



THE
FIRST BOOKE
of Songs or Aires of foure
parts, with Tables for
the Lute.

So made, that all the partes
together, or either of them se-
verally, may be fung to the Lute,
Orpheetan or Viol de gamba.

Composed by JOHN DOWLAND
Lutenist & Bachelor of Musicke
in both the Universities.

Also an invention by the said Author
for two to play upon one Lute.

Newly Corrected and amended.

Nec plusquam Londoni, qua profuit operatio oris.
Imprinted at London by HUMFREY LOWNES,
dwelling on Breadstreet-hill, at the signe
of the Starre. 1606.



TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE SIR GEORGE CAREY,
OF THE MOST HONORABLE ORDER

of the Garter Knight; Baron of Hunsdon, Captaine of her Maie-
sties Gentlemen Pensioners, Gouvernour of the Isle of Wight, Lieu-
tenant of the County of South: Lord Chamberlaine of her

*Maiesties most Royall house, and of her Highnesse most
Honorable Prinie Councell.*



That harmony (Right Honorable) which is skilfully exprest
by Instruments, albeit, by reason of the variety of number
and proportion, of it selfe, it easly stirres vp the mindes of
the hearers to admiration and delight, yet for higher autho-
ritie and power hath bene euer worthily attributed to that
kind of Musicke, which to the sweetnesse of Instrument ap-
plies the liuely voice of man, expressing some worthe ten-
tence or excellent Poeme. Hence (as all antiquitie can
witness) first grew the heauenly Art of Musicke: for LI-
NVS ORPHEVS and the rest, according to the number &
time of their Poems, first framed the numbers and times of Musicke: So that PLATO
defines Melodie to consist of harmonic, number and words; ha-
monic, naked of it selfe; words the ornament of harmonic, number the common friend &
vniter of them both. This small Booke containing the consent of speaking ha-
monic, ioined with the most musicall instrument the Lute, beeing my first labour,
I haue presumed to dedicate to your Lordship, who for your vertue and Nobilitie
are best able to protect it; and for your honorable fauours towards me, best de-
seruing my dutie and seruice. Besides, your noble inclination and loue to all
good Artes, and namely the diuine science of Musicke, doth challenge the
patronage of all learning, then which no greater title can be added to
Nobilitie. Neither in these your honours may I let passe the dutifull re-
membrance of your vertuous Ladie my honorable mistresse, whose singular
graces towards mee haue added spirit to my vnfortunate labours. What time
and diligence I haue bestowed in the search of Musicke, what trauell in
forraine Countries, what successe & estimation euen among strangers I
haue found, I leaue to the report of others. Yet all this in vaine, were it
not that your honorable hands haue vouchsafed to vpholde my poore
fortunes, which I now wholly recommend to your gracious protection,
with these my first endeouours, humbly beseeching you to accept & cherish
them with your continued fauours.

Your Lordships most humble seruant,

JOHN DOWLAND.



To the Courteous Reader.



HOW hard an enterprise it is, in this skilfull and curious age, to commit our priuate labours to the publike viewe, mine owne disability, and others hard successe do too well assure me: and were it not for that loue I beare to the true louers of musicke, I had concealed these my first fruites, Which how they will thriue with your taste I know not, howtouer the greater part of them might haue been ripe enough by their age. The Courtly iudgement I hope will not be seuerer against them, being it selfe a partie, and those sweet springs of humanitie (I meane our two famous Vniuersities) will entertaine them for his sake, whome they haue already graced, and as it were infranchis'd in the ingenious profession of Musick, which from my childhoode I haue euer ayimed at, fundrie times leauing my natiue Countrey, the better to attaine so excellent a science. About sixteene yeeres past, I traueled the chiefe parts of France, a nation furnisht with great varietie of Musick: But lately, being of a more confirmed iudgement, I bent my course towards the famous prouinces of Germany; where I found both excellent Masters, and most honorable Patrons of Musicke: Namely those two miracles of this age for vertue and magnificence, *Henry Iulio Duke of Brunswick*, & learned *Martius, Lantz graue of Hessen*, of whose princely vertues and fauours toward me I can neuer speake sufficiently. Neither can I forget the kindeesse of *Alexandro Horologio*, a right learned master of Musicke, seruant to the royal Prince the *Lantz-graue of Hessen*, and *Gregorio Homer Lutenist* to the magnificent Duke of *Brunswick*, both whome I name as well for their loue to me, as also for their excellency in their faculties. Thus hauing spent some months in Germany, to my great admiration of that worthy Countrey, I past ouer the *Alpes* into Italy, where I found the Cities furnisht with all good Artes, but especially Musicke. What fauour and estimation I had in *Venice, Padua, Genoa, Ferrara, Florence*, and diuers other places, I willingly suppress, least I should any way seeme partiall in mine owne induours. Yet can I not dissemble the great content I found in the profered amitie of the famous *Luca Marenzio*, whose fundrie letters I receiued from *Rome*, and one of them, because it is but short, I haue thought good to set downe, not thinking it anie disgrace to be proud of the iudgement of so excellent a man.

Multo Magnifico Signior mio offeruandissimo.

Per una lettera del Signior Aberigo Maluzi ho inteso quanto con cortese affetto si mostri desideroso di offermi conuonto d'amicitia, doue infinitamente la ringrazio di questo suo buon animo, offerendomegli all'incontro se in alcuna cosa la posso seruire. poiche gli meriti delle sue infinite virtu, & qualta merito che con uno & me l'ammirino & offeruino, & per fine di questo le bascio le mani. Di Roma il 13. di Giuglio. 1595.

D. V. S. Affectionatissimo seruitore,
Luca Marenzio.

Not to stand too long vpon my travels, I will onely name that worthie Master *Giovanni Croce* Vicemaster of the chappel of *S. Marks* in *Venice*, with whom I had familiar conference. And thus what experience I could gather abroad, I am now readie to practise at home, if I may but find encouragement in my first assaies. There haue bene diuers Lute-lessons of mine lately printed without my knowledge, false and vnperfect: but I purpose shortly my selfe to set forth the choicest of all my lessons in print, & also an introduction for fingering, with other bookes of Songs, whereof this is the first: and as this finds fauour with you, so shall I be affected to labour in the rest. Farewell.

THO. CAMPANI EPIGRAMMA
de instituto Authoris.

Famam posteritas quam dedit Orpheo,
Dolatus melius Musica das sibi,
Fugaces reprimens archetypū sonos;
Quas es delicias praebeat auribus,
Ipsis conspicuas luminibus facit.

A Table of all the Songs contained
in this Booke,

V	Quiēt thoughts.	I
	Who euer thinks or hopes of loue for loue.	II
	My thoughts are wingd with hopes.	III
	If my complaints could passions moue.	IIII
	Can she excuse my wrongs with vertues cloake.	V
	Now, O now I needs must part.	VI
	Deare if you change Ile neuer chuse againe.	VII
	Burst for th my teares.	VIII
	Goe Cryshall teares.	IX
	Thinkst thou then by thy sayning.	X
	Come away come sweet loue.	XI
	Rest a while you cruell cares.	XII
	Sleepe wayward thoughts.	XIII
	All ye whom loue or Fortune hath betrayd.	XIIII
	Wilt thou vnkind thus resue me of my heart?	XV
	Would my conceit that first enforst my woe.	XVI
	Come againe sweet loue doth now inuite.	XVII
	His golden lockes time hath to siluer turnd.	XVIII
	Awake sweet loue thou art returnd.	XIX
	Come heauie sleepe.	XX
	Away with these selfe louing lads.	XXI
	A Galliard for two to play vpon one Lute at the end of the Booke.	

L.

CANTUS.



Nquiet thoughts your ciuill slaughter stint, and wrap your

RR IR RR RR RR RR

wrongs within a pensue heart: And you my tongue that makes my mouth a mint, and stamps my

RR R RR RR R RR RR RR RR RR RR RR RR

thoughts to coine them words by art: Be still, for if you euer do the like, Ile cut the

R RR R RR RR RR R RR RR RR RR RR

string, ii. that makes the hammer strike.

R RR RR RR RR RR RR

But what can stay my thoughts they may not start, How shall I then gaze on my mistresse eies?
 Or put my tongue in durance for to die? My thoughts must haue some vent els heart will break,
 When as these eies, the keyes of mouth and hart, My tongue would rust as in my mouth it lies,
 Open the locke where all my loue doth lie; If eies and thoughts were free, and that not speake.
 Ile feale them vp within their lids for euer, Speake then and tell the passions of desire
 So thoughts, & words, and looks shal die together. Which turns mine eies to bloods, my thoughts to fire.

like, Ile cut the string, ii. that makes the hammer strike.

and stamps my thoughts to coine them words by art, be still, for if you euer do the

a pensue hart, and you my tongue that makes my mouth a mint, ii.

Nquiet thoughts, your ciuill slaughter stint, and wrap your wrongs within

CANTUS.

BASSVS.

Nquiet thoughts, your ciuill

laughter stint, and wrap your wrongs within

a pensue hart, ii. and you my

tongue, that makes my mouth a mint, to coine

them words by art, be still, for if you

doe the like, Ile cut the string, ii.

the string that makes the hammer strike.

TENOR.



Nquiet thoughts, your ciuill slaughter stint, and wrap your wrongs within

a pensue hart, and you my tongue, ii. that makes my mouth a mint, and stamps my

thoughts, my thoughts to coine, ii. them words by art, be still, for if you euer doe the like,

Ile cut the string, ii. that makes the hammer strike.



Ho euer thinks or hopes of loue for loue : or who be lou'd

in Cupids lawes doth glorie: Who ioyes in vowes, or vowes not to remove: Who by this

light god hath not been made sorry: Let him see mee eclipsed from my sun, with

dark clouds of an earth, ii. Quite ouer-runne.

Who thinks that sorrows felt, desires hidden,
Or humble faith in constant honor arm'd,
Can keepe loue from the fruit that is forbidden;
Who thinks that change is by intractable charms,
Looking on me let him know lous delights
Are creatures hid in caues, but kept by Sprights.

ALTS.

BASSVS.

Ho euer thinks or hopes of loue for loue,
Or who be lou'd in Cupids lawes doth glorie: Who
ioyes in vowes or vowes not to remove: who by this
light god hath not bin made sorry: Let him see mee
eclipsed from my sun, With dark clouds of an
earth ii. quite ouerrun, clouds of
an earth quite ouerrun, let him see

TENOR.

Ho euer thinks or hopes of Loue for Loue, Or who be- lou'd in Cupids
lawes doth glorie, Who ioyes in vowes, or vowes not to remove, Who by this light god
hath not bin made sorry. Let him see mee eclipsed from my sun, eclipsed from my sun, With
dark clouds of an earth, ii. quite ouer-runne, of an earth quite ouerrun.

III. CANTUS.

Y thoughts are wingd with hopes, my hopes with loue, Mount loue vn-
 to the moone in cleereft night, And fay as she doth in the heauens
 moue, In earth fo wanes & wax-eth my de- light: And whisper this but softly
 in her eares, Hope oft doth hang the head, and Trust shead teares.

And you my thoughts that some mistrust do cary, If she, for this, with clouds do maske her eyes,
 If for mistrust my mistresse do you blame, And make the heauens dark with her disdain,
 Say though you alter, yet you do not varie, With windie lightes, disperse them in the skies,
 As the doth change, and yer remaine the same: Or with thy teares dissolve them into raine:
 Distrust doth enter hearts, but not infect, Thoughts, hopes, & loue returne to me no more
 And loue is sweetest seasoned with suspect. Till Cynthia shine as she hath done before.

in her eares, Hope oft doth hang the head and trust shead teares.
 heuens moue, In earth fo wanes and waxeth my delight, And whisper this but softly
 vn-to the moone, the moone in cleereft night, And fay as she doth in the
 Y thoughts are wingd with hopes, my hopes with loue, Mount loue

SALVO

BASSVS.
 Y thoughts are wingd with hopes, my
 hopes with loue, Mount loue vn-to the moone
 in cleereft night, & say as she doth in the hea-
 uens mooue, In earth fo wanes and waxeth
 my delight, And whisper this but soft-ly
 in her eares, her eares, Hope oft doth hang the
 head, and Trust and Trust shead teares.

TENOR.

Y thoughts are wingd with hopes, my hopes with loue, Mount loue
 vn-to the moone in cleereft night, And fay as she doth in the heauens mooue, In
 earth fo wanes so wanes and waxeth my delight, And whisper this, ii. but softly
 in her eares, softly in her eares, Hope oft doth hang the head, and trust shead teares:
 B 2

III.

CANTVS.



If my complaints could passions moue, or make loue
My passions were e-nough to prooue, that my de-

see when I suffer wrong: O loue, I liue and die in
spaire had governd mee to long. Thy wounds do fresh-ly bleed in

thee, thy griefe in my deepe sighs still speaks: Yet thou dost
mee, my heart for thy vn-kind-nes breakes: Thou saist thou

hope when I de-spaire, and when I hope, thou makst me hope in vaine.
canst my harmes re-paire, yet for redresse, thou lettst me still com-plaine.

Can loue bee rich and yet I want?
Is loue my iudge, and yet I am condemnd?
Thou plentie hast, yet me dost scant:
Thou made a God, & yet thy power contemnd.
That I doe liue, it is thy power:
That I desire it is thy worth:

If loue doth make mens liues too sowe,
Let me nor loue, nor liue henceforth.
Die shall my hopes, but not my faith,
That you that of my fall may hearers be
May here despaire, which truly saith,
I was more true to loue than loue to me.

hope thou makst me hope in vaine.
drest thou lettst me still complaine.
I suffer wrong, O loue I liue and die in thee, thy griefe
me too long. Thy wounds do fresh-ly bleed in me, my hart
in my deepe sighs, deepe sighs still speaks: Yet thou dost hope when I despaire, and when I
for thy vn-kind vn-kind-nes breakes, Thou saist thou canst my harmes repaire, yet for re-

SALVO

BASSVS.
If my complaints could passions moue,
My passions were enough to proue,
or make loue see wherein I suffer wrong,
that my despaires had governd mee too long,
O loue I liue and die in thee, thy griefe, ii.
Thy wounds do freshly bleed in me, my hart, ii.
in my deepe sighs still speaks:
for thy vn-kind-nesse breakes.
and when I hope thou makst, ii.
yet for redresse thou lettst, ii.
hope in vaine,
still complaine.

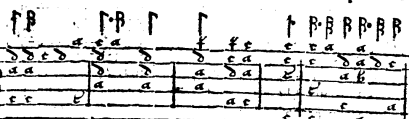
TENOR.

If my complaints could passions moue, could passions moue, or make loue see
My passions were e-nough to proue, e-nough to proue, that my despaires
wherein I suffer wrong, O loue, I liue and die, I liue and die in thee, thy griefe
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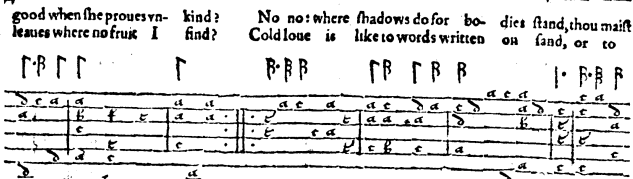
V. CANTUS.



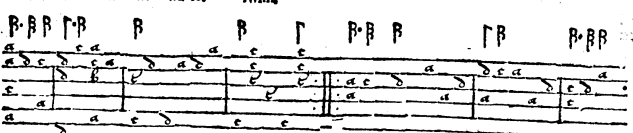
An thee ex- cuse my wrongs with vertues cloak? shall I call her
Are those cleer fires which va- nish in- to smoke? must I praise the



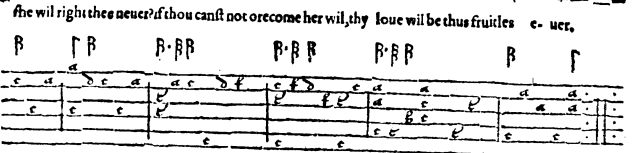
good when the proues vn- kind? No no: where shadowes do for bo- dies stand, thou maist
leaves where no frux I find? Cold loue is like to words written on sand, or to



bea- busde if thy fight be dim. Wilt thou be thus a- bused still, seeing that
bubbles which on the wa- ter swim.



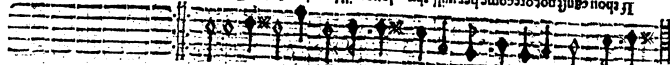
the will right thee neuer? if thou canst not overcome her will, thy loue will be thus fruitles e- uer.



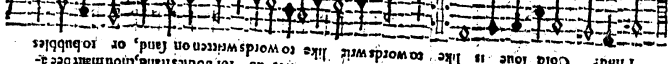
Was I so base, that I might not aspire
Vnto tho'e high ioyes which she holds fromme?
As they are high, so high is my desire.
If she this denie what can granted be?
If she will yeeld to that which reason is,
It is reason will that loue should be iust.

Deare make me happie still by granting this,
Or cut off delays if that I die must.
Better a thousand times to die,
Then for to liue thus still tormented:
Deare but remember it was I
Who for thy sake did die contented.

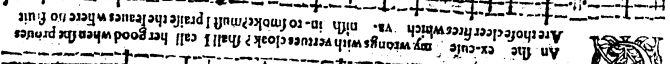
If thou canst not overcome her will, thy loue will be thus fruitles euer.



Wilt thou be thus abused still, seeing that she will
right thee neuer? if thou canst not overcome her



will, thy loue will be thus fruitles euer.



SALVO

BASSVS.

An thee excuse my wrongs with
Are those cleer fires which vanish

vertues cloak? shall I call her good when she proues
into smoke? must I praise the leaves where no fruit

is found? No no: where shadowes do for bodies
stand, thou maist be abused if thy fight be dim.

Wilt thou be thus abused still, seeing that she will
right thee neuer? if thou canst not overcome her

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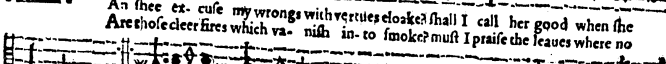
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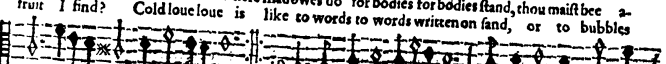
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TENOR.

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which on the wa- ter wa- ter swim.



uer? If thou canst not overcome her will, thy loue will be thus fruitles euer.

VI. CANTUS.



Ow, Onow I needs must part, parting though I absent
While I liue I needs must loue, loue liues not whi hopes

mourn, absence can no ioy im- part, ioy once fled can- notre- turne.
gone, now at last despaire doth proue, loue di- ui- ded lo- ueth none.

Sad des- paire doth driue me hence, this despaire vnkindnes sends. If that

parting bee of- fence, it is she which then of- fends.

Deare, when I from thee am gone,
Gone are all my ioyes at once,
I loued thee and thee alone,
In whole loue I ioyed once:
And although your sight I leaue,
Sight wherein my ioyes doe lie,
Till that death doth senſe bereaue,
Neuer ſhall affection die.

Deare, if I doe not returne,
Loue and I ſhall die together,
For my absence neuer mourne
Whom you might haue ioyed euer:
Part we muſt though now I die,
Die I doe to part with you,
Him deſpaire doth caule to lie,
Who both liued and dieth true.

kindnes ſends. If that parting be of- fence, it is she which then offends.

Ow, Onow, I needs must part: part- ing though I absent mourn, absence can no ioy em-
While I liue I needs must loue, loue liues not when hope is gone, now at last despaire doth

Sad despaire doth driue me hence, me hence this despaire vnkind-
nes sends. If that parting be offence, it is she which

part: ioy once fled cannot re- turne. Sad despaire doth driue me hence: this despaire despaire vnkind-
proue, loue di- ui- ded loueth none.

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*SALVO

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While I liue I needs must loue, loue liues
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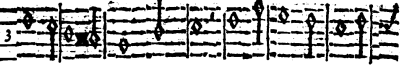
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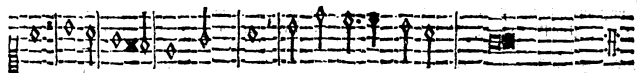
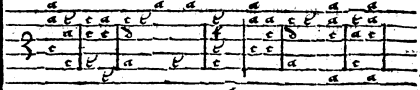
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VI. CANTVS.



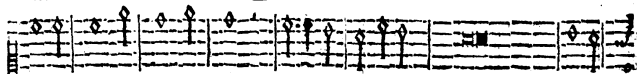
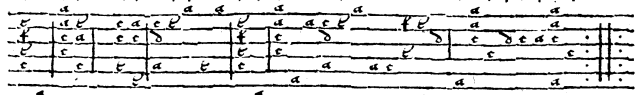
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IN IRRR RR IIRRRRII



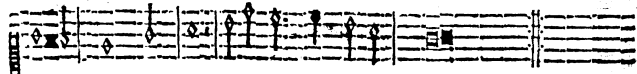
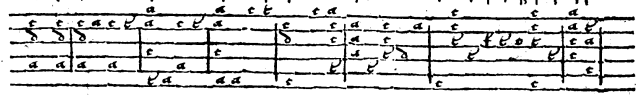
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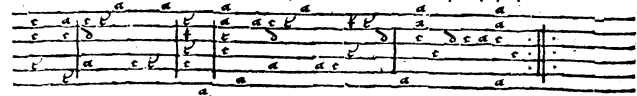
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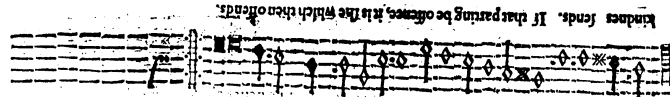
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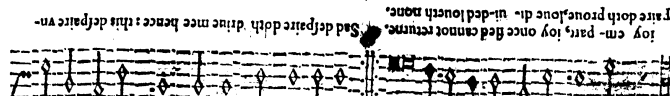


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I loued thee and thee alone,
In whole loue I ioyed once:
And although your sight I leaue,
Sight wherein my ioyes doe lie,
Till that death doth senſe bereaue,
Neuer shall affection die.

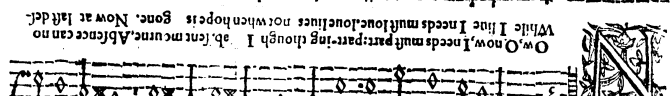
Deare, if I doe not returne,
Loue and I shall die together,
For my absence neuer mourne
Whom you might haue ioyed euer:
Part we must though now I die,
Die I doe to part with you,
Him despaire doth cause to lie,
Who both liued and dieth true.



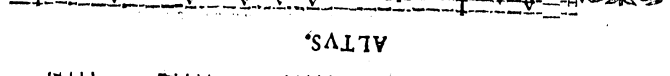
kindnes sends. If that parting be offence, it is she which then offends.



joy once fled cannot returne. Sad despaire doth driue mee hence this despaire vn-



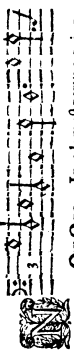
While I liue I needs must loue, loue liues not when hope is gone. Now at last des-



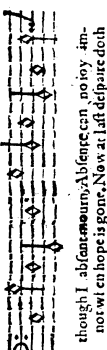
Ow, O now, I needs must part: parting though I absent mourne, absence can no

SALVO

BASSVS.



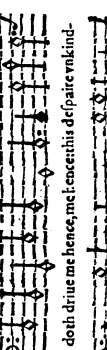
Ow, O now, I needs must part: parting
While I liue I needs must loue, loue liues



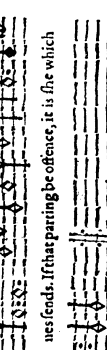
though I absent mourne, absence can no ioy im-
not when hope is gone. Now at last despaire doth



part: ioy once fled cannot returne. Sad despaire
proue, loue di- uided lo- ueth none.



doth driue me hence, met: once this despaire vnkind-

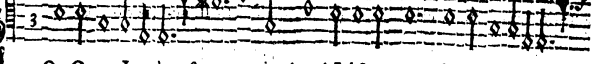


nes sends. If that parting be offence, it is she which

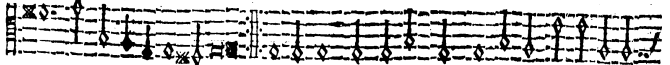


then offends.

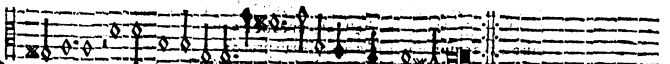
TENOR.



Ow, O now, I needs must part: parting though I absent mourne, absence can no ioy im-
While I liue I needs must loue, loue liues not when hope is gone. now at last despaire doth



part: ioy once fled cannot returne. Sad despaire doth driue me hence: this despaire despaire vnkind-



nes sends. If that parting be offence, it is she which then offends.

D

VII. CANTUS.



Eare, if you change, ile neuer chufe againe. Sweet, if you

shrinke, ile neuer thinke of loue. Faire, if you faile, ile iudge all beautie vaine. Wife, if

too weake, moe wits ile neuer proue. Deare, sweet, faire, wife, change,

shrinke, nor be not weake: and, on my faith, my faith shall neuer breake.

Earth with her flowers shall sooner heauen adorne,
 Heauen her bright stars through earths dim globe shall moue,
 Fire heate shall loose, and frosts of flames be borne,
 Aire made to shine as blacke as hell shall proue:
 Earth, heauen, fire, aire, the world transform'd shall view,
 Ere I proue false to faith, or strange to you.

not weake: and, on my faith, my faith shall neuer breake.

noe wits, moe wits ile neuer proue. Deare, sweet, faire, wife, change, shrinke nor be

thinke of loue. Faire, if you faile, ile iudge all beautie vaine. Wife, if too weake, too weake,

Eare, if you change, ile neuer chufe againe. Sweet, if you shrinke, you shrinke, ile neuer

ALTV.

BASSVS.

Eare, if you change, ile neuer chufe a-

gaine. Sweet, if you shrinke, you shrinke, ile

ne- uer thinke of loue. Faire, if you faile, ile

iudge all beautie vaine. Wife, if too weake, moe

wits ile ne- uer proue. Deare, sweet, faire,

change, shrinke nor be not weak:

and, on my faith, my faith shall neuer breake.

TENOR.

Eare, if you change, ile neuer chufe againe. Sweet, if you shrinke, you shrinke, ile neuer

thinke of loue. Faire, if you faile, ile iudge all beautie vaine. Wife, if too weake, moe wits ile

neuer proue, moe wits ile ne- uer proue. Deare, sweet, faire, wife, ii. change, shrinke

nor bee not weake: and, on my faith, my faith shall ne- uer breake.

VII. CANTUS.



Eare, if you change, ile neuer chufe againe. Sweet, if you

shrinke, ile neuer thinke of loue. Faire, if you faile, ile iudge all beautie vaine. Wife, if

too weake, moe wits ile neuer proue. Deare, sweet, faire, wife, change,

shrinke, nor be not weake: and, on my faith, my faith shall ne- uer breake.

Earth with her flowers shall sooner heauen adorne,
 Heauen her bright stars through earths dim globe shal moue,
 Fire heate shall loofe, and frosts of flames be borne,
 Aire made to shine as blacke as hell shall proue:
 Earth, heauen, fire, aire, the world transform'd shall view,
 Ere I proue false to faith, or strange to you.

not weake: and, on my faith, my faith shall neuer breake.

moe wits, moe wits ile neuer proue. Deare, sweet, faire, wife, change, shrinke nor be

thinke of loue. Faire, if you faile, ile iudge all beautie vaine. Wife, if too weake, too weake,

Eare, if you change, ile neuer chufe againe. Sweet, if you shrink, you shrink, ile neuer

BASSES.

Eare, if you change, ile neuer chufe a-

gaine. Sweet, if you shrinke, you shrinke, ile

ne- uer thinke of loue. Faire, if you faile, ile

iudge all beautie vaine. Wife, if too weake, moe

wits ile ne- uer proue. Deare, sweet, faire,

wife, il- change, shrinke nor be not weak-

and, on my faith, my faith shall neuer breake.

TENOR.

Eare, if you change, ile neuer chufe againe. Sweet, if you shrink, you shrink, ile neuer

thinke of loue. Faire, if you faile, ile iudge all beautie vaine. Wife, if too weake, moe wits ile

neuer proue, moe wits ile ne- uer proue. Deare, sweet, faire, wife, ii. change, shrinke

nor be not weake: and, on my faith, my faith shall ne- uer breake.

VIII CANTVS.



Vrft ii. forth my teares, asist my forward grieft,

III I I I I I I I I I I I I I

a b u f a a b a a a a e d a c
e e e e e e e e e e e e e e e e

And shew what pain im- perious loue prouokes. Kinde tender lames,

R R B B I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I

a a e a a a a a a a a a a a a a a
e e e e e e e e e e e e e e e e e e e e

lament loyes scant re-liefe, And pine, since pensue care my freedome yokes.

I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I

a a e a a a a a a a a a a a a a a
e e e e e e e e e e e e e e e e e e e e

Opine, to see mee pine ii. my tender flockes'

I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I

a a b a e e e e e e e e e e e e e e e e
e e e e e e e e e e e e e e e e e e e e

Sad pining care, that neuer may haue peace, Like to the winds my sighs haue winged beene
At beauties gate in hope of pitie knocks; Yet are my sighes and lutes repaid with mocks:
But mercy sleeps while deep disdain increase, I pleade, yet she repineth at my teene:
And beautie hope in her faire bosome yokes. O ruthlesse rigour harder then the rocks,
O grieue to heare my grieft, my tender flockes. That both the shepherd kilts, & his poore flockes.

O pine, to see mee pine, O pine to see mee pine, to see mee pine, my tender flockes.

ment ii. loues scant re- lief, and pine, since pensue care my freedome yokes. ii.

Kind tender lams, la-

impetuous loue prouokes. ii.

Vrft, burft forth my teares: assist my forward grieft, And shew what

And shew what pain im- perious loue prouokes. Kinde tender lames,

SALVO

Vrft forth; And shew what pain

impetuous loue ii. prouokes. kind

tender lams, lament loyes scant reliefs

And pine, since pensue care my freedome my

freedoms yokes O pine, to see mee pine, to see mee

pine, my tender my tender flockes.

TENOR.

Vrft, ii. forth my teares: assist, assist my forward grieft, And shew what paine,

paine, impetuous loue prouokes. ii. Kind tender lams, lament ii. loues scant

reliefe, reliefe, And pine, since pensue care, since pensue care, my free-dome yokes. O pine

to see mee pine, to see mee pine, O pine to see mee pine, my tender flockes.

IX. CANTUS.



O crystal teares, like to the morning showrs,

And sweetly weepe in- to thy Ladies breast. And as the dewes re- uiue the

drooping flowers, so let your drops of pitie be adrest, To quicken vp the thoughts

of my de- fert, which sleeps too found, whilst I from her depart.

Haste, restless sighs, and let your burning breath
 Dissolve the Ice of her indurate heart,
 Whole frozen rigour like forgetfull death,
 Feeles neuer any touch of my desert:
 Yet sighes and teares to her I sacrifice,
 Both from a spoilelesse heart and patient eyes.

whilst I from her from her depart, from her depart, to quicken
 pitie be adrest, to quicken vp the thoughts of my desert, which sleeps too found
 to thy Ladies breast, and as the dewes reuiue the drooping flowers, so let your drops of
 O crystal teares, like to the morning flowers, and sweetly weepe in

SALVS.

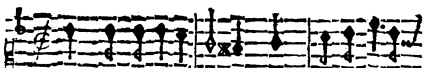
O crystal teares, And sweetly weepe
 into thy Ladies breast, and as the dewes
 reuiue the drooping flowers, so let your
 drops of pitie be adrest, address, to quicken
 vp the thoughts of my desert, which
 sleeps too found, whilst I from her depart.

TENOR.

O crystal teares, like to the morning (flowers, and sweetly weepe in-
 to thy Ladies breast, and as the dewes reuiue the drooping flowers, so let your
 drops of pitie be adrest, to quicken vp the thoughts, the thoughts of my desert, which sleeps
 too found, whilst I from her from her depart, ii. from her depart. To quicken.

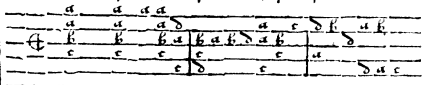
X.

CANTUS.



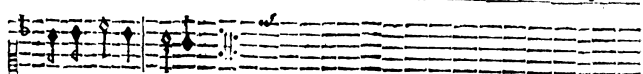
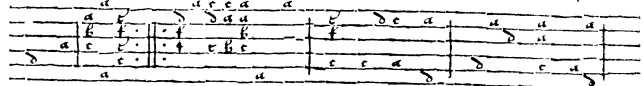
Hinkst thou then by thy fayning, sleepe with a proud
Or with thy craftie clo-ling, thy cru-ell eyes

β β β β β β β



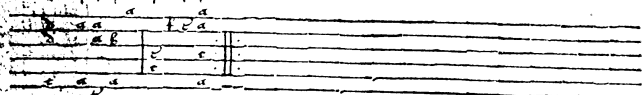
dis- daining, To driue me from thy fight, when sleepe yeelds more delight, such
re- posing, And while sleepe fained is, may not I steale a kille, Thy

β β β β β β β β β β



harmlesse beautie gracing,
qui-et armes em- bracing,

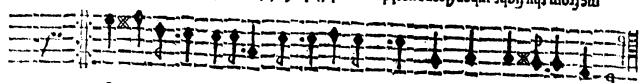
β β β β β β β



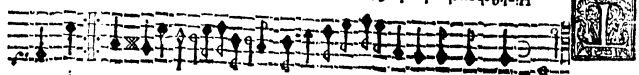
O that thy sleepe dissembled,
Were to a trance resembled,
Thy cruell eyes deceiuing,
Of lively sense bereauing:
Then should my loue require
Thy loues vnkind despise,
While furie triumph boldly
In beauties sweet disgrace:
And liu'd in sweet embrace
Of her that lou'd so coldly.

Should then my loue aspiring,
Forbidden ioyes desiring,
So far exceed the dutie
That vertue owes to beautie?
No, Loue seeke not thy blisse,
Beyond a simple kisse,
For such deceits are harmles,
Yet kisse a thousand fold,
For kisses may be bold
When louely sleep is harmlesse.

me from thy fight, when sleepe yeelds more delight, such harmlesse beautie gracing,
sleepe fained is, may not I steale a kisse, thy qui-et armes embracing;



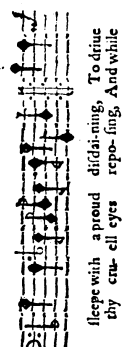
Hinkst thou then by thy fay-
ning, sleepe with a proud disdai-
ning, thy cru-ell eyes re-
posing, And while



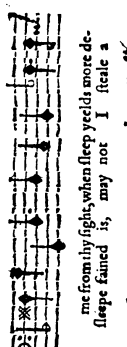
BASSVS.



Hinkst thou then by thy fayning,
Or with thy craftie clo-ling,



sleepe with a proud disdai-
ning, thy cru-ell eyes re-
posing, And while

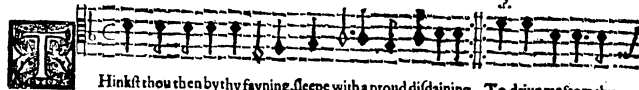


me from thy fight, when sleep yeelds more de-
sleepe fained is, may not I steale a



light, such harmlesse beautie gracing,
kisse, thy qui-et armes embracing

TENOR.



Hinkst thou then by thy fayning, sleepe with a proud disdaining, To driue me from thy
Or with thy craftie clo-ling, thy cru-ell eyes re-posing, And while sleep fained



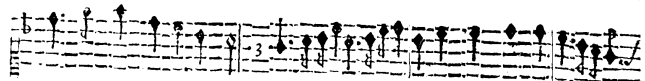
fight, when sleepe yeelds more delight, such harmlesse beautie gracing,
is, may not I steale a kisse, thy qui-et armes embracing?

F

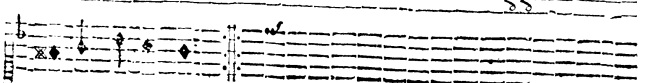
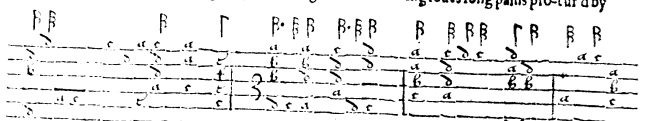
XI. CANTUS.



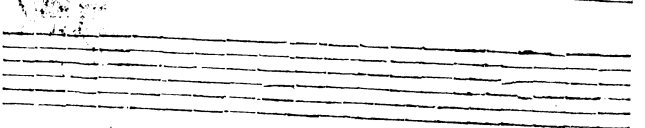
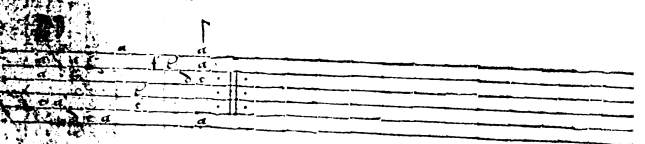
Come away, come sweet loue, the golden morning breakes,
All the earth, all the aire, of loue and pleasure speakes.



Teach thine armes then to embrace, and sweet ro- sic lips to kisse, and mix our
Eyes were made for beauties grace, Viewing ru- ing loues long pains procur'd by



loves in mutual blisse,
beauties rude disdaine.

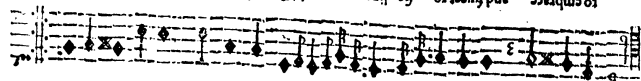


Come away, come sweet loue,
The golden morning waxes,
While the Sun from his sphere,
His fierie arrowes casts:
Making all the shadowes flie,
Playing staying in the groue,
To entertaine the stealth of loue.
Thether sweet loue let vs hie,
Flying dying in desire,
Wings with sweet hopes and heu'nly fire.

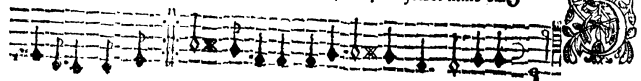
Come away, come sweet loue,
Do not in vaine adorne
Beauties grace that should rise,
Like to the naked morne:
Lillies on the riuers side,
And faire Cyprian flowres new blowne,
Desire no beauties but their owne.
Ornament is nurse of pride,
Pleasure measure loues delight,
Haste then sweet loue our wished flight.

SALVO

to embrace, and sweet ro- sic lips to kisse, and mix our
beauties grace, Viewing ru- ing loues long pains procur'd by beauties rude disdaine.

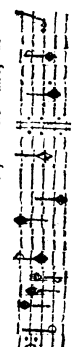


Come away, come sweet loue, the golden morning breakes, Teach thine armes then
All the earth, all the aire, of loue and pleasure speakes. Eyes were made for

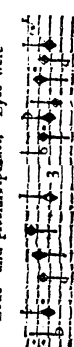


BASSVS.

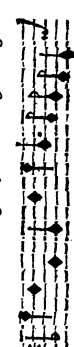
Come away, come sweet Loue, the
All the earth, all the aire, of



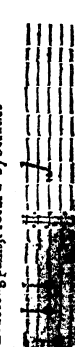
golden morning breakes, Teach thine
Loue and pleasure speakes, Eyes were



armes then to embrace, and sweet ro- sic
made for beauties grace, viewing ru- ing

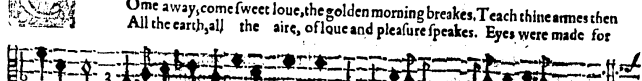
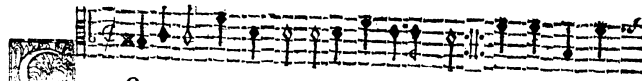


lips to kisse, and make our foules in
Loue long pains, Procur'd by beauties



TENOR.

Come away, come sweet loue, the golden morning breakes, Teach thine armes then
All the earth, all the aire, of loue and pleasure speakes. Eyes were made for



to embrace, and sweet ro sic lips to kisse, and mixe our foules in mutual blisse,
beauties grace, Viewing ru- ing ru ing loues long pains, Procur'd by beauties rude disdaine.

XII. CANTUS.



Est a while you cruell cares, be not more seure then

loue Beauty kills & beautie spares, & sweet smiles sad sighs re- moue: Laura,

faire queen of my delight, come grant me loue in Loues de- spite, And if I euer faile to

honor thee: heauen- ly light I see, bee as darke as hell to me.

If I speake, my words want waite,
Am I mute, my heart doth breake,
If I sigh, she feares deceit,
Sorrow then for me must speake:
Cruell, vnkind, with fauour view
The wound that first was made by you:
And if my torments fained be,
Let this heauenly light I see,
Be as darke as hell to mee.

Neuer houre of pleasing rest,
Shall reuiue my dying ghost,
Till my soule hath reposeth.
The sweet hope which loue hath lost:
Laura redeeme the soule that dies,
By furie of thy murdering eyes:
And if it proues vnkind to thee,
Let this heauenly light I see
Be as darke as hell to mee.

heauenly light I see, bee as darke as hell to mee.

SALVO

BASSVS.

Est a while you cruell cares:
be not more seure then loue. Beantie kills
& beauiy spares: & sweet smiles sad sighes re-
moue. Laura, faire queene of my delight,
come grant me loue in Loues despite: And
if I euer faile to honour thee, let
this heauenly light I see, bee
as darke as hell to mee.

TENOR.

Est a while you cru- ell cares: be not more seure then

heauenly light I see, bee as darke as hell to mee.



Est a while you cruell cares, be not more seure then

Musical notation for the first system of the Cantus, including a treble clef, a 3/4 time signature, and a key signature of one flat. The melody is written on a single staff.

loue Beauty kils & beautie spares, & sweet smiles sad sighs remove: Laura,

Musical notation for the second system of the Cantus, continuing the melody from the first system.

faire queen of my delight, come grant me loue in loues despite, And if I euer faile to

Musical notation for the third system of the Cantus, continuing the melody.

honor thee: Let this heauenly light I see, bee as darke as hell to mee.

Musical notation for the fourth system of the Cantus, concluding the piece.

If I speake, my words want wait,
Am I mute, my heart doth breake,
If I sigh, she feares deceit,
Sorrow then for me must speake:
Cruell, vnkind, with fauour view
The wound that first was made by you:
And if my torments fained be,
Let this heauenly light I see,
Be as darke as hell to mee.

Neuer houre of pleasing rest,
Shall reuiue my dying ghost,
Till my soule hath repossess,
The sweet hope which loue hath lost:
Laura redeeme the soule that dies,
By furie of thy murdering eyes:
And if it proues vnkind to thee,
Let this heauenly light I see
Be as darke as hell to mee.

Musical notation for the first system of the Altus part, including a treble clef and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff.

ALTVS

Musical notation for the second system of the Altus part, including a bass clef and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff.

TENOR.

Musical notation for the first system of the Tenor part, including a bass clef and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff.

heauenly light I see, bee as darke as hell to mee.

XIII. CANTUS.



Leep, wayward thoughts, and rest you with my loue: let not
Touch not, proud hands, left you her an-ger moue: but pine

my loue bee with my loue dis-caid, Thus, while she sleeps, I forrow for
you with my long-angs long dis-pleas'd.

her sake: So sleeps my loue, and yet my loue doth wake.

But, O the furie of my restlesse feare!
The hidden anguish of my flesh desires!
The glories and the beauties that appeare,
Betwene her browes, neere Cupids closed fires,
Thus while she sleeps, moues sighing for her sake:
So sleeps my loue, and yet my loue doth wake.

My loue doth rage, & yet my loue doth rest:
Feare in my loue, and yet my loue secure:
Peace in my loue, and yet my loue opprest:
Impatient, yet of perfect temperature.
Sleep, daintie loue, while I sigh for thy sake:
So sleeps my loue, & yet my loue doth wake.

and yet my loue doth wake.

with my loue dis-caid. Thus, while she sleeps, I forrow for her sake: so sleeps my loue, ii.

I touch not, proud hands, left you her an-ger moue: but pine you with my
my loue: let not my loue bee

ALTIUS.

BASSES.

Leep, wayward thoughts and rest
Touch not, proud hands, left you

you with my loue: let not my loue bee with my
her an-ger moue: but pine you with my long-angs

loue dis-caid. Thus, while she sleeps, I forrow for
long dis-pleas'd.

her sake: so sleeps my loue, so sleeps my

loue and yet my loue doth wake.

TENOR.

Leep wayward thoughts and rest you with my loue: let not my loue bee with my
Touch not proud hands, left you her an-ger moue: but pine you with my long-angs

loue dis-caid. Thus while she sleeps, I forrow for her sake: so sleeps my loue, ii. and yet

ii. my loue doth wake.

XIII.

CANTVS.



Leep, wayward thoughts, and rest you with my loue : let not
Touch not, proud hands, left you her an- ger moue: but pine

my loue bee with my loue dis- ea'd, Thus, while she sleeps, I forrow for
you with my long- ings long dif- pleafd,

Take: So sleep my loue, and yet my loue doth wake,

But, O the furie of my restlesse feare!
The hidden anguish of my flesh desires!
The glories and the beauties that appeare,
Betwene her browes, neere Cupids closed fires,
Thus while she sleeps, moues sighing for her sake:
So sleeps my loue, and yet my loue doth wake.

My loue doth rage, & yet my loue doth rest:
Feare in my loue, and yet my loue secure:
Peace in my loue, and yet my loue opprest:
Impatient, yet of perfect temperate.
Sleep, daintie loue, while I sigh for thy sake:
So sleeps my loue, & yet my loue doth wake.

and yet my loue doth wake.

with my loue dis- ea'd, Thus, while she sleeps, I forrow for her sake: so sleeps my loue, ii.

I touch not, proud hands, left you her an- ger moue: but pine you with my loue bee

CANTVS.

Leep, wayward thoughts, and rest
Touch not, proud hands, left you
you with my loue: let not my loue be with my
her an- ger moue: but pine you with my longings

loue dis- ea'd, Thus, while she sleeps, I forrow for
long dif- pleafd,

her sake: so sleeps my loue, so sleeps my
and yet my loue doth wake.

TENOR.

Leep, wayward thoughts, and rest you with my loue: let not
Touch not, proud hands, left you her an- ger moue: but pine

loue dis- ea'd, Thus while she sleeps, I forrow for her sake: so sleeps my loue, ii. and yet

ii. my loue doth wake,



Lye, whom loue or fortune hath betraids; All ye, that dream of blisse but

lue in grieffe; All ye, whose hopes are e-uer- more de- laid; All ye, whose sighs, ii. or

sicknesse wants re- liefes; Lend cares and teares to mee most haplesse

like the dying Swanne.

Care that confumes the heart with inward paine,
Paine that presents sad care in outward view,
Both tyrant-like enforce me to complaine;
But still in vaine: for none my plaints will rue.
Teares, sighes and ceaselesse cries alone I spende
My woe wants comfort, and my sorrow end.

lue in grieffe, in grieffe, all ye whose hopes are e-uer- more, euer more, delaid, delaid all ye

whose sighs or sicknesse wants re- liefes; lend cares and teares to mee most haples man, most

haples man, that sings my sorrowes, sorrowes, my sorrowes, like the dying Swan.

my sorrowes, sorrowes, my sorrowes, like the dying Swan.

wants re- liefes; lend cares and teares, ii. to mee most haplesse man, that sings

blisse, but lue in grieffe; are euer more delaid; All ye whose sighs, ii. or sicknesse

Lye, whom Loue or fortune hath betraids; All ye, that dream of

Lye, whom loue or fortune hath betraids; All ye whose hopes are euer more delaid; All ye whose sighs or sicknesse wants re- liefes; Lend cares and teares to mee, ii.

sings my sorrowes, like the dying Swan.

Lye whom loue or fortune hath betraids; Lye in grieffe, in grieffe, all ye whose hopes are e-uer- more, euer more, delaid, delaid all ye

whose sighs or sicknesse wants re- liefes; lend cares and teares to mee most haples man, most

haples man, that sings my sorrowes, sorrowes, my sorrowes, like the dying Swan.

H



Lye,whom loue or fortune hath betraid; All ye,that dream of blisse but

lue in grieffe; All ye,whose hopes are e-uer- more de- laid; All ye,whose sighs,ii. or

sicknesse wants re- lifies; Lend eares and teares to mee most haplesse

man, that sings my sorrowes ii. like the dying Swanne.

lue in grieffe,in grieffe;all ye whole hopes are e-uermore,euermore delaid,delaid; all yee

whose sighs or sicknesse wants re- lifies;lend eares and teares to me most haples man,most

haples man,that sings my sorrowes,sorrowes, my sorrowes,like the dying Swan.

Care that consumes the heart with inward paine,
Paine that presents sad care in outward view,
Both tyrant-like enforce me to complaine;
But still in vaine: for none my plaints will rue.
Teares, sighes and ceaselesse cries alone I spend
My woe wants comfort, and my sorrow end.

my sorrowes,forrowes,my sorrowes,like the dying Swan

want re- lifies;lend eares and teares, ii. to mee most haplesse man, that sings

or sicknesse

but lue in grieffe; are euermore delaid; All ye whole sighs, ii.

Lye,whom Loue or fortune hath betraid,betraid; All ye,that dream of



ALTS.

Lye,whom loue or fortune hath

betraid; but lue in grieffe; All ye whole hopes

are euermore delaid; All ye, whose sighs

whose sighs or sicknesse wants re-lifies;lend cares

and teares, ii. to me, ii.

most haples man, that sings my sorrowes,

my sorrowes,like the dying Swan.

TENOR.

Lye whom loue or fortune hath betraid; All ye that dream of blisse but

lue in grieffe,in grieffe;all ye whole hopes are e-uermore,euermore delaid,delaid; all yee

whose sighs or sicknesse wants re- lifies;lend eares and teares to me most haples man,most

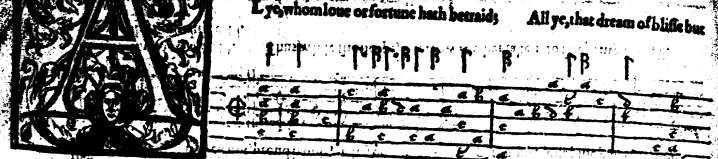
haples man,that sings my sorrowes,sorrowes, my sorrowes,like the dying Swan.

IX

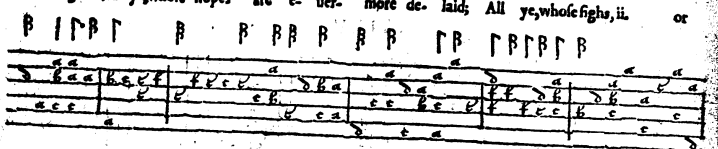
CANTUS



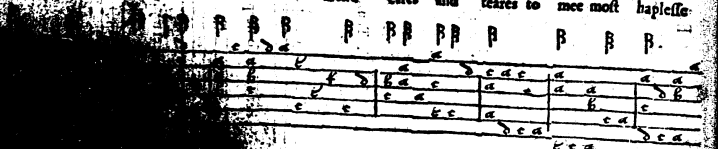
ye whom love or fortune hath betrayed, All ye, that dream of blisse but



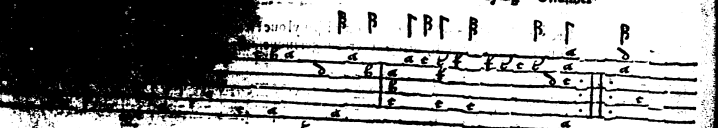
lie in griefe, All ye, whose hopes are e-uer more de- laid, All ye, whose fights, ii or



Lend eares and teares to mee most haplesse



like the dying Swanne.



Care that consumes the heart with inward paine,
Paine that preclis (ad care in outward view,
Duty that like enforce me to complaine,
But fill in vaine for none my plaints will cure.
Teares, sighes and ceaselesse cries alone I spend;
Whom I want comfort and my sorrow end.

RENOVATED PAGE

STAINED PAGES

BASSVS

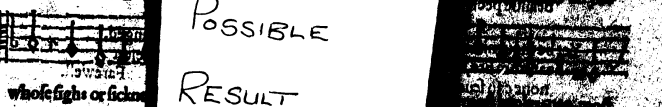


Double Exposures Made
TO COVER THE DIFFERENT
DENSITIES THAT FREQUENTLY
OCCUR

TENOR



ye whom love or fortune hath betrayed



BEST
POSSIBLE
RESULT

haples man, that sings my sorrowes forment



Wilt thou vnkind thus reaueme of my heart, ii.

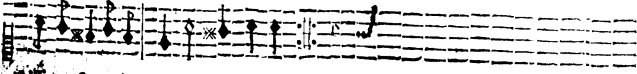
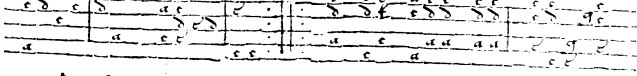
B B B B B B B B B B B B B B B B



and fo leaue me: ii.

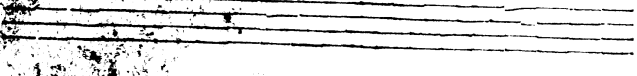
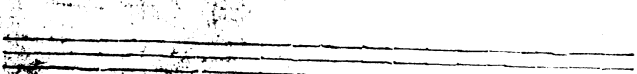
Farewell: iii. but yet or ere I part (O cruell)

B B B B B B B B B B B B B B B B



kiffe me, sweet, ii. sweet, my Iewell.

B B B B B B B B B B B B B B B B



² Hope by disdain grows cheerelesse,
feare doth loue, loue doth feare,
beautie peerelesse. Farewell.

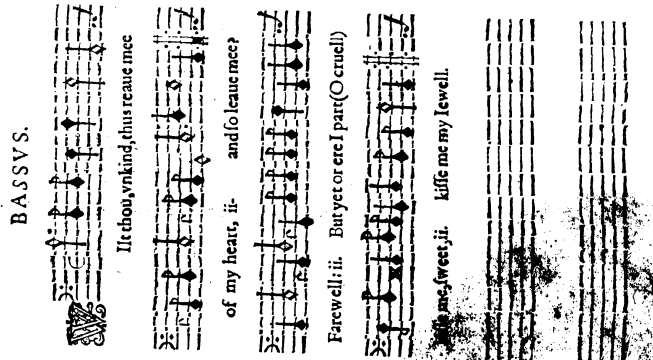
³ If no delays can moue thee,
life shall die, death shall liue
still to loue thee. Farewell.

⁴ Yet be thou mindfull euer,
heat from fire, fire from heat
none can feuer. Farewell.

⁵ True loue cannot bee changed,
though delight from desert
bee estranged. Farewell.



ALTV.





ould my conceit, first enforst my woe, or els

mine eyes which still the same increase, might be extinct, to end my sorrowes so,

which now are such as nothing can release: Whose life is death, whose

sweet each change of sorrowe, and eke whose hell reneweth every houre.

ould my conceit that first inforst my woe, or els mine eyes which still the same

Each houre amidst the deepe of hell I drie,
Each houre I wast and wither where I sit:
But that sweete houre wherein I wish to die,
My hope alas may not injoy it yet,
Whose hope is such, bereaved of the blisse,
Which vnto all faue mee allotted is.

To all faue mee is free to liue or die,
To all faue mee remaineth hap or hope,
But all perforce, I must abandon I,
Sith Fortune still directs my hap aslope.
Wherefore to niether hap nor hope I trust,
But to my thralls I yeeld, for so I must.

ould my conceit, first enforst my woe, or els mine eyes which still the same

increase, might be extinct, to end my sorrowes so,

which now are such as nothing can release, whose life is death, whose

sweet each change of sorrowe, and eke whose hell reneweth every houre.

ALTS.

BASSVS.

ould my conceit that first enforst

my woe, or els mine eyes which still the same

increase, which now are such as nothing

can release, whose life is death

and eke whose hell reneweth

every houre.

TENOR.

ould my conceit that first inforst my woe, or els mine eyes which still the same

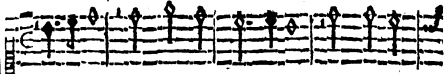
increase, the same increase, might be extinct extinct, to end my sorrowes so, which

now are such as nothing can release, whose life is death, whose

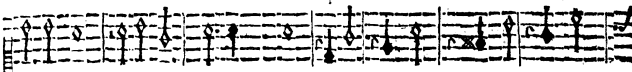
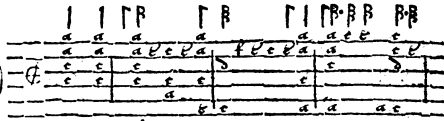
sweet each change of sorrowe and eke whose hell, whose hell reneweth every houre.

XVII

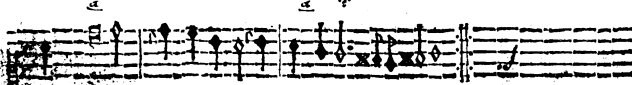
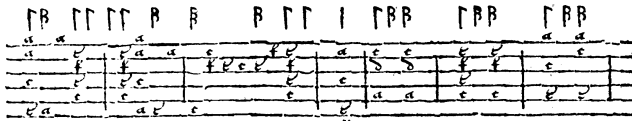
CANTUS.



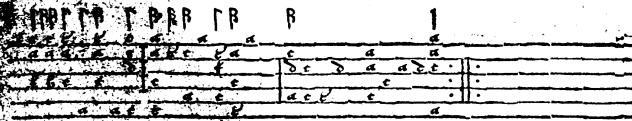
Ome againe: sweet loue doth now inuite, thy gra-ces



that refraine, to doe me due de- light, to see, to heare, to touch, to kisse,



to die, ii. with thee againe in sweetest sympa- thy.



1
Come againe, sweet loue, do not moune,
Thou art my ioye and my delight,
Thou art my life and my delight,
Thou art my life and my delight,
Thou art my life and my delight.

2
All the day the sun that lends me shine,
By frownes do cause me pine,
And feeds mee with delay:
Her smiles, my springs, that makes my ioyes to
Her frownes the winters of my woe:

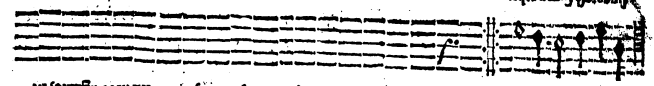
3
All the night my sleepes are full of dreames,
My eyes are full of streames.

My heart takes no delight,
To see the fruits and ioyes that some do find,
And marke the stormes are mee assignde.

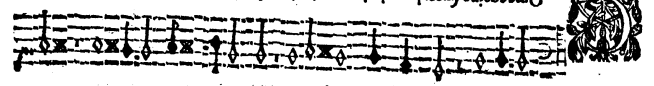
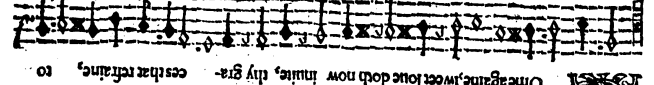
4
Out alas, my faith is euer true,
Yet will she neuer rue,
Nor yeeld mee any grace:
Her eyes of fire, her heart of flint is made,
Whom teares, nor truth may once inuade.

5
Gentle loue draw forth thy wounding dart,
Thou canst not pearce her heart,
For I that doe approue,
By sighs and teares more hot then are thy shafts
Did tempt while she for triumphs laughs.

sweetest sympathy.



doe mee due delight, to see, to heare, to touch, to kisse, to die, ii. with thee againe, in



SALVO

BASSVS.

Ome againe: sweet loue doth now inuite, thy gra-ces that refraine, to doe mee due delight, to see, to heare, to touch, to kisse, to die, ii. with thee againe in sweetest sympathy.

TENOR.

Ome againe, sweet loue doth now inuite, thy gra-ces that refraine, to doe mee due delight, to see, to heare, to touch, to kisse, to die, ii. with thee againe, ii. in sweetest sympathy.

XVIII.

CANTVS.



Is golden locks time hath to silver turnde.

O timetoo swift, O swiftnesse ne- uer ceasing! his youth gainst time and age hath euer

spend, but spurd in vaine, youth wa- neth by in-creasing: Beautie, strength, youth are

flowers but fading scene, Dutie, Faith, Loue are roots and euer greene.

His helmet now shall make a hie for Bees,
 And louers soners turne to holy psalmes:
 A man at armes must now serue on his knees,
 And feed on prayers which are ages almes:
 But though from court to corage he depart
 His Saint is sure of his vnspotted heart.

And when he saddest sits in homeley Cell,
 Hee'l teach his swaines this Caroll for a song,
 Blest be the hearts that wisb my Soueraigne well,
 Curst be the foule that thinks him any wrong:
 Yee Gods allow this aged man his right,
 To be your beadman now that was your knight.

Is golden locks time hath to silver turnde. O timetoo swift! O swiftnesse ne- uer ceasing! his youth gainst time and age hath euer spurd; but spurd in vaine: youth nesse ne- uer ceasing! his youth gainst time and age hath euer spurd; but spurd in vaine: youth neth by in-creasing. Beautie, strength, youth are flowers but fading scene: dutie, faith, loue are roots, and e- uer greene.

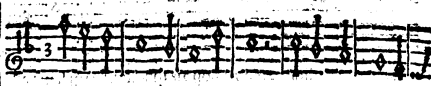


ALTUS.

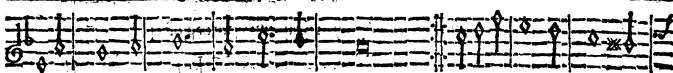
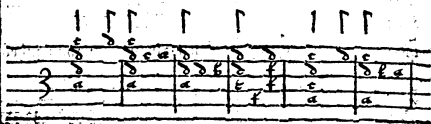
Is golden locks time hath to silver turnde. O timetoo swift! O swiftnesse ne- uer ceasing! his youth gainst time and age hath euer spurd; but spurd in vaine: youth neth by in-creasing. Beautie, strength, youth are flowers but fading scene: dutie, faith, loue are roots, and e- uer greene.

TENOR.

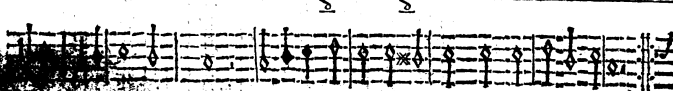
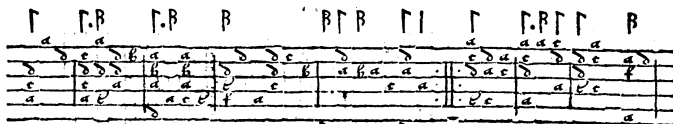
Is golden locks time hath to silver turnde. O timetoo swift! O swiftnesse ne- uer ceasing! his youth gainst time and age hath euer spurd; but spurd in vaine: youth neth by in-creasing. Beautie, strength, youth are flowers but fading scene: Dutie, Faith, Loue are roots, and e- uer greene.



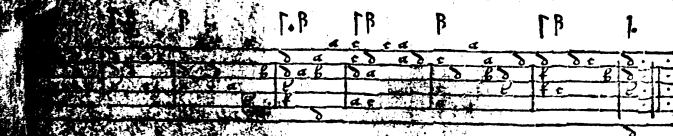
Wake, sweet loue, thou art re- turnd: my hart, which long in
Let loue, which ne- uer absent dies, now liue for e- uer



absence mournd, liues now in per- fect ioy. Only her selfe hath seemd
in her eyes, whenc came my first an- noy. Despaire did make me with to

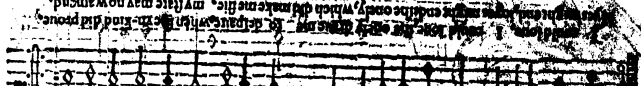


the onely draue me to despaire, when she vnkind did proue.
the onely, which did make me flie, my state may now a- mend.

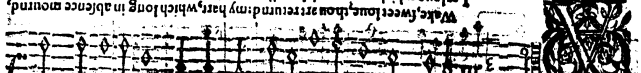
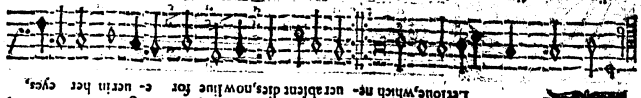


If she esteeme thee now sought worth,
She will not grieue thy loue henceforth,
Which so despaire hath proued.
Despaire hath proued now in mee,
That loue will not vnconstant be,
Though long in vaine I loued.

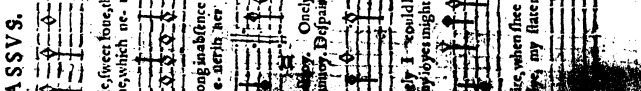
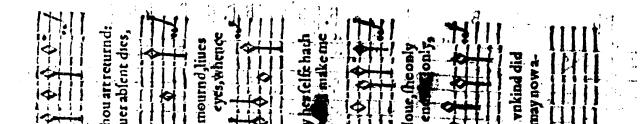
If thee at last reward thy loue,
And all thy harmes repaire,
Thy happinesse will sweeter proue,
Raisd vp from deepe despaire.
And if that now thou welcom be,
When thou with her doest meete,
Shee all this while but playde with thee,
To make thy ioyes most sweete.



Wake, sweet loue, thou art re- turnd: my hart, which long in
Let loue, which ne- uer absent dies, now liue for e- uer



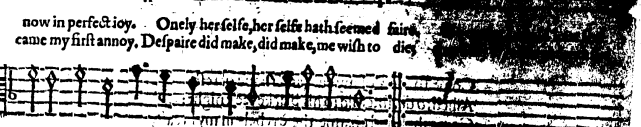
absence mournd, liues now in per- fect ioy. Only her selfe hath seemd
in her eyes, whenc came my first an- noy. Despaire did make me with to



the onely draue me to despaire, when she vnkind did proue.
the onely, which did make me flie, my state may now a- mend.



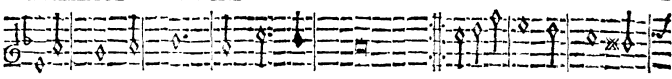
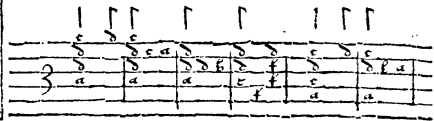
now in perfect ioy. Onely her selfe, her selfe hath seemd faire,
came my first annoy. Despaire did make, did make, me with to die



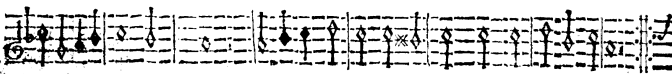
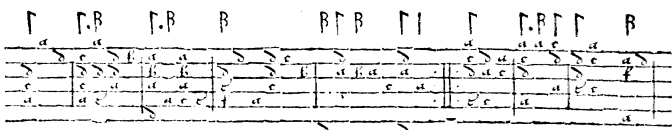
onely draue me to despaire, when she vnkind did proue.
onely, which did make me flie, my state may now a- mend.



Wake, sweet loue, thou art re- turnd: my hart, which long in
Let loue, which ne- uer absent dies, now liue for e- uer



absence mournd, liues now in per- fect ioy. Only her selfe hath se- med
in her eyes, whence came my first an- noy. Despaire did make me with to

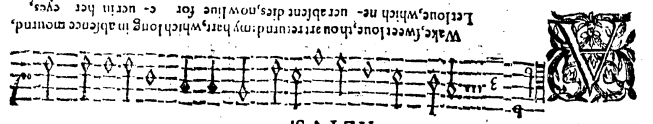
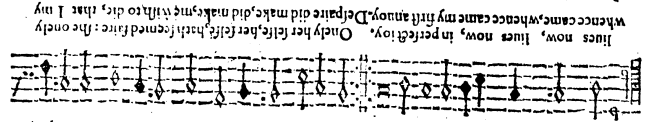
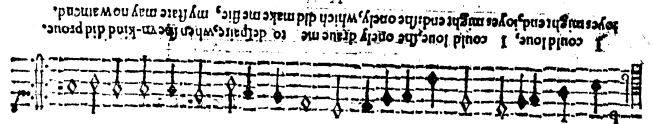


faire: she onely I could loue: she onely draue me to despaire, when she vnkind did proue.
that I my ioy might end: she onely, which did make me flie, my state may now a- mend.



If she esteeme thee now aught worth,
She will not giue thy loue henceforth,
Which so despaire hath proued.
Despaire hath proued now in mee,
That loue will not vaconstant be,
Though long in vaine I loued.

If shee at last reward thy loue,
And all thy harmes repaire,
Thy happinesse will sweeter proue,
Rais'd vp from deepe despaire.
And if that now thou welcombe be,
When thou with her dost meete,
Shee all this while but playde with thee,
To make thy ioyes more iweete.

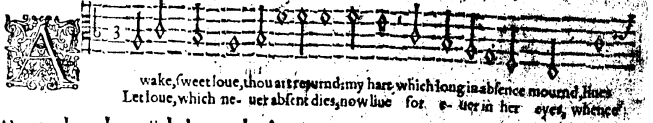


SALVO

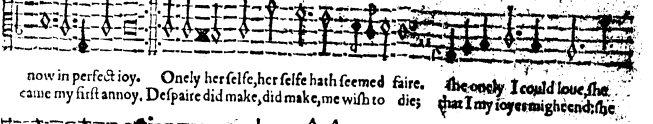
BASSVS.

Wake, sweet loue, thou art re- turnd:
Let loue, which ne- uer absent dies,
my hart, which long in absence mournd, liues
now liue for e- uer in her eyes, whence
now in perfect ioy. Only her selfe hath
came my first annoy. Despaire did make me
seemed faire: she onely I could loue, she onely
with to die, that I my ioy might end: she
draue me to despaire, when she vnkind did
which did make me flie, my state may now a-
mend.

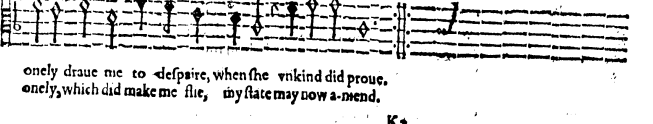
TENOR.



Wake, sweet loue, thou art re- turnd: my hart, which long in absence mournd, liues
Let loue, which ne- uer absent dies, now liue for e- uer in her eyes, whence



now in perfect ioy. Only her selfe, her selfe hath seemed faire. she onely I could loue, she
came my first annoy. Despaire did make, did make, me with to die, that I my ioy might end: she



only draue me to despaire, when she vnkind did proue.
only, which did make me flie, my state may now a- mend.



the heart scape the image of true death

PP P P P P P P P P P P

And close vp these my weary weeping eyes whose springs of waters doth stop my

PP P P P P P P P P P P

And sorrowfull sighs that come & posses my tired thoughts

PP P P P P P P P P P P

thou on me be stouffe.

PP P P P P P P P P P P

Come shadow of my end and time of rest,
 Allee to death child to his fathers sight:
 Come thou and chame thy self to my breast,
 Whoe waking fancies death in all the night:
 O come sweet sleep, come to my bed
 Come on my last long silence or count down.

Handwritten notes:
 G. 168
 171



O: heauie sleepe the image of true death;

And close vp these my weary weeping eies: whose spring of tears doth stop my

And ceases my hart of sorrows sighs and cries: come & posses my tired thoughts

all thou on me be stoule.

Come shadow of my end, and shape of rest,
 Allied to death, child to his blacke night:
 Come thou and charme these eies in my breast,
 Whose waking fancies doth affright:
 O come sweet sleepe, come sit for euer:
 Come ere my last sleepe comes, or come neuer.