

# Contents

Contents	i
List of Figures	iv
<b>I First Booke</b>	<b>I-1</b>
Unquiet thoughts your civil slaughter stint	I-4
Whoever thinks or hopes of love for love	I-8
My thoughts are winged with hopes	I-12
If my complaints	I-16
Can she excuse my wrongs	I-20
Now, o now, I needs must part	I-26
Deare, if you change,	I-30
Burst forth my tears	I-34
Go, crystall teares,	I-38
Thinkst thou then by thy fayning	I-42
Come away, come sweet love	I-46
Rest a while, you cruell cares	I-50

Sleep, waiward thoughts	I-54
All ye, whom love or fortune hath betraid;	I-58
Wilt thou unkind thus reave me of my heart,	I-62
Would my conceit, that first enforst my woe,	I-66
Come again: sweet love doth now invite	I-70
His golden locks time hath to silver turnd.	I-74
Awake, sweet love, thou art returnd:	I-78
Come heavy sleep, the image of true death,	I-82
Away with these selfe loving lads	I-86
II Second Booke	II-1
I saw my Lady weepe:	II-4
Flow my teares	II-6
Sorrow, sorrow stay,	II-8
Dye not before thy day	II-12
Mourne, mourne	II-14
Tymes eldest sonne, old age the heire of ease: <i>First part.</i>	II-16
Then sit thee downe, & say thy <i>Nunc Demittis</i> : Second Part	II-18
When others sings <i>Venite exultemus</i> : Third part.	II-20
Praise blindness eies,	II-22
O sweet woods the delight of solitarinesse	II-26

If floods of teares could cleanse my follies past, II-34

Fine knacks for Ladies II-38

Now cease my wandring eyes II-42

A shepheard in a shade II-46

### III Third Booke III-3

Farewell too faire, III-6

Time stands still with gazing on her face, III-8

Behold a wonder here III-10

Daphne was not so chaste III-11

What if I never speede, III-12

It was a time when silly Bees could speake, III-16

### IV Lachrimae L-3

1. Lachrimae Antiquæ L-6

2. Lachrimæ Antiquæ Novæ L-12

3. Lachrimæ Gementes L-18

4. Lachrimæ Tristes L-24

5. Lachrimæ Coactae L-30

10. M. John Langtons Pavan. L-36

12. The Earle of Essex Galiard. L-42

13. Sir John Souch His Galiard L-46

18. Captaine Digorie Piper his Galiard.	L-50
V A Pilgrimes Solace	L-53
IX. Goe nightly cares,	P-2
Bibliography	??-9

## List of Figures

0.1 Queen Elizabeth, 1588. Watercolor drawing by Isaac Oliver. . .	I-20
0.2 Robert Devereux, 3rd Earl of Essex. . . . .	I-24

**Part I**  
**First Booke**





## I. Unquiet thoughts your civil slaughter stint

## Cantus



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



stint, and wrap your wrongs with- in a pen- sive heart: and  
 start, or put my tongue in du- rance for to die? When  
 eyes? My thoughts must have som vent: else hart will break. My



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



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



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



Altus



1. Un- qui- et thoughts, your ci- vill  
 2. But what can slay my thoughts they  
 3. Howshall I then gaze on my



slaugh- ter stint, and wrap your wrongs with- in a pen- sive  
 may not start, or put my wrongs with- in for to  
 mis- tresse eyes? My thoughts must have some vent else hart will



hart, and you my tongue that makes my mouth a mint, my tongue that makes  
 die? When as these eyes, the keyes of mouth and hart, these eyes, the keyes  
 break. My tongue would rust as in my mouth it lies, would rust as in



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



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



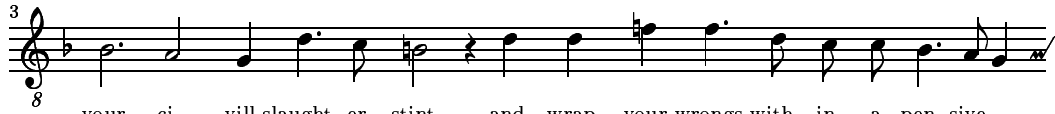
cut the string, ile cut the string that makes the ham- mer strike be strike.  
 thoughts, so thoughts and looks and words shall die, to- gether. So thoughts and words,  
 turns mine eies, which turns mine eies, to floods my thoughts to fire. Which turns

1. 2.

## Tenor



1. Un- qui- et thoughts,
2. But what can slay
3. How shall I then



your ci- vill slaught- er stint, and wrap your wrongs with- in a pen- sive  
my thoughts they may not start, or put my tongue in du- rance for to  
gaze on my mis- tresse eyes? My thoughts must have som vent: else hart will



hart: and you my tongue, and you my tongue, that makes my mouth a  
die? When as these eyes, when as these eyes, the keyes of mouth and  
break. My tongue would rust, my tongue would rust, as in my mouth it



mint, and stamps my thoughts, my thoughts to coine, to coine them words by  
hart, O- pen the locke, the locke where all, where all my love doth  
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-
2. But what can slay my thoughts
3. Howshall I then gaze on



will slaugh- ter stint, and wrap your wrongs with- in a pen- sive hart, a pen- sive  
 they may not start, or put my tongue in du- rance for to die? rance for to  
 my mis- tresse eyes? My thoughts must have som vent: else hart will break, else hart will



hart, and you my tongue, that makes my mouth a mint, to coine them  
 die? When as these eyes, the keyes of mouth and hart, O- pen the  
 break. My tongue would rust as in my mouth it lies, If eyes and



words by art, be still: for if you do the like, Ile cut the  
 locke where all my love doth lie; Ile seale them up with- in their  
 thoughts were free, and that not speake. Speake then, and tell the pas- sions

1.	2.
----	----



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

## II. Whoever thinks or hopes of love for love

### Cantus



1. Who- e- ver thinks or hopes of love for  
2. Who thinks that sor- rowes felt, de- si- res



love: or who be- lov'd in Cu- pids lawes doth glo- ry: Who joyes in vowes, or  
hidden, Or hum- ble faith in con- stant ho- nour arm- ed, Can keepe love from the



vowes not to re- move: Who by this light god hath not been made so- ry:  
fruit that is for- bidden, thinks that change is by intrea ty charm- ed,



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



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

<sup>1</sup>The B natural is a quarter note in the original

Altus



1. Who e- ver thinkes or hopes of  
2. Who thinks that sor- rowes felt, de-



Love for Love, Or who be- lov'd in Cu- pids lawes doth glo- ry,  
sires hid- den, Or hum- ble faith in con- stant ho- nour arm'd,



Who joyes in vowes or vowes not to re- move, Who by  
Can keepe love from the fruit that is for- bidden, Who thinks



this light- god hath not bin made so- rie: Let him see me Let him see me  
that change is by in- treat- y charmd, Look- ing on me, Look- ing on me



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



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



Bassus



1. Who- e- ver thinks or hopes of love for  
2. Who thinks that sor- rows felt, de- sires hid-



love, or who be- lov'd in Cu- pids lawes doth glo- ry: Who joyes in vowes, or  
den, Or hum- ble faith in con- stant ho- nour arm'd, Can keepe love from the



vowes not to re- move: Who by this light god hath not been made so- ry: Let  
fruit that is for- bidden, Who thinks that change is by in- treat- y charmd, Look-



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



of an earth Quite o- ver- runne. clouds of an earth quite o- ver- run, Let him see runne.  
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-46.

#### Cantus



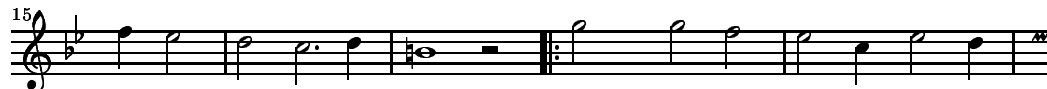
1. My thoughts are wingd with hopes,
2. And you my thoughts that some
3. If she, for this, with clouds



my hopes with love. Mount love un- to the Moone in cleer- est  
 mis- trust do cary, If for mis- trust my mis- tresse do you  
 doe maske her eyes, And make the hea- vens darke with her dis-



night, and say as she doth in the hea- vens move, In earth so wanes  
 blame, Say though you al- ter, yet you do not varie, As she doth change,  
 daine, With wind- y sighes, dis- perse them in the skies, Or with thy teares



and wax- eth my de- light: and whis- per this but soft- ly  
 and yet re- maine the same: Dis- trust doth en- ter hearts, but  
 dis- solve them in- to raine; Thoughts, hopes, and love re- turn to



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

<sup>1</sup>It'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
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, the Moone in cleer- est night, and  
do cary, If for If for mis- trust my mis- tresse do you blame, Say  
her eyes, And make the hea- vens darke with her dis- daine, Or



say as she doth in the hea- vens move, In earth so wanes and  
though you al- ter, yet you do not va- rie, As she doth change, and  
with thy teares dis- solve them in- to raine; With wind- y sighes, dis-



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

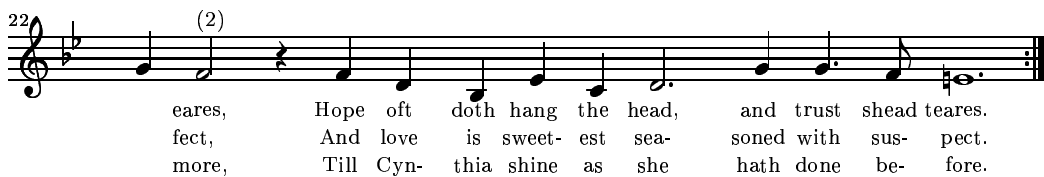
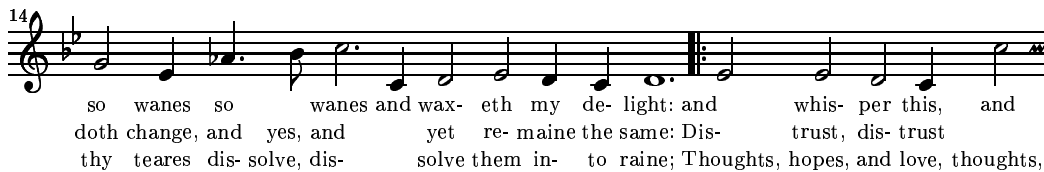
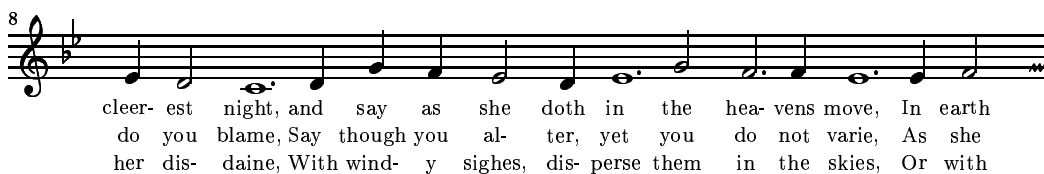


eares, Hope oft doth hang the head, the head, and trust shead teares.  
fect, And love is sweet- est sea- soned, sea- soned with sus- pect.  
more Till Cyn- thia shine as she, as she hath done be- fore.

## 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



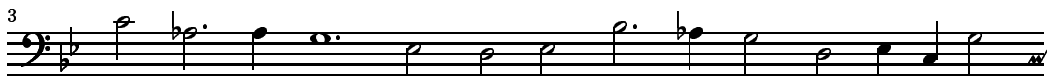
<sup>1</sup>Original has C half note

<sup>2</sup>Original is a quarter note.

## Bassus



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



my hopes with love. Mount love un- to the Moone in cleer- est  
 mis- trust do cary, If for mis- trust my mis- tresse do you  
 doe maske her eyes, And make the hea- vens darke with her dis-



night, and say as she doth in the hea- vens moove, In earth so  
 blame, Say though you al- ter, yet you do not varie, As she doth  
 daine, With wind- y sighes, dis- perse them in the skies, Or with thy



wanes and wax- eth my de- light: And whis- per this but soft- ly  
 change, and yet re- maine the same: Dis- trust doth en- ter hearts, but  
 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-50.

#### Cantus



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



1. move, or make love see where- in I suf- fer wrong: O love, I  
prove, that my de- spaires had go- vernd mee too long. Thy wounds doe
2. want? Thou plen- ty hast, yet me dost scant: That I do  
condemnd? Thou made a God, and yet thy power con- temnd. That I de-



1. live and die in thee, my heart for thy un- kind- nesse breakes: thou saist thou  
fresh- ly bleed in mee, thy grieffe in my deepe sighes still speakes: Yet thou dost
2. live, it is thy power: If love doth make mens lives too sowre, Die shall my  
sire it 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.

<sup>1</sup>Original has quarter note

Altus



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



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



1. live I live and die in thee, thy grieffe in my deepe sighes deepe  
 fresh-ly fresh-ly bleed in mee, my heart for thy un-kind un-  
 2. live, it is thy power: If love doth make mens  
 sire it is thy worth: Let me not love, not



1. sighs still speakes: Yet thou dost hope dost hope when I de-  
 kind-nesse breakes: thou saist thou canst thou canst my harmes re-  
 2. lives too sowre, Die shall my hopes, but not my  
 live hence- forth. May heere des- paire, which true-ly



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

## Tenor



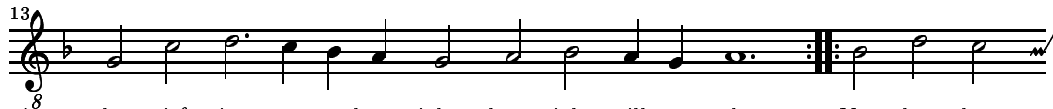
1. If my com-plaints could pas-sions  
My pas-sions were e-nough to
2. Can love be rich, and yet I  
Is love my Judge, and yet I



1. move, could pas-sions move, or make love see where- in I suf-fer  
prove, e-nough to prove, that my de-spairs had go-vern'd mee too
2. want? and yet I want, Thou plen-ty hast, yet me dost  
am con-demnd? con-demnd? Thou made a God, and yet thy power con-



1. wrong: O love, I live and die, I live and die in thee,  
long. Thy wounds doe fresh - ly bleed do fresh-ly bleed in mee,
2. scant: That I do live, it is, I live it is thy power:  
temnd. That I de-sire it is, I de-sire it, thy worth:



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



1. hope when I de-spaire, and when I hope, thou makst me hope in vaine.  
canst my harmes re-paire, 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.

## Bassus



1. If my com-plaints could pas-sions  
My pas-sions were e-nough to
2. Can love be rich, and yet I  
Is love my Judge, and yet I am



1. move, or make love see where- in I suf-fer wrong:  
prove, that my de-spairs had go-vernd mee too long.
2. want? Thou plen-ty hast, yet me dost scant:  
con-demnd? Thou made a God, and yet thy power con-temnd.



1. O love, I live and die in thee, thy grieft thy grieft in my deepe sighes still  
Thy wounds doe fresh-ly bleed in mee, my heart my heart for thy un-kind-nesse
2. That I do live, it is thy power: If love, if love, doth make mens lives too  
That I de-sire it is thy worth: Let me, let me, not love, not live hence-



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

<sup>1</sup>This 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-42), 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 ex- cuse my wrongs with ver- tues  
Are those cleer fires which va- nish in- to
2. Was I so base, that I might not as-  
As they are high, so high is my de-



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



1. sha- dows do for bo- dies stand, thou maist be a- busde if thy sight be  
like to words writ- ten on sand, or to bub- bles which on the wa- ter
2. yeeld to that which rea- son is, It is rea- sons will that love should be  
hap- py still by grant- ing this, Or cut off de- layes if that I die



1. dim. Wilt thou be thus a- bu- sed still, see- ing that she wil right thee ne- ver  
swim.
2. just. Bet- ter a thou- sand times to die, Then for to live thus still tor- ment- ed:  
must.



1. if thou canst not ore- com her wil, thy love wil be thus fruit- les e- ver.
2. 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?  
Are those cleer fires which va- nish in- to smoak?
2. Was I so base, that I might not as- pire  
As they are high, so high is my de- sire:



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



1. sha- dows do for bo- dies stand, thou maist be a- busde a- bused if thy sight be  
like to words writ- ten on sand, or to bub- bles which on the wa- ter wa- ter
2. rea- son is, rea- son is, It is rea- sons will that love, that love, should be  
grant- ing this, grant- ing this, Or cut off de- layes if that I die, I die,



1. dim. 1. Wilt thou be thus a- bu - sed still, see- ing that she wil right thee ne- ver  
swim.
2. just. Bet- ter a thou- sand times to die, Then for to live, thus still tor- ment- ed:  
must.



1. if thou canst not ore- com her wil, thy love wil be thus fruit- les e- ver.
2. Deare but re- mem- ber it was I Who for thy sake did die con- tent- ed.

<sup>0</sup>(1) original is whole note.

<sup>0</sup>(2) Original has A whole note.

## Tenor



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



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



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



1. dim. Wilt thou be thus a- bu- sed still, see- ing that she wil right thee  
swim.
2. just. Bet- ter a thou- sand times to die, Then for to live thus still tor-  
must.



1. ne- ver if thou canst not ore- com her wil, thy love wil be thus fruit- les e- ver.  
2. 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  
Are those cleer fires cleer fires which va- nish in- to
2. Was I so base, that I might not, might not, as-  
As they are high, so high is my de- sire, de-



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



1. sha- dows do for bo- dies stand, thou maist be a- busde if thy sight be  
like to words writ- ten on sand, or to bub- bles which on the wa- ter
2. yeeld to that which rea- son is, It is rea- sons will that love should be  
hap- py still by grant- ing this, Or cut off de- layes if that I die



1. dim. Wilt thou be thus a- bu- sed still, see- ing that she wil right thee ne- ver?  
swim.
2. just. Bet- ter a thou- sand times to die, Then for to live thus still tor- ment- ed:  
must.



1. if thou canst not ore- com her wil, thy love wil be thus fruit- les e- ver.
2. 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,  
While I live I needs must love,
2. Deare when I from thee am gone,  
And al- though your sight I leave,
3. Deare if I do not re- turne,  
Part we must though now I die,



1. part- ing though I ab- sent mourn. Ab- sence can no joy im- part:  
love lives not when hope is gone. Now at last de- spaire doth prove,
2. Gone are all my joyes at once. I loved thee and thee a- lone,  
Sight where in my joyes doe lie, Till that death doth sence be- reave,
3. Love and I shall die to- gether. For my ab- sence ne- ver mourne,  
Die I do to part with you. Him des- paire doth cause to lie,

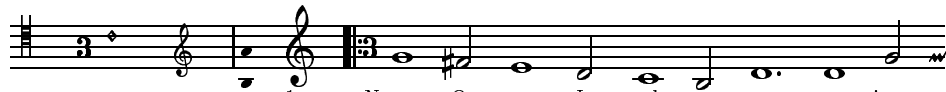


1. joy once fled can- not re- turne.  
love di- vi- ded lov- eth none.
2. In whose love I joy- ed once. 1-3. Sad de- spaire doth drive me hence, this des- paire  
Ne- ver shall af- fec- tion die.
3. Whom you might have joy- ed ever:  
Who both lived and di- eth true.



- 1-3. un- kind- nes 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  
While I live I needs must love, love lives
2. Deare, when I from thee am gone, Gone are  
And al- though your sight I leave, Sight where
3. Deare, if I do not re- turne, Love and  
Part we must though now I die, Die I



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



- can- not re- turne.  
ded lov- eth none.  
I joy- ed once. 1-3. Sad de- spair doth drive me hence; this des- paire  
af- fec- tion die.  
have joy- ed ever:  
and di- eth true.

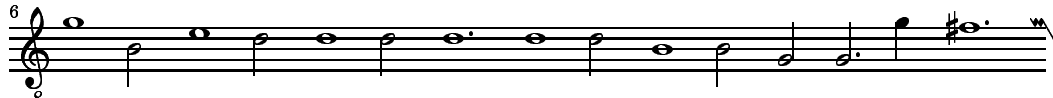


- 1-3.un- kind- nes sends. If that part- ing bee of- fence, it is shee which then of- fends.

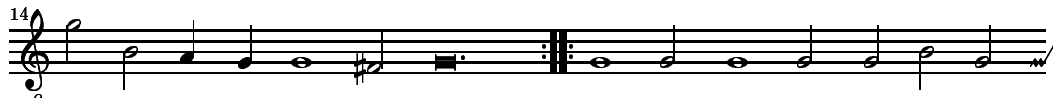
## Tenor



1. Now O now, I needs must part,  
While I live I needs must love,
2. Deare, when I from thee am gone,  
And al- though your sight I leave,
3. Deare, if I do not re-  
turne, Part we must though now I die,



1. part- ing though I ab- sent mourn. Ab- sence can no joy im- part:  
love lives not when hope is gone. Now at last de- spaire doth prove,
2. Gone are all my joyes at once. I loved thee and thee a- lone,  
Sight where in my joyes doe lie, Till that death doth sence be- reave,
3. Love and I shall die to- gether. For my ab- sence ne- ver mourne,  
Die I do to part with you. Him des- paire doth cause to lie,



1. joy once fled can- not re- turne.  
love di- vi- ded lov- eth none.
2. In whose love I joy- ed once. 1-3. Sad de- spair doth drive me hence,  
Ne- ver shall af- fec- tion die.
3. Whom you might have joy- ed ever.  
Who both lived and di- eth true.



- 1-3. me hence; this des- paire un- kind- nes sends. If that



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



## Bassus



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

6



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

14



1. can- not re- turne.  
ded lov- eth none.
2. I joy- ed once. 1-3. Sad de- spair doth drive me hence, me hence; this des- paire  
af- fec- tion die.
3. have joy- ed ever:  
and di- eth true.

22



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

## VII. Deare, if you change,

## Cantus



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



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



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



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



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

<sup>0</sup>I have moved the spot that the B section repeats to to make the text underlay easier.

Altus



1. Deare, if you change, ile ne- ver  
2. Earth with her flowers shall soon- er



6 chuse a- gaine. Sweet, if you shrinke, you shrinke, ile ne- ver thinke of  
heaven a- dome, Heaven her bright starres, bright starres, through earths dim globe shall



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



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



28 deare, sweet, faire, (1) wise, change, shrinke nor be not weake: and on my  
earth, heaven fire, ayre, (2) the world trans- form'd shall view, ere I prove



34 faith, and on my faith, my faith shall ne- ver breake. Deare, sweet, breake.  
false to faith, to faith, or strange, or strange, to you. Earth, heaven, you.

<sup>0</sup>Yes, the altus and bassus really do have C instead of C|

<sup>1</sup>Original is a half note

<sup>2</sup>Original is a quarter note

## Tenor



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



gaine Sweet, if you shrink, you shrink, ile ne- ver thinke of love. Faire,  
 dorne, Heaven her bright starres, bright starres, through earths dim globe shall move, Fire



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



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



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



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

<sup>3</sup>Original is a quarter note

Bassus



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



gaine. Sweet, if you shrinke, you shrinke, ile ne- ver thinke of love. Faire,  
dorne. Heaven her bright starres, bright starres, through earths dim globe shall move, Fire



if you faile, ile judge all beau- tie vaine. Wise, if too weake, moe wits ile ne- ver  
heate shall lose, and frosts of flames be borne, Ayre made to shine as blacke as hell shall



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



weak: and, on my faith, my faith shall ne- ver breake. Deare, sweet, faire, breake.  
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-
2. Sad, sad, pin- ing care, that
3. Like, like, to the winds my



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



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



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



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

Altus.



1. Burst, burst, forth my tears,  
 2. Sad, sad, pin-ing care,  
 3. Like, like to the winds

7  
 as- sist my for- ward grie- fe, And shew what pain, and shew what pain,  
 that ne- ver may have peace, At beau- ties gate, at beau- ties gate,  
 my sighs have wing- ed beene; Yet are my sighes, yet are my sighes,

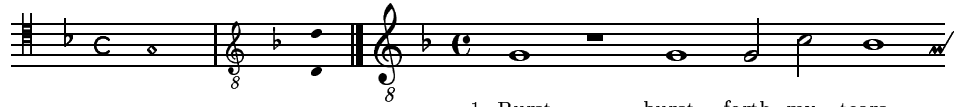
15  
 im- per- i- ous love pro- vokes, im- per- i- ous love pro- vokes.  
 in hope of pi- tie knocks; in hope of pi- tie knocks;  
 and sutes re- paid with mocks: and sutes re- paid with mocks:

21  
 Kinde ten- der lambes, la- ment, la- ment loves scant re- liefe, And  
 But mer- cy sleeps while deep, while deep dis- daine in- crease, And  
 I pleade, yet she, yet she re- pi- neth at my teene, O

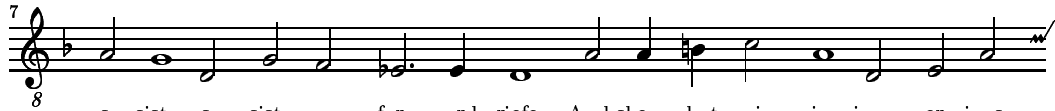
28  
 pine, since pen- sive care my free- dome yokes. my free- dome yokes. O pine, to  
 beau- tie hope in her faire bo- some yokes. faire bo- some yokes. O grieve to  
 ruth- lesse ri- gour har- der then the rocks, har- der then the rocks, That both the

36  
 see me pine, O pine, to see me pine, to see me pine, my ten- der flockes.  
 heare my grie- fe, O grieve to heare my grie- fe, to heare my grie- fe, my ten- der flockes.  
 she- pheard kills, That both the she- pheard kills, the she- pheard kills, and his poore flockes.

## Tenor.



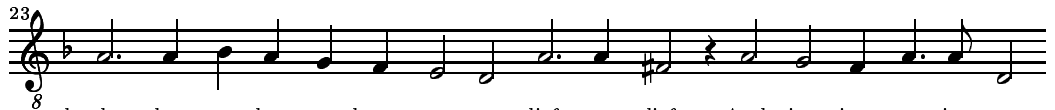
1. Burst, burst forth my tears,  
 2. Sad, sad pin- ing care,  
 3. Like, like to the winds



as- sist, as- sist my for- ward grie- fe, And shew what pain, pain im- per- ious  
 that ne- ver, ne- ver may have peace, At beau- ties gate, gate in hope of  
 my sighs, my sighs have wing- ed beene; Yet are my sighs, sighs and sutes re-



love pro- vokes, im- per- ious love pro- vokes. Kinde ten- der  
 pi- tie knocks; in hope of pi- tie knocks; But mer- cy  
 paid with mocks: and sutes re- paid with mocks: I pleade, yet



lam- bes, la- ment la- ment loves scant re- lief, re- lief, And pine, since pen- sive care,  
 sleepes while deep dis- daine, dis- daine in- crease, in- crease, And beau- tie hope in her  
 she, yet she re- pi- neth at my teene, my teene, O ruth- lesse ri- gour har-



since pen- sive care my free- dome yokes. O pine, to see me  
 faire, in her faire bo- some yokes. O grieve to hear my  
 der, ri- gour har- der then the rocks, That both the she- pheard



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



Bassus.



21



1. And shew what pain im- per- ious love, im- per- ious love pro-  
 2. At beau- ties gate in hope of pi- tie, hope of pi- tie  
 3. Yet are my sighes and sutes re- paid, and sutes re- paid with

31



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

40



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

48



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

IX. Go, *crystall teares,*

## Cantus



1. Go cry- stall tears, like  
2. Haste, rest- lesse sighes, and



to the mor- ning showrs, And sweet- ly weep in- to thy La- dies  
let your burn- ing breath Dis- solve the ice of her in- du- rate



breast. And as the dewes re- vive the droop- ing flowers, so let your drops of  
heart, Whose fro- zen ri- gour like for- get- full death, Feeles ne- ver an- y



pi- tie be ad- drest, to quick- en up the thoghts of my de-  
touch of my de- sert: Yet sighes and teares to her I sa- cri-



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

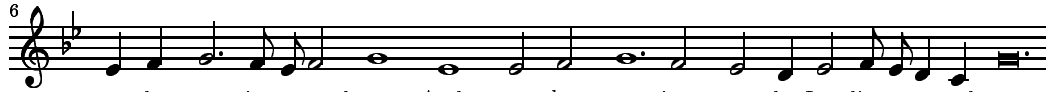
<sup>0</sup>Modern conventions for notating the repeats are very different from what Dowland used. In this piece, I had to move the begin repeat to a much later point than Dowlands “go back to here” squiggle, with a correspondingly longer first alternative ending. LEC

<sup>1</sup>Original has a barline between the note and the dot.

Altus



1. Go cry- stall tears, like  
2. Haste, rest- lesse sighes, and



to the mor- ning shows, And sweet- ly weep in- to thy La- dies breast.  
let your burn - ing 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  
Whose fro- zen ri- gour like for - get- full death, Feeles ne- ver an- y touch of



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



sound, whilst I from her, from her de- part: from her de- part. part.  
spot- less heart and pa- tient eyes, and pa- tient eyes. eyes.

<sup>2</sup>Original is a quarter note.

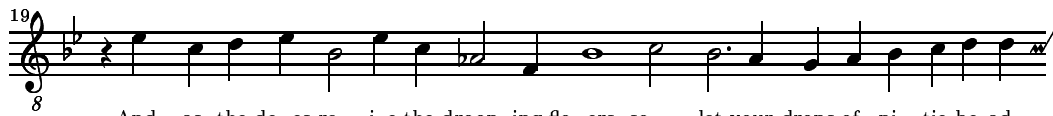
## Tenor



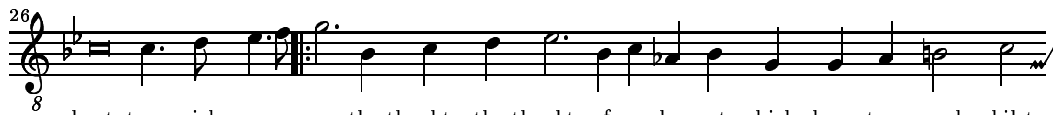
1. Go cry- stall tears, like to the  
2. Haste, rest- lesse sighes, and let your



mor- ning shows, And sweet- ly weep in- to thy La- dies breast.  
burn- ing 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-



rest, 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.

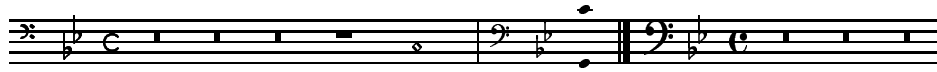
<sup>2</sup>Original is a quarter note.

<sup>3</sup>Original B natural

<sup>4</sup>Original B flat

<sup>5</sup>these rests added by editor

**Bassus**



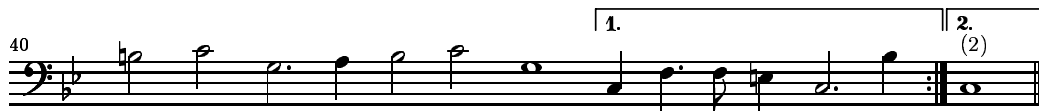
1. And sweet- ly weep, in- to thy La- dies breast. And as the  
2. Dis- solve the ice of her in- du- rate heart, Whose fro-



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



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



sound, whilst I from her de- part, from her de- part. To part.  
spot- less heart and pa- tient eyes, and pa- tient eyes. Yet eyes.

---

<sup>2</sup>Original is a quarter note.









**Bassus.**



- 1. Thinkst thou then by thy fayn- ing sleepe  
Or with thy craf- ty clos- ing Thy
- 2. O that my sleepe dis- sem- bled, were  
Thy cru- ell eyes de- cei- ving, Of
- 3. Should then my love as- pir- ing, For-  
So farre ex- ceed the due- ty That



- 1. with a proud dis- day- ning, ning, To drive me from thy sight, when  
cru- el eyes re- pos- ing, ing, And while sleepe fayn- ed is, may
- 2. to a trance re- sem- bled, bled, Then should my love re- quire Thy  
live- ly sense be- reav- ing: ing: In beau- ties sweet dis- grace: And
- 3. bid- den joyes de- sir- ing, ing, No, Love seeke not thy blisse, Be-  
ver- tue owes to beau- tie? tie? Yet kisse a thou- sand fold. For



- 1. sleepe yeelds more de- light, such harm- less beau- tie gra- cing. cing.  
not I steale a kisse, Thy qui- et armes em- bra- cing. cing.
- 2. loves un- kind de- spite, While fu- ry tri- umpht bold- ly ly  
livd in sweet em- brace Of her that lov'd so cold- ly. ly.
- 3. yond a sim- ple kisse: For such de- ceits are harme- lesse, lesse,  
kis- ses may be bold When love- ly sleep is arme- lesse. lesse.

<sup>1</sup>Original looks like a dotted eighth quarter, but it has to be a dotted quarter eighth

# XI. Come away, come sweet love

## Cantus.



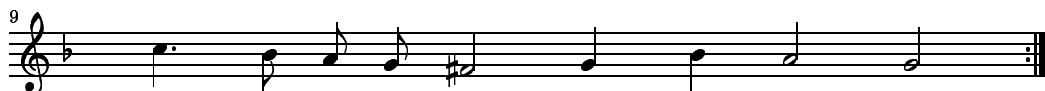
1. Come a- way, come sweet love,  
All the earth, all the ayre,
2. Come a- way, come sweet love,  
While the Sunne from his sphere,
3. Come a- way, come sweet love,  
Beau- ties grace that should rise,



1. The gol- den morn- ing breakes. Teach thine armes then to em- brace,  
of love and plea- sure speakes. Eyes were made for beau- ties grace,
2. The gol- den morn- ing wastes, Mak- ing all the sha- dows fie,  
His fier- y ar- rowes casts: Thi- ther sweet love let us hie,
3. Doe not in vaine a- dorne: Lil- lies on the ri- vers side,  
Like to the na- ked morne: Or- na- ment is nurse of pride,



1. And sweet ro- sie lips to kisse, and  
View- ing ru- ing loves long pains, Pro-
2. Play- ing, stay- ing in the grove, To  
Fly- ing, dy- ing in de- sire, Wingd
3. And faire Cy- prian flowres new blowne, De-  
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.



1. Come a- way, come sweet love, The gol- den  
All the earth, all the ayre, of love and
2. Come a- way, come sweet love, The gol- den  
While the Sunne from his sphere, His fier- y
3. Come a- way, come sweet love, Doe not in  
Beau- ties grace that should rise, Like to the



1. morn- ing breakes. Teach thine armes then to em- brace,  
plea- sure speakes. Eyes were made for beau- ties grace,
2. morn- ing wastes, Mak- ing all the sha- dows flie,  
ar- rowes casts: Thi- ther sweet love let us hie,
3. vaine a- dorne Lil- lies on the ri- vers side,  
na- ked morne: Or- na- ment is nurse of pride,



1. And sweet ro- sie lips to kisse, and  
View- ing ru- ing loves long pains, Pro-
2. Play- ing, stay- ing in the grove, To  
Fly- ing, dy- ing in de- sire, Wingd
3. And faire Cy- prian flowres new blowne, De-  
Plea- sure mea- sure loves de- light: Haste



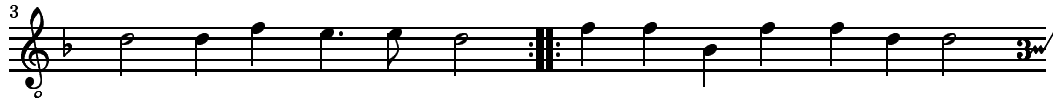
1. mix our soules in mu- tuall blisse.  
cur'd by beau- ties rude dis- daine.
2. en- ter- taine the stealth of love.  
with sweet hopes and heav'n- ly fire.
3. sire no beau- ties but their owne.  
then sweet love our wish- ed flight.

<sup>2</sup>Original is a quarter note.

## Tenor.



1. Come a- way, come sweet love,  
All the earth, all the ayre,  
2. Come a- way, come sweet love,  
While the Sunne from his sphere,  
3. Come a- way, come sweet love,  
Beau- ties grace that should rise,



1. The gol- den morn- ing breakes. Teach thine armes then to em- brace,  
of love and plea- sure speakes. Eyes were made for beau- ties grace,  
2. The gol- den morn- ing wastes, Mak- ing all the sha- dows flie,  
His fier- y ar- rows casts: Thi- ther sweet love let us hie,  
3. Doe not in vaine a- dorne Lil- lies on the ri- vers side,  
Like to the na- ked morne: Or- na- ment is nurse of pride,



1. And sweet ro- sie lips to kisse, and  
View- ing ru- ing loves long pains, Pro-  
2. Play- ing, stay- ing in the grove, To  
Fly- ing, dy- ing in de- sire, Wingd  
3. And faire Cy- prian flowres new blowne, De-  
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.

<sup>3</sup>Original has a quarter note.

**Bassus.**



1. Come a- way, come sweet love, The gol- den  
All the earth, all the ayre, of love and
2. Come a- way, come sweet love, The gol- den  
While the Sunne from his sphere, His fier- y
3. Come a- way, come sweet love, Doe not in  
Beau- ties grace that should rise, Like to the



1. morn- ing breakes. Teach thine armes then to em- brace, And sweet ro- sie  
plea- sure speakes. Eyes were made for beau- ties grace, View- ing ru- ing
2. morn- ing wastes, Mak- ing all the sha- dows flie, Play- ing, stay- ing  
ar- rows casts: Thi- ther sweet love let us hie, Fly- ing, dy- ing
3. vaine a- dorne Lil- lies on the ri- vers side, And faire Cy- prian  
na- ked morne: Or- na- ment is nurse of pride, Plea- sure mea- sure



1. lips to kisse, and mix our soules in mu- tuall blisse.  
loves long pains, Pro- cur'd by beau- ties rude dis- daine.
2. in the grove, To en- ter- taine the stealth of love.  
in de- sire, Wingd with sweet hopes and heav'n- ly fire.
3. flowres new blowne, De- sire no beau- ties but their owne.  
loves de- light: Haste then sweet love our wish- ed flight.

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<sup>1</sup>Original is missing the dot.

<sup>4</sup>Original has a dot.

## XII. Rest a while, you cruell cares

### Cantus.



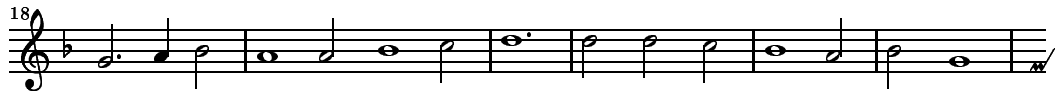
1. Rest a while you cru- ell
2. If I speake, my words want
3. Ne- ver houre of pleas- ing



cares, Be not more se- vere then love. Beau- tie kills  
 wait, Am I mute, my heart doth breake, If I sigh,  
 rest Shall re- vive my dy- ing ghost, Till my soule



and beau- tie spares And sweet smiles sad sighes re- move:  
 she feares de- ceit, Sor- row then for me must speake:  
 has re- pos- sest, The sweet hope which love hath lost:



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



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



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

<sup>1</sup>Rest is editorial

Altus.



1. Rest a while you cru- ell
2. If I speake, my words want
3. Ne-ver houre of pleas- ing



cares,  
wait,  
rest

Be not more se- vere then love.  
Am I mute, my heart doth breake,  
Shall re- vive my dy- ing ghost,

Beau- tie kils  
If I sigh,  
Till my soule



and beau- tie spares And sweet smiles sad sighes re- move:  
she feares de- ceit, Sor- row then for me must speake:  
has re- pos- sest, The sweet hope which love hath lost:



Lau- ra, faire queene of my de- light, Come grant me love in  
Cru- ell, un- kind, with fa- vour view The wound that first was  
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- ven- ly light I see, Bee as darke as hell to me.

<sup>0</sup>Key signature change is actually at start of line, not at start of phrase in original

## Tenor.



1. Rest a while you cru- ell  
 2. If I speake, my words want  
 3. Ne-ver houre of pleas- ing



8 cares, Be not more se- vere then love. Beau- tie kils and beau- tie  
 wait, Am I mute, my heart doth breake, If I sigh, she feares de-  
 rest Shall re- vive my dy- ing ghost, Till my soule has re- pos-



8 spares And sweet smiles sad sighes re- move: Lau- ra, faire queene of  
 ceit, Sor- row then for me must speake: Cru- ell, un- kind, with  
 sest, The sweet hope which love hath lost: Lau- ra re- deeme the



8 my de- light, Come grant me love in loves de- spite, And if I e- ver  
 fa- vour view The wound that first was made by you: And if my tor-  
 soule that dies, By fu- rie of thy mur- dering eyes: And if it prove



8 faile to ho- nor thee: 1-3. Let this hea- v'nly light I see, Bee as darke as hell to me.  
 ments fay- ned be,  
 un- kinde to thee,



Bassus.



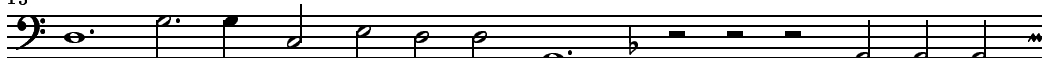
1. Rest a while you cru- ell cares,  
 2. If I speake, my words want wait,  
 3. Ne-ver houre of pleas- ing rest

6



Be not more se- vere then love. Beau- tie kills and beau- tie  
 Am I mute, my heart doth breake, If I sigh, she feares de-  
 Shall re- vive my dy- ing ghost, Till my soule has re- pos-

13



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

19



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

26



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

32



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

## XIII. Sleep, waiward thoughts

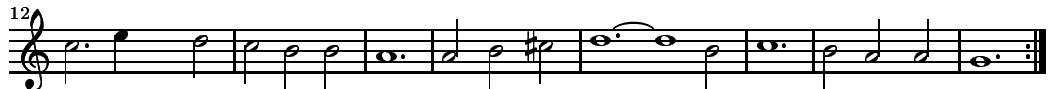
### Cantus.



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



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



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

Altus.



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.

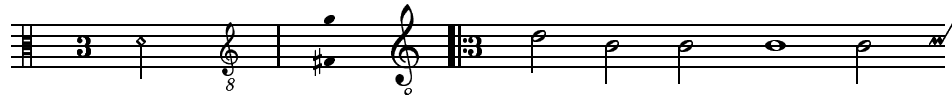


1. row for her sake: So sleeps my love, So sleeps my love, and yet, and yet my love doth wake.
2. ing for her sake: So sleeps my love, So sleeps my love, and yet, and yet my love doth wake.
3. sigh for thy sake: So sleeps my love, So sleeps my love, and yet, and yet my love doth wake.

---

<sup>2</sup>Dot is missing in original

## Tenor.



1. Sleep wai- ward thoughts, and  
Touch not proud hands, lest
2. But O the fu- ry  
The glo- ries and the
3. My love doth rage, and  
Peace in my love, and



1. rest you with my love: Let not my love bee with my  
you her an- ger move: But pine you with my long- ings
2. of my rest- lesse feare The hid- den an- guish of my  
beau- ties that ap- peare, Be- tweene her browes, neere Cu- pids
3. yet my love doth rest: Feare in my love, and yet my  
yet my love op- prest: Im- pa- tient, yet of per- fect



1. love dis- easd. Thus, while she sleeps, I sor- row for her sake:  
long dis- pleasd.
2. flesh de- sires Thus while she sleeps, moves sigh- ing for her sake:  
clo- sed fires,
3. love se- cure: Sleepe, dain- ty love, while I sigh for thy sake: So  
tem- pe- ra- ture.



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

6



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.

13



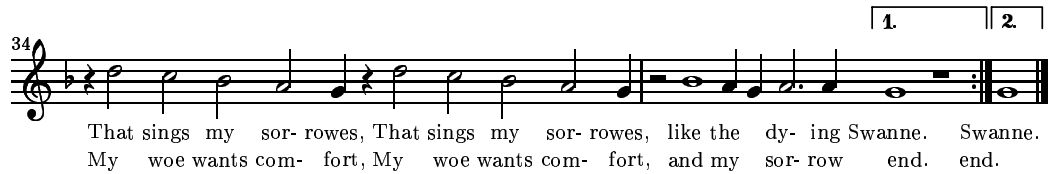
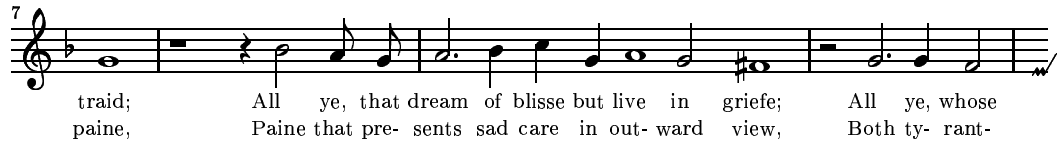
1. row for her sake: So sleeps my love, So sleeps my love, and yet my love doth wake.
2. ing for her sake: So sleeps my love, So sleeps my love, and yet my love doth wake.
3. sigh for thy sake: So sleeps my love, So sleeps my love, and yet my love doth wake.

# XIV. All ye, whom love or fortune hath betraid;

## Cantus



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



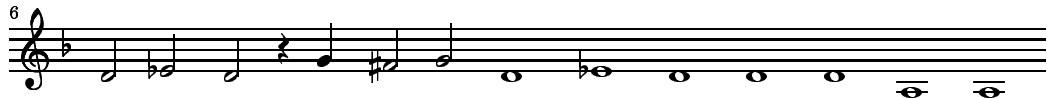
<sup>0</sup>This is actually numbered IX in the original

<sup>1</sup>This had the dot on the other side of the bar line, so I've left out the barline

Altus.



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



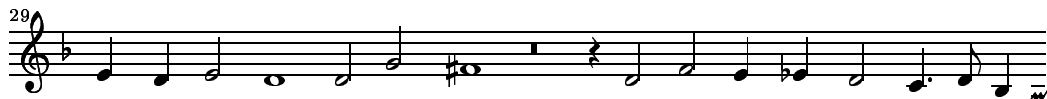
traid, be- traid; All ye, that dream of blisse but live in grieffe;  
 paine, with paine, Paine that pre- sents sad care in out- ward view,



are e- ver- more de- laid; All ye, whose sighes, All ye, whose sighes or  
 en- force me to com- plaine; But still in vaine, But still in vaine: for



sick- nesse wants re- lief; 1. Lend eares and teares, Lend eares and  
 none my plaints will rue. 2. Teares sighes and cease- Teares sighes and

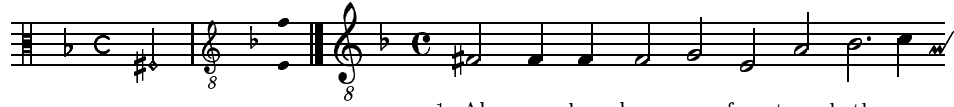


teares to mee most hap- lesse man, That sings my sor- rowes, sor- rowes  
 cease- lesse cries a- lone I spend: My woe wants com- fort, com- fort

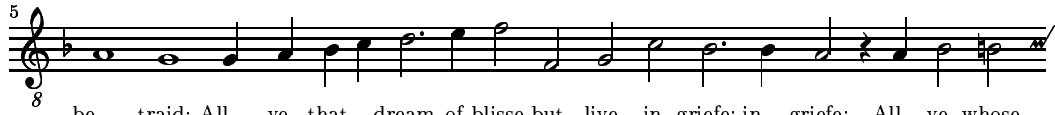


my sor- rowes, like the dy- ing Swanne. Lend eares and Swanne.  
 wants com- fort, and my sor- row end. Teares sighes and end.

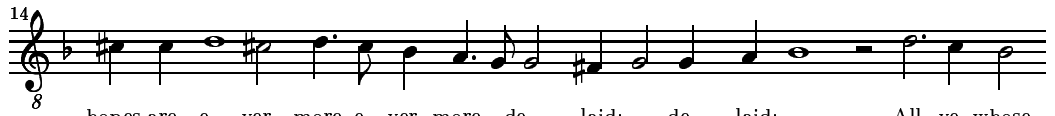
## Tenor.



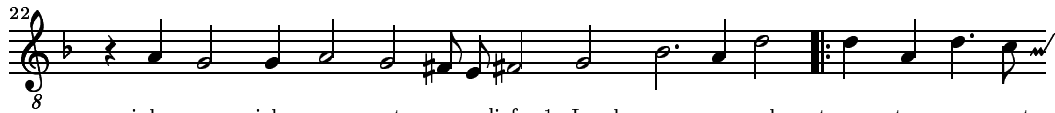
1. Al ye, whom love or for- tune hath  
 2. Care that con- sumes the heart with in-



be- traid; All ye, that dream of blisse but live in griefe; in griefe; All ye, whose  
 ward paine, Paine that pre- sents sad care in out- ward view, ward view, Both ty- rant-



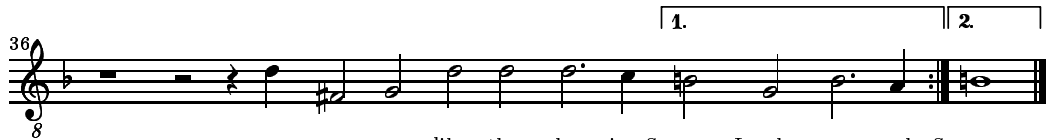
hopes are e- ver- more e- ver- more de- laid; de- laid; All ye, whose  
 like en- force me en- force me to com- plaine; com- plaine; But still in



sighes or sick- nesse wants re- lief; 1. Lend eares and teares to mee most  
 vaine: for none my plaints will rue. 2. Teares sighes and cease- lesse cries



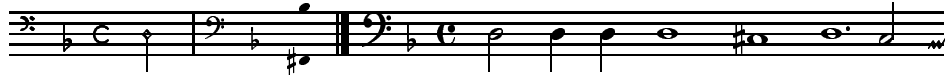
hap- lesse man, most hap- lesse man, That sings my sor- rowes, sor- rowes,  
 a- lone I spend: a- lone I spend: My woe wants com- fort, com- fort,



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



Bassus.



1. Al ye, whom love or for- tune  
 2. Carethat con- sumes the heart with



hath be- traid; but live in griefe; All ye, whose  
 in- ward paine, in out- ward view, Both ty- rant-



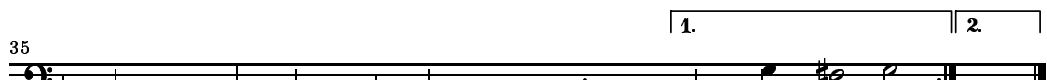
hopes are e- ver- more de- laid; All ye, whose sighes, whose sighes or  
 like en- force me to com- plaine; But still in vaine, in vaine: for



sick- nesse wants re- lief; 1. Lend eares and teares, Lend eares and teares, Lend  
 none my plaints will rue. 2. Teares sighes and cease- Teares sighes and cease- Teares



earess and teares to mee, to mee, most hap- lesse man, That sings my  
 sighes and cease- lesse cries, lesse cries a- lone I spend: My woe wants



sor- rowes, my sor- rowes like the dy- ing Swanne. Lend eares and Swanne.  
 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
2. Hope by dis- daine growes cheere- lesse,
3. If no de- layes can move thee,
4. Yet be thou mind- full e- ver,
5. True love can- not be chang- ed,



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



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



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

Altus.



1. Wilt thou un- kind, un- kind thus reave
2. Hope by dis- daine, dis- daine growes cheere-
3. If no de- layes, de- layes can move
4. Yet be thou mind- full, mind- full e-
5. True love can- not, can- not be chang-

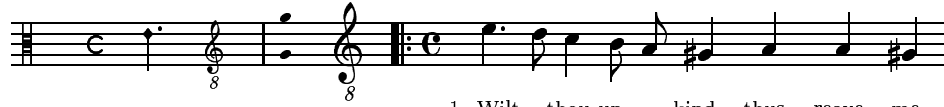
1. | 2.

me of my heart, of my heart, And so leave me? me? 1.-5. Fare- well: Fare-  
 lesse, cheere- lesse, Feare doth love Love doth feare, feare,  
 thee, move thee, Life shall die Death shall live live  
 ver, e- ver, Heat from fire Fire from heat heat  
 ed, chang- ed, Though de- light From de- sert sert

1. | 2.

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

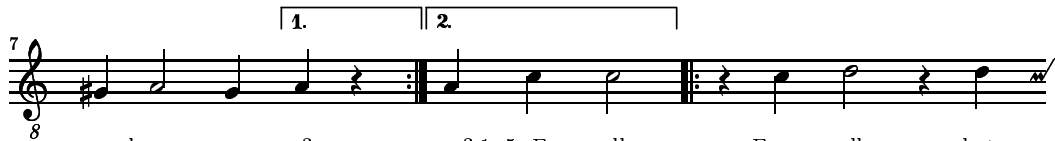
## Tenor.



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



of my heart, of my heart, of my heart, And so leave me? And  
 cheere-lesse, Feare doth love, Feare doth love Love doth feare, beau-  
 move thee, Life shall die, Life shall die Death shall live Still  
 e-ver, Heat from fire, Heat from fire Fire from heat, None  
 chang-ed, Though de-light, Though de-light From de-sert Be



so leave me? me? 1.-5. Fare-well: Fare-well: but  
 ty peere-lesse. lesse. lesse.  
 to love thee. thee.  
 can se-ver. ver.  
 es-tran-ged. ged.

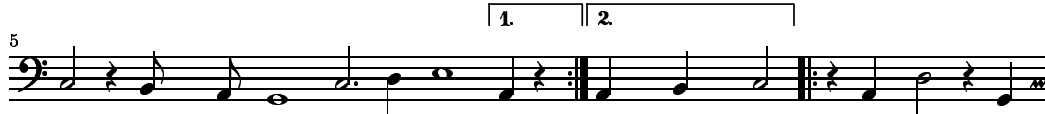


yet or ere I part (O cru-ell) kisse me, kisse me sweet, my Jew-ell. Fare-well: ell.

**Bassus.**



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



heart, of my heart, And so leave me? me? 1.-5. Fare-well: Fare-well: but  
 lesse, Feare doth love Love doth feare, feare,  
 thee, Life shall die Death shall live live  
 ver, Heat from fire Fire from heat heat  
 ed, Though de-light From de- sert sert



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



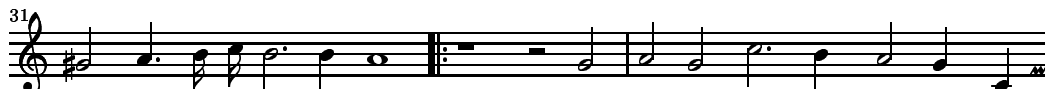
1. Would my con- ceit, that first en- forst my
2. Each houre a- midst the deepe of hell I
3. To all save mee is free to live or



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



(1)  
 be ex- tinct, to end my sor- rows so, Which now are such as  
 that sweet houre where- in I wish to die, My hope a- las may  
 all per- force I must a- ban- don, I, Sith For- tune still di-



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



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

<sup>1</sup>Original has a bar between the note and the dot

Altus.



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



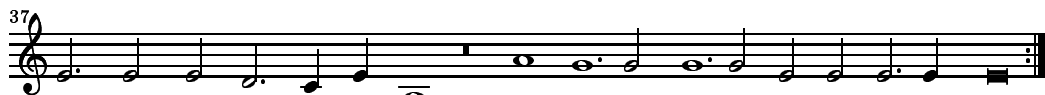
forst my woe, Or els mine eyes which still the same in- crease, still the  
 hell I frie, Each houre I waft and wi- ther where I sit: wi- ther  
 live or die, To all save mee re- main- eth hap or hope: main- eth



same in- crease, Might be ex- tinct, to end my sor- rows so, Which  
 where I sit: But that sweet houre where- in I wish to die, My  
 hap or hope: But all per- force I must a- ban- don, I,

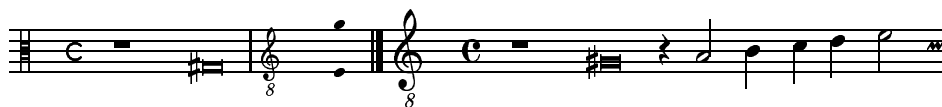


now are such, are such as no- thing can re- lease: Whose life is  
 hope a- las, a- las may not in- joy it yet, Whose hope is  
 Sith For- tune still, tune still di- rects my hap as hope, Where- fore to



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.

## Tenor.



1. Would my con- ceit,  
 2. Each houre a- midst  
 3. To all save mee



that first en- forst my woe, Or els mine eyes which still, which still, the  
 the deepe of hell I frie, Each houre I waft, I waft, and wi- ther  
 is free to live or die, To all save mee, save mee, re- main- eth



same in- crease, the same in- crease, Might be ex- tinct, ex- tinct, to  
 where I sit: ther where I sit: But that sweet houre, sweet houre, where-  
 hap or hope: eth hap or hope: But all per- force, per- force, I



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



Whose life is death, Whose life is death, whose sweet each change, each  
 Whose hope is such, Whose hope is such, be- reav- ed of, ved  
 Where- fore to nei- Where- fore to nei- ther hap nor hope, nor



change, of sowre, And eke whose hel, whose hel, re- new- eth e- ver- y houre.  
 of, the blisse, Which un- to all, to all, save mee al- lot- ted is.  
 hope, I trust, But to my thralles, my thralles, I yeeld, for so I must.

<sup>1</sup>Original has a breve.



Bassus.



1. Would my conceit, that
2. Each houre amidst the
3. To all save mee is



first enforced my woe, Or else mine eyes which still the same increase,  
 deepe of hell I frite, Each houre I waft and wither where I sit:  
 free to live or die, To all save mee remaineth hap or hope:



Which now are such as nothing, nothing can release: Whose  
 My hope alas may not, may not, injoy it yet, Whose  
 Sith Fortune still directs, directs my hap as hope, Where-



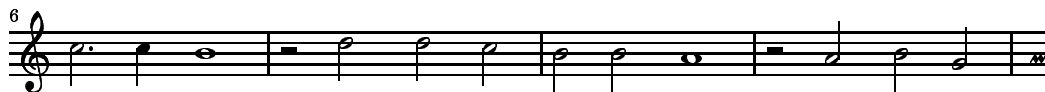
life is death, And eke whose hel, whose hel reneweth every houre.  
 hope is such, Which unto all save mee, save mee allotted is.  
 fore to neither But to my thralles I yeeld, I yeeld, for so I must.

## XVII. Come again:

## Cantus



- |                  |                 |
|------------------|-----------------|
| 1. Comea- gain:  | sweet love doth |
| 2. Comea- gaine, | that I may      |
| 3. All the day   | the sun that    |
| 4. All the night | my sleepes are  |
| 5. Out a- las,   | my faith is     |
| 6. Gen- tle love | draw forth thy  |



- |                      |                                  |                |
|----------------------|----------------------------------|----------------|
| 1. now in- vite,     | Thy gra- ces that re- fraine,    | To do me       |
| 2. ceaase to mourne, | Through thy un- kind dis- daine: | For now left   |
| 3. lends me shine,   | By frownes doth cause me pine,   | And feeds mee  |
| 4. full of dreames,  | My eyes are full of streames.    | My heart takes |
| 5. e- ver true,      | Yet will she ne- ver rue,        | Nor yeeld me   |
| 6. wound- ing dart,  | Thou canst not peerce her heart, | For I that     |



- |                    |             |             |            |           |
|--------------------|-------------|-------------|------------|-----------|
| 1. due de- light,  | to see,     | to heare,   | to touch,  | to kisse, |
| 2. and for- lorne, | I sit,      | I sigh,     | I weepe,   | I faint,  |
| 3. with de- lay:   | Her smiles, | my springs, | that makes | my joyes  |
| 4. no de- light,   | To see      | the fruits  | and joyes  | that some |
| 5. a- ny grace:    | Her eyes    | of fire,    | her heart  | of flint  |
| 6. doe ap- prove,  | By sighs    | and teares  | more hot   | then are  |



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

Altus



1. Come a- gain: sweet love doth now in-
2. Come a- gaine, that I may cease to
3. All the day the sun that lends me
4. All the night my sleepes are full of
5. Out a- las, my faith is e- ver
6. Gen- tle love draw forth thy wound- ing



7. vite, Thy gra- ces that re- fraine, To do me due de-
2. mourne, Through thy un- kind dis- daine: For now left and for-
3. shine, By frownes doth cause me pine, And feeds mee with de-
4. dreames, My eyes are full of streames. My heart takes no de-
5. true, Yet will she ne- ver rue, Nor yeeld me a- ny
6. dart, Thou canst not peerce her heart, For I that doe ap-



15. light, to see, to heare, to touch, to kisse, to
2. lorne, I sit, I sigh, I weepe, I faint, I
3. lay: Her smiles, my springs, that makes my joyes to
4. light, To see the fruits and joyes that some do
5. grace: Her eyes of fire, her heart of flint is
6. prove, By sighs and teares more hot then are thy

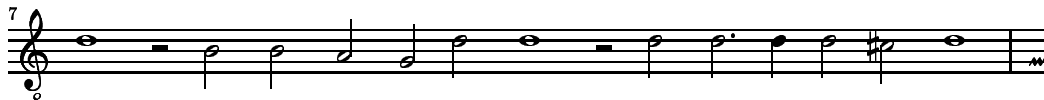


21. die, to die, with thee a- gaine in sweet- est sym- pa- thy.
2. die, I die, In dead- ly paine and end- lesse mis- er- ie.
3. grow, to grow, Her frownes the win- ters of my woe:
4. find, do find, And marke the stormes are mee as- signde.
5. made, is made, Whom teares, not truth may once in- vade.
6.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

## Tenor



1. Come a- gain: sweet love doth now in-
2. Come a- gaine, that I may cease to
3. All the day the sun that lends me
4. All the night my sleepes are full of
5. Out a- las, my faith is e- ver
6. Gen- tle love draw forth thy wound- ing



- 1.vite, Thy gra- ces that re- fraine, To do me due de- light,
- 2.mourne, Through thy un- kind dis- daine: For now left and for- lorne,
- 3.shine, By frownes doth cause me pine, And feeds mee with de- lay:
- 4.dreames, My eyes are full of streames. My heart takes no de- light,
- 5.true, Yet will she ne- ver rue, Nor yeeld me a- ny grace:
- 6.dart, Thou canst not peece her heart, For I that doe ap- prove,



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



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

Bassus



1. Come a- gain: sweet love doth now in-
2. Come a- gaine, that I may cease to
3. All the day the sun that lends me
4. All the night my sleepes are full of
5. Out a- las, my faith is e- ver
6. Gen- tle love draw forth thy wound- ing

6

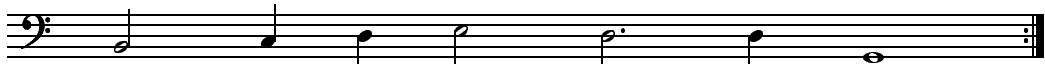


1. vite, Thy gra- ces that re- fraine, To do me due de- light, to
2. mourne, Through thy un- kind dis- daine: For now left and for- lorne, I
3. shine, By frownes doth cause me pine, And feeds mee with de- lay: Her
4. dreames, My eyes are full of streames. My heart takes no de- light, To
5. true, Yet will she ne- ver rue, Nor yeeld me a- ny grace: Her
6. dart, Thou canst not peerce her heart, For I that doe ap- prove, By

16



1. see, to heare, to touch, to kisse, to die, to die, with thee a- gaine
2. sit, I sigh, I weepe, I faint, I die, I die, In dead- ly paine
3. smiles, my springs, that makes my joyes to grow, to grow, Her frownes the win-
4. see the fruits and joyes that some do find, do find, And marke the stormes
5. eyes of fire, her heart of flint is made, is made, Whom teares, not truth
6. 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.

## XVIII. His golden locks

## Cantus



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

5 (1)

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

10

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

15

vain, youth wa- neth by in- creas- ing. Beau- tie, strength, youth are  
 Pray- ers which are ag- es almes: But though from Court to  
 soule that thinks him an- y wrong. Yee gods al- low this

22

flowers but fad- ing seene: Du- tie, Faith, Love are roots and e- ver greene.  
 co- tage he de- part, His Saint is sure of his un- spot- ted heart.  
 a- ged man his right, To be your Beads- man now that was your Knight.

---

<sup>1</sup>Original is a G.

## Altus



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



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



His youth gainst time and age hath e- ver spurnd, But spurnd in vain, youth wa- neth,  
 A man at armes must now serve on his knees, And feed on Pray- ers which are,  
 Blest be the hearts that wish my So- veraigne well, Curst be the soule that thinks him,

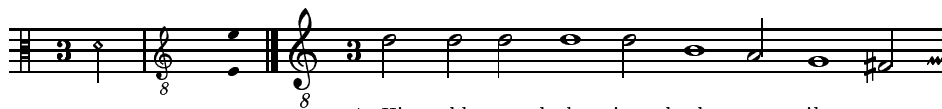


wa- neth by in- creas- ing. Beau- tie, strength, youth are flowers but fad- ing  
 which are ag- es almes: But though from Court to co- tage he de-  
 thinks him an- y wrong. Yee gods al- low this a- ged man his



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

## Tenor



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



8  
 turnde. O, O time too swift, O time too swift, O swift- nesse ne- ver  
 Bees, And, And lo- vers So- nets, lo- vers So- nets, turne to ho- ly  
 Cell, Hee'l, Hee'l teach his swaines, Hee'l teach his swaines this Ca- roll for a



8  
 ceas- ing! His youth gainst time and age hath e- ver spurnd, But spurnd in vain,  
 Psalmes: A man at armes must now serve on his knees, And feed on Pray-  
 song, Blest be the hearts that wish my So- veraigne well, Curst be the soule



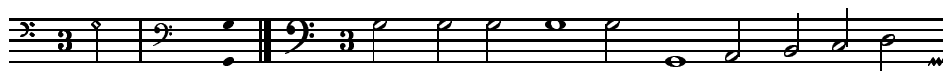
8  
 youth wa- neth by in- creas- ing. Beau- tie, strength, youth are flowers but  
 ers which are ag- es almes: But though from Court to co- tage  
 that thinks him an- y wrong. Yee gods al- low this a- ged



8  
 fad- ing seene: Du- tie, Faith, Love are roots and e- ver greene.  
 he de- part, His Saint is sure of his un- spot- ted heart.  
 man his right, To be your Beads- man now that was your Knight.



## Bassus



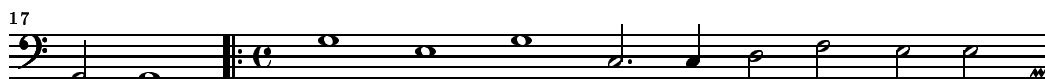
1. His gold- en locks time hath to sil- ver
2. His hel- met now shall make a hive for
3. And when he sad- dest sits in home- ly



turnde. O time too swift, O swift- nesse ne- ver ceas- ing! His youth gainst  
 Bees, And lo- vers So- nets turne to ho- ly Psalmes: A man at  
 Cell, Hee'l teach his swaines this Ca- roll for a song, Blest be the



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



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



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

---

<sup>1</sup>Original is half note

## XIX. Awake, sweet love,

### Cantus



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



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

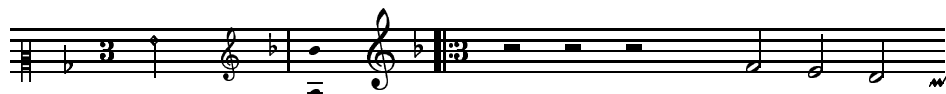


1. On- ly her- selfe hath see- med faire: She on- ly I could love,  
De- spaire did make me wish to die; That I my joyes might end:
2. If shee at last re- ward thy love, And all thy harmes re- paire,  
And if that now thou wel- com be, When thou with her doest meet,



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

## Altus



1. A- wake sweet  
Let love, which  
2. If she es-  
De- spaire hath



1. love, thou art re- turnd: My hart, which long in ab- sence  
ne- ver ab- sent dies, Now live for- e- ver in her  
2. teeme thee now aught worth, She will not grieve thy love hence-  
prov- ed now in mee, That love will not un- con- stant



1. mournd, Lives now, lives now, in per- fect joy. On- ly her-  
eyes, Whence came, whence came, my first an- noy. De- spaire did  
2. forth, Which so, which so, des- paire hath proved. If shee at  
be, Though long, though long, in vaine I loved. And if that



1. selfe, her- selfe, hath see- med faire: She on- ly I could love, I could  
make, did make, me wish to die; That I my joyes might end: joyes might  
2. last, at last, re- ward thy love, And all thy harmes re- paire, harmes re-  
now, that now, thou wel- com be, When thou with her doest meet, her doest



1. love, She on- ly drave me to de- spaire, When she un- kind did prove.  
end: She on- ly, which did make me flie, My state may now a- mend.  
2. paire, Thy hap- pi- ness will sweet- er prove, Raisd up from deep de- spaire.  
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  
Let love, which ne- ver ab- sent dies, Now
2. If she es- teeme thee now aught worth, She  
De- spaire hath prov- ed now in mee, That



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



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



1. love, She on- ly drave me to de- spaire, When she un- kind did prove.  
end: She on- ly, which did make me flie, My state may now a- mend.
2. paire, Thy hap- pi- ness will sweet- er prove, Raisd up from deep de- spaire.  
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:  
Let love, which ne- ver ab- sent dies,
2. If she es- teeme thee now aught worth,  
De- spaire hath prov- ed now in mee,



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



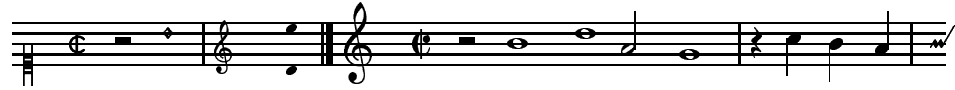
1. joy. On- ly her- selfe hath see- med faire: She on- ly I could  
noy. De- spaire did make me wish to die; That I my joyes might
2. proved. If shee at last re- ward thy love, And all thy harmes re-  
loved. And if that now thou wel- com be, When thou with her doest



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

## XX. Come heavy sleep,

## Cantus



1. Comehea- vy sleepe the i- mage  
2. Comeshadow of my end, and



of true death; And close up these my wear- y weep- ing  
shape of rest, Al- lied to death, child to his blacke- fact



eies: Whose spring of tears doth stop my vi- tall breath, And tears my  
night: Come thou and charme these re- bels in my breast, Whose wa- king

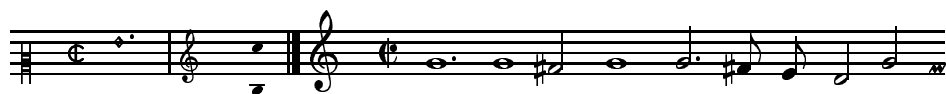


hart with sor- rows sigh swoln cries: Com and po- sses my tir- ed thoughts worne  
fan- cies doe my mind af- fright. O come sweet sleepe; come, or I die for e-



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

Altus



1. Comehea- vy sleepe the i- mage of true  
 2. Comesha- dow of my end, and shape of



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



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



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



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

## Tenor



1. Com hea- vy sleepe, hea- vy sleepe  
 2. Come sha- dow of, sha- dow of



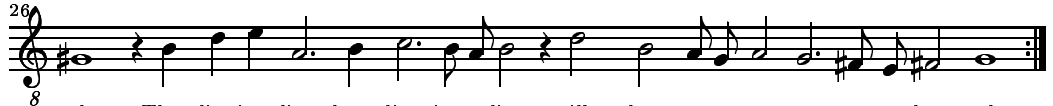
the i- mage of true death; And close up these my wear- y, my wear- y  
 my end, and shape of rest, Al- lied to death, child to his, child to his



weep- ing eies: Whose spring of tears doth stop my vi- tall breath, And tears my  
 blacke- fact night: Come thou and charme these re- bels in my breast, Whose wa- king



hart with sor- rows sigh swoln cries: Com and po- sses my tir- ed thoughts worne  
 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.



Bassus



1. Comehea- vy sleepe the i- mage of true  
 2. Comesha- dow of my end, and shape of



8 death; And close up these my wear- y weep- ing eies: Whose spring of tears doth  
 rest, Al- lied to death, child to his blacke- fact night: Come thou and charme these



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



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



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





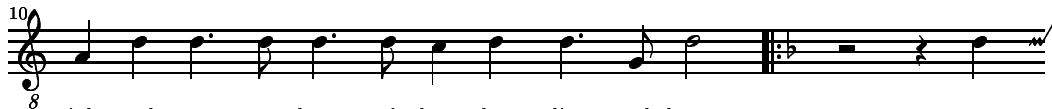
Tenor



- 1. A- way with these selfe
- 2. God Cu- pids shaft, like
- 3. My songs they be of
- 4. If Cyn- thia crave her
- 5. Theworth that worth- i-



8 lov- ing lads, Whom Cu- pids ar- row ne- ver glads.      A- way poore soules that  
 de- sti- nie, Doth ey- ther good or ill de- cree:      De- sert is borne out  
 Chn- this praise, I weare her rings on ho- ly dayes,      On e- very tree I  
 ring of mee, I blot her name out of the tree      If doubt do dar- ken  
 nesse should move      Is love, which is the bowe of love;      And love as well the



8 sigh and weep, In love of them that lie and sleepe.      For  
 of his bow, Re- ward up- on his foot doth goe.      What  
 write her name, And e- very day I reade the same:      Where  
 things held deare, Then wel- fare no- thing once a yeare:      For  
 Fos- ter can, As can the migh- ty No- ble- man:      Sweet



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

Bassus



1. A- way with these selfe
2. God Cu- pids shaft, like
3. My songs they be of
4. If Cyn- thia crave her
5. The worth that worth- i-



lov- ing lads, Whom Cu- pids ar- row ne- ver glads.	A- way poore soules that
de- sti- nie, Doth ey- ther good or ill de- cree:	De- sert is borne out
Chn- this praise, I weare her rings on ho- ly dayes,	On e- very tree I
ring of mee, I blot her name out of the tree	If doubt do dar- ken
nesse should move Is love, which is the bowe of love;	And love as well the



sigh and weep, In love of them that lie and sleepe.	For
of his bow, Re- ward up- on his foot doth goe.	What
write her name, And e- very day I reade the same:	Where
things held deare, Then wel- fare no- thing once a yeare:	For
Fos- ter can, As can the migh- ty No- ble- man:	Sweet



Cu- pid is a me- dow God, And for- ceth none to kisse the rod.  
fools are they that have not known That love likes no lawes but his own?  
ho- nor, Cu- pids ri- vall is, There mi- ra- cles are seene of his.  
ma- ny run, but one must win, Fools one- ly hedge the Cu- ckoe in.  
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:  
 faire, And pas- sion wise, teares a de- light- full thing,  
 ells, The world can shew, leave of in time to grieve,



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



was full of woe, full of woe, But such a woe (be- leeve me)  
 hir sighes to sing, sighes to sing, And all things with so sweet a  
 the heart be- lieve, heart be- lieve, O strive not to bee ex- cel-



as wins more hearts, Then mirth can doe, with hir, with hir in- ty- sing  
 sad - ness move, As made my heart at once, at once both grieve and  
 lent in woe, Which one- ly, ono- ly, breeds your beau- ties o- ver-

Bassus



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



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



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



all per- fec- tions keepe: hir face was full full of woe, But  
 speech a wis- dome rare, Shee made hir sighes to sing, And all things  
 joy- full lookes ex- cells, O strive not to bee ex- cel- lent in



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

## II. Flow my teares

## Cantus



Flow my- teares fall from your springs,  
Downe vaine lights shine you no more,



Ex- ilde for ev- er: Let mee mourne where nights black bird hir sad in- fa- my  
No nights are dark e- nough for those that in dis- pair their lost for- tuns de-



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



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



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



Harke you sha- dows that in darck- nesse 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  
Downe lights shine no more, no night is



ev-er let mee mourne where nights black bird hir sad in-fa-my sings, there let me  
dark e-nough for those that in dis-pair their for-tuns de-plore, light doth but



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



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



dayes all joyes have de-priv'd. Harke that in Darke-nesse dwel, learne to con-temne  
serts are hopes, hope is gone.



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

<sup>1</sup>Original has a quarter note.

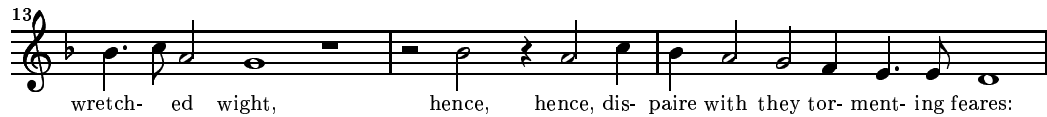
<sup>2</sup>This note is missing in the original.

## III. Sorrow, sorrow stay,

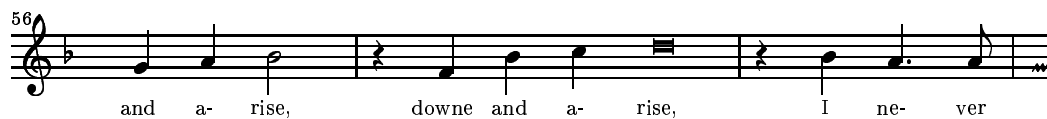
## Cantus



Sor- row sor- row stay,



56



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

61



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

68



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

---

<sup>1</sup>I 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:



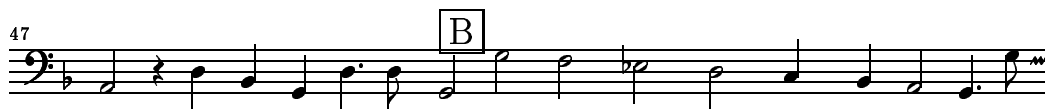
pit- tie, pit- tie, help now or ne- ver, mark mee not to end- lesse paine, O mark



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, downe I fall, but


53



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

Detailed description: This is the first musical staff, starting at measure 53. It is written in bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody consists of a series of quarter and eighth notes, with some rests. The lyrics are: "downe, down, down, down, down, down I fall, downe and a- rise, downe and a-".

59



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

Detailed description: This is the second musical staff, starting at measure 59. It continues the melody from the previous staff. The lyrics are: "rise, a- rise I ne- ver shall, but downe, downe, downe, downe, downe I fall, but".

65



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

Detailed description: This is the third musical staff, starting at measure 65. The melody continues with similar rhythmic patterns. The lyrics are: "downe, downe, downe, downe, downe, downe I fall, downe and a- rise, downe".

70



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

Detailed description: This is the fourth musical staff, starting at measure 70. It concludes the piece with a final cadence. The lyrics are: "and a- rise, a- rise, a- rise, a- rise, a- rise, a- rise I ne- ver shall." The staff ends with a double bar line and a fermata over the final note.



## III. Dye not before thy day,

## Cantus

Dye not bee- fore thy day,

6  
poore poore man con- dem- ned, But liift thy low lookes, but liift thy low

14  
lookes from the hum- ble earth, kisse not dis- paire and see sweet hope con-

21  
tem- ned: The hag hath no de- light, but mone but mone for mirth,

28  
O fye poore fond- ling, O fye poore fond- ling, fie fie be will- ing, to pre-

38  
serve thy self from kill- ing: Hope thy keep- er glad to free thee, Bids thee goe and

44  
will not see thee, hye thee quick- ly from thy wrong, so shee endes hir will- ing song.



## V. Mourne, mourne ,

## Cantus

Mourne, mourne, day is with dark- nesse

5 fed, what heaven then go- vernes earth, oh none, but hell in hea- vens stead,

9 choaks with his mistes our mirth. Mourne mourne, looke now for no more

15 day nor night, but that from hell, Then all must as they may in darke-

19 nesse learne to dwell. But yet this change, must needes change our de- light,

24 that thus the sunne, that thus the Sunne, the Sun should har- bour with the night.

<sup>1</sup>Note 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



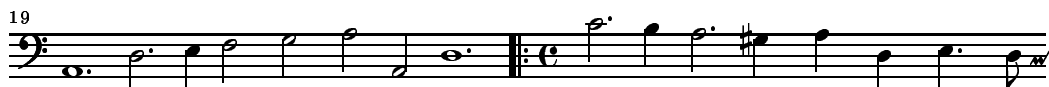
fled, What heaven then go- vernes earth, O none but hell in hea- vens stead,



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 eldest sonne, olde age the heyre of

8  
ease, Strengths foe, loves woe, and foster to devotion, bids gallant

18  
youths in marshall prowess please, as for himselfe, hee hath no

28  
earthly motion, But thinks sighes teares, vowes, prayers, and sacrifices.

38  
fi- ces, As good as shoves, maskes, justes, or tilt devises. ses.

1. 2.

Bassus



Times eld- est sonne, olde age olde age the



heyre of ease, Strengths foe, loves woe, and fos- ter to de- vo- tion, bids gal- rant



youths in mar- shall prow- es please, as for him- selfe hee hath no earth- ly



mo- tion, But thincks but thincks sighes teares, voves, 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

6  
say thy Nunc Di- mit- tis, with De pro- fun- dis, Cre- do, and Te

14  
De- um, Chant Mi- se- re- re for what now so fit is, as that, or this, Pa-

23  
ra- tum est cor me- um, O that thy Saint would take in worth thy hart,

33  
thou canst not please hir with a bet- ter part. O that thy part.

1. 2.

### Bassus

Then sit thee downe, and say thy

7

Nunc Di-mit-tis, with De pro-fun-dis, Cre-do, and Te De-um, Chant Mi-se-

16

re-re for what now so fit is, as that, or this, Pa-ra-tum est cor-

25

me-um, O that thy Saint would take in worth thy hart, thou canst

33

not please hir with a bet-ter part. O that thy part.



# VIII. When others sings

## *Third part.*

### Cantus

When o- thers sings *Ve- ni- te ex- al-*

*te- mus,* stand by and turne to *No- li e- mu- la- ri,* For *qua- re fre- mu-*

*e- runt* use *o- re- mus* *Vi- vat E- li- za,* *Vi- vat E- li- za,*

For an *a- ve ma- ri,* and teach those swains that lives a- bout thy cell,

to say *A- men A-* *men* when thou dost pray so well.

Bassus

When o- thers sings Ve- ni- te ve- ni- te

7  
ex- al- te- mus, stand by and turne to No- li to no- li e- mu- la- ri, For

17  
qua- re fre- mu- e- runt use o- re- mus, Vi- vat E- li- za, Vi- vat E-

28  
li- za, For an a- ve ma- ri, and teach those swains that lives a- bout thy cell, to

38  
sing A- men A- men when thou dost pray so well.

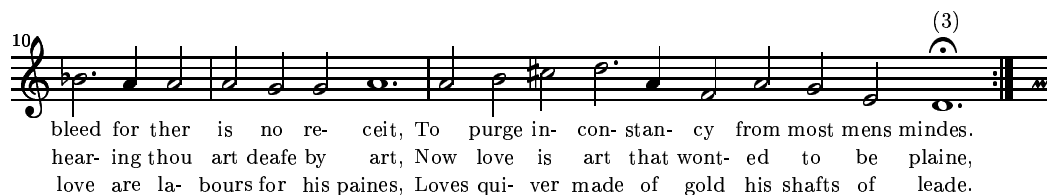
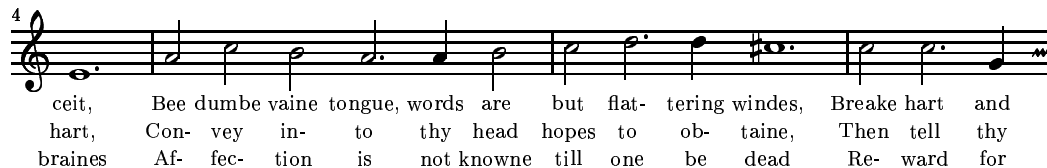
*Heere endeth the Songs of two parts.*

## Praise blindness eies,

## Canto.



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



<sup>1</sup>The 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.

<sup>2</sup>The 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.

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

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

Alto.



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



5 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.



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

<sup>5</sup>Fermata does not appear here in the original, but is in the Tenore and Bassus parts.

Tenore.



1. Praiseblind- 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- ve- y 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



4  
 ceit,      Bee dumbe vaine tongue, words are but flat- tering windes, Breake hart and  
 hart,      Con- vey in- to thy head hopes to ob- taine, Then tell thy  
 braines    Af- fec- tion is not knowne till one be dead    Re- ward for



10  
 bleed for ther is no re- ceit, To purge in- con- stan- cy from most mens mindes.  
 hear- ing thou art deafe by art, Now love is art that wont- ed to be plaine,  
 love are la- bours for his paines, Loves qui- ver made of gold his shafts of leade.



17 *Lenvoy:*

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.




21




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

27



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

35



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

<sup>5</sup>Original 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
2. Ex- per- ience which re-
3. You men that give false
4. You woods in you the



loves de- light re- tir'd, In these sad groves an Her- mits life I  
pen- tance one- ly brings, Doth bid mee now my hart from love es-  
wor- ship un- to Love, And seeke that which you ne- ver shall ob-  
fair- est Nimphs have walked, Nimphes at whose sight all harts did yeeld to



led, I led, And those, And those false plea- sures which I once ad- mir'd,  
trange, es- trange, Love is, Love is dis- dained when it doth looke at Kings,  
taine, ob- taine, The end- The end- lesse worke of Si- si- phus you pro- cure,  
Love, to Love, You woods, You woods in whom deere lo- vers oft have talked,



With sad re- mem- brance of my fall, my fall, I dread, To birds,  
And love loe plac- ed base and apt, and apt to change: Ther power  
Whose end is this to know you strive, you strive in vaine, Hope and  
How doe you now a place of mourn- of mourn- ing prove, Wan- sted



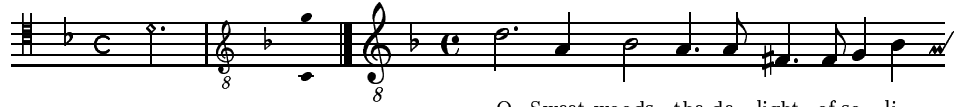
to trees, to earth, to earth, im- part I this, For  
doth take from him, from him his li- ber- ty, Hir  
de- sire which now, which now your I- dols bee, You  
my Mis- tres faith, tres faith this is the doome, Thou

34

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.

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

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-
2. Ex- per- ience
3. You men that
4. You woods in



sire, from loves de- light re- tir'd, In these sad groves an Her- mits life I  
which re- pen- tance one- ly brings, Doth bid mee now my hart from love es-  
give false wor- ship un- to Love, And seeke that shich ou ne- ver shall ob-  
you the fair- est Nimphs have walked, Nimphes at whose sight all harts did yeeld to



led, I led, And those false plea- sures which I once ad- mir'd, With  
trange, es- trange, Love is dis- dained when it doth looke at Kings, And  
taine, ob- taine, The end- lesse worke of Sisi- phus you pro- cure, Whose  
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,  
love loe pla- ced base and apt, and apt to change: Ther power doth take  
end is this to know you strive, you strive in vaine, Hope and de- sire  
doe you now a place of mourn- of mourn- ing prove, Wan- sted my Mis-



to earth, to earth, im- part I this, For shee lesse  
 from him, from him his li- ber- ty, Hir want of  
 which now, which now your I- dols bee, You needs must  
 tres faith, tres faith this is the doome, Thou art loves



se- cret, and as sence- lesse, sence- lesse is. To birds, is.  
 worth make him in cra- dell, cra- dell die. Their power die.  
 loose and feele dis- paire, dis- paire with mee. Hope and me.  
 Child- bed, Nur- sery, Nur- sery and Tombe. Wan- stead Tombe.

Basso.



O how much doe I

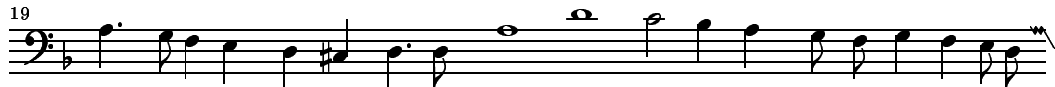


love your so- li- ta- ri- nesse.

1. From fames de- sire, from loves de- light re- tir'd,
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 false  
 Doth bid mee now my hart from love es- trange, es- trange, Love is dis-  
 And seeke that which you ne- ver shall ob- taine, ob- taine, The end- lesse  
 Nimphes at whose sight all harts did yeeld to Love, to Love, You woods in



plea- sures which I once ad- mir'd, With sad re- mem- brance of my  
 dained when it doth looke at Kings, And love loe pla- ced base and  
 worke of Sisi- phus you pro- cure, Whose end is this to know you  
 whom deere lo- vers oft have talked, How doe you now a place of



fall, my fall, I dread, To birds, to trees, to earth, to earth, im- part I  
 apt, and apt to change: Ther power doth take from him, from him his li- ber-  
 strive, you strive in vaine, Hope and de- sire which now, which now your I- dols  
 mourn- of mourn- ing prove, Wan- sted my Mis- tres faith, tres faith this is the



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

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

<sup>4</sup>Facsimile looks like a dotted half; may also be a misprinting

If Floods of teares could cleanse my follies  
past,

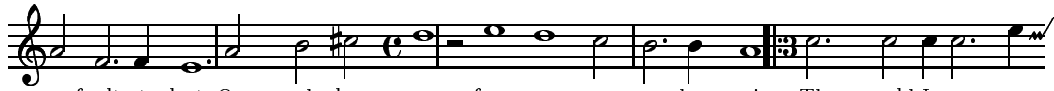
Canto.



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



And smoakes of sighes might sa- cri- fice for sinne, If gron- ing cries might salve  
I see my fav- ours are no last- ing flowers, I see that woords will breede



my fault at last, Or end- les mone, for er- ror par- don win, Then would I cry, weepe,  
no bet- ter good, 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  
I see my hopes must with- er in their



past, And smoakes of sighes might sa- cri- fice for sinne, If gron- ing cries might  
bud, I see my fav- ours are no last- ing flowers, I see that words will



salve my fault at last, Or end- les mone, for er- ror par- don win, Then would I cry, weepe,  
breede no bet- ter good, Than losse of time and light- ening but at houres, Thus when I see then



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

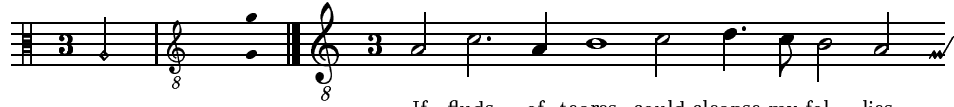
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<sup>2</sup>Original is dotted whole

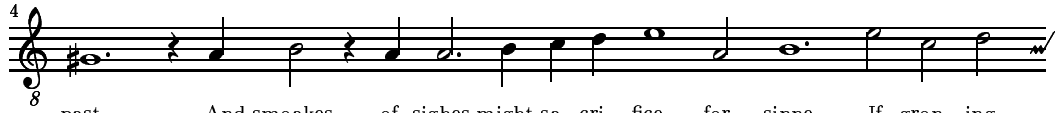
<sup>3</sup>Original has a dot.



## Tenore.



If fluds of teares could cleanse my fol- lies  
I see my hopes must with- er in their



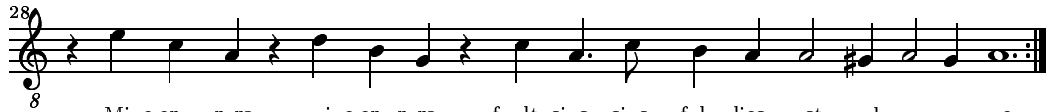
past, And smoakes of sighes might sa- cri- fice for sinne, If gron- ing  
bud, I see my fav- ours are no last- ing flowers, I see that



cries might salve my fault at last, Or end- les mone, for  
woords will breede no bet- ter good, Than losse of time and



er- ror par- don win, Then would I cry, weepe, sigh, and e- ver mone,  
light- ening but at houres, Thus when I see then thus I say there- fore,



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

<sup>4</sup>Original has a dot.

Basso.

If fluds of teares could cleanse my fol- lies  
I see my hopes must with- er in their

4 (1)

past, And smoakes of sighes might sa- cri- fice for sinne, If gron-  
bud, I see my fav- ours are no last- ing flowers, I see

10

ing cries might salve my fault at last, Or end- les mone, for er- ror par-  
that woords will breede no bet- ter good, Than losse of time and light- ening but

19

don win, Then would I cry, weepe, sigh, and e- ver mone, Mine er- rors,  
at houres, Thus when I see then thus I say there- fore, That fa- vours,

25

mine er- rors, faults, sins, fol- lies past and gone.  
that fa- vours hopes and words, can blinde no more.

<sup>1</sup>Rest is editorial.

## XII. Fine knacks for Ladies

### Cantus



Fine knacks for la- dies, cheape choise brave and new,  
Great gifts are guiles and looke for gifts a- gaine,  
With- in this packe pinnes points la- ces and gloves,



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



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



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

Altus



- 1. Fineknacks for La- dies, cheape, choise, brave
- 2. Great gifts are guiles and looke for gifts
- 3. With- in this packe pinnes points la- ces



- 1. and new, good pen- i- worthes, but mo- ny can- not move, I keep a fayer, but
- 2. a- gaine, My tri- fles come, as trea- sures from my minde, It is a pre- cious
- 3. and gloves, And di- vers toies fit- ting a coun- try faier, But my hart where du-

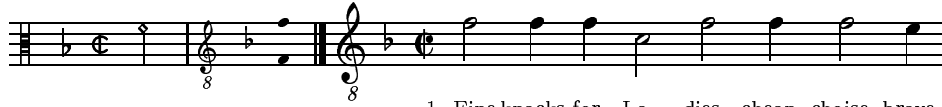


- 1. for the fayer to view, a beg- ger may be li- ber- all of love, though
- 2. Je- well to bee plaine, Some- times in shell th'o- ri- enst pearles we finde, Of
- 3. e- ty serves and loves, Tur- tels and twins, courts brood, a heaven- ly paier, Hap-



- 1. all my wares be trash, the heart is true, the heart is true, the heart is true.
- 2. o- thers take a sheafe, of mee a graine, of mee a graine, of mee a graine.
- 3. py the hart that thincks of no re- moves, of no re- moves, of no re- moves.

## Tenor



1. Fine knacks for La- dies, cheap, choise, brave
2. Great gifts are guiles and looke for gifts
3. With- in this packe pinnes points la- ces



and new, good pen- i- worthes but mo- ny can- not move, I keepe a fayer but  
a- gaine, My tri- fles come, as trea- sures from my minde, It is a pre- cious  
and gloves, And di- vers toies fit- ting a coun- try faier, But my hart where du-



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



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



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

Bassus



1. Fine knacks for ladies cheap, choise, brave and new,
2. Great gifts are guiles and looke for gifts a-gaine,
3. With- in this packe pinnes points la- ces and gloves,



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



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



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

# XIII. Now cease my wandring eyes

## Cantus



1. Now cease my wandring  
In change least comfort
2. One man hath but one  
If all one soule must
3. Nature two eyes hath  
As well in earth as



eies,	Strange beauties to admire,	One faith one love,
lies,	Long joyes yeeld long desire.	New hopes new joyes,
soule,	which art cannot divide,	One soule one love,
love,	Two loves most be denide,	Dis-tracted spirits,
given,	All beautie to impart,	That though wee see,
heaven,	But she hath given one hart,	One sted-fast love,



Makes our fraile pleasures eternall and in sweetnesse prove,
Are still with sorrow declining, Un-to deepe annoyes.
By faith and merit united cannot remove,
Are ever changing and haplesse in their delights,
Ten thousand beauties yet in us one should be,
Because our harts stand fast although our eies do move.

Altus



1. Now cease my wandring  
 In change least comfort  
 2. One man hath but one  
 If all one soule must  
 3. Nature two eyes hath  
 As well in earth as



eies, Strange beau- ties to ad- mire,	One faith one love, Makes our fraile
lies, Long joyes yeeld long de- sire.	New hopes new joyes, Are still with
soule, which art can- not de- vide,	One soule one love, By faith and
love, Two loves most be de- nide,	Dis- trac- ted spirits, Are e- ver
given, All beau- tie to im- part,	That though wee see, Ten thou- sand
heaven, But she hath given one hart,	One sted- fast love, Be- cause our



plea- sures e- ter- nall and in sweet- nesse prove,
sor- row de- cli- ning, Un- to deepe a- noies.
me- rit u- ni- ted can- not re- move,
chang- ing and hap- lesse in their de- lights,
beau- ties yet in us one should be,
harts stand fast al- though our eies do move.



## Tenor



1. Now cease my wandring  
In change least comfort
2. One man hath but one  
If all one soule must
3. Nature two eyes hath  
As well in earth as



eies, Strange beau- ties to ad- mire,	One faith one love, (One faith one love,)
lies, Long joyes yeeld long de- sire.	New hopes new joyes, (New hopes new joyes,)
soule, which art can- not de- vide,	One soule one love, (One soule one love,)
love, Two loves most be de- nide,	Dis- trac- ted spirits, (Dis- trac- ted spirits,)
given, All beau- tie to im- part,	That though wee see, (That though wee see,)
heaven, But she hath given one hart,	One sted- fast love, (One sted- fast love,)

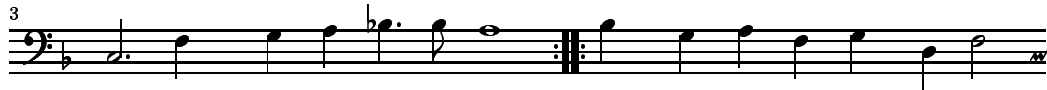


Makes our fraile	plea- sures e- ter- nall	and in sweet- nesse prove,
Are still with	sor- row de- cli- ning,	Un- to deepe a- noies.
By faith and	me- rit u- ni- ted	can- not re- move,
Are e- ver	chang- ing and hap- lesse	in their de- lights,
Ten thou- sand	beau- ties yet in us	one should be,
Be- cause our	harts stand fast	al- though our eies do move.

Bassus



1. Now cease my wandring  
 In change least comfort  
 2. One man hath but one  
 If all one soule must  
 3. Nature two eyes hath  
 As well in earth as



eies, Strange beauties to admire,	One faith one love, Makes our fraile
lies, Long joyes yeeld long desire.	New hopes new joyes, Are still with
soule, which art cannot divide,	One soule one love, By faith and
love, Two loves most be denide,	Dis-tracted spirits, Are ever
given, All beautie to impart,	That though wee see, Ten thou-
heaven, But she hath given one hart,	One sted-fast love, Because our



pleasures eternall and in sweetnesse prove,
sorrow declining, Unto deepe agonies.
merit unitted cannot remove,
changing and haplesse in their delights,
sand beauties yet in us one should be,
harts stand fast although our eies do move.

## XVII. A shepherd in a shade

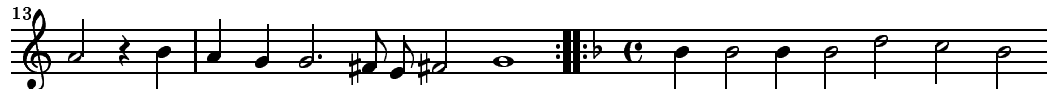
## Cantus



1. A Shep- heard in a shade, his plain- ing  
 Since love and For- tune will, I hon- our  
 2. My hart where have you laid O cru- ell



- 5  
 1. made, Of love and lo- vers wrong, Un- to the fair- est lasse, that trode on  
 still, your faire and love- ly eye, What con- quest will it bee, Sweet Nymph for  
 2. maide, To kill when you might save, Why have yee cast it forth as no- thing



- 13  
 1. grasse, and thus bee- gan his song, Re- store, re- store my hart a-  
 thee, If I for sor- row dye.  
 2. worth, with- out a tombe or grave. O let it bee in- tombed and



- 20  
 1. gaine, Which love by thy sweet lookes hath slaine, least that in- forst by your dis-  
 2. lye, In your sweet minde and me- mo- rie, least I re- sound on e- very



- 28  
 1. daine, I sing, Fye fye on love Fye fye on love, it is a fool- ish thing.  
 2. war- bling string, Fye fye on love, Fye fye on love, that is a fool- ish thing.

## Altus



1. A shep- herd in a shade, his play- ning  
Since love and for- tune wil, I ho- nour
2. My hart where have you laid O cru- ell



- 5  
1. made of love and lov- ers wrong, un- to the fai- rest lasse, un- to the fai- rest  
still, your faier and love- ly eye, what con- quest will it be, what con- quest will it
2. maide, To kill when you might save, Why have yee cast it forth, why have ye cast it



- 12  
1. lasse, that trode on grasse, and thus be - gan his song. Re- store re- store my  
be, sweet Nimphe for thee, if I for sor- row dye.
2. forth, as no- thing worth, with- out a tombe or grave. O let it bee in-



- 19  
1. heart a- gaine, which love by thy sweet lookes hath slaine, by your
2. tombed and lye, In your sweet minde and me- mo- rie, least I



- 28  
1. dis- dain I sing, fie fie on love, fie fie on love, fie, it is a fo- lish thing.
2. 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  
Since love and for-tune wil, I ho-nour
2. My hart where have you laid O cru-ell



1. made of love and lo-vers worgn, un-to the fai-rest lasse, un-to the fair-est  
still, your faier and love-ly eye, what con-quest will it be, what con-quest will it
2. maide, To kill when you might save, Why have yee cast it forth, why have ye cast it



1. lasse that trode on grasse, and thus be gan his song. Re-store re-  
be, sweet Nimphe for thee, if I for sor-row dye.
2. 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 sweet lookes hath slaine,  
2. bee in-tombd and lye, In your sweet minde and and me-mo-rie,



1. least that in- forst, in- forst by your dis- daine, by your dis- daine I  
2. least I re-sound, re-sound, on e-very war-string, on e-very



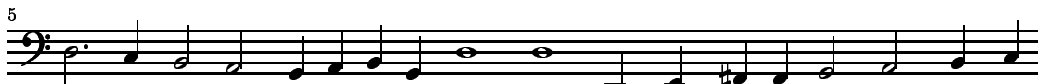
1. sing fie fie on love, fie fie fie on love it is a fo-lish thing.  
2. string, Fie fie on love, fie fie fie on love it is a fo-lish thing.

<sup>2</sup>original is d quarter note

Bassus



1. A Shep- heard in a shade, his plain- ing  
 Since love and For- tune will, I hon- our  
 2. My hart where have you laid O cru- ell



5  
 1. made, Of love and lo- vers wrong, Un- to the fair- est lasse, that trode on  
 still, your faire and love - ly eye, What con- quest will it bee, Sweet Nymph for  
 2. maide, To kill where you might save, Why have yee cast it forth as no- thing



13 (1)  
 1. grasse, and thus be- gan his song. Re- store, re- store my heart a- gaine, Which  
 thee, if I for sor- row dye,  
 2. worth, With- out a tombe or grave. O let it bee in- tombed and lye, In



21  
 1. love by thy sweet lookes hath slaine, least that in- forst by your dis- daine I sing,  
 2. your sweet minde and me- mo- rie, Least I re- sound on e- very war- bling string,



29  
 1. fye fye on love fye fye on love, fie it is a fo- lish thing.  
 2. Fye fye on love, fye fye on love, fie it is a foo- lish thing.

<sup>1</sup>Original has d quarter note.



**Part III**  
**Third Booke**







## I. Farewell too faire

## Cantus



1. Fare- well too faire,            too chast but too too  
2. Fare- well too deare,            and too too much de-



cru- ell,    dis- cre- tion ne- ver quen- ch- ed fire with swords:    Why has thou made my  
sir- ed,    Un- less com- pas- sion dwelt more neere they heart:    Love by ne- glect (though



heart thine an- gers fu- ell,    and now would kill my pas- sions with thy words.    This is proud  
con- stant) oft is ti- red,    And forc't from blisse un- will- ing- ly to part.



beau- ties true a- na- ra- my,    if that se- cure se- vere in se- cre sie, fare- well, fare- well.

Bassus



## II. Time stands still with gazing on her face,

## Cantus



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



face, Stand still and gaze for mi- nutes, houres and yeares, to her give  
on Her with my for- tunes, love, and time, I hon- our will a-



place: All o- ther things shall change, But she re- mains the same,  
lone, If bloud- less en- vie say, Du- tie hath no de- sert.



Till hea- vens chan- ged have their course and time hath lost his name.  
Du- tie re- plies that en- vie knowes her selfe his faith- full heart,



Cu- pid doth ho- ver up and downe blind- ed with her faire eyes,  
My set- led vowes and spot- less faith no for- tune can re- move,



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

<sup>1</sup>original has whole note.

Bassus



### III. Behold a wonder here

#### Cantus



1. Be- hold a won- der
2. Such beames in- fu- sed
3. Love now no more will
4. So powre- full is the
5. This Beau- tie shows her



here	Love	hath	re-	ceiv'd	his	sight	Which
be	By	Cin-	thia	in	his	eyes,	As
weepe	For	them	that	laugh	the	while,	Nor
beautie.	That	Love	doth	now	be-	hold,	As
might,	To	be	of	dou-	ble	kind,	In



ma-	nie	hun-	dred,	hun-	dred,	hun-	dred	yeares,	Hath	not	be-	held	the	light.
first	have	made	him,	made	him,	made	him	see,	And	then	have	made	him	wise.
wake	for	them	that,	them	that,	them	that	sleepe,	Nor	sigh	for	them	that	smile.
love	is	turn'd	to,	turn'd	to,	turn'd	to	dutie,	That's	nei-	ther	blind	nor	bold.
giv-	ing	love	his,	love	his,	love	his	sight	And	strik-	ing	fol-	ly	blind.

#### Bassus



<sup>1</sup>original has whole note.

### III. Daphne was not so chaste

#### Cantus



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



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



<sup>1</sup>Original 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.



## IX. What if I never speede,

## Cantus



1. What if I ne- ver speede, Shall I  
or shall I change my love, for I
2. Oft have I dreamed of joy, yet I  
Oft have I left my hope, as a



1. straight yeeld to dis- paire, And still on so- row feede That can no losse re-  
find power to de- part, and in my rea- son prove I can com- mand my
2. ne- ver felt the sweete, But tir- ed with an- noy my griefs each oth- er  
wretch by fate for- lorne. But Love aimes at one scope, And loft wil stil re-



1. paire. But if she will pit- tie my de- sire, And my love re- quite, then  
hart.
2. greete. He that once loves with a true de- sire ne- ver can de- part, for  
turne:



1. e- ver shall shee live my deare de- light. Come, come, come, while I have a heart to de-  
2. Cu- pid is the king of e- very hart.



1. 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  
or shall I change my love, for I  
2. Oft have I dreamed of joy, yet I  
Oft have I left my hope, as a



3. straight yeeld to dis- paire, And still on so- row feede That can no losse re-  
find power to de- part, and in my rea- son prove I can com- mand my  
2. ne- ver felt the sweete, But tir- ed with an- noy my griefs each oth- er  
wretch by fate for- lorne. But Love aimes at one scope, And loft wil stil re-



1. paire. But if she will pit- tie, pit- tie, pit- tie my de- sire, And my love re-  
hart.  
2. greeete. He that once loves with a true. a true, a true de- sire ne- ver can de-  
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.

## Tenor



1. What if I ne- ver speede, Shall I  
or shall I change my love, for I  
2. Oft have I dreamed of joy, yet I  
Oft have I left my hope, as a



1. straight yeeld to dis- paire, And still on so- row feede That can no losse re-  
find power to de- part, and in my rea- son prove I can com- mand my  
2. ne- ver felt the sweete, But tir- ed with an- noy my griefs each oth- er  
wretch by fate for- lorne. But Love aims at one scope, And loft wil stil re-



1. paire. But if she will pit- tie my de- sire, And my love, my love, re- quite, then e- ver shall  
hart.  
2. greeete. He that once loves with a true de- sire ne- ver can, ver can, de- part, for Cu- pid is  
turne:



## Bassus



1. What if I ne- ver speede, Shall I  
or shall I change my love, for I
2. Oft have I dreamed of joy, yet I  
Oft have I left my hope, as a



3. straight yeeld to dis- paire, And still on so- row feede That can no losse re-  
find power to de- part, and in my rea- son prove I can com- mand my
2. ne- ver felt the sweete, But tir- ed with an- noy my griefs each oth- er  
wretch by fate for- lorne. But Love aimes at one scope, And loft wil stil re-



1. paire. But if she will pit- tie my de- sire, And my love re- quite, then e- ver shall  
hart.
2. greete. He that once loves with a true de- sire ne- ver can de- part, for Cu- pid is  
turne:



- shee live my deare de- light. Come, come, come, while I have a heart to de-  
the king of e- very hart.



1. sire thee. Come, come, for ei- ther I will love or ad- mire thee.

## 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-26)

### Cantus



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



speake, And in that time I was a sil- lie Bee, Who fed on Time un-  
give, Why should this bless- ed time to me be drie, Sith by this Time the  
end, And yet vouch- safe to heare my plaint of Time, Which fruit- lesse Flies have



til my heart gan break, Yet ne- ver found the time would fa- vour mee. Of all the  
la- zie drone doth live, The waspe, the worme, the gnat, the but- ter- flie, Mat- ed with  
found to have a friend, And I cast downe when A- ro- mies do clime. The king re-



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

## Altus



1. It was a time, a time, when
2. Thenthus I buzd, I buzd, when
3. My liege, Gods graunt, Gods graunt, thy



sil- ly Bees could speake, And in that time I was, I was a sil- lie Bee,  
 time no sap would give, Why should this bless- ed time, ed time to me be drie,  
 time may ne- ver end, And yet vouch- safe to heare, to heare my plaint of Time,



Who fed on Time un- til my heart, my heart gan break, Yet ne- ver  
 Sith by this Time the la- zie drone, zie drone doth live, The waspe, the  
 Which fruit- lesse Flies have found to have, to have a friend, And I cast

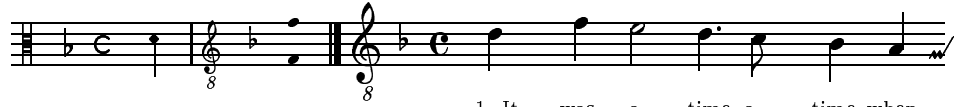


found the time would fa- vour mee. Of all the swarme I one- ly, I one- ly  
 worme, the gnat, the but- ter- fie, Mat- ed with griefe, I kneel- ed, I kneel- ed  
 downe when A- ro- mies do clime. The king re- plied but thus, Peace pee- vish,



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

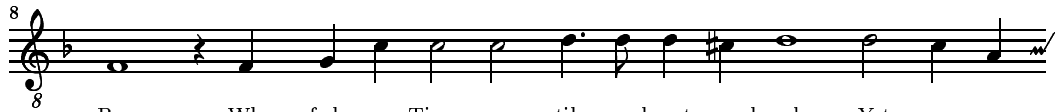
## Tenor



1. It was a time, a time when
2. Then thus I buzd, I buzd, when
3. My liege, Gods graunt, Gods graunt thy



sil- ly Bees could speake, And in that time I was a sil- lie  
 time no sap would give, Why should this bless- ed time to me be  
 time may ne- ver end, And yet vouch- safe to heare my plaint of



Bee, Who fed on Time un- til my heart gan break, Yet ne- ver  
 drie, Sith by this Time the la- zie drone doth live, The waspe, the  
 Time, Which fruit- lesse Flies have found to have a friend, And I cast



found the time, the time would fa- vour mee. Of all the swarme, the swarme I  
 worme, the gnat, the gnat, the but- ter- flie, Mat- ed with griefe, with griefe, I  
 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.

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<sup>1</sup>rest is editorial.

## Bassus



1. It was a time, a time when
2. Thenthus I buzd, I buzd, when
3. My liege, Gods graunt, Gods graunt thy



3  
 sil- ly Bees could speake, And in that time I was a sil- lie Bee,  
 time no sap would give, Why should this bless- ed time to me be drie,  
 time may ne- ver end, And yet vouch- safe to heare my plaint of Time,



9  
 Who fed on Time un- til my heart gan break, Yet ne- ver  
 Sith by this Time the la- zie drone doth live, The waspe, the  
 Which fruit- lesse Flies have found to have a friend, And I cast



14  
 found the time would fa- vour mee. Of all the swarme, the swarme I  
 worme, the gnat, the but- ter- flie, Mat- ed with griefe, with griefe, I  
 downe when A- ro- mies do clime. The king re- plied, re- plied but



19  
 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

6

14

24

31

40

Altus

Musical score for the Altus part, measures 1 through 40. The score is written in treble clef with a common time signature (C). The key signature has one sharp (F#). The music consists of five systems of staves, each starting with a measure number and a '8' below the staff. The first system (measures 1-6) begins with a treble clef, a common time signature, and a sharp sign. The second system (measures 7-18) continues the melodic line. The third system (measures 19-27) features a more rhythmic passage with eighth notes. The fourth system (measures 28-38) continues with a similar rhythmic pattern. The fifth system (measures 39-40) concludes the piece with a final cadence.

**Tenor**

8

8

16

8

25

8

32

8

41

8

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<sup>1</sup>original has B and A quarter notes

### Quintus

8

7

8

16

8

27

8

(2)

39

8

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<sup>2</sup>Original has double whole note



**Bassus**





## 2. Lachrimæ Antiquæ Novæ

### Cantus

6

14

25

34

43

Altus

Musical score for the 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 quarter and eighth notes, with some rests. Measure numbers 7, 19, 28, and 40 are indicated at the start of their respective lines.

Tenor

Musical score for the Tenor voice part, measures 1-23. 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 quarter and eighth notes, with some rests. Measure numbers 8, 23, and 8 are indicated at the start of their respective lines.



Quintus

The musical score for Quintus is presented in six staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The music consists of a series of notes and rests, with a double bar line and repeat sign after the first few measures. The subsequent staves continue the melody, with measure numbers 8, 19, 26, 33, and 41 marked at the beginning of their respective lines. The final staff concludes with a circled '1' above a note, indicating a first ending.

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<sup>1</sup>Original has quarter note.

**Bassus**

The musical score for Bassus consists of three staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a common time signature (C), and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains a few notes followed by a double bar line. The second and third staves are in bass clef and continue the melodic line with various rhythmic values, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and end with a final double bar line and a fermata over the last note.





**3. Lachrimæ Gementes****Cantus**

The musical score consists of six staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The music is written in a single melodic line. Measure numbers 6, 14, 23, 31, and 40 are indicated at the start of their respective staves. At measure 40, there is an annotation '(2)' above the staff, and at measure 41, there is an annotation '(6)' above the staff. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

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<sup>2</sup>Original has a half note.

<sup>6</sup>Original had half note, half rest (eh guess)

Altus

Musical score for Altus, measures 1-41. The score is written in treble clef with a common time signature (C). The key signature has one sharp (F#). The score consists of six staves of music. The first staff begins with a double bar line and a sharp sign. The second staff starts at measure 8. The third staff starts at measure 16. The fourth staff starts at measure 25 and includes a circled number (1) above the staff. The fifth staff starts at measure 32 and includes a circled number (7) above the staff. The sixth staff starts at measure 41 and ends with a double bar line and a sharp sign.

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

<sup>7</sup>This rest is an EH guess

Tenor

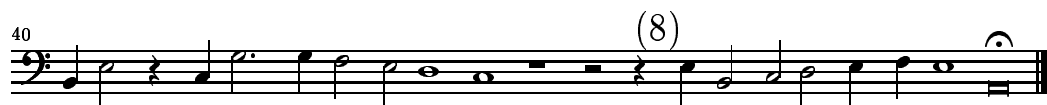
Musical score for Tenor, measures 1-44. The score is written in treble clef with a common time signature (C). It consists of five staves of music. The first staff begins with a double bar line and a common time signature. The second staff starts at measure 9. The third staff starts at measure 20. The fourth staff starts at measure 29. The fifth staff starts at measure 40 and ends with a fermata over a note marked with a circled 4. The music features a mix of quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, with some rests and accidentals.

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<sup>4</sup>original is half note (eh guess)

Quintus

Musical score for Quintus, 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 music consists of five staves of notation. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a sharp sign, and a common time signature. It contains measures 1 through 12. The second staff starts at measure 13 and ends with a double bar line. The third staff starts at measure 24 and ends with a double bar line. The fourth staff starts at measure 31 and ends with a double bar line. The fifth staff starts at measure 41 and ends with a double bar line. A triplet of eighth notes is marked with a circled '3' above it in the final measure of the fifth staff.

**Bassus**

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<sup>8</sup>This rest is an eh guess.



## 4. Lachrimæ Tristes

### Cantus

8

16

26

37

45 (2)

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<sup>2</sup>Original is half rest (Edgar Hunt guess).

Altus

Musical score for Altus, measures 1-49. The score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The music consists of five staves of notation. The first staff begins with a double bar line and a first ending bracket labeled (1) above the staff. The notation includes various rhythmic values such as quarter notes, eighth notes, and sixteenth notes, along with rests and accidentals.

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<sup>1</sup>Originally dotted quarter eighth. Also the D# C seems unlikely



## Tenor

8

15

25

33

43 (3)

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<sup>3</sup>Original is dotted half (Edgar Hunt guess).

Quintus

Musical score for Quintus, measures 1-43. The score is written in treble clef with a common time signature (C). It consists of five staves of music. The first staff begins with a double bar line and a fermata over a whole note. The second staff starts at measure 10 and includes a second ending marked with a circled '2'. The third staff starts at measure 22, the fourth at measure 31, and the fifth at measure 43. Each staff has an '8' below it, likely indicating an octave. The music features various rhythmic values including quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, as well as rests and accidentals.

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

**Bassus**

Musical score for Bassus, measures 1-41. The score is written in bass clef with a common time signature (C). The music consists of four staves of notation. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a common time signature, followed by a double bar line and a bass clef. The second staff is marked with the number 10. The third staff is marked with the number 25. The fourth staff is marked with the number 41 and contains a first ending bracket labeled (1) above the staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a fermata over the final note.

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<sup>1</sup>Original is a quarter note (Edgar Hunt guess).



**5. Lachrimæ Coactæ****Cantus**

<sup>0</sup>Original 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

<sup>1</sup>Original is a quarter note

Altus

Musical score for Altus, measures 1-38. The score is written in treble clef with a common time signature (C). The key signature has one sharp (F#). The music consists of four staves of notation. The first staff begins with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The second staff starts at measure 13. The third staff starts at measure 24 and includes a second ending marked with a circled '2'. The fourth staff starts at measure 38 and ends with a fermata over the final note.

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<sup>2</sup>Original has E sharp.

Tenor

Musical score for Tenor, measures 1-38. The score is written in C major, common time (C). It 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 (F#). The music starts with a whole note chord (F#4, C5) and a whole note bass line (F#2, C3). The melody begins on the second measure with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter rest, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The melody continues with a quarter note C5, a quarter note B4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note G4. The melody then descends: F#4, E4, D4, C4, B3, A3, G3, F#3, E3, D3, C3. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Quintus

7  
8

14  
8

24  
8

30  
8

40  
8



Bassus





## 10. M. John Langtons Pavan.

## Cantus

The image shows a musical score for a piece titled "10. M. John Langtons Pavan. Cantus". The score is written in a single system with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The time signature is common time (C). The score consists of seven staves of music. The first staff begins with a common time signature and a key signature of one flat. The second staff is marked with a "6" above the first measure. The third staff is marked with a "12" above the first measure. The fourth staff is marked with a "21" above the first measure. The fifth staff is marked with a "27" above the first measure. The sixth staff is marked with a "34" above the first measure and has a circled "1" above the final measure. The seventh staff is marked with a "41" above the first measure. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

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<sup>1</sup>Original has quarter note

Altus

Musical score for Altus, measures 1-42. The score is written in a single system with five staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The music consists of a series of notes and rests, with some notes beamed together. The second staff starts at measure 7, the third at measure 16, the fourth at measure 26, and the fifth at measure 38. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots at the end of the fifth staff.

Tenor

Musical score for Tenor voice, measures 1-40. The score is written in a single system with six staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The music consists of a series of notes and rests, with some notes marked with an '8' below them. The second staff starts at measure 7, the third at measure 15, the fourth at measure 24, the fifth at measure 33, and the sixth at measure 40. The sixth staff includes a second ending marked with '(2)' above a note.

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<sup>2</sup>Original has quarter note

Quintus

The musical score for Quintus is written in G minor (one flat) and 8/8 time. It consists of six staves of music, each beginning with a treble clef and a common time signature of 8. The notation includes various rhythmic values such as quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, as well as rests and dynamic markings. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Bassus







## 12. The Earle of Essex Galiard.

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

### Cantus

Musical score for the Cantus part, consisting of four staves of music in 3/4 time. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The first staff contains the first six measures. The second staff begins at measure 6 and includes a first ending bracket labeled (1) over measures 7-8. The third staff begins at measure 12 and includes a second ending bracket labeled (2) over measures 13-14. The fourth staff begins at measure 19 and concludes the piece with a fermata over the final note.

### Altus

Musical score for the Altus part, consisting of four staves of music in 3/4 time. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The first staff contains the first six measures. The second staff begins at measure 6 and includes a first ending bracket labeled (2) over measures 7-8. The third staff begins at measure 12 and includes two ending brackets: (4) over measures 13-14 and (3) over measures 15-16. The fourth staff begins at measure 19 and concludes the piece with a fermata over the final note.

<sup>0</sup>I think the convention is that the double bars are repeats.

<sup>1</sup>Original is G whole note.

-3

Tenor

Musical score for Tenor, measures 1-19. The score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The music consists of a single melodic line. Measure numbers 1, 6, 12, and 19 are indicated at the start of their respective staves. A common time signature 'C' is written below the first staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots at the end of measure 19.

Quintus

Musical score for Quintus, measures 1-19. The score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The music consists of a single melodic line. Measure numbers 1, 6, 13, and 19 are indicated at the start of their respective staves. A common time signature 'C' is written below the first staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots at the end of measure 19.

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<sup>2</sup>Single bar in original

<sup>4</sup>Original looks dotted.

**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, consisting of four staves of music in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The first staff begins with a treble clef and a B-flat key signature. The second staff is marked with a '6' above the first measure. The third staff is marked with a '13' above the first measure. The fourth staff is marked with a '19' above the first measure. The music features a mix of quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, with some rests and a final fermata on the last note of the fourth staff.

#### Altus

Musical score for the Altus part, consisting of four staves of music in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The first staff begins with a treble clef and a B-flat key signature. The second staff is marked with a '7' above the first measure. The third staff is marked with a '12' above the first measure. The fourth staff is marked with a '18' above the first measure. The music features a mix of quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, with some rests and a final fermata on the last note of the fourth staff.

Tenor

8

6

8

11

8

18

8

## Quintus

Musical score for Quintus, measures 1-18. The score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The music consists of four staves. The first staff begins with a measure number '8' below the staff. The second staff begins with a measure number '6' and includes a first ending bracket labeled '(1)'. The third staff begins with a measure number '12'. The fourth staff begins with a measure number '18' and ends with a double bar line and repeat sign.

## Bassus

Musical score for Bassus, measures 1-19. The score is written in bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The music consists of four staves. The first staff begins with a measure number '8' below the staff. The second staff begins with a measure number '7'. The third staff begins with a measure number '13'. The fourth staff begins with a measure number '19' and ends with a double bar line and repeat sign.

<sup>1</sup>The 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.

## 18. Captaine Digorie Piper his Galiard

### Cantus

Musical score for the Cantus part, consisting of four staves of music in 3/4 time. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The music features a mix of quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The second staff starts with a measure rest and a '6' above the staff. The third staff starts with a measure rest and a '12' above the staff. The fourth staff starts with a measure rest and a '19' above the staff, ending with a fermata over the final note.

### Altus

Musical score for the Altus part, consisting of four staves of music in 3/4 time. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The music features a mix of quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The second staff starts with a measure rest and a '6' above the staff. The third staff starts with a measure rest and a '12' above the staff. The fourth staff starts with a measure rest and a '19' above the staff, ending with a fermata over the final note.

Tenor

Musical score for Tenor part, measures 1-19. The score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 3/8. The music consists of a single melodic line. Measure numbers 6, 12, and 19 are indicated at the start of their respective staves. A common time signature of 8 is written below the first staff.

Quintus

Musical score for Quintus part, measures 1-19. The score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 3/8. The music consists of a single melodic line. Measure numbers 6, 13, and 19 are indicated at the start of their respective staves. A common time signature of 8 is written below the first staff. First and second endings are marked with (1) and (2) above the notes.

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<sup>1</sup>No dot in original

<sup>2</sup>Rest is editorial

**Bassus**

7

16 (3)

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<sup>3</sup>These two rests are editorial

**Part V**  
**A Pilgrimes Solace**





# IX. Goe nightly cares,

Cantus.

Goe nightly cares

5

13

20

27

34

39

44

50

The image shows two staves of musical notation. The first staff begins at measure 58 and contains 10 measures of music. The second staff begins at measure 65 and contains 7 measures of music, ending with a double bar line. The music is written in a single treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The notation includes various note values, rests, and accidentals.

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<sup>1</sup>The meter is written C 3. My guess is that the three is an error.


<sup>2</sup>Original is half note

<sup>3</sup>Original is missing this note






50



sire the death. Wel- come sweete death, Wel- come sweete death,  
hap- py state. And thus I leave, And thus I leave,

58



wel- come sweete death sweet death wel- come, Oh life, no  
And thus I leave And thus I leave thy hopes, thy

66



life, A hell, Then thus, and thus I bid the world fare- well.  
joyes un-true, and thus, and thus vaine world a- gaine a- due.

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<sup>1</sup> drawn as a breve in original

Bassus.

Musical staff with lyrics: Goe night- ly cares

6

15

21

28

35

41

46

52

59



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<sup>0</sup>Original has incomplete circle with dot, and also the number 2.



# Bibliography

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