- part: joy once fled can- not re- turne.
Now at last des- paire doth prove, love di- vi- ded lov- eth none.
2. I loved thee and thee a- lone, In whose love I joy- ed once. 1-3. Sad de- spair doth drive me
Till that death doth sence be- reave, Ne- ver shall af- fec- tion die.
3. For my ab- sence ne- ver mourne, Whom you might have joy- ed ever:
Him de- spaire doth cause to lie, Who both lived and di- eth true.



- 1-3. hence; this des- paire un- kind- nes sends. If that part- ing bee of- fence, it is shee which then of- fends.

Tenor



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



1. ab- sent mourn. Ab- sence can no joy im- part: joy once fled can- not re-
hope is gone. Now at last de- spaire doth prove, love di- vi- ded lov- eth
2. joyes at once. I loved thee and thee a- lone, In whose love I joy- ed
joyes doe lie, Till that death doth sence be- reave, Ne- ver shall af- fec- tion
3. die to- gether. For my ab- sence ne- ver mourne, Whom you might have joy- ed
part with you. Him des- paire doth cause to lie, Who both lived and di- eth



1. turne.
none.
2. once. 1-3. Sad de- spair doth drive me hence, me hence; this des- paire un- kind- nes
die.
3. ever.
true.



- 1-3. sends. If that part- ing bee of- fence, it is shee which then of-

Bassus



1. Now O now, I needs must part, part- ing though I ab- sent mourn.
While I live I needs must love, love lives not when hope is gone.
2. Deare, when I from thee am gone, Gone are all my joyes at once.
And al- though your sight I leave, Sight where in my joyes doe lie,
3. Deare, if I do not re- turne, Love and I shall die to- gether.
Part we must though now I die, Die I do to part with you.



1. Ab- sence can no joy im- part: joy once fled can- not re- turne.
Now at last de- spaire doth prove, love di- vi- ded lov- eth none.
2. I loved thee and thee a- lone, In whose love I joy- ed once. 1-3. Sad de- spair doth drive me hence,
Till that death doth sence be- reave, Ne- ver shall af- fec- tion die.
3. For my ab- sence ne- ver mourne, Whom you might have joy- ed ever:
Him de- spaire doth cause to lie, Who both lived and di- eth true.



- 1-3. me hence; this des- paire un- kind- nes sends. If that part- ing bee of- fence, it is shee which then of- fends.

Altus



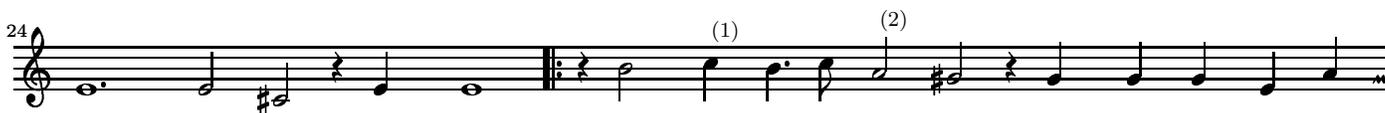
1. Deare, if you change, ile ne- ver chuse a- gaine. Sweet,
 2. Earth with her flowers shall soon- er heaven a- dorne, Heaven



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



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



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



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

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

¹Original is a half note

²Original is a quarter note

Tenor



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



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



beau- ty vaine. Wise, if too weake, moe wits ile ne- ver prove, moe wits ile ne- ver
 flames be borne, Ayre made to shine as black as hell shall prove, as black as hell shall



prove. Deare, sweet, faire, wise, Deare, sweet, faire, wise, change, shrink nor bee
 prove, Earth, hea- ven, fire, ayre, Earth, hea- ven fire ayre, the world trans- form'd



not weake: and, on my faith, my faith shall ne- ver breake. Deare, sweet,
 shall view, Ere I prove false to faith, or strange to you. Earth, hea- ven,

³Original is a quarter note

Bassus



1. Deare, if you change, ile ne- ver chuse a- gaine. Sweet, if you
 2. 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 judge all beau- tie vaine.
 starres, bright starres, through earths dim globe shall move, Fire heate shall lose, and frosts of flames be borne,



Wise, if too weake, moe wits ile ne- ver prove. Deare, sweet, faire, wise, deare, sweet, faire, wise, change,
 Ayre made to shine as blacke as hell shall prove: Earth, heaven, fire, ayre, earth, heaven fire, ayre, the



shrinke nor be not weak: and, on my faith, my faith shall ne- ver breake. Deare, sweet, faire, breake.
 world trans- form'd shall view, Ere I prove false to faith, or strange to you. Earth, heaven, fire, you.

VIII. Burst forth my tears

Cantus.



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



for- ward grie- fe, And shew what pain im- per- ious love pro- vokes. Kinde ten- der
 may have peace, At beau- ties gate in hope of pi- tie knocks; But mer- cy
 wing- ed beene; Yet are my sighes and sutes re- paid with mocks: I pleade, yet

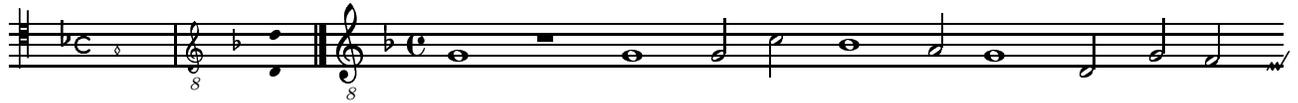


lambes, la- ment loves scant re- lief, And pine, since pen- sive care my free- dome yokes.
 sleepes while deep dis- daine in- crease, And beau- tie hope in her faire bo- some yokes.
 she re- pi- neth at my teene, O ruth- lesse ri- gour har- der then the rocks,



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

Tenor.



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



for- ward grieve, And shew what pain, pain im- per- ious love pro- vokes, im- per- ious
 may have peace, At beau- ties gate, gate in hope of pi- tie knocks; in hope of
 wing- ed beene; Yet are my sighs, sighes and sutes re- paid with mocks: and sutes re-



love pro- vokes. Kinde ten- der lambes, la- ment la- ment loves scant re- lief, re-
 pi- tie knocks; But mer- cy sleepes while deep dis- daine, dis- daine in- crease, in-
 paid with mocks: I pleade, yet she, yet she re- pi- neth at my teene, my



liefe, And pine, since pen- sive care, since pen- sive care my free- dome yokes. O pine,
 crease, And beau- tie hope in her faire, in her faire bo- some yokes. O grieve
 teene, O ruth- lesse ri- gour har- der, ri- gour har- der then the rocks, That both



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

Bassus.



1. And shew what
2. At beauties
3. Yet are my



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



scant re- lief, And pine, since pen- sive care my free- dome, my free- dome yokes. O pine,
 daine in- crease, And beau- tie hope in her faire bo- some, faire bo- some yokes. O grieve
 at my teene, O ruth- lesse ri- gour har- der then har- der then the rocks, That both



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

IX. Go, crystall teares,

Cantus



1. Go cry- stall tears, like to the mor- ning showsr,
2. Haste, rest- lesse sighes, and let your burn- ing breath



And sweet- ly weep in- to thy La- dies breast. And as the dewes re- vive the
Dis- solve the ice of her in- du- rate heart, Whose fro- zen ri- gour like for-



droop- ing flowers, so let your drops of pi- tie be ad- drest, to quick- en up
get- full death, Feeles ne- ver an- y touch of my de- sert: Yet sighes and teares



the thoghts of my de- sert, which sleeps too sound, whilst I from her de- part. To part.
to her I sa- cri- fice, Both from a spot- less heart and pa- tient eyes. Yet eyes.

⁰Modern conventions for notating the repeats are very different from what Dowland used. In this piece, I had to move the begin repeat to a much later point than Dowlands “go back to here” squiggle, with a correspondingly longer first alternative ending. LEC

¹Original has a barline between the note and the dot.

Altus



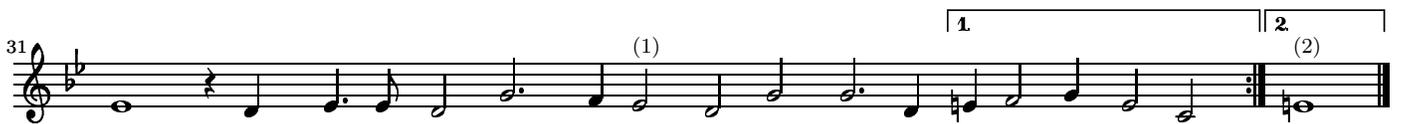
1. Go cry- stall tears, like to the mor- ning
 2. Haste, rest- lesse sighes, and let your burn - ing



shows, And sweet- ly weep in- to thy La- dies breast. And as the dewes re- vive the droop- ing
 breath Dis- solve the ice of her in- du- rate heart, Whose fro- zen ri- gour like for - get- full



flowers, so let your drops of pi- tie be ad- drest, to quick- en up the thoghts of my de-
 death, Feeles ne- ver an- y touch of my de- sert: Yet sighes and teares to her I sa- cri-



sert, which sleeps too sound, whilst I from her, from her de- part: from her de- part. part.
 fice, Both from a spot- less heart and pa- tient eyes, and pa- tient eyes. eyes.

²Original is a quarter note.

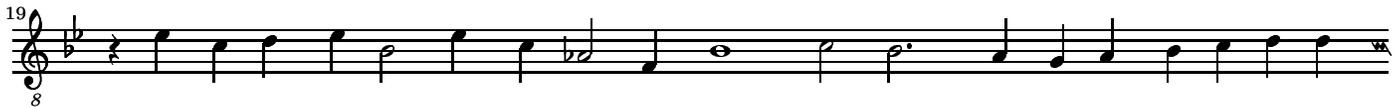
Tenor



1. Go cry- stall tears, like to the mor- ning
 2. Haste, rest- lesse sighes, and let your burn- ing



shows, And sweet- ly weep in- to thy La- dies breast.
 breath Dis- solve the ice of her in- du- rate heart,



And as the dewes re- vive the droop- ing flowers, so let your drops of pi- tie be ad-
 Whose fro- zen ri- gour like for- get- full death, Feeles ne- ver an- y touch of my de-



drest, to quick- en up the thoughts, the thoughts of my de- sert, which sleeps too sound, whilst
 sert: Yet sighes and teares to her to her I sa- cri- fice, Both from a spot- less



I from her from her, de- part, from her de- part from her de- part. to quick- en part.
 heart and pa- tient eyes, and eyes, and pa- tient eyes, and pa- tient eyes. Yet sighes and eyes.

²Original is a quarter note.

³Original B natural

⁴Original B flat

⁵these rests added by editor

Bassus



1. And sweet- ly weep, in- to thy La- dies breast. And as the dewes re- vive the droop- ing
 2. Dis- solve the ice of her in- du- rate heart, Whose fro- zen ri- gour like for- get- full



flowers, so let your drops of pi- tie be ad- drest, ad- drest, to quick- en up the thoughts
 death, Feeles ne- ver an- y touch of my de- sert, de- sert: Yet sighes and teares to her



of my de- sert, which sleeps too sound, whilst I from her de- part, from her de- part. To part.
 I sa- cri- fice, Both from a spot- less heart and pa- tient eyes, and pa- tient eyes. Yet eyes.

²Original is a quarter note.

X. Thinkst thou then by thy fayning

Cantus.



1. Thinkst thou then by thy fayning sleepe with a proud disdayning,
Or with thy crafty closing Thy cruel eyes reposing,
2. O that my sleepe dissembled, were to a trance resembled,
Thy cruel eyes deceiving, Of lively sense be reaving:
3. Should then my love aspiring, Forbidden joyes desiring,
So farre exceed the duty That vertue owes to beautie?



1. ning, To drive me from thy sight, when sleepe yeelds more delight, such harmless beautie gracing. cing.
ing, And while sleepe fayned is, may not I steale a kisse, Thy quiet armes embracing. cing.
2. bled, Then should my love require Thy loves unkind despite, While fury triumpht boldly ly
ing: In beauties sweet disgrace: And livd in sweet embrace Of her that lov'd so coldly. ly.
3. ing, No, Love seeke not thy blisse, Beyond a simple kisse: For such deceits are harmlesse, lesse,
tie? Yet kisse a thousand fold. For kisses may be bold When lovely sleep is armesse. lesse.

Altus.



1. Thinkst thou then by thy fayning sleepe with a proud dis-dayning,
Or with thy craf-ty clos-ing Thy cru-el eyes re-pos-ing,
2. O that my sleepe dis-sem-bled, were to a trance re-sem-bled,
Thy cru-ell eyes de-cei-ving, Of live-ly sense be-reav-ing:
3. Should then my love as-pir-ing, For-bid-den joyes de-sir-ing,
So farre ex-ceed the due-ty That ver-tue owes to beau-tie?



1. ning, To drive me from thy sight, when sleepe yeelds more de-light, such harm-less beau-tie gra-cing. cing.
ing, And while sleepe fayned is, may not I steale a kisse, Thy qui-et armes em-bra-cing. cing.
2. bled, Then should my love re-quire Thy loves un-kind de-spite, While fu-ry tri-umpht bold-ly ly
ing: In beau-ties sweet dis-grace: And livd in sweet em-brace Of her that lov'd so cold-ly. ly.
3. ing, No, Love seeke not thy blisse, Be-yond a sim-ple kisse: For such de-ceits are harme-lesse, lesse,
tie? Yet kisse a thou-sand fold. For kis-ses may be bold When love-ly sleep is arme-lesse. lesse.

Tenor.



1. Thinkst thou then by thy fayn- ing sleepe with a proud dis- day- ning, ning,
Or with thy craf- ty clos- ing Thy cru- el eyes re- pos- ing, ing,
2. O that my sleepe dis- sem- bled, were to a trance re- sem- bled, bled,
Thy cru- ell eyes de- cei- ving, Of live- ly sense be- reav- ing: ing:
3. Should then my love as- pir- ing, For- bid- den joyes de- sir- ing, ing,
So farre ex- ceed the due- ty That ver- tue owes to beau- tie? tie?



1. To drive me from thy sight, when sleepe yeelds more de- light, such harm- less beau- tie gra- cing. cing.
And while sleepe fayn- ed is, may not I steale a kisse, Thy qui- et armes em- bra- cing. cing.
2. Then should my love re- quire Thy loves un- kind de- spite, While fu- ry tri- umpht bold- ly ly
In beau- ties sweet dis- grace: And livd in sweet em- brace Of her that lov'd so cold- ly. ly.
3. No, Love seeke not thy blisse, Be- yond a sim- ple kisse: For such de- ceits are harme- lesse, lesse,
Yet kisse a thou- sand fold. For kis- ses may be bold When love- ly sleep is arme- lesse. lesse.

XI. Come away, come sweet love

Cantus.



1. Come a- way, come sweet love, The gol- den morn- ing breakes.
All the earth, all the ayre, of love and plea- sure speakes.
2. Come a- way, come sweet love, The gol- den morn- ing wastes,
While the Sunne from his sphere, His fier- y ar- rows casts:
3. Come a- way, come sweet love, Doe not in vaine a- dorne
Beau- ties grace that should rise, Like to the na- ked morne:



1. Teach thine armes then to em- brace, And sweet ro- sie lips to kisse, and
Eyes were made for beau- ties grace, View- ing ru- ing loves long pains, Pro-
2. Mak- ing all the sha- dows flie, Play- ing, stay- ing in the grove, To
Thi- ther sweet love let us hie, Fly- ing, dy- ing in de- sire, Wingd
3. Lil- lies on the ri- vers side, And faire Cy- prian flowres new blowne, De-
Or- na- ment is nurse of pride, Plea- sure mea- sure loves de- light: Haste



1. mix our soules in mu- tuall blisse.
cur'd by beau- ties rude dis- daine.
2. en- ter- taine the stealth of love.
with sweet hopes and heav'n- ly fire.
3. sire no beau- ties but their owne.
then sweet love our wish- ed flight.

Altus.



Tenor.



1. Come a- way, come sweet love, The gol- den morn- ing breakes.
All the earth, all the ayre, of love and plea- sure speakes.
2. Come a- way, come sweet love, The gol- den morn- ing wastes,
While the Sunne from his sphere, His fier- y ar- rowes casts:
3. Come a- way, come sweet love, Doe not in vaine a- dorne
Beau- ties grace that should rise, Like to the na- ked morne:



1. Teach thine armes then to em- brace, And sweet ro- sie lips to kisse, and
Eyes were made for beau- ties grace, View- ing ru- ing loves long pains, Pro-
2. Mak- ing all the sha- dows flie, Play- ing, stay- ing in the grove, To
Thi- ther sweet love let us hie, Fly- ing, dy- ing in de- sire, Wingd
3. Lil- lies on the ri- vers side, And faire Cy- prian flowres new blowne, De-
Or- na- ment is nurse of pride, Plea- sure mea- sure loves de- light: Haste



1. mix our soules in mu- tuall blisse.
cur'd by beau- ties rude dis- daine.
2. en- ter- taine the stealth of love.
with sweet hopes and heav'n- ly fire.
3. sire no beau- ties but their owne.
then sweet love our wish- ed flight.

³Original has a quarter note.

Bassus.



1. Come a- way, come sweet love, The gol- den morn- ing breakes. Teach thine armes then
All the earth, all the ayre, of love and plea- sure speakes. Eyes were made for
2. Come a- way, come sweet love, The gol- den morn- ing wastes, Mak- ing all the
While the Sunne from his sphere, His fier- y ar- rows casts: Thi- ther sweet love
3. Come a- way, come sweet love, Doe not in vaine a- dorne Lil- lies on the
Beau- ties grace that should rise, Like to the na- ked morne: Or- na- ment is



1. to em- brace, And sweet ro- sie lips to kisse, and mix our soules in mu- tuall blisse.
beau- ties grace, View- ing ru- ing loves long pains, Pro- cur'd by beau- ties rude dis- daine.
2. sha- dowes flie, Play- ing, stay- ing in the grove, To en- ter- taine the stealth of love.
let us hie, Fly- ing, dy- ing in de- sire, Wingd with sweet hopes and heav'n- ly fire.
3. ri- vers side, And faire Cy- prian flowres new blowne, De- sire no beau- ties but their owne.
nurse of pride, Plea- sure mea- sure loves de- light: Haste then sweet love our wish- ed flight.

¹Original is missing the dot.

⁴Original has a dot.

XII. Rest a while, you cruell cares

Cantus.



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. Beau- tie kills and beau- tie spares And sweet smiles
 mute, my heart doth breake, If I sigh, she feares de- ceit, Sor- row then
 vive my dy- ing ghost, Till my soule has re- pos- sest, The sweet hope



sad sighes re- move: Lau- ra, faire queene of my de- light, Come grant me
 for me must speake: Cru- ell, un- kind, with fa- vour view The wound that
 which love hath lost: Lau- ra re- deeme the soule that dies, By fu- rie



love in loves de- spite, And if I e- ver faile to ho- nor thee:
 first was made by you: And if my tor- ments fay- ned be,
 of thy mur- dering eyes: And if it prove un- kinde to thee,



1-3. Let this hea- ven- ly light I see, Bee as darke as hell to me.

¹Rest is editorial

Altus.



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. Beau- tie kils and beau- tie spares And sweet smiles sad sighes re-
 mute, my heart doth breake, If I sigh, she feares de- ceit, Sor- row then for me must
 vive my dy- ing ghost, Till my soule has re- pos- sest, The sweet hope which love hath



move: Lau- ra, faire queene of my de- light, Come grant me love in loves de- spite,
 speake: Cru- ell, un- kind, with fa- vour view The wound that first was made by you:
 lost: Lau- ra re- deeme the soule that dies, By fu- rie of thy mur- dering eyes:



And if I e- ver faile to ho- nor thee: 1-3. Let this hea- ven- ly light I see, Bee as darke as hell to me.
 And if my tor- ments fay- ned be,
 And if it prove un- kinde to thee,

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

Tenor.



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. Beau- tie kills and beau- tie spares And sweet smiles sad sighes re-
 mute, my heart doth breake, If I sigh, she feares de- ceit, Sor- row then for me must
 vive my dy- ing ghost, Till my soule has re- pos- sest, The sweet hope which love hath



move: Lau- ra, faire queene of my de- light, Come grant me love in loves de- spite,
 speake: Cru- ell, un- kind, with fa- vour view The wound that first was made by you:
 lost: Lau- ra re- deeme the soule that dies, By fu- rie of thy mur- dering eyes:



And if I e- ver faile to ho- nor thee: 1-3. Let this hea- v'nly light I see, Bee as darke as hell to me.
 And if my tor- ments fay- ned be,
 And if it prove un- kinde to thee,

Bassus.



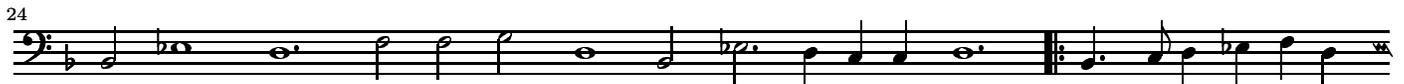
1. Rest a while you cru- ell cares, Be not
 2. If I speake, my words want wait, Am I
 3. Ne- ver houre of pleas- ing rest Shall re-



more se- vere then love. Beau- tie kils and beau- tie spares And sweet smiles sad sighes re-
 mute, my heart doth breake, If I sigh, she feares de- ceit, Sor- row then for me must
 vive my dy- ing ghost, Till my soule has re- pos- sest, The sweet hope which love hath



move: Lau- ra, faire queene of my de- light, Come grant me love in
 speake: Cru- ell, un- kind, with fa- vour view The wound that first was
 lost: Lau- ra re- deeme the soule that dies, By fu- rie of thy



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



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

XIII. Sleep, waiward thoughts

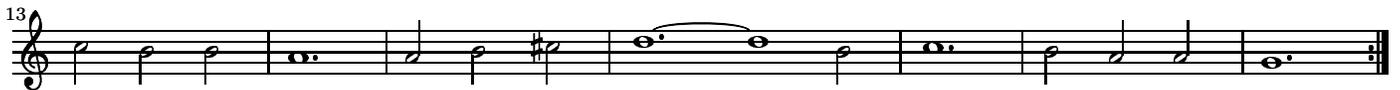
Cantus.



1. Sleep wai- ward thoughts, and rest you with my love:
Touch not proud hands, lest you her an- ger move:
2. But O the fu- ry of my rest- lesse feare
The glo- ries and the beau- ties that ap- peare,
3. My love doth rage, and yet my love doth rest:
Peace in my love, and yet my love op- prest:



1. Let not my love bee with my love dis- easd. Thus, while she sleeps, I sor-
But pine you with my long- ings long dis- pleasd.
2. The hid- den an- guish of my flesh de- sires Thus while she sleeps, moves sigh-
Be- tweene her browes, neere Cu- pids clo- sed fires,
3. Feare in my love, and yet my love se- cure: Sleepe, dain- ty love, while I
Im- pa- tient, yet of per- fect tem- pera- ture.

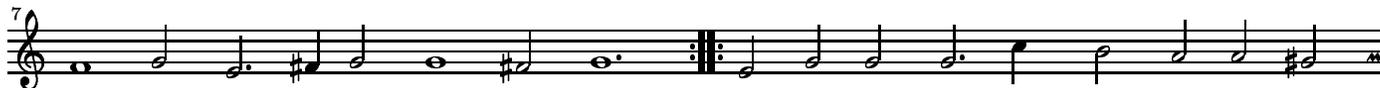


1. row for her sake: So sleeps my love, and yet my love doth
2. ing for her sake: So sleeps my love, and yet my love doth
3. sigh for thy sake: So sleeps my love, and yet my love doth

Altus.



1. Sleep wai- ward thoughts, and rest you with my love: Let not my
Touch not proud hands, lest you her an- ger move: But pine you
2. But O the fu- ry of my rest- lesse feare The hid- den
The glo- ries and the beau- ties that ap- peare, Be- tweene her
3. My love doth rage, and yet my love doth rest: Feare in my
Peace in my love, and yet my love op- prest: Im- pa- tient,



1. love bee with my love dis- easd. Thus, while she sleeps, I sor- row for her
with my long- ings long dis- pleasd.
2. an- guish of my flesh de- sires Thus while she sleeps, moves sigh- ing for her
browes, neere Cu- pids clo- sed fires,
3. love, and yet my love se- cure: Sleepe, dain- ty love, while I sigh for thy
yet of per- fect tem- pera- ture.



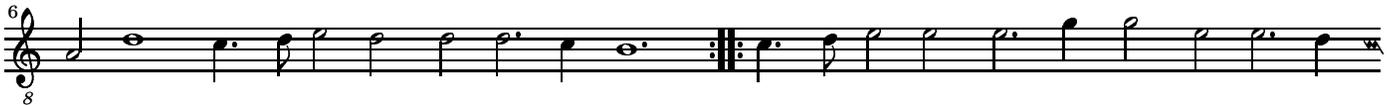
1. sake: So sleeps my love, So sleeps my love, and yet, and yet my love doth wake.
2. sake: So sleeps my love, So sleeps my love, and yet, and yet my love doth wake.
3. sake: So sleeps my love, So sleeps my love, and yet, and yet my love doth wake.

²Dot is missing in original

Tenor.



1. Sleep wai- ward thoughts, and rest you with my love: Let not my
Touch not proud hands, lest you her an- ger move: But pine you
2. But O the fu- ry of my rest- lesse feare The hid- den
The glo- ries and the beau- ties that ap- peare, Be- tweene her
3. My love doth rage, and yet my love doth rest: Feare in my
Peace in my love, and yet my love op- prest: Im- pa- tient,

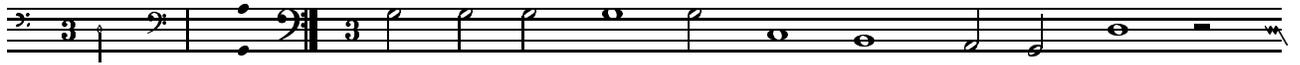


1. love bee with my love dis- easd. Thus, while she sleeps, I sor- row for her
with my long- ings long dis- pleasd.
2. an- guish of my flesh de- sires Thus while she sleeps, moves sigh- ing for her
browes, neere Cu- pids clo- sed fires,
3. love, and yet my love se- cure: Sleepe, dain- ty love, while I sigh for thy sake:
yet of per- fect tem- pe- ra- ture.



1. sake: So sleeps my love, So sleeps my love, and yet and yet my love doth wake.
2. sake: So sleeps my love, So sleeps my love, and yet and yet my love doth wake.
3. So sleeps my love, So sleeps my love, and yet, and yet my love doth wake.

Bassus.



1. Sleep wai- ward thoughts, and rest you with my love:
Touch not proud hands, lest you her an- ger move:
2. But O the fu- ry of my rest- lesse feare
The glo- ries and the beau- ties that ap- peare,
3. My love doth rage, and yet my love doth rest:
Peace in my love, and yet my love op- prest:



1. Let not my love bee with my love dis- easd. Thus, while she sleeps, I sor-
But pine you with my long- ings long dis- pleasd.
2. The hid- den an- guish of my flesh de- sires Thus while she sleeps, moves sigh-
Be- tweene her browes, neere Cu- pids clo- sed fires,
3. Feare in my love, and yet my love se- cure: Sleepe, dain- ty love, while I
Im- pa- tient, yet of per- fect tem- pera- ture.



1. row for her sake: So sleeps my love, So sleeps my love, and yet my love doth wake.
2. ing for her sake: So sleeps my love, So sleeps my love, and yet my love doth wake.
3. sigh for thy sake: So sleeps my love, So sleeps my love, and yet my love doth wake.

Tenor.



1. Al ye, whom love or for- tune hath be- traid;
 2. Care that con- sumes the heart with in- ward paine,



All ye, that dream of blisse but live in grieve; in grieve; All ye, whose hopes are e- ver-
 Paine that pre- sents sad care in out- ward view, ward view, Both ty- rant- like en- force me



more e- ver- more de- laid; de- laid; All ye, whose sighes or sick- nesse wants re- lief;
 en- force me to com- plaine; com- plaine; But still in vaine: for none my plaints will rue.

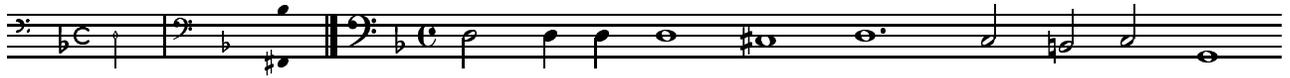


1. Lend eares and teares to mee most hap- lesse man, most hap- lesse man, That sings my
 2. Teares sighes and cease- lesse cries a- lone I spend: a- lone I spend: My woe wants



sor- rowes, sor- rowes, my sor- rowes, like the dy- ing Swanne. Lend eares and Swanne.
 com- fort, com- fort, wants com- fort, and my sor- row end. Teares sighes and end.

Bassus.



1. Al ye, whom love or fortune hath be- traid;
 2. Care that con- sumes the heart with in- ward paine,



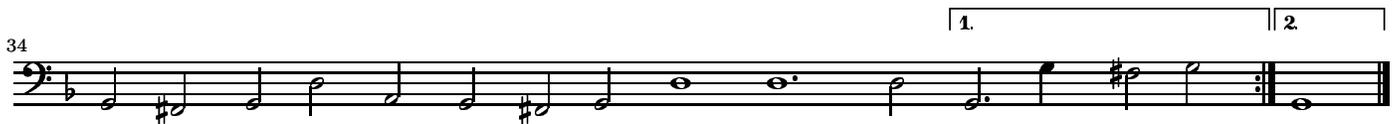
but live in grieffe; All ye, whose hopes are e- ver- more de- laid;
 in out- ward view, Both ty- rant- like en- force me to com- plaine;



All ye, whose sighes, whose sighes or sick- nesse wants re- lief; 1. Lend eares and
 But still in vaine, in vaine: for none my plaints will rue. 2. Teares sighes and



teares, Lend eares and teares, Lend eares and teares to mee, to mee, most hap- lesse man, That
 cease- Teares sighes and cease- Teares sighes and cease- lesse cries, lesse cries a- lone I spend: My



sings my sor- rowes, my sor- rowes like the dy- ing Swanne. Lend eares and Swanne.
 woe wants com- fort, wants com- fort, and my sor- row end. Teares sighes and end.

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

Cantus



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



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.



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

Altus.



- 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-



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



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

Tenor.



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 me? me? 1.-5. Fare-well:
 Feare doth love, Feare doth love Love doth feare, beau-ty peere-lesse. lesse.
 Life shall die, Life shall die Death shall live Still to love thee. thee.
 Heat from fire, Heat from fire Fire from heat, None can se-ver. ver.
 Though de-light, Though de-light From de-sert Be es-tran-ged. ged.



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

Bassus.



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

1. 2.



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

1. 2.



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

XVI. Would my conceit, that first enforst my woe,

Cantus



1. Would my con- ceit, that first en- forst my woe, Or
 2. Each houre a- midst the deepe of hell I frie, Each
 3. To all save mee is free to live or die, To



els mine eyes which still the same in- crease, Might be ex- tinct, to end my sor- rowes
 houre I waft and wi- ther where I sit: But that sweet houre where- in I wish to
 all save mee re- main- eth hap or hope: But all per- force I must a- ban- don,



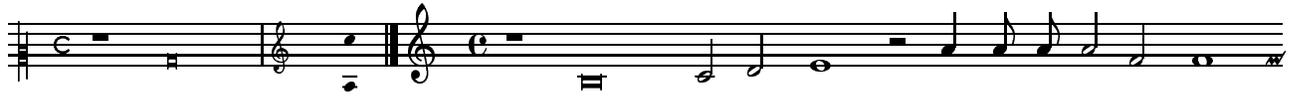
so, Which now are such as no- thing can re- lease: Whose life is
 die, My hope a- las may not in- joy it yet, Whose hope is
 I, Sith For- tune still di- rects my hap as hope, Where- fore to



death, whose sweet each change of sowre, And eke whose hel re- new- eth e- very houre.
 such, be- reav- ed of the blisse, Which un- to all save mee al- lot- ted is.
 nei- ther hap nor hope I trust, But to my thralles I yeeld, for so I must.

¹Original has a bar between the note and the dot

Altus.



1. Would my con- ceit, that first en- forst my woe,
 2. Each houre a- midst the deepe of hell I frie,
 3. To all save mee is free to live or die,



Or els mine eyes which still the same in- crease, still the same in- crease, Might be ex- tinct, to
 Each houre I waft and wi- ther where I sit: wi- ther where I sit: But that sweet houre where-
 To all save mee re- main- eth hap or hope: main- eth hap or hope: But all per- force I



end my sor- rows so, Which now are such, are such as no- thing can re- lease: Whose
 in I wish to die, My hope a- las, a- las may not in- joy it yet, Whose
 must a- ban- don, I, Sith For- tune still, tune still di- rects my hap as hope, Where-



life is death, whose sweet each change of sowre, And eke whose hel re- new- eth e- very houre.
 hope is such, be- reav- ed of the blisse, Which un- to all save mee al- lot- ted is.
 fore to nei- ther hap nor hope I trust, But to my thralles I yeeld, for so I must.

Tenor.



1. Would my con- ceit, that first en- forst my
 2. Each houre a- midst the deepe of hell I
 3. To all save mee is free to live or



woe, Or els mine eyes which still, which still, the same in- crease, the same in- crease, Might
 frie, Each houre I waft, I waft, and wi- ther where I sit: ther where I sit: But
 die, To all save mee, save mee, re- main- eth hap or hope: eth hap or hope: But



be ex- tinct, ex- tinct, to end my sor- rowes so, Which now are such as
 that sweet houre, sweet houre, where- in I wish to die, My hope a- las may
 all per- force, per- force, I must a- ban- don, I, Sith For- tune still di-



no- thing can re- lease: Whose life is death, Whose life is death, whose sweet each
 not in- joy it yet, Whose hope is such, Whose hope is such, be- reav- ed
 recks my hap as hope, Where- fore to nei- Where- fore to nei- ther hap nor



change, each change, of sowre, And eke whose hel, whose hel, re- new- eth e- ver- y houre.
 of, ved of, the blisse, Which un- to all, to all, save mee al- lot- ted is.
 hope, nor hope, I trust, But to my thralles, my thralles, I yeeld, for so I must.

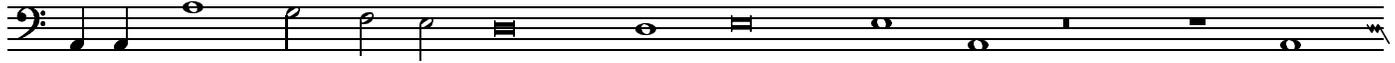
¹Original has a breve.

Bassus.



1. Would my con- ceit, that first en- forst my
 2. Each houre a- midst the deepe of hell I
 3. To all save mee is free to live or

12



woe, Or els mine eyes which still the same in- crease, Which
 frie, Each houre I waft and wi- ther where I sit: My
 die, To all save mee re- main- eth hap or hope: Sith

26



now are such as no- thing, no- thing can re- lease: Whose life is death,
 hope a- las may not, may not, in- joy it yet, Whose hope is such,
 For- tune still di- rects, di- rects my hap as hope, Where- fore to neither

38



And eke whose hel, whose hel re- new- eth e- very houre.
 Which un- to all save mee, save mee al- lot- ted is.
 But to my thralles I yeeld, I yeeld, for so I must.

XVII. Come again:

Cantus



- | | | |
|-------------------|---------------------------------|---------|
| 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 |



- | | | | | |
|--------------------------------|------------------------------|-------------|-------------|------------|
| 1. gra- ces that re- fraine, | To do me due de- light, | to see, | to heare, | to touch, |
| 2. thy un- kind dis- daine: | For now left and for- lorne, | I sit, | I sigh, | I weepe, |
| 3. frownes doth cause me pine, | And feeds mee with de- lay: | Her smiles, | my springs, | that makes |
| 4. eyes are full of streames. | My heart takes no de- light, | To see | the fruits | and joyes |
| 5. will she ne- ver rue, | Nor yeeld me a- ny grace: | Her eyes | of fire, | her heart |
| 6. canst not peerce her heart, | For I that doe ap- prove, | By sighs | and teares | more hot |

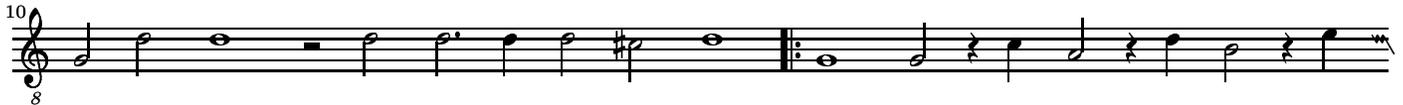


- | | | | | |
|--------------|-------------|------------------------|---------------------|--------------|
| 1. to kisse, | to die, | with thee a- gaine | in sweet- est sym- | pa- thy. |
| 2. I faint, | I die, | In dead- ly paine | and end- lesse mis- | er- ie. |
| 3. my joyes | to grow, | Her frownes the win- | ters of | my woe: |
| 4. that some | do find, | And marke the stormes | are mee | as- signde. |
| 5. of flint | is made, | Whom teares, not truth | may once | in- vade. |
| 6. then are | thy shafts, | Did tempt while she | for tri- | umph laughs. |

Tenor



1. Come a- gain: sweet love doth now in- vite, Thy gra- ces
2. Come a- gaine, that I may ceaase 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



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



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

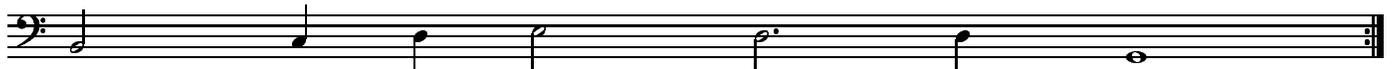
Bassus



1. Come a- gain: sweet love doth now in- vite, Thy gra- ces that re- fraine, To
2. Come a- gaine, that I may cease to mourne, Through thy un- kind dis- daine: For
3. All the day the sun that lends me shine, By frownes doth cause me pine, And
4. All the night my sleepes are full of dreames, My eyes are full of streames. My
5. Out a- las, my faith is e- ver true, Yet will she ne- ver rue, Nor
6. Gen- tle love draw forth thy wound- ing dart, Thou canst not peece her heart, For



1. do me due de- light, to see, to heare, to touch, to kisse, to die, to die, with thee a- gaine
2. now left and for- lorne, I sit, I sigh, I weepe, I faint, I die, I die, In dead- ly paine
3. feeds mee with de- lay: Her smiles, my springs, that makes my joyes to grow, to grow, Her frownes the win-
4. heart takes no de- light, To see the fruits and joyes that some do find, do find, And marke the stormes
5. yeeld me a- ny grace: Her eyes of fire, her heart of flint is made, is made, Whom teares, not truth
6. I that doe ap- prove, By sighs and teares more hot then are thy shafts, thy shafts, Did tempt while she



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

Altus



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! His youth gainst time and age hath e-
 And lo- vers So- nets turne to ho- ly Psalmes: A man at armes must now serve on
 Hee'l teach his swaines this Ca- roll for a song, Blest be the hearts that wish my So-



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



tie, strength, youth are flowers but fad- ing seene: Du- tie, Du- tie, Faith, Love are roots and e-
 though from Court to co- tage he de- part, His Saint, his Saint is sure of his un- spot-
 gods al- low this a- ged man his right, To be, to be your Beads- man now that was

Tenor



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



swift, O time too swift, O swift- nesse ne- ver ceas- ing! His youth gainst time and age hath e-
 So- nets, lo- vers So- nets, turne to ho- ly Psalmes: A man at armes must now serve on
 swaines, Hee'l teach his swaines this Ca- roll for a song, Blest be the hearts that wish my So-



ver spurnd, But spurnd in vain, youth wa- neth by in- creas- ing. Beau- tie, strength,
 his knees, And feed on Pray- ers which are ag- es almes: But though from
 veraigne well, Curst be the soule that thinks him an- y wrong. Yee gods al-



youth are flowers but fad- ing seene: Du- tie, Faith, Love are roots and e-
 Court to co- tage he de- part, His Saint is sure of his un- spot-
 low this a- ged man his right, To be your Beads- man now that was

Bassus



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! His youth gainst time and age hath e-
 And lo- vers So- nets turne to ho- ly Psalmes: A man at armes must now serve on
 Hee'l teach his swaines this Ca- roll for a song, Blest be the hearts that wish my So-



ver spurnd, But spurnd in vain, youth wa- neth by in- creas- ing. Beau- tie, strength,
 his knees, And feed on Pray- ers which are ag- es almes: But though from
 veraigne well, Curst be the soule that thinks him an- y wrong. Yee gods al-



youth are flowers but fad- ing seene: Du- tie, Faith, Love are roots and e-
 Court to co- tage he de- part, His Saint is sure of his un- spot-
 low this a- ged man his right, To be your Beads- man now that was

¹Original is half note

XIX. Awake, sweet love,

Cantus



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

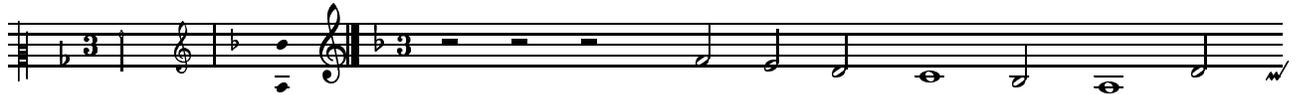


1. long in ab- sence mournd, Lives now in per- fect joy. On- ly her- selfe hath see- med
e- ver in her eyes, Whence came my first an- noy. De- spaire did make me wish to
2. grieve thy love hence- forth, Which so des- paire hath proved. If shee at last re- ward thy
not un- con- stant be, Though long in vaine I loved. And if that now thou wel- com



1. faire: She on- ly I could love, She on- ly drave me to de- spaire, When she un- kind did prove.
die; That I my joyes might end: She on- ly, which did make me flie, My state may now a- mend.
2. love, And all thy harmes re- paire, Thy hap- pi- ness will sweet- er prove, Raisd up from deep de- spaire.
be, When thou with her doest meet, She all this while but playde with thee, To make thy joyes more sweete.

Altus



1. A- wake sweet love, thou art re-
Let love, which ne- ver ab- sent
2. If she es- teeme thee now aught
De- spaire hath prov- ed now in



1. turnd: My hart, which long in ab- sence mournd, Lives now, lives now, in per- fect
dies, Now live for- e- ver in her eyes, Whence came, whence came, my first an-
2. worth, She will not grieve thy love hence- forth, Which so, which so, des- paire hath
mee, That love will not un- con- stant be, Though long, though long, in vaine I



1. joy. On- ly her- selfe, her- selfe, hath see- med faire: She on- ly I could
noy. De- spaire did make, did make, me wish to die; That I my joyes might
2. proved. If shee at last, at last, re- ward thy love, And all thy harmes re-
loved. And if that now, that now, thou wel- com be, When thou with her doest



1. love, I could love, She on- ly drave me to de- spaire, When she un- kind did prove.
end: joyes might end: She on- ly, which did make me flie, My state may now a- mend.
2. paire, harmes re- paire, Thy hap- pi- ness will sweet- er prove, Raisd up from deep de- spaire.
meet, her doest meet, She all this while but playde with thee, To make thy joyes more sweete.

Tenor



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



1. ab- sence mournd, Lives now in per- fect joy. On- ly her- selfe, her- selfe, hath see- med faire:
 in her eyes, Whence came my first an- noy. De- spaire did make, did make, me wish to die;
2. love hence- forth, Which so des- paire hath proved. If shee at last, at last, re- ward thy love,
 con- stant be, Though long in vaine I loved. And if that now, that now, thou wel- com be,



1. She on- ly I could love, She on- ly drave me to de- spaire, When she un- kind did prove.
 That I my joyes might end: She on- ly, which did make me flie, My state may now a- mend.
2. And all thy harmes re- paire, Thy hap- pi- ness will sweet- er prove, Raisd up from deep de- spaire.
 When thou with her doest meet, She all this while but playde with thee, To make thy joyes more sweete.

Bassus



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



1. ab- sence mournd, Lives now in per- fect joy. On- ly her- selfe hath see- med
in her eyes, Whence came my first an- noy. De- spaire did make me wish to
2. love hence- forth, Which so des- paire hath proved. If shee at last re- ward thy
con- stant be, Though long in vaine I loved. And if that now thou wel- com



1. faire: She on- ly I could love, She on- ly drave me to de- spaire, When she un- kind did prove.
die; That I my joyes might end: She on- ly, which did make me flie, My state may now a- mend.
2. love, And all thy harmes re- paire, Thy hap- pi- ness will sweet- er prove, Raisd up from deep de- spaire.
be, When thou with her doest meet, She all this while but playde with thee, To make thy joyes more sweete.

Altus



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 tears doth stop my vi- tall
 lied to death, child to his, to his blacke- fact night: Come thou and charme these re- bels in my



breath, And tears my hart with sor- rows sigh swoln cries: Come and po- sses my tir- ed thoughts worne
 breast, Whose wa- king fan- cies doe my mind af- fright. O come sweet sleepe; come, or I die for



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

Tenor



1. Com hea- vy sleepe, hea- vy sleepe the i- mage of true death;
 2. Come sha- dow of, sha- dow of my end, and shape of rest,



And close up these my wear- y, my wear- y weep- ing eies: Whose spring of tears doth
 Al- lied to 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: Com and po- sses my tir- ed
 re- bels in my breast, Whose wa- king fan- cies doe my mind af- fright. O come sweet sleepe; come, or I



thoughts worne soule, That liv- ing dies, that liv- ing dies till thou on me, on me be stoule.
 die for ever: Come ere my last, Come ere my last sleeps comes, or come, or come ne- ver.

Bassus



Tenor



1. A- way with these selfe lov- ing lads, Whom
2. God Cu- pids shaft, like de- sti- nie, Doth
3. My songs they be of Chn- this praise, I
4. If Cyn- thia crave her ring of mee, I
5. The worth that worth- i- nesse should move Is



Cu- pids ar- row ne- ver glads.	A- way poore soules that sigh and weep, In love of them that
ey- ther good or ill de- cree:	De- sert is borne out of his bow, Re- ward up- on his
wear her rings on ho- ly dayes,	On e- very tree I write her name, And e- very day I
blot her name out of the tree	If doubt do dar- ken things held deare, Then wel- fare no- thing
love, which is the bowe of love;	And love as well the Fos- ter can, As can the migh- ty



lie and sleepe.	For Cu- pid is a me- dow God, And for- ceth none to kisse the rod.
foot doth goe.	What fools are they that have not known That love likes no lawes but his own?
reade the same:	Where ho- nor, Cu- pids ri- vall is, There mi- ra- cles are seene of his.
once a yeare:	For ma- ny run, but one must win, Fools one- ly hedge the Cu- ckoe in.
No- ble- man:	Sweet Saint, tis true you wor- thy be, Yet with- out love nought worth to me.

Bassus



1. A- way with these selfe lov- ing lads, Whom
2. God Cu- pids shaft, like de- sti- nie, Doth
3. My songs they be of Chn- this praise, I
4. If Cyn- thia crave her ring of mee, I
5. The worth that worth- i- nesse should move Is



Cu- pids ar- row ne- ver glads.
 ey- ther good or ill de- cree:
 weare her rings on ho- ly dayes,
 blot her name out of the tree
 love, which is the bowe of love;

A- way poore soules that sigh and weep, In love of them that
 De- sert is borne out of his bow, Re- ward up- on his
 On e- very tree I write her name, And e- very day I
 If doubt do dar- ken things held deare, Then wel- fare no- thing
 And love as well the Fos- ter can, As can the migh- ty



lie and sleepe.
 foot doth goe.
 reade the same:
 once a yeare:
 No- ble- man:

For Cu- pid is a me- dow God, And for- ceth none to kisse the rod.
 What fools are they that have not known That love likes no lawes but his own?
 Where ho- nor, Cu- pids ri- vall is, There mi- ra- cles are seene of his.
 For ma- ny run, but one must win, Fools one- ly hedge the Cu- ckoe in.
 Sweet Saint, tis true you wor- thy be, Yet with- out love nought worth to me.

Part II
Second Booke

I. I saw my Lady weepe

Cantus



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



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



faire eies where all per- fec- tions keepe, hir face was full of woe, full of woe, But such
 be- yond all speech, a wis- dome rare, Shee made hir sighes to sing, sighes to sing, And all
 i- nough, your joy- full lookes ex- cells, Teares kills the heart be- lieve, heart be- lieve, O strive



a woe (be- leeve me) as wins more hearts, Then mirth can doe, with hir, with hir in- ty- sing
 things with so sweet a sad - ness move, As made my heart at once, at once both grieve and
 not to bee ex- cel- lent in woe, Which one- ly, ono- ly, breeds your beau- ties o- ver-

II. Flow my teares

Cantus



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



mourne where nights black bird hir sad in- fa- my sings, there let me live for - - lorne. Ne- ver
those that in dis- pair their lost for- tuns de- plore, light doth but shame dis- close. From the



may my woes be re- lie- ved, since pit- tie is fled, and teares, and sighes, and grones my wea- rie
high- est spire of con- tent ment, my for- tune is throwne, and feare, and griefe, and paine for my de-



dayes, my wear- ie dayes, of all joyes have de- pri- ved. Harke you sha- dows that in darck- nesse
serts, for my de- serts, are my hopes since hope is gone.



dwell, learne to con- temne light, Hap- pie, hap- pie they that in hell feele not the worlds des- pite.

Bassus



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. Ne- ver may my
in dis- pair their for- tuns de- plore, light doth but shame dis- close. From the high- est



woes, my woes, be re- lie- ved, since pitt' is fled: and teares, and sighes, and grones, my
spire, high'st spire of con- tent- ment, my for- tunes throwne, and feare, and grieffe, and paine, for



wea- ry dayes, my wear- ry dayes all joyes have de- prived. Harke that in Darke- nesse dwel, learne
my de- serts, for my de- serts are hopes, hope is gone.



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

¹Original has a quarter note.

²This note is missing in the original.

III. Sorrow, sorrow stay,

Cantus

Musical score for 'Sorrow, sorrow stay' in G minor, 3/4 time. The score consists of nine staves of music with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: Sor- row sor- row stay, lend true re- pen- tant teares, to a woe- full, woe- full wretch- ed wight, hence, hence, dis- paire with they tor- ment- ing feares: doe not, O doe not my heart poore heart af- fright, pit- ty, pit- ty, pit- ty, pit- ty, pit- ty, pit- ty, help now or ne- ver, mark me not to end- lesse paine, mark me not to end- lesse paine, a- las I am con- dempne'd, a- las I am con- dempne'd, I am con- demp- ned e- ver, no hope, no help, 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- rise, I ne- ver shall, but downe, downe, downe downe, I fall, but downe, downe, downe, downe I fall, downe and a- rise, downe and a- rise, I ne- ver shall.

Labels A and B are placed above the notes on the 17th and 49th staves respectively. A circled '1' is placed above the note on the 68th staff.

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

Bassus



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



pen- tant re- pen- tant teares, to a woe- full, woe- full wretch- ed wight, hence, hence, dis- paire with



they tor- ment- ing feares, with they tor- ment- ing feares, Oh doe not my poore heart my poore heart af- fright:



pit- tie, pit- tie, help now or ne- ver, mark mee not to end- lesse paine, O mark me not to



end- lesse paine, a- lasse I am con- dem- ned, con- dem- ned e- ver: a- lasse I am con- dem- ned, con- demn- ed,



I am con- demn'd e- ver, no hope, no help, ther doth re- maine, but downe, downe, downe, downe



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



I ne- ver shall, but downe, downe, downe, downe, downe I fall, but downe, downe, downe, downe, downe, downe I fall,



downe and a- rise, downe and a- rise, a- rise, a- rise, a- rise, a- rise, a- rise, a- rise I ne- ver shall.

III. Dye not before thy day,

Cantus



Dye not bee- fore thy day, poore poore man con- dem- ned,



But liift thy low lookes, but lift thy low lookes from the hum- ble earth, kisse not dis- paire and see sweet



hope con- tem- ned: The hag hath no de- light, but mone but mone for mirth, O fye poore fond-



ling, O fye poore fond- ling, fie fie be will- ing, to pre- serve thy self from kill- ing: Hope thy keep-



er glad to free thee, Bids thee goe and will not see thee, hye thee quick- ly from thy wrong, so shee endes hir will- ing

Bassus



Dye not bee- fore thy day, poore man con- demn'd, but lift thy low



looks, but lift thy low lookes, thy lookes from t'hum- ble earth, kisse not dis- paire and see sweet hope con- tem- ned:



The hag hath no de- light, but mone but mone for mirth, O fye O fye fye poore fond-



ling, fye fye be will- ing, to pre- serve thy self from kill- ing, Hope hope thy keep- er is glad for to free thee, and



bids thee goe and will not see thee, hye thee quick- ly from thy wrong, so shee ends hir will- ing song.

⁰Flat is editorial

²rest is editorial

V. Mourne, mourne,

Cantus



Mourne, mourne, day is with dark- nesse fled, what heaven



then go- vernes earth, oh none, but hell in hea- vens stead, choaks with his mistes our



mirth. Mourne mourne, looke now for no more day nor night, but that from hell,



Then all must as they may in darke- nesse learne to dwell. But yet this change, must needes change



our de- light, that thus the sunne, that thus the Sunne, the Sun should har- bour with the night.

¹Note that this is the kind of breve that takes up a whole measure, so it's 3 whole notes in the triple meter, or you can count it as two if you count the C meter as starting on this measure.

Bassus



Mourne daies with dark- nesse fled, What heaven then go- vernes earth,



O none but hell in hea- vens stead, Chokes with his mists our mirth. Mourne looke now for no more



day, nor night but that from hell, Then all must as they may, In dark- nesse learne to dwell, But



yet this change, this change, must change must change de- light, That thus the Sunne should har- bour with the night.

VI. Times eldest sonne

Cantus



Times eld- est sonne, olde age the heyre of ease, Strengths foe, loves



woe, and fos- ter to de- vo- tion, bids gal- lant youths in mar- shall prow- es please, as for him-



selfe, hee hath no earth- ly mo- tion, But thinks sighes teares, voves, pra- iers, and



sa- cri- fi- ces, As good as showes, maskes, justes, or tilt de- vi- ses. ses.

Bassus



Times eld- est sonne, olde age olde age the heyre of ease, Strengths

10



foe, loves woe, and fos- ter to de- vo- tion, bids gal- lant youths in mar- shall prow- es please,

22



as for him- selfe hee hath no earth- ly mo- tion, But thincks but thincks sighes teares, vowes,

35



pray- ers, and sa- cri- fi- ces, As good as shewes, masks, justs, or tilt de- vi- ses. But ses.

VII. Then sit thee downe

Second part.

Cantus



Then sit thee downe, and say thy Nunc Di- mit- tis,



with De pro- fun- dis, Cre- do, and Te De- um, Chant Mi- se- re- re for what now so



fit is, as that, or this, Pa- ra- tum est cor me- um, O that thy Saint would take in



worth thy hart, thou canst not please hir with a bet- ter part. O that thy part.

Bassus



Then sit thee downe, and say thy Nunc Di- mit- tis,



with De pro- fun- dis, Cre- do, and Te De- um, Chant Mi- se- re- re for what now so fit is, as



that, or this, Pa- ra- tum est cor me- um, O that thy Saint would take in



worth thy hart, thou canst not please hir with a bet- ter part. O that thy part.

Praise blindness eies,

Canto.



1. Praise blind- ness eies, for see- ing is de- ceit,
2. And if thine eares false Har- alds to thy hart,
3. Now none is bald ex- cept they see his braines



Bee dumbe vaine tongue, words are but flat- tering windes, Breake hart and bleed for ther
 Con- vey in- to thy head hopes to ob- taine, Then tell thy hear- ing thou
 Af- fec- tion is not knowne till one be dead Re- ward for love are la-



is no re- ceit, To purge in- con- stan- cy from most mens mindes.
 art deafe by art, Now love is art that wont- ed to be plaine,
 bours for his paines, Loves qui- ver made of gold his shafts of leade.



And so I wackt a- mazd and could not move, I know my dreame was true, and yet I love.

¹The underlay is confusing. The Lenvoy section is printed after the first verse, which has one set of words and a repeat sign. The verse printed at the bottom of the canto part is two sets of words for the A music, but the Lenvoy section is specified to be sung only after the second set. The repeat signs occur in the lute part, at the end of the A section in the Canto part, and in Lenvoy for all parts, but not in the A section of any of the other vocal parts. There are other reasonable interpretations, but I think Dowland probably meant Lenvoy to be sung (and repeated) after all three verses are sung. I would not repeat any of the A section words, i.e., I would sing the A section 3 times with different words each time.

²The Canto part is written with no flats or sharps in the key signature; all other parts are written with a key signature of one flat.

³Fermata does not appear in this part in the original, but is in Tenore and Basso.

⁴Fermata does not appear in this part in the original, but is all the other parts.

Tenore.



1. Praise blind- ness eies, for see- ing is de- ceit,
 2. And if thine eares false Har- alds to thy hart,
 3. Now none is bald ex- cept they see his braines



Bee dumbe vaine tongue, words are but flat- ter- ing windes, Breake hart and bleed for ther
 Con- vey in- to thy head hopes to ob- taine, Then tell thy hear- ing thou
 Af- fec- tion is not knowne till one be dead Re- ward for love are la-



is no re- ceit, To purge in- con- stan- cy from most mens mindes.
 art deafe by art, Now love is art that wont- ed to be plaine,
 bours for his paines, Loves qui- ver made of gold his shafts of leade.



And so I wackt a- mazd and could not move, I know my dreame, my dreame, was true, and yet I love.

Basso.



1. Praise blind- ness eies, for see- ing is de-
 2. And if thine eares false Har- alds to thy
 3. Now none is bald ex- cept they see his



ceit, Bee dumbe vaine tongue, words are but flat- tering windes, Breake hart and bleed for ther
 hart, Con- vey in- to thy head hopes to ob- taine, Then tell thy hear- ing thou
 braines Af- fec- tion is not knowne till one be dead Re- ward for love are la-



is no re- ceit, To purge in- con- stan- cy from most mens mindes.
 art deafe by art, Now love is art that wont- ed to be plaine,
 bours for his paines, Loves qui- ver made of gold his shafts of leade.



And so I wackt a- mazd and could not move, I know my dreame was true, and yet I love.

O sweet woods the delight of solitarinesse

The “refrain” section at the beginning has no performance directions in the original. Some modern editions treat it like a chorus, to be sung at the beginning and end and also between all the verses. We decided to treat it like a West Gallery “symphonia”, and play it at the beginning and end but not between every verse.

This is another one (besides *Can she excuse my wrongs* Page I-20) where the poem may have been written by the Earl of Essex, who spent time in Wanstead when out of favor with Queen Elizabeth. [Pou82, page 262ff]

Canto.



O Sweet woods, the de- light of so- li- ta- ri- nesse, O how



much doe I love your so- li- ta- ri- nesse.

1. From fames de- sire, from loves de- light re- tir'd,
2. Ex- per- ience which re- pen- tance one- ly brings,
3. You men that give false wor- ship un- to Love,
4. You woods in you the fair- est Nimphs have walked,



In these sad groves an Her- mits life I led, And those false plea- sures which I once ad-
Doth bid mee now my hart from love es- trange, Love is dis- dained when it doth looke at
And seeke that which you ne- ver shall ob- taine, The end- lesse worke of Sisi- phus you pro-
Nimphes at whose sight all harts did yeeld to Love, You woods in whom deere lo- vers oft have



mir'd, With sad re- mem- brance of my fall, my fall I dread, To birds, to trees, to
Kings, And love loe plac- ed base and apt and apt to change: Ther power doth take from
cure, Whose end is this to know you strive you strive in vaine, Hope and de- sire which
talked, How doe you now a place of mourn- ing, mourn- ing prove, Wan- sted my Mis- tres



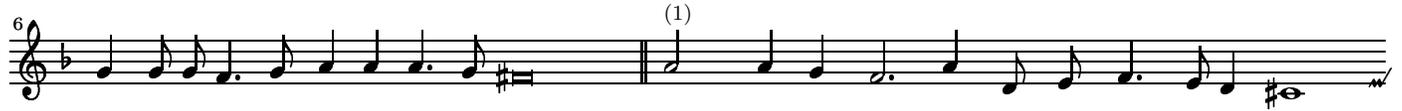
earth, im- part I this, For shee lesse se- cret, and as sence- lesse is. To is.
him his li- ber- ty, Hir want of worth make him in cra- dell die. Their die.
now your I- dols bee, You needs must loose and feele dis- paire with mee. Hope me.
faith this is the doome, Thou art loves Child- bed, Nur- ser- y, and Tombe. Wan- Tombe.

⁵Original has a fermata, which does not appear in the other parts.

Alto.



O Sweet woods, sweet woods the de- light of so- li- ta- ri- nesse, O how



much doe I love your so- li- ta- ri- nesse.

1. From fames de- sire, from loves de- light re- tir'd,
2. Ex- per- ience which re- pen- tance one- ly brings,
3. You men that give false wor- ship un- to Love,
4. You woods in you the fair- est Nimphs have walked,



In these sad groves an Her- mits life I led, I led, And those, And those false plea- sures which
 Doth bid mee now my hart from love es- trange, es- trange, Love is, Love is dis- dained when it
 And seeke that which you ne- ver shall ob- taine, ob- taine, The end- The end- lesse worke of Si- si-
 Nimphes at whose sight all harts did yeeld to Love, to Love, You woods, You woods in whom deere lo-



I once ad- mir'd, With sad re- mem- brance of my fall, my fall, I dread,
 doth looke at Kings, And love loe plac- ed base and apt, and apt to change:
 phus you pro- cure, Whose end is this to know you strive, you strive in vaine,
 vers oft have talked, How doe you now a place of mourn- of mourn- ing prove,



To birds, to trees, to earth, to earth, im- part I this, For
 Ther power doth take from him, from him his li- ber- ty, Hir
 Hope and de- sire which now, which now your I- dols bee, You
 Wan- sted my Mis- tres faith, tres faith this is the doome, Thou



shee lesse se- cret, and as sence- lesse is. To birds, is.
 want of worth make him in cra- dell die. Their power die.
 needs must loose and feele dis- paire with mee. Hope and me.
 art loves Child- bed, Nur- ser- y, and Tombe. Wan- stead Tombe.

Tenore.



O Sweet woods, the de- light of so- li- ta- ri- nesse, O how much doe I love your



so- li- ta- ri- nesse.

1. From fames de- sire, from loves de- light re- tir'd, In these sad
2. Ex- per- ience which re- pen- tance one- ly brings, Doth bid mee
3. You men that give false wor- ship un- to Love, And seeke that
4. You woods in you the fair- est Nymphs have walked, Nymphes at whose



groves an Her- mits life I led, I led, And those false plea- sures which I once ad- mir'd, With
 now my hart from love es- trange, es- trange, Love is dis- dained when it doth looke at Kings, And
 schich ou ne- ver shall ob- taine, ob- taine, The end- lesse worke of Sisi- phus you pro- cure, Whose
 sight all harts did yeeld to Love, to Love, You woods in whom deere lo- vers oft have talked, How



sad re- mem- brance of my fall, my fall, I dread, To birds, to trees, to earth, to earth, im-
 love loe pla- ced base and apt, and apt to change: Ther power doth take from him, from him his
 end is this to know you strive, you strive in vaine, Hope and de- sire which now, which now your
 doe you now a place of mourn- of mourn- ing prove, Wan- sted my Mis- tres faith, tres faith this



part I this, For shee lesse se- cret, and as sence- lesse, sence- lesse is. To birds, is.
 li- ber- ty, Hir want of worth make him in cra- dell, cra- dell die. Their power die.
 I- dols bee, You needs must loose and feele dis- paire, dis- paire with mee. Hope and me.
 is the doome, Thou art loves Child- bed, Nur- sery, Nur- sery and Tombe. Wan- stead Tombe.

⁰The original has a Meter change to C— here only in this part.

Basso.



O how much doe I love your so- li-



ta- ri- nesse.

1. From fames de- sire, from loves de- light re- tir'd, In these sad groves an
2. Ex- per- ience which re- pen- tance one- ly brings, Doth bid mee now my
3. You men that give false wor- ship un- to Love, And seeke that which you
4. You woods in you the fair- est Nimphs have walked, Nimphes at whose sight all



Her- mits life I led, I led, And those false plea- sures which I once ad- mir'd, With
 hart from love es- trange, es- trange, Love is dis- dained when it doth looke at Kings, And
 ne- ver shall ob- taine, ob- taine, The end- lesse worke of Sisi- phus you pro- cure, Whose
 harts did yeeld to Love, to Love, You woods in whom deere lo- vers oft have talked, How



sad re- mem- brance of my fall, my fall, I dread, To birds, to trees, to earth, to
 love loe pla- ced base and apt, and apt to change: Ther power doth take from him, from
 end is this to know you strive, you strive in vaine, Hope and de- sire which now, which
 doe you now a place of mourn- of mourn- ing prove, Wan- sted my Mis- tres faith, tres



earth, im- part I this, For shee lesse se- cret, and as sence- lesse is. To birds, is.
 him his li- ber- ty, Hir want of worth make him in cra- dell die. Their power die.
 now your I- dols bee, You needs must loose and feele dis- paire with mee. Hope and me.
 faith this is the doome, Thou art loves Child- bed, Nur- ser- y, and Tombe. Wan- stead Tombe.

²facsimile looks like a half note but may be a misprinting rather than an error.

⁴Facsimile looks like a dotted half; may also be a misprinting

If Floods of teares could cleanse my follies past,

Canto.



If fluds of teares could cleanse my fol- lies past, And smoakes of
I see my hopes must with- er in their bud, I see my



sighes might sa- cri- fice for sinne, If gron- ing cries might salve my fault at last,
fav- ours are no last- ing flowers, I see that woords will breede no bet- ter good,



Or end- les mone, for er- ror par- don win, Then would I cry, weepe,
Than losse of time and light- ening but at houres, Thus when I see then



sigh, and e- ver mone, Mine er- rors, fault, sins, fol- lies past and gone.
thus I say there- fore, That fa- vours hopes and words, can blinde no more.

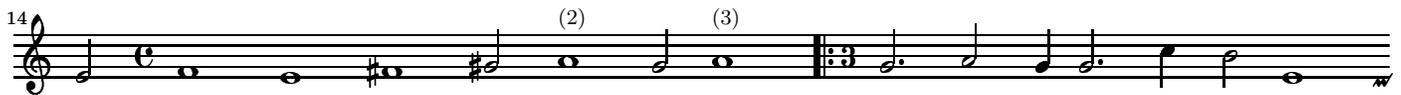
Alto.



If fluds of teares could cleanse my fol- lies past, And smoakes of
I see my hopes must with- er in their bud, I see my



sighes might sa- cri- fice for sinne, If gron- ing cries might salve my fault at last, Or end-
fav- ours are no last- ing flowers, I see that words will breede no bet- ter good, Than losse



les mone, for er- ror par- don win, Then would I cry, weepe, sigh, and
of time and light- ening but at houres, Thus when I see then thus I



e- ver mone, Mine er- rors, fault, er- rors, fault, sins, fol- lies past and gone.
say there- fore, That fa- vours hopes, fa- vours hopes and words, can blinde no more.

²Original is dotted whole

³Original has a dot.

Tenore.



If fluds of teares could cleanse my fol- lies past, And smoakes of
I see my hopes must with- er in their bud, I see my



sighes might sa- cri- fice for sinne, If gron- ing cries might salve my fault at last, Or end-
fav- ours are no last- ing flowers, I see that woords will breede no bet- ter good, Than losse



les mone, for er- ror par- don win, Then would I cry, weepe, sigh, and e-
of time and light- ening but at houres, Thus when I see then thus I say



ver mone, Mine er- rors, mine er- rors, fault, sins, sins fol- lies past and gone.
there- fore, That fa- vours, that fa- vours hopes and words, words can blinde no more.

⁴Original has a dot.

Basso.



If fluds of teares could cleanse my fol- lies past, And smoakes of
I see my hopes must with- er in their bud, I see my



sighes might sa- cri- fice for sinne, If gron- ing cries might salve my fault at last, Or end-
fav- ours are no last- ing flowers, I see that woords will breede no bet- ter good, Than losse



les mone, for er- ror par- don win, Then would I cry,
of time and light- ening but at houres, Thus when I see



weepe, sigh, and e- ver mone, Mine er- rors, mine er- rors, faults, sins, fol- lies past and gone.
then thus I say there- fore, That fa- vours, that fa- vours hopes and words, can blinde no more.

¹Rest is editorial.

XII. Fine knacks for Ladies

Cantus



Fine knacks for la- dies, cheape choise brave and new, Good pen- ni-
 Great gifts are guiles and looke for gifts a- gaine, My tri- fles
 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 view, a beg- ger may bee
 come, as trea- sures from my minde, It is a pre- cious Je- well to bee plaine, Some- times in shell th'o-
 toies fit- ting a coun- try faier, But my hart where du- e- ty serves and loves, Tur- tels and twins, courts



li- ber- all of love, Though all my wares bee trash the hart is true, the hart is true, the hart is true.
 ri- enst pearles we finde, Of o- thers take a sheafe, of mee a graine, of mee a graine, of mee a graine.
 brood, a heaven- ly paier, Hap- py the hart that thincks of no re- moves, of no re- moves, of no re- moves.

Altus



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



1. worthes, but mo- ny can- not move, I keep a fayer, but for the fayer to view, a beg- ger may be
2. come, as trea- sures from my minde, It is a pre- cious Je- well to bee plaine, Some- times in shell th'o-
3. toies fit- ting a coun- try faier, But my hart where du- e- ty serves and loves, Tur- tels and twins, courts



Bassus



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



mo- ny can- not move, I keep a fayer, but for the fayer to view, a beg- ger may be li- ber- all of
 trea- sures from my minde, It is a pre- cious Je- well to bee plaine, Some- times in shell th'o- ri- enst pearles we
 ting a coun- try faier, But my hart where du- e- ty serves and loves, Tur- tels and twins, courts brood, a heav- en- ly



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

XIII. Now cease my wandering eyes

Cantus



Tenor



1. Now cease my wan- dring eies, Strange beau- ties to ad- mire,
In change least com- fort lies, Long joyes yeeld long de- sire.
2. One man hath but one soule, which art can- not de- vide,
If all one soule must love, Two loves most be de- nide,
3. Na- ture two eyes hath given, All beau- tie to im- part,
As well in earth as heaven, But she hath given one hart,



1. One faith one love, (One faith one love,) Makes our fraile plea- sures e- ter- nall and in sweet- nesse prove,
New hopes new joyes, (New hopes new joyes,) Are still with sor- row de- cli- ning, Un- to deepe a- noies.
2. One soule one love, (One soule one love,) By faith and me- rit u- ni- ted can- not re- move,
Dis- trac- ted spirits, (Dis- trac- ted spirits,) Are e- ver chang- ing and hap- lesse in their de- lights,
3. That though wee see, (That though wee see,) Ten thou- sand beau- ties yet in us one should be,
One sted- fast love, (One sted- fast love,) Be- cause our harts stand fast al- though our eies do move.

Bassus



1. Now cease my wan- dring eies, Strange beau- ties to ad- mire,
In change least com- fort lies, Long joyes yeeld long de- sire.
2. One man hath but one soule, which art can- not de- vide,
If all one soule must love, Two loves most be de- nide,
3. Na- ture two eyes hath given, All beau- tie to im- part,
As well in earth as heaven, But she hath given one hart,



1. One faith one love, Makes our fraile plea- sures e- ter- nall and in sweet- nesse prove,
New hopes new joyes, Are still with sor- row de- cli- ning, Un- to deepe a- noies.
2. One soule one love, By faith and me- rit u- ni- ted can- not re- move,
Dis- trac- ted spirits, Are e- ver chang- ing and hap- lesse in their de- lights,
3. That though wee see, Ten thou- sand beau- ties yet in us one should be,
One sted- fast love, Be- cause our harts stand fast al- though our eies do move.

Come ye heavy states of night

Cantus



1. Come yee hea- vy states of night, Doe my
 2. Come you Vir- gins of the night, That in



fa- thers spi- rit right, Sound- ings bale- full let me bor- row, Bur- then- ing my song with
 Dir- ges sad de- light, Quier my An- them, I doe bor- row Gold nor pearle, but sounds of



sor- row, Come sor- row come her eies that sings, By thee are tur- ned in- to springs.
 sor- row: Come sor- row come hir eies that sings, By thee are tour- ned in- to springs.

Altus



1. Come come yee hea- vy states of night, Doe my
 2. Come come you Vir- gins of the night, That in



fa- thers spi- rit right, Sound- ings bale- full let me bor- row, Bur- then- ing my song with
 Dir- ges sad de- light, Quier my An- them, I doe bor- row Gold nor pearle, but sounds of



sor- row, Come sor- row come come her eies that sings, By thee are tur- ned, are tur- ned, in- to springs.
 sor- row: Come sor- row come come hir eies that sings, By thee are tour- ned, are tour- ned, in- to springs.

Tenor



1. Come come yee hea- vy states of night, Doe my fa- thers
 2. Come come you Vir- gins of the night, That in Dir- ges



spi- rit right, Sound- ings bale- full let me bor- row, Bur- then- ing my song with sor- row, Come
 sad de- light, Quiet my An- them, I doe bor- row Gold nor pearle, but sounds of sor- row: Come



sor- row come her eies that sings, By thee are turn- ed, are turn'd, in- to springs.
 sor- row come hir eies that sings, By thee are tour- ned, are turn'd, in- to springs.

Bassus



1. Come, come yee hea- vy states of night, Doe my fa- thers
 2. Come, come you Vir- gins of the night, That in Dir- ges



spi- rit right, Sound- ings bale- full let me bor- row, Bur- then- ing my song with sor- row,
 sad de- light, Quiet my An- them, I doe bor- row Gold nor pearle, but sounds of sor- row:



Come sor- row come her eies that sings, By thee are tur- ned in- to springs.
 Come sor- row come hir eies that sings, By thee are tour- ned in- to springs.

White as Lillies was her face,

Canto.



1. White as Lil- lies was hir face, When she
2. When I swore my hart hir owne, She dis-
3. Vowes and oaths and faith as- sured, Con- stant
4. Oh that Love should have the art, By sur-
5. All in vaine is La- dies love, Quick- ly
6. To thy selfe the sweet- est faier, Thou hast
7. By thine er- ror thou has lost, Hart un-
8. For my hart though set at nought, Since you



1. smil- ed, She bee- guil- ed, Quit- ting faith with foule dis- grace, Ver- tue
2. dain- ed, I com- plain- ed, Yet shee left mee o- ver- throwen, Care- les
3. e- ver, Chang- ing ne- ver, Yet shee could not bee pro- cured, To be-
4. mi- ses, And dis- guis- es, To des- troy a faith- full hart, Or that
5. choos- ed, Short- ly loos- ed, For their pride is to re- move, Out a-
6. wound- ed, And con- found- ed, Chang- les faith with foule dis- paier, And my
7. fain- ed, Truth un- stain- ed, And the swaine that lov- ed most, More as-
8. will it, Spoil and kill it, I will ne- ver change my thoughts But grieve



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

Alto.



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



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



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

⁰(1)Facsimile has a quarter note here.

Basso.



1. White as Lil- lies was hir face, When she
2. *When I swore my hart hir owne, She dis-*
3. Vowes and oaths and faith as- sured, Con- stant
4. *Oh that Love should have the art, By sur-*
5. All in vaine is La- dies love, Quick- ly
6. *To thy selfe the sweet- est faier, Thou hast*
7. By thine er- ror thou has lost, Hart un-
8. For *my hart though set at nought, Since you*



1. smil- ed, She bee- guil- ed, Quit- ting faith with foule dis- grace, Ver- tue
2. *dain- ed, I com- plain- ed, Yet shee left mee o- ver- thrown, Care- les*
3. e- ver, Chang- ing ne- ver, Yet shee could not bee pro- cured, To be-
4. *mi- ses, And dis- guis- es, To des- troy a faith- full hart, Or that*
5. choos- ed, Short- ly loos- ed, For their pride is to re- move, Out a-
6. *wound- ed, And con- found- ed, Chang- les faith with foule dis- paier, And my*
7. fain- ed, Truth un- stain- ed, And the swaine that lov- ed most, More as-
8. *will it, Spoil and kill it, I will ne- ver change my thoughts But grieve*



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

Wofull hart with grieve oppressed,

Canto.



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



most dis- tres- sed. From my joyes hath mee re- mo- ved, Fol- low those sweet eies a-
seate hath tak- en, All his ar- rows through mee dart- ing, Thou maist live by hir Sunne-



do- red, Those sweet eyes where- in are stor- ed, All my plea- sures best bee- lov- ed.
shin- ing, I shall suf- fer no more pin- ing, By thy losse, then by hir part- ing.

Alto.



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 my Joyes hath mee re- mov'd, Fol- low those sweet eies a- dored,
tak- en, All his ar- rows ar- rows through mee dart- ing, Thou maist live by hir Sunne- shin- ing,



Those faier eyes where- in are stor- ed, All my plea- sures best bee- lov- ed.
I shall suf- fer no more pin- ing, By thy losse, then by hir part- ing.

¹This 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.

Tenor.



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



most dis- tres- sed. From my joyes my Joyes hath mee re- mo- ved, Fol- low those sweet eies those sweet
 seate hath tak- en, All his ar- rows through mee dart- ing, Thou maist live by hir Sunne- by



eyes a- do- red, Those sweet eyes where- in are stor- ed, All my plea- sures plea- sures best bee- lov- ed.
 hir Sunne- shin- ing, I shall suf- fer no more pin- ing, By thy losse, by thy losse then by hir part- ing.

Basso.



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



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



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

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

Altus



1. A shep- herd in a shade, his play- ning made of love and lov- ers
 Since love and for- tune wil, I ho- nour still, your faier and love- ly
2. My hart where have you laid O cru- ell maide, To kill when you might



1. wrong, un- to the fai- rest lasse, un- to the fai- rest lasse, that trode on grasse, and thus be - gan his
 eye, what con- quest will it be, what con- quest will it be, sweet Nimphe for thee, if I for sor- row
2. save, Why have yee cast it forth, why have ye cast it forth, as no- thing worth, with- out a tombe or



1. song. Re- store re- store my heart a- gaine, which love by thy sweet lookes hath slaine,
 dye.
2. grave. O let it bee in- tombed and lye, In your sweet minde and me- mo- rie,



1. by your dis- dain I sing, fie fie on love, fie fie on love, fie, it is a fo- lish thing.
2. least I re- sound, re- sound, Fie fie on love, fie fie on love, fie, it is a fo- lish thing.

Tenor



1. A shep- herd in a shade, his play- ning made of love and lo- vers wong, un- Since love and for- tune wil, I ho- nour still, your faier and love- ly eye, what
2. My hart where have you laid O cru- ell maide, To kill when you might save, Why



1. to the fai- rest lasse, un- to the fair - est lasse that trode on grasse, and thus be gan his song. con- quest will it be, what con- quest will it be, sweet Nimphe for thee, if I for sor- row dye.
2. have yee cast it forth, why have ye cast it forth, as no- thing worth, with- out a tombe or grave.



1. Re- store re- store my heart a- gaine, which love by thy sweet sweet lookes hath slaine, least that in- forst, in- forst
2. O let it bee in- tombed and lye, In your sweet minde and and me- mo- rie, least I re- sound, re- sound,



1. by your dis- daine, by your dis- daine I sing fie fie on love, fie fie fie on love it is a fo- lish thing.
2. on e- very war- string, on e- very string, Fie fie on love, fie fie fie on love it is a fo- lish thing.

²original is d quarter note

Bassus



1. A Shep- heard in a shade, his plain- ing made, Of love and lo- vers
Since love and For- tune will, I hon- our still, your faire and love - ly
2. My hart where have you laid O cru- ell maide, To kill where you might



1. wrong, Un- to the fair- est lasse, that trode on grasse, and thus be- gan his song. Re- store, re-
eye, What con- quest will it bee, Sweet Nymph for thee, if I for sor- row dye,
2. save, Why have yee cast it forth as no- thing worth, With- out a tombe or grave. O let it



1. store my heart a- gaine, Which love by thy sweet lookes hath slaine, least that in- forst by your dis- daine
2. bee in- tombed and lye, In your sweet minde and me- mo- rie, Least I re- sound on e- very war-



1. I sing, fye fye on love fye fye on love, fie it is a fo- lish thing.
2. bling string, Fye fye on love, fye fye on love, fie it is a foo- lish thing.

¹Original has d quarter note.

Faction that ever dwells,

Canto.



1. Fact- ion that e- ver dwels, In court where wits ex- cells hath set
 2. For- tune swears, weak- est harts The booke of Cu- pids arts Turne with
 3. This dis- cord it be- get A- theist that ho- nor not Na- ture
 4. So to the wood went I With love to live and die For- tune
 5. My saint is deere to mee, And love hir selfe is shee Jone faier



- de- fi- ance, For- tune and love hath sworne, That they were ne- ver borne, of one a- li- ance.
 hir wheele, Sen- ces them- selves shall prove Ven- ture hir place in love Aske them that feele.
 thought good, For- tune should e- ver dwell In court where wits ex- cell Love keepe the wood.
 for- lorne. Ex- per- ience of my youth Made me thinke hum- ble truth In de- sert borne.
 and true, Jone that doth e- ver move Pas- sions of love with love For- tune a- diew.

Alto.



1. Fact- ion that e- ver dwels, In court where wits ex- cells, Hath set de-
 2. For- tune swears, weak- est harts The booke of Cu- pids arts Turne with hir
 3. This dis- cord it be- get A- theist that ho- nor not Na- ture thought
 4. So to the wood went I With love to live and die For- tune for-
 5. My saint is deere to mee, And love hir selfe is shee Jone faier and



- fi- ance, For- tune and love hath sworne, That they were ne- ver borne, of one a- li- ance.
 wheele, Sen- ces them- selves shall prove Ven- ture hir place in love Aske them that feele.
 good, For- tune should e- ver dwell In court where wits ex- cell Love keepe the wood.
 lorne. Ex- per- ience of my youth Made me thinke hum- ble truth In de- sert borne.
 true, Jone that doth e- ver move Pas- sions of love with love For- tune a- diew.

Tenor.



1. Fact- ion that e- ver dwels, In court where wits ex- cells, Hath
2. For- tune swears, weak- est harts The booke of Cu- pids arts Turne
3. This dis- cord it be- get A- theist that ho- nor not Na-
4. So to the wood went I With love to live and die For-
5. My saint is deere to mee, And love hir selfe is shee Jone



set de- fi- ance, For- tune and love hath sworne, That they were ne- ver borne, of one a- li- ance.
 with hir wheele, Sen- ces them- selves shall prove Ven- ture hir place in love Aske them that feele.
 ture thought good, For- tune should e- ver dwell In court where wits ex- cell Love keepe the wood.
 tune for- lorne. Ex- per- ience of my youth Made me thinke hum- ble truth In de- sert borne.
 faier and true, Jone that doth e- ver move Pas- sions of love with love For- tune a- diew.

Basso.



1. Fact- ion that e- ver dwels, In court where wits ex- cells, Hath set
2. For- tune swears, weak- est harts The booke of Cu- pids arts Turne with
3. This dis- cord it be- get A- theist that ho- nor not Na- ture
4. So to the wood went I With love to live and die For- tune
5. My saint is deere to mee, And love hir selfe is shee Jone faier



de- fi- ance, For- tune and love hath sworne, That they were ne- ver borne, of one a- li- ance.
 hir wheele, Sen- ces them- selves shall prove Ven- ture hir place in love Aske them that feele.
 thought good, For- tune should e- ver dwell In court where wits ex- cell Love keepe the wood.
 for- lorne. Ex- per- ience of my youth Made me thinke hum- ble truth In de- sert borne.
 and true, Jone that doth e- ver move Pas- sions of love with love For- tune a- diew.

Shall I sue?

Canto.



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? Shall I think that a bleed- ing hart
 o be- thinke what hie re- gard, ho- ly hopes doe re- quire. Fa- vour is as faire as things are,
 La- dies eies re- spect no mone, in a meane de- sert. Shee is to wor- thie far,
 Yet will not shee pittie my grieffe, there- fore die I must, Sil- ly hart then yeeld to die,



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

Alto.



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



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



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



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

Basso.



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? Shall I think, Shall I think, that a bleed- ing
 o be- thinke what hie re- gard, ho- ly hopes doe re- quire. Fa- vour is, Fa- vour is, as faire as things
 La- dies eies re- spect no mone, in a meane de- sert. Shee is to Shee is to wor- thie far,
 Yet will not shee pit- tie my grieffe, there- fore die I must, Sil- ly hart, Sil- ly hart, then yeeld to



hart Or a wound- ed eie, Or a sigh can as- cend the cloudes to at- taine so hie.
 are, Trea- sure is not bought, Fa- vour is not wonne with words, nor the wish of a thought.
 for a worth so base, Cru- ell and but just is shee, in my just dis- grace.
 die, per- ish in dis- paire, Wit- nesse yet how faine I die, When I die for the faire.

Tosse not my soule:

The facsimile precedes this with the note: for finding in fields: ye shall finde a better dittie. Apparently Dowland originally used different words, and changed to these at the last minute.

Canto.



1. Tosse not my soule, O love twixt hope and feare, Shew
2. Take mee As- sur- ance to thy blis- full holde, Or



mee some ground where I may firme- ly stand or sure- ly fall, I care not which a-
thou Des- paire un- to thy dark- est Cell, Each hath full rest, the one in joyes en-



peare, So one will close mee in a cer- taine band, When once of
rolde, Th'o- ther, in that hee feares no more, is well:



ill the ut- ter- most is knowne, The strength of sor- row quite is o- ver- throwne.

Alto.



1. Tosse not my soule, (O love) twixt hope and feare, Shew mee some
 2. Take mee As- sur- ance to thy blis- full holde, Or thou Des-



ground where I may firm- ly stand or sure- ly fall, or sure- ly fall, I care not which a-
 paire un- to thy dark- est Cell, Each hath full rest, each hath full rest, the one in joyes en-



peare, So one will close mee in a cer- taine band, in a cer- taine band. When once of
 rolde, Th'o- ther, in that hee feares no more, is well, feares no more, is well:



ill the ut- ter- most is knowne, the ut- ter- most is knowne, The strength of sor- row quite is o- ver- throwne.

Tenor.



1. Tosse not my soule, (O love) twixt hope and
 2. Take mee As- sur- ance to thy blis- full



feare, twixt hope and feare, Shew mee some ground where I may firme- ly stand or sure- ly
 holde, thy blis- full holde, Or thou Des- paire un- to thy dark- est Cell, Each hath full



fall, or fall, or sure- ly fall, I care not which a- peare, I care not which a- peare, So
 rest, full rest, each hath full rest, the one in joyes en- rolde, the one in joyes en- rolde, Th'o-



one will close mee in a cer- taine band. When once of ill, the ut- ter- most,
 ther, in that hee feares no more, is well:



When once of ill, the ut- ter- most is knowne, The strength of sor- row quite is o- ver- throwne.

¹Dotted quarter in original. Another possible reading is to leave this a dotted quarter and change the two eighth notes to 16 notes.

Clear or cloudie

Canto.



1. Cleare or cloud- ie sweet as A- prill showr- ing, Smoth or
2. Hir grace like June, when earth and trees bee trimde, In best
3. Sweet som- mer spring that breath- eth life and grow- ing, In



frown- ing so is hir face to mee, Pleasd or smil- ing like milde May all flow- ing, When
 at- tire of com- pleat beaut- ies height, Hir love a- gaine like som- mers daies bee dimde, With
 weedes as in- to hearbs and flow- ers And sees of ser- vice di- vers sorts in sow- ing, Some



skies blew silke and me- dows car- pets bee, Hir speech- es notes of that night bird that sing-
 lit- tle cloudes of doubt- full con- stant faith, Hir trust hir doubt, like raine and heat in
 hap- ly seem- ing and some be- ing yours, Raine on your hearbs and flow- ers that true- ly



eth, Who thought all sweet yet Jar- ring notes out- ring- eth. Hir speech- es eth.
 Skies, Gen- tly thun- der- ing, she light- ning to mine eies. Hir trust hir eies.
 serve, And let your weeds lack dew and due- ly sterve. Raine on your sterve.

⁰The repeat has been moved and the alternate repeat structure added.

Alto.



1. Cleare or cloud- ie sweet as A- prill show- ing,
 2. Hir grace like June, when earth and trees bee trimde,
 3. Sweet som- mer spring that breath- eth life and grow- ing,



Smoth or frown- ing so is hir face to mee, Pleasd or smil- ing like milde May all flow- ing,
 In best at- tire of com- pleat beaut- ies height, Hir love a- gaine like som- mers daies bee dimde,
 In weedes as in- to hearbs and flow- ers And sees of ser- vice di- vers sorts in sow- ing,



When skies blew silke and me- dows car- pets bee, Hir speech- es notes of that night bird
 With lit- tle cloudes of doubt- full con- stant faith, Hir trust hir doubt, like raine and heat
 Some hap- ly seem- ing and some be- ing yours, Raine on your hearbs and flowrs that true-



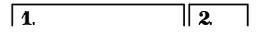
that sings, Who thought all sweet yet Jar- ring notes out- ring- eth. Hir speech- es eth.
 in Skies, Gen- tly thundr- ing, she light- ning to mine eies. Hir trust hir eies.
 ly serve, And let your weeds lack dew and due- ly sterve. Raine on your sterve.

Quinto.

This part is marked *For a treble Violl.* although from the range, the viol players I know would play it on a tenor viol.



of that night bird
 like raine and
 and flow- ers that



that sing- eth, Who thought all sweet, who thought all sweet, yet Jar- ring notes out- ring- eth. eth.
 heat in Skies, Gen- tly thundr- ing, gen- tly thun- der- ing, she light- ning to mine eies. eies.
 true- ly serve, And let your weeds, and let your weeds, lack dew and due- ly sterve. sterve.

Basso.



1. Cleare or cloud- ie sweet as A- prill showr- ing, Smoth or
 2. Hir grace like June, when earth and trees bee trimde, In best
 3. Sweet som- mer spring that breath- eth life and grow- ing, In weedes



frown- ing so is hir face to mee, Pleasd or smil- ing like milde May all flowr- ing, When skies blew
 at- tire of com- pleat beaut- ies height, Hir love a- gaine like som- mers daies bee dimde, With lit- tle
 as in- to hearbs and flow- ers And sees of ser- vice di- vers sorts in sow- ing, Some hap- ly



silke and me- dows car- pets bee, Hir speech- es notes of that night bird that sing- eth,
 cloudes of doubt- full con- stant faith, Hir trust hir doubt, like raine and heat in Skies,
 seem- ing and some be- ing yours, Raine on your hearbs and flow- ers that true- ly serve,



Who thought all sweet yet Jar- ring notes out- ring- eth. Hir speech- es eth.
 Gen- tly thun- der- ing, she light- ning to mine eies. Hir trust hir eies.
 And let your weeds lack dew and due- ly sterve. Raine on your sterve.

¹Original has a quarter note

Humor say what mak'st thou heere

Canto.



Hu- mor say what mak'st thou heere, In the pre- sence of a
 O, I am as heavy as earth, Say then who is Hu- mor
 Mirth then is drownde in sor- rowes brim, Oh, in sor- row all things



Queene, Thou art a hea- vy lead- en moode, But ne- ver Hu- mor yet was true,
 now. Why then tis I am drownde in woe,
 sleepe, In hir pre- sence all things smile,



but that but that but that that that that that that that which on- ly on- ly pleas- eth you.

Alto.



Hu- mor:



But ne- ver Hu- mor yet was true, but



that but that but that that that that that that that that which on- ly one- ly pleas- eth you.

Tenor.



Hu- mor:



Chorus:

But ne- ver Hu- mor yet was true, but



that but that but that that that that that that that which on- ly pleas- eth you.

Quinto.¹

The image shows three staves of musical notation for the Quinto part. The first staff starts at measure 6, the second at measure 11, and the third at measure 23. The music is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The first staff begins with a 3/4 time signature and contains a six-measure phrase. The second staff begins with a 3/4 time signature and contains a three-measure phrase. The third staff begins with a 3/4 time signature and contains a nine-measure phrase. The notation includes various note values, rests, and accidentals.

¹This part is untexted in the original, but it looks like that may have been because there wasn't room on the page for the text, and the singer or viol player was expected to sing the words of the Basso part.

Basso.



Hu- mor:

Prin- ces
I am
No no



hould con- ceit most deere, all con- ceit in hu- mor seene:
now in- clind to mirth, hu- mor I as well as thou.
foole the light's things swim, hea- vie things sinck to the deepe:



Hu- more is in- ven- cion's foode: But ne- ver Hu- mor yet was true, but that but
No no wit is cher- isht so,
Hu- mor fro- like then a while.



that but that that that that that that that that which one- ly pleas- eth you.

Part III
Third Booke

Bassus



II. Time stands still with gazing on her face,

Cantus



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



gaze for mi- nutes, houres and yeares, to her give place: All o- ther things shall change, But
for- tunes, love, and time, I hon- our will a- lone, If bloud- less en- vie say, Du-



she re- mains the same, Till hea- vens chan- ged have their course and time hath
tie hath no de- sert. Du- tie re- plies that en- vie knowes her selfe his



lost his name. Cu- pid doth ho- ver up and downe blind- ed with her faire
faith- full heart, My set- led vowes and spot- less faith no for- tune can re-



eyes, And for- tune cap- tive at her feete con- tem'd and con- querd lies.
move, Cour- age shall shew my in- ward faith, and faith shall trie my love.

¹original has whole note.

III. Daphne was not so chaste

Cantus



1. Daph-ne was not so chaste as she was chang- ing,
 He that to day tri- umphs with fa- vors gra- ced,
 2. Beau- tie can want no grace by true love view- ed,
 Like to a fruit- full tree it e- ver grow- eth,



Soon be- gun Love with hate es- tran- ging: Yet is thy beau- tie fainde, and
 Fals be- fore night with scornes de- fa- ced:
 Fan- cie by lookes is still re- nu- ed: But if that beau- tie were of
 Or the fresh- spring that end- lesse flow- eth.



ev- rie one de- sires, Still the false light, the false light of thy trai- terous fires.
 one con- sent with love, Love should live free, should live free, and true plea- sure prove.

Bassus



¹Original has two g quarter notes before this note. These are not in the lute tablature, and cause the whole section to be the wrong length and sound terrible.

V. Me me and none but me.

Note that the Tenor and Altus parts have equal ranges, and in modern vocal range terms can be sung by either a low alto or a high tenor.

Cantus



Me me and none but me, dart home O gen- tle death and quick- lie, for I
Like to the sil- ver Swanne, be- fore my death I sing: And yet a- live my



draw too long this i- dle breath: O howe I long till I may fly to heaven a-
fa- tall knell I helpe to ring. Still I de- sire from earth and earth- ly joyes to



bove, un- to my faith- full un- to my faith- full and be- lov- ed tur- tle dove.
flie, He ne- ver hap- pie liv'd, He ne- ver hap- pie liv'd, that can- not love to die.

Altus



Me me and none but me, dart home O gen- tle death and quick- lie, for I
Like to the sil- ver Swanne, be- fore my death I sing: And yet a- live my



draw too long this i- dle breath: O howe I long till I may fly to
fa- tall knell I helpe to ring. Still I de- sire from earth and earth- ly



heaven a- bove, un- to my faith- full and be- lov- ed tur- tle dove.
joyes to flie, He ne- ver hap- pie liv'd, that can- not love to die.

Tenor



Me me and none but me, dart home O gen- tle death and quick- lie, for I
Like to the sil- ver Swanne, be- fore my death I sing: And yet a- live my



draw too long, too long, this i- dle breath: O howe I long till I may fly to
fa- tall knell I helpe, I helpe, to ring. Still I de- sire from earth and earth- ly



heaven a- bove, un- to my faith- full and be- lov- ed tur- tle dove.
joyes to flie, He ne- ver hap- pie liv'd, that can- not love to die.

Bassus



Me me and none but me, dart home O gen- tle death and quick- lie, for I
Like to the sil- ver Swanne, be- fore my death I sing: And yet a- live my



draw too long this i- dle breath: O howe I long till I may fly to heaven a-
fa- tall knell I helpe to ring. Still I de- sire from earth and earth- ly joyes to



bove, un- to my faith- full and be- lov- ed tur- tle dove.
flie, He ne- ver hap- pie liv'd, that can- not love to die.

VI. When *Phœbus* first did *Daphne* love

Cantus



When *Phæ-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 vow'd vir- gin- i- tie,
dress their head, yet par- don them, for they be loth To make good *Phæ-bus* break his oth.



Then in a rage he sware, and said, Past fif- teene none none but one should live a maid.
And bet- ter twere a child were borne Then that a god, that a god should be for- sworne.

Altus



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



your move He craved the cause, the cause quoth she Is, I have vow'd vir- gin- i- tie, Then
dress their head, yet par- don them, for they be loth To make good *Phæ-bus* break his oth.



in a rage he sware, and said, Past fif- teene none none but one should live a maid.
And bet- ter twere a child were borne Then that a god, a god, should be for- sworne.

VII. Say love if ever thou didst find,

Cantus



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 mir- ror be, Some God- desse or some
 spot- lesse hart, Nor come neare, She is not sub- ject to Loves bow, Her eye com- maunds, her
 end- lesse no See the Moone That e- ver in one change doth grow, Yet still the same, and
 fec- tions so: Love is free, So are her thoughts that van- quish thee, There is no queene of



Queen is shee Shee, shee, shee, shee, shee, shee, and one- lie she, She one- ly Queene of love and beau- tie.
 heart saith no, No, no, no, no, no, no, and on- ly no, One no a- no- ther still doth fol- low.
 she is so; So, so, so, so, so, so, and one- ly so, From heaven her ver- tues she doth bor- row.
 love but she, Shee, shee, shee, shee, shee, shee, and one- lie she, She one- ly Queene of love and beau- tie.

Tenor



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 mir- ror be, Some God- desse or some
 spot- lesse hart, Nor come neare, She is not sub- ject to Loves bow, Her eye com- maunds, her
 end- lesse no See the Moone That e- ver in one change doth grow, Yet still the same, and
 fec- tions so: Love is free, So are her thoughts that van- quish thee, There is no queene of



Queen is shee Shee, shee, shee, shee, shee, shee, and one- lie she, She one- ly Queene of love and beau- tie.
 heart saith no, No, no, no, no, no, no, and on- ly no, One no a- no- ther still doth fol- low.
 she is so; So, so, so, so, so, so, and one- ly so, From heaven her ver- tues she doth bor- row.
 love but she, Shee, shee, shee, shee, shee, shee, and one- lie she, She one- ly Queene of love and beau- tie.

Bassus



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 mir- ror be, Some God- desse or some
spot- lesse hart, Nor come neare, She is not sub- ject to Loves bow, Her eye com- maunds, her
end- lesse no See the Moone That e- ver in one change doth grow, Yet still the same, and
fec- tions so: Love is free, So are her thoughts that van- quish thee, There is no queene of



Queen is shee Shee, shee, shee, shee, shee, shee, shee, and one- lie she, She one- ly Queene of love and beau- tie.
heart saith no, No, no, no, no, no, no, no, and on- ly no, One no a- no- ther still doth fol- low.
she is so; So, so, so, so, so, so, so, and one- ly so, From heaven her ver- tues she doth bor- row.
love but she, Shee, shee, shee, shee, shee, shee, shee, and one- lie she, She one- ly Queene of love and beau- tie.

VIII. Flow not so fast yee fountaines,

Cantus



1. Flow not so fast yee foun- taines, what need- eth all this haste,
Swell not a- bove your moun- taines, nor spend your time in waste,
2. Weepe they a- pace whom Rea- son, or ling- ring time can ease:
My so- row can no sea- son, Nor ought be- sides ap- pease
3. Time can a- bate the ter- rour Of e- verie com- mon paine,
But com- mon grieve is er- rour, True grieve will still re- maine.



Gen- tle springs, gen- tle springs fresh- ly your salt teares must still fall drop- ping



must still fall drop- ping drop- ping drop- ping drop- ping fall drop- ping from their speares. speares.

Altus



1. Flow not so fast yee foun- taines, what need- eth all this haste, Gen- tle
Swell not a- bove your moun- taines, nor spend your time in waste,
2. Weepe they a- pace whom Rea- son, or ling- ring time can ease:
My so- row can no sea- son, Nor ought be- sides ap- pease
3. Time can a- bate the ter- rour Of e- verie com- mon paine,
But com- mon grieve is er- rour, True grieve will still re- maine.



springs, gen- tle springs fresh- ly your salt teares must still still fall drop- ping still fall drop- ping must still still fall drop- ping



still fall drop- ping must still fall drop- ping drop- ping still fall drop- ping fall drop- ping from their speares. Must still speares.

Tenor



1. Flow not so fast yee foun- taines, what need- eth all this haste,
 Swell not a- bove your moun- taines, nor spend your time in waste,
 2. Weepe they a- pace whom Rea- son, or ling- ring time can ease:
 My so- row can no sea- son, Nor ought be- sides ap- pease
 3. Time can a- bate the ter- rour Of e- verie com- mon paine,
 But com- mon grieffe is er- rour, True grieffe will still re- maine.



Gen- tle springs, gen- tle, gen- tle springs fresh- ly your salt teares must still must still fall fall drop- ping fall drop- ping must



still stil fal fal drop- ping fal drop- ping must still fal drop- ping still fall drop- ping from their speares. Must still speares.

Bassus



1. Flow not so fast yee foun- taines, what need- eth all this haste, Gen- tle
 Swell not a- bove your moun- taines, nor spend your time in waste,
 2. Weepe they a- pace whom Rea- son, or ling- ring time can ease:
 My so- row can no sea- son, Nor ought be- sides ap- pease
 3. Time can a- bate the ter- rour Of e- verie com- mon paine,
 But com- mon grieffe is er- rour, True grieffe will still re- maine.



springs, gen- tle springs fresh- ly your salt teares must still fall drop- ping still fall drop- ping drop- ping must stil fal drop-



ping stil fal drop- ping drop- ping stil fal drop- ping stil fal drop- ping still fall drop- ping from their speares. Must speares.

IX. What if I never speede,

Cantus



1. What if I ne- ver speede, Shall I straight yeeld to dis- paire, And still on so- row
or shall I change my love, for I find power to de- part, and in my rea- son
2. Oft have I dreamed of joy, yet I ne- ver felt the sweete, But tir- ed with an-
Oft have I left my hope, as a wretch by fate for- lorne. But Love aims at one



1. feede That can no losse re- paire. But if she will pit- tie my de- sire, And my love re-
prove I can com- mand my hart.
2. noy my griefs each oth- er greete. He that once loves with a true de- sire ne- ver can de-
scope, And lost wil stil re- turne:



1. quite, then e- ver shall shee live my deare de- light. Come, come, come,
2. part, for Cu- pid is the king of e- very hart.



1. while I have a heart to de- sire thee. Come, come, come, for ei- ther I will love or ad- mire thee.

Altus



1. What if I ne- ver speede, Shall I straight yeeld to dis- paire, And still on so- row
or shall I change my love, for I find power to de- part, and in my rea- son
2. Oft have I dreamed of joy, yet I ne- ver felt the sweete, But tir- ed with an-
Oft have I left my hope, as a wretch by fate for- lorne. But Love aimes at one



1. feede That can no losse re- paire. But if she will pit- tie, pit- tie, pit- tie my de- sire, And my love re-
prove I can com- mand my hart.
2. noy my griefs each oth- er greete. He that once loves with a true. a true, a true de- sire ne- ver can de-
scope, And lost wil stil re- turne:



1. quite, then e- ver shall shee live my deare de- light. Come, come, come, while I
2. part, for Cu- pid is the king of e- very hart.



1. have a heart to de- sire thee. Come, come, for ei- ther I will love or ad- mire thee.

Bassus



1. What if I ne- ver speede, Shall I straight yeeld to dis- paire, And
or shall I change my love, for I find power to de- part, and
2. Oft have I dreamed of joy, yet I ne- ver felt the sweete, But
Oft have I left my hope, as a wretch by fate for- lorne. But



1. still on so- row feede That can no losse re- paire. But if she will pit- tie my de- sire, And my
in my rea- son prove I can com- mand my hart.
2. tir- ed with an- noy my griefs each oth- er greete. He that once loves with a true de- sire ne- ver
Love aimes at one scope, And lost wil stil re- turne:



1. love re- quite, then e- ver shall shee live my deare de- light. Come, come, come, while I
2. can de- part, for Cu- pid is the king of e- very hart.



1. have a heart to de- sire thee. Come, come, for ei- ther I will love or ad- mire thee.

Altus



1. Love stood a- maz'd at sweet sweet beau- ties paine: Love would have
2. Then his teares bred in thoughts thoughts of salt brine Fel from his
3. Are you fled faire? where, where are now those eies Eyes but too
4. Are you false gods? why, why then do you raine? Are you just
5. Then from high rock, the rocke, rocke, of dis- paire, He fals, in
6. With pi- ty mov'd the gods, gods the change love To Phe- nix



said that all was but vaine, And Gods but halfe di- vine, But when Love saw that beau- tie, beau- tie would die:
 eyes, like raine in sun- shine Ex- peld by rage of fire: Yet in such wise as an- guish, an- guish af- fords,
 faire, e- hui'd by the skies, You an- grie gods do know, With guilt- les bloud your scep- ters, scep- ters you stain,
 gods? why then have you slaine The life of love on earth. Beau- tie, now thy face lives, face lives in the skies,
 hope to smo- ther in the aire, Or els on stones to burst, Or on cold waves to spend, to spend his last breath,
 shape, yet can- not re- move His won- ted pro- per- tie, He loves the sunne be- cause, be- cause it is faire,



Hee all a- gast, to heav'ns, to heav'ns did crie, O gods, o gods what wrong, what wrong is mine.
 He did ex- presse in these, in these his last words His in- fin- ite, in- fin- ite de- sire.
 On poore true hearts like ty- rants, ty- rants you raine: Un- just, un- just why do, why do you so?
 Beau- tie now let me live, me live in thine eyes, Where blisse, where blisse felt ne- ver, ne- ver death.
 Or his strange life to end, to end by strange death, But fate, but fate for- bid, for- bid the worst.
 Sleepe he ne- glects, he lives, he lives but by aire, And would, and would, but can- not, can- not die.

Tenor



1. Love stood a- maz'd at sweet beau- ties paine: Love would have said that all was but
2. Then his teares bred in thoughts of salt brine, Fel from his eyes, like raine in sun-
3. Are you fled faire? where are now those eies Eyes but too faire, e- hui'd by the
4. Are you false gods? why then do you raine? Are you just gods? why then have you
5. Then from high rock, the rocke of dis- paire, He fals, in hope to smo- ther in
6. With pi- ty mov'd the gods the change love To Phe- nix shape, yet can- not re-



vaine, And Gods but halfe di- vine, But when Love saw that beau- tie would die, would die: Hee all a-
 shine Ex- peld by rage of fire: Yet in such wise as an- guish af- fords, af- fords, He did ex-
 skies, You an- grie gods do know, With guilt- les bloud your scep- ters, scep- ters you stain, On poore true
 slaine The life of love on earth. Beau- tie, now thy face lives in the skies, the skies, Beau- tie now
 th'aire, Or els on stones to burst, Or on cold waves to spend his last breath, last breath, Or his strange
 move His won- ted pro- per- tie, He loves the sunne be- cause it is faire, is faire, Sleepe he ne-



gast, to heav'ns, to heav'ns did crie, did crie, O gods, o gods what wrong, what wrong is mine.
 presse in these, in these his last words His in- fin- ite, in- fin- ite de- sire.
 hearts like ty- rants, ty- rants you raine: Un- just, un- just why do, why do you so?
 let me live, me live in thine eyes, Where blisse, where blisse felt ne- ver, ne- ver death.
 life to end, to end by strange death, But fate, but fate for- bid, for- bid the worst.
 glects, he lives, he lives but by aire, And would, and would, but can- not, can- not die.

Bassus



1. Love stood a- maz'd at sweet beau- ties paine: Love would have
2. Then his teares bred in thoughts of salt brine, Fel from his
3. Are you fled faire? where are now those eies Eyes but too
4. Are you false gods? why then do you raine? Are you just
5. Then from high rock, the rocke of dis- paire, He fals, in
6. With pi- ty mov'd the gods the change love To Phe- nix



said that all was but vaine, And Gods but halfe di- vine, But when Love saw that beau- tie would
 eyes, like raine in sun- shine Ex- peld by rage of fire: Yet in such wise as an- guish af-
 faire, e- hui'd by the skies, You an- grie gods do know, With guilt- les bloud your scep- ters you
 gods? why then have you slaine The life of love on earth. Beau- tie, now thy face lives in the
 hope to smo- ther in th'aire, Or els on stones to burst, Or on cold waves to spend his last
 shape, yet can- not re- move His won- ted pro- per- tie, He loves the sunne be- cause it is



die: Hee all a- gast, to heav'ns did crie, O gods, o gods what wrong is mine.
 fords, He did ex- presse in these last words His in,- His in- fin- ite de- sire.
 stain, On poore true hearts like ty- rants you raine: Un- just, un- just, why do you so?
 skies, Beau- tie now let me live in thine eyes, Where blisse, where blisse, felt ne- ver death.
 breath, Or his strange life to end by strange death, But fate, but fate, for- bid the worst.
 faire, Sleepe he ne- glects, he lives but by aire, And would, And would, but can- not die.



that have a- ny pi- tie: Chant then my voice though rude like to my ri- ming, And
 my dole- ful dit- ty:
 sha- dowe then my plea- sure O what a Heav'n is love firme- ly em- brac- ed, Such
 lone true heav'n- ly trea- sure,
 love could no time en- ter: Mu- tu- all joies in hearts tru- ly u- ni- ted Doe
 to this earth- ly cen- ter,



tell foorth my grieffe which here in sad des- paire Can find no ease of tor- men- ting.
 power a- lone can fixe de- light In For- tunes bo- some e- ver plac- ed.
 earth to heav- en- ly state con- vert Like heav'n still in it- selfe de- light- ed.



1. Lend your eares to my sor- row Good peo- ple that have a- ny pi- tie:
 For no eyes wil I bor- ow Mine own shal grace, my dole- ful dit- ty:
 2. Once I liv'd, once I knew de- light, No grieffe did sha- dowe my plea- sure
 Grac'd with love, cheer'd with beau- ties sight, I joyed a- lone heav'n- ly trea- sure,
 3. Cold as Ice fro- zen is that hart, Where thought of love could not en- ter:
 Such of life reape the poor- est part Whose weight cleaves to this cen- ter,



Chant then my voice, my voice though rude like to my ri- ming, And tell foorth my grieffe which
 O what a Heav'n, a Heav'n is love firme- ly em- brac- ed, Such power a- lone can
 Mu- tu- all joies in hearts tru- ly u- ni- ted Doe earth to heav- en- ly



here in sad des- paire Can find no ease of tor- men- ting.
 fixe de- light In For- tunes bo- some e- ver pla- ced.
 state con- vert Like heav'n still in it- selfe de- light- ed.

¹Note that the 3/4 section in this part starts a quarter note into a 3/4 "measure", because of the dotted rhythm in the previous beat.

Bassus



1. Lend your eares to my sor- row Good peo- ple that have a- ny
 For no eyes wil I bor- ow Mine own shal grace, my dole- ful
 2. Once I liv'd, once I knew de- light, No griefe did sha- dowe then my
 Grac'd with love, cheer'd with beau- ties sight, I joyed a- lone true heav'n- ly
 3. Cold as Ice fro- zen is that hart, Where thought of love could no time
 Such of life reape the poor- est part Whose weight cleaves to this earth- ly



pi- tie: Chaunt it my voice though rude like to my ri- ming, And tell fourth my griefe which here in
 dit- ty:
 plea- sure O what a Heav'n is love firme- ly em- brac- ed, Such power a- lone can fixe de-
 trea- sure,
 en- ter: Mu- tu- all joies in hearts tru- ly u- ni- ted Doe earth to heav- ly state con-
 cen- ter,



sad des- paire Can find no ease of tor- men- ting.
 light In For- tunes bo- some e- ver pla- ced.
 vert Like heav'n still in it- selfe de- light- ed.

XII. By a fountain where I lay

Cantus



1. By a foun- taine where I lay, Al bles- sed bee that bless- ed
 By the glint- ing of the sun, Oh ne- ver bee her shin- ing
 2. Faire with gar- lands all ad- drest, Was ne- ver Nymph more faire- ly
 Bless- ed in the highest de- gree, So may she e- ver bless- ed
 3. Then I forth- with tooke my pipe Which I all faire and cleane did
 And u- pon a heav'n- ly ground, All in the grace of beau- tie



day When I might see a- lone My true loves fair- est one, Loves deer light, Loves cleare sight
 done Came to this foun- taine neere, With such a smil- ing cheere, Such a face, Such a grace,
 blest, Plaid this round- e- lay, Wel- come faire Queene of May, Sing sweete aire, Wel- come faire.
 be,
 wipe
 found,



No worlds eyes can clear- er see A fair- er sight none none can be.
 Hap- pie, hap- pie eyes that see Such a heav- en- ly sight as she.
 Wel- come be the shep- hearsds Queene, The glo- rie of all our greene.

Altus



1. By a foun- taine where I lay, Al bles- sed bee that
 By the glint- ing of the sun, Oh ne- ver bee her
 2. Faire with gar- lands all ad- drest, Was ne- ver Nymph more
 Bless- ed in the highest de- gree, So may she e- ver
 3. Then I forth- with tooke my pipe Which I all faire and
 And u- pon a heav'n- ly ground, All in the grace of



bless- ed day When I might see a- lone My true loves fair- est one, Loves deer light, Loves cleare sight
 shin- ing done Came to this foun- taine neere, With such a smil- ing cheere, Such a face, Such a grace,
 faire- ly blest, Plaid this round- e- lay, Wel- come faire Queene of May, Sing sweete aire, Wel- come faire.
 bless- ed be,
 cleane did wipe
 beau- tie found,



No worlds eyes can clear- er see A fair- er sight, a fair- er sight none none can be.
 Hap- pie, hap- pie eyes that see Such a heav- en- ly, such a heav- en- ly sight as she.
 Wel- come be the shep- hearsd Queene, The glo- rie of, the glo- rie of all our greene.

Tenor



1. By a foun- taine where I lay, Al bless- ed, bless- ed bee that bless- ed
 By the glint- ing of the sun, Oh ne- ver, ne- ver bee her shin- ing
 2. Faire with gar- lands all ad- drest, Was ne- ver, ne- ver Nymph more faire- ly
 Bless- ed in the high- est de- gree, So may she, may she e- ver bless- ed
 3. Then I forth- with tooke my pipe Which I all faire, all faire and cleane did
 And u- pon a heav'n- ly ground, All in the grace, the grace of beau- tie



day When I might see a- lone My true loves fair- est one, Loves deer light, Loves cleare sight
 done Came to this foun- taine neere, With such a smil- ing cheere, Such a face, Such a grace,
 blest, Plaid this round- e- lay, Wel- come faire Queene of May, Sing sweete aire, Wel- come faire.
 be,
 wipe
 found,



No worlds eyes can clear- er see A fair- er sight, a fair- er sight none can be.
 Hap- pie, hap- pie eyes that see Such a hea- ven- ly sight, heav- en- ly sight as she.
 Wel- come be the shep- hearsd Queene, The glo- rie of, the glo- rie of all our greene.

¹original has a whole note

Bassus



1. By a foun- taine where I lay, Al bles- sed
 By the glint- ing of the sun, Oh ne- ver
 2. Faire with gar- lands all ad- drest, Was ne- ver
 Bless- ed in the highest de- gree, So may she
 3. Then I forth- with tooke my pipe Which I all
 And u- pon a heav'n- ly ground, All in the



bee that bless- ed day When I might see a- lone My true loves fair- est one,
 bee her shin- ing done Came to this foun- taine neere, With such a smil- ing cheere,
 Nymph more faire- ly blest, Plaid this round- e- lay, Wel- come faire Queene of May,
 e- ver bless- ed be,
 faire and cleane did wipe
 grace of beau- tie found,



Loves deer light, Loves cleare sight No worlds eyes can clear- er see A fair- er sight none none can be.
 Such a face, Such a grace, Hap- pie, hap- pie eyes that see Such a hea- ven- ly sight as she.
 Sing sweete aire, Wel- come faire. Wel- come be the shep- hearsds Queene, The glo- rie of all our greene.

XVIII. It was a time when silly Bees could speake,

This is yet another poem that may have been written by the Earl of Essex to Queen Elizabeth. (cf. *Can she excuse my wrongs* Page I-20 and *O sweet woods*, Page II-24)

Cantus



1. It was a time when sil- ly Bees could speake, And in that
 2. Then thus I buzd, when time no sap would give, Why should this
 3. My liege, Gods graunt thy time may ne- ver end, And yet vouch-



time I was a sil- lie Bee, Who fed on Time un- til my heart gan break,
 bless- ed time to me be drie, Sith by this Time the la- zie drone doth live,
 safe to heare my plaint of Time, Which fruit- lesse Flies have found to have a friend,



Yet ne- ver found the time would fa- vour mee. Of all the swarme I
 The waspe, the worme, the gnat, the but- ter- flie, Mat- ed with grieve, I
 And I cast downe when A- ro- mies do clime. The king re- plied but



one- ly did not thrive, Yet brought I waxe and ho- ney to the hive.
 kneel- ed on my knees, And thus com- plained un- to the king of Bees.
 thus, Peace pee- vish Bee, Th'art bound to serve the time, the time not thee.

Tenor



1. It was a time, a time when sil- ly Bees could speake,
2. Then thus I buzd, I buzd, when time no sap would give,
3. My liege, Gods graunt, Gods graunt thy time may ne- ver end,



And in that time I was a sil- lie Bee, Who fed on Time un- til my heart gan
 Why should this bless- ed time to me be drie, Sith by this Time the la- zie drone doth
 And yet vouch- safe to heare my plaint of Time, Which fruit- lesse Flies have found to have a



break, Yet ne- ver found the time, the time would fa- vour mee. Of all the swarme, the swarme I
 live, The waspe, the worme, the gnat, the gnat, the but- ter- flie, Mat- ed with griefe, with griefe, I
 friend, And I cast downe, cast downe when A- ro- mies do clime. The king re- plied, re- plied but



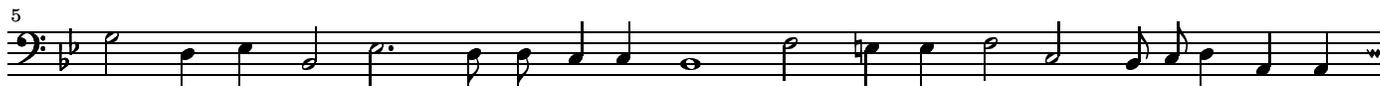
one- ly, one- ly did not thrive, Yet brought I waxe and ho- ney to the hive.
 kneel- ed, kneel- ed on my knees, And thus com- plained un- to the king of Bees.
 thus, Peace pee- vish, pee- vish Bee, Th'art bound to serve the time, the time not thee.

¹rest is editorial.

Bassus



1. It was a time, a time when sil- ly Bees could speake,
2. Then thus I buzd, I buzd, when time no sap would give,
3. My liege, Gods graunt, Gods graunt thy time may ne- ver end,



And in that time I was a sil- lie Bee, Who fed on Time un- til my heart gan
 Why should this bless- ed time to me be drie, Sith by this Time the la- zie drone doth
 And yet vouch- safe to heare my plaint of Time, Which fruit- lesse Flies have found to have a



break, Yet ne- ver found the time would fa- vour mee. Of all the swarme, the swarme I
 live, The waspe, the worme, the gnat, the but- ter- flie, Mat- ed with griefe, with griefe, I
 friend, And I cast downe when A- ro- mies do clime. The king re- plied, re- plied but



one- ly, I one- ly did not thrive, Yet brought I waxe and ho- ney to the hive.
 kneel- ed, I kneel- ed on my knees, And thus com- plained un- to the king of Bees.
 thus, Peace pee- vish, pee- vish Bee, Th'art bound to serve the time, the time not thee.

Part IV
Lachrimae

1. Lachrimæ Antiquæ

Cantus



Musical score for Cantus, Lachrimæ Antiquæ. The score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The piece consists of five staves of music, with measure numbers 10, 21, 30, and 40 indicated at the beginning of their respective staves. The music features a mix of eighth, quarter, and half notes, with some rests and accidentals (sharps and naturals).

Altus

Musical score for Altus, measures 1-36. The score is written in treble clef with a common time signature (C). It consists of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The music is written in a single system. The second staff starts at measure 10, the third at measure 24, and the fourth at measure 36. Each staff has a small '8' below the first measure, likely indicating a page or system number. The music features a variety of note values, including quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, as well as rests and accidentals.

Tenor

Musical score for Tenor, measures 1-40. The score is written in treble clef with a common time signature (C). The key signature has one sharp (F#). The score consists of four staves of music. The first staff starts with a common time signature and a key signature of one sharp. The second staff begins at measure 11 and includes a first ending bracket labeled (1). The third staff begins at measure 24 and the fourth staff begins at measure 37. Each staff has an '8' below it, likely indicating a page or system number.

¹original has B and A quarter notes

Quintus

8

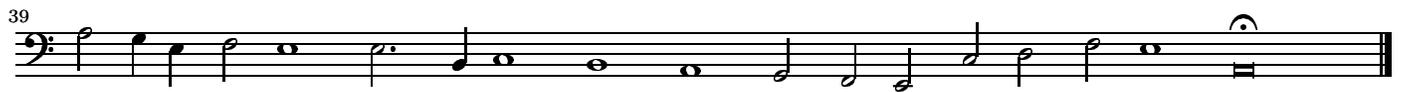
11

24 (2)

37

²Original has double whole note

Bassus



2. Lachrimæ Antiquæ Novæ

Cantus

8

19

30

40

Altus

Musical score for Altus voice part, measures 1-40. The score is written in treble clef with a common time signature (C). It begins with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The score is divided into four systems of ten measures each. Measure numbers 8, 19, 29, and 40 are indicated at the start of their respective systems. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a sharp sign (F#) at the end of the final measure.

Tenor

Musical score for Tenor voice part, measures 1-40. The score is written in treble clef with a common time signature (C). It begins with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The score is divided into four systems of ten measures each. Measure numbers 9, 23, and 37 are indicated at the start of their respective systems. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a sharp sign (F#) at the end of the final measure, which is marked with a circled number (2) above it.

²Original has a longa here.

Quintus

8

12

23

32

41

(1)

¹Original has quarter note.

Bassus

The image shows a musical score for a Bassus part, consisting of three staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a common time signature (C). The second and third staves use bass clefs. The music is written in a single system and includes various note values, rests, and a fermata at the end of the third staff.

3. Lachrimæ Gementes

Cantus

8

18

28

39

(2)

(6)

²Original has a half note.

⁶Original had half note, half rest (eh guess)

Altus

12

23 (1)

31 (7)

41

¹This is a half note in the original (Edgar Hunt's guess)

⁷This rest is an EH guess

Quintus

8

14

24

32

41

(3)

4. Lachrimæ Tristes

Cantus

Musical score for Cantus, measures 1-48. The score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The score is divided into five systems, with measure numbers 9, 20, 31, and 42 indicated at the beginning of each system. The final measure (48) ends with a double bar line and a fermata over the final note.

²Original is half rest (Edgar Hunt guess).

Altus

(1)

8

18

29

40

¹Originally dotted quarter eighth. Also the D# C seems unlikely

Tenor

Musical score for Tenor, measures 1-42. The score is written in treble clef with a common time signature (C). The key signature is one sharp (F#). The score consists of five staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one sharp. The music starts with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. A double bar line follows. The second staff begins with a treble clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one sharp. The music starts with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. A double bar line follows. The third staff begins with a treble clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one sharp. The music starts with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. A double bar line follows. The fourth staff begins with a treble clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one sharp. The music starts with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. A double bar line follows. The fifth staff begins with a treble clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one sharp. The music starts with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. A double bar line follows. The score includes measure numbers 8, 9, 20, 31, and 42. A triplet of eighth notes is marked with a circled '3' above it in measure 42.

³Original is dotted half (Edgar Hunt guess).

Quintus

The musical score for Quintus is written in C major and 4/4 time. It consists of five staves of music. The first staff begins at measure 8. The second staff begins at measure 10 and includes a second ending marked with '(2)' above the staff at measure 17. The third staff begins at measure 22. The fourth staff begins at measure 31. The fifth staff begins at measure 43 and ends with a double bar line. The music features a variety of note values, including quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, as well as rests and accidentals.

²Original has dot to breve on other side of double bar, so would be a whole note c

5. Lachrimæ Coactæ

Cantus

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of five staves of music. The first staff begins with a common time signature (C) and a double bar line. Measure numbers 9, 20, 28, and 39 are indicated at the start of their respective staves. A first ending bracket labeled '(1)' spans measures 28 to 31. The piece concludes with a double bar line at the end of the fifth staff.

¹Original has the clef on the last two of three lines of this part on the second line, but this seems to just be an error

¹Original is a quarter note

Altus



²Original has E sharp.

Tenor

Musical score for Tenor, measures 1-36. The score is written in treble clef with a common time signature (C). The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The music consists of four staves of notation. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one flat. It contains measures 1 through 9. The second staff begins with a treble clef and a common time signature, and contains measures 10 through 22. The third staff begins with a treble clef and a common time signature, and contains measures 23 through 35. The fourth staff begins with a treble clef and a common time signature, and contains measures 36 through the end of the piece. The music features a variety of note values, including quarter notes, eighth notes, and sixteenth notes, with some rests and phrasing slurs.

Quintus

8

9

20

28

39

10. M. John Langtons Pavan.

Cantus

9

20

28

38 (1)

¹Original has quarter note

Altus



Tenor

8

9

8

20

8

30

8

39

8

(2)

²Original has quarter note

Quintus

8

11

21

31

39

Bassus



12. The Earle of Essex Galiard.

See also the vocal version, *Can she excuse my wrongs?*, Page I-20.

Cantus

Musical score for Cantus part, measures 1-16. The score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 3/4 time signature. It consists of three staves. The first staff contains measures 1-7. The second staff, starting at measure 8, contains measures 8-15 and includes a first ending bracket labeled (1) above the staff. The third staff, starting at measure 16, contains measures 16-23 and includes a second ending bracket labeled (2) above the staff.

Altus

Musical score for Altus part, measures 1-17. The score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 3/4 time signature. It consists of three staves. The first staff contains measures 1-8. The second staff, starting at measure 9, contains measures 9-16 and includes two first ending brackets labeled (2) and (4) above the staff. The third staff, starting at measure 17, contains measures 17-24 and includes a second ending bracket labeled (3) above the staff.

-3

¹I think the convention is that the double bars are repeats.

¹Original is G whole note.

²Single bar in original

⁴Original looks dotted.

Tenor



Quintus



Bassus



13. Sir John Souch his Galiard

See also the vocal version *My thoughts are winged with hopes*, Page I-12.

Cantus

Musical score for the Cantus part, measures 1-17. The score is written in treble clef with a 3/4 time signature. It consists of three staves of music. The first staff contains measures 1-7, the second staff contains measures 8-16, and the third staff contains measures 17-24. The music features a mix of quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, with some rests and a final fermata on the last note.

Altus

Musical score for the Altus part, measures 1-17. The score is written in treble clef with a 3/4 time signature. It consists of three staves of music. The first staff contains measures 1-8, the second staff contains measures 9-16, and the third staff contains measures 17-24. The music features a mix of quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, with some rests and a final fermata on the last note.

Tenor



Quintus

Musical score for Quintus, Treble Clef, 3/4 time signature. The score consists of three staves. The first staff starts at measure 1. The second staff starts at measure 8 and includes a first ending bracket labeled '(1)'. The third staff starts at measure 16 and ends with a double bar line and repeat sign.

Bassus

Musical score for Bassus, Bass Clef, 3/4 time signature. The score consists of three staves. The first staff starts at measure 1. The second staff starts at measure 9. The third staff starts at measure 17 and ends with a double bar line and repeat sign.

¹The print is pretty bad at this point, but this reading makes everything end at the same time.

18. Captaine Digorie Piper his Galiard.

See also the vocal version, *If my complaints could passions move*, Page I-16.

Cantus

The Cantus part is written in 3/4 time and consists of three staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 3/4 time signature. The melody starts on a G4 note and proceeds through various intervals, including a half note, a quarter note, and a dotted quarter note. The second staff begins with a measure rest followed by a double bar line, then continues the melody. The third staff begins with a measure rest followed by a double bar line, then continues the melody, ending with a fermata over the final note.

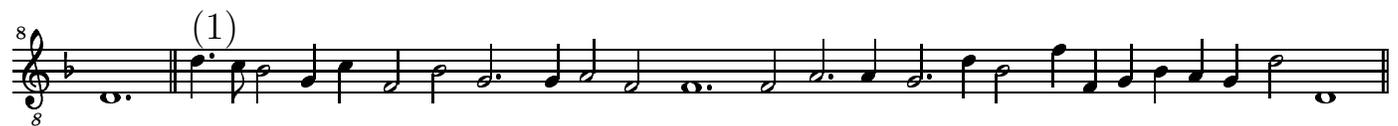
Altus

The Altus part is written in 3/4 time and consists of three staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 3/4 time signature. The melody starts on a G4 note and proceeds through various intervals, including a half note, a quarter note, and a dotted quarter note. The second staff begins with a measure rest followed by a double bar line, then continues the melody. The third staff begins with a measure rest followed by a double bar line, then continues the melody, ending with a fermata over the final note.

Tenor



Quintus



¹No dot in original

²Rest is editorial

Bassus



³These two rests are editorial

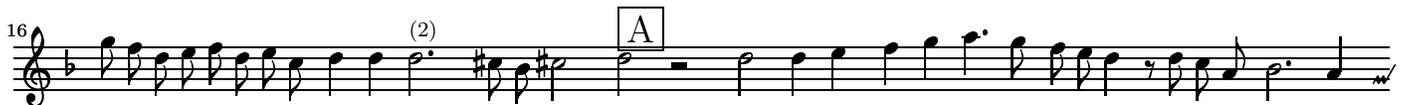
Part V
A Pilgrimes Solace

IX. Goe nightly cares,

Cantus.



Goe nightly cares



¹The meter is written C 3. My guess is that the three is an error.

²Original is half note

³Original is missing this note

Altus.

Goe night- ly cares, Goe
False world fare- well False

12
night- ly cares, the e- nem- y to rest, For- beare, for- beare a while to vex- e my griev- ed
world fare- well, the e- nem- y to rest, Now do, now do thy worst, I doe not weigh thy

22
sprite, So long, so long your weight, so long, so long, your weight hath lyne u- pon my
sight: Free from, free from thy cares, free from, free from thy cares, I live for e- ver

30
brest, That loe I live, that loe I live, that loe I live of life be- reav- ed quite,
blest, En- joy- ing peace, En- joy- ing peace, En- joy- ing peace, and heaven- ly true de- light.

39 (1)
O give me time to draw my wear- y breath,
De- light, whom woes nor sor- rows shall a- mate

47
Or let me dye, as I de- sire the death. Wel- come sweete death,
nor feares or teares dis- turbe her hap- py state. And thus I leave,

56
Wel- come sweete death, wel- come sweete death sweet death wel- come, Oh
And thus I leave, And thus I leave And thus I leave thy

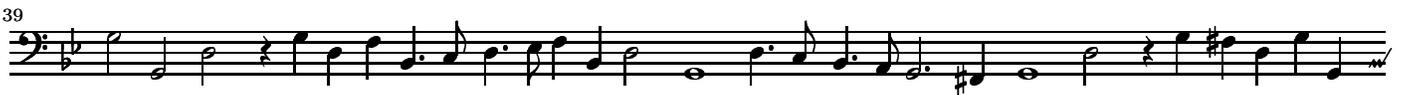
65
life, no life, A hell, Then thus, and thus I bid the world fare- well.
hopes, thy joyes un- true, and thus, and thus vaine world a- gain- e a- due.

¹drawn as a breve in original

Bassus.



Goe night- ly cares



⁰Original has incomplete circle with dot, and also the number 2.

Bibliography

[Pou82] Diana Poulton. *John Dowland*. University of California Press, second edition, 1982.

fuga ~~ff~~:

ff: Adagio de L'Arminia
his own hand