



John Dowland

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE SIR GEORGE
CAREY, OF THE MOST HONORABLE ORDER
OF THE GARTER KNIGHT:

Baron of Hunsdon, Captaine of her Majesties gentlemen Pensioners,
Gouernor of the Isle of Wight, Lieutenant of the countie of Southt,
Lord Chamberlaine of her Majesties most Royall house, and of
her Highnes most honourable priuie Council.



HAT harmony (Right honorable) which
is skilfullie exprest by Instruments, albe.t, by
reason of the variety of number & proportion, of
it selfe it easilie stirs up the minds of the h. a.
rers to admiration & delight, yet far higher au-
thoritie and power hath been euer worthily attri-
buted to that kinde of Musicke, which to the
sweetnes of instrument applies the luely voice of
man, expressing some worthy sentence or excel-
lent Poeme. Hence (as al antiquitie can witnesse) first grew the beauenly Art
of musicke: for Linus, Orpheus, and the rest, according to the number and
time of their Poemes, first framed the numbers and times of musick: So that
Plato defines melody to consist of harmony, number, & wordes; harmony na-
ked of it selfe, words the ornament of harmony, number the common friend &
writer of them both. This small booke containing the consent of speaking har-
mony, ioyned with the most muscicall instrument, the Lute, being my first la-
bour, I haue presumed to ded:cate to your Lordship, who for your vertue &
nobility are best able to protect it, and for your honourable fauors towards me
best deseruing my duty 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 bee added to No-
bilitie. Neither in these your honours may I let passe the dutifull remem-
brance of your vertuous Lady my honourable mistris, whose singular graces
towards me haue added spirit to my vnfortunate labours. What time and di-
ligence I haue bestowed in the search of Musicke, what trauel in forren coun-
tries, what successe and estimation euen among strangers I haue found, I
leau to the report of others. Yet all this in vaine, were it not that your hono-
rable hands haue vouchsafed to uphold my poore fortunes, which I now who-
ly recommend to your gracious protection, with these my first endeuors, hum-
bly beseeching you to accept, and cherish the with your continued fauours.

Your Lordships most humble seruant,
John Dowland.

To the courteous Reader.



HOW hard an enterprife it is in this skilfull and curious age to commit our priuate labours to the publike view, mine owne difabilitie, and others hard successe doe too well assure me: and were it not for that loue I beare to the true louers of musicke, I had concealde these my first fruits, which how they will thriue with your taste I know not, howsoeuer the greater part of them might haue been ripe inough by their age. The Courtly iudgement I hope will not be seuer against them, being it selfe a party, and those sweet springs of humanity (I meane our two famous Vniuersities) will entertain them for his sake, whome they haue already grac't, and as it were enfranchisd in the ingenuos profession of Musicke, which from my childhoode I haue euer aymed at, sundry times leauing my natiue country, the better to attain fo excellent a science. About sixteene yeeres past, I trauelled the chiefeft parts of France, a nation furnisht with great variety of Musicke: But lately, being of a more confirmed iudgement, I bent my course toward the famous prouinces of Germany, where I founde both excellent masters, and most honorable Patrons of Musicke: Namely, those two miracles of this age for vertue and magnificence, *Henry Julio Duke of Brunswick*, and learned *Martius Lantzgrau* of *Hessen*, of whose princely vertues and fauors towards me I can neuer speake sufficientlie. Neither can I forget the kindnes of *Alexandro Horologio*, a right learned master of Musicke, seruant to the royal Prince the *Lantzgrau* of *Hessen*, and *Gregorio Hower* 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 moneths in *Germany*, to my great admiration of that worthy country, I past ouer the Alpes into *Italy*, where I founde the Cities furnisht with all good Artes but especiallie Musicke. What fauour and estimation I had in *Venice*, *Padua*, *Genoa*, *Ferrara*, *Florence*, & diuers other places I willingly suppress, least I should any way seeme partiall in mine owne indeuours. Yet can I not dissemble the great content I found in the proferd amity of the most famous *Luca Marenzio*, whose sundry letters I receiued from Rome, and one of them, because it is but short, I haue thought good to set downe, not thinking it any disgrace to be proud of the iudgement of so excellent a man.

Molto Magnifico Signior mio offeruandissimo.

PER una lettera del Signior Alberigo Malucchi ho inteso quanto con cortese affetto si mostri desideroso di essermi congiunto d'amicitia, doue infinitamente la ringrazio di questo suo buon animo, offerendomegli all'incontro se in alcuna cosa la posso seruire, poi che gli meriti delle sue infinite virtu, e' quasi à merita. ano che ogni uno e' me l'ammirino e' offeruino, e' per fine di questo le bacio le mani. Di Roma a' 13. di Luglio. 1595.

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

Not

Not to stand to long vpon my trauels, I will onely name that worthy maister *Giouanni Crochio* Vicemaster of the chappel of S. Marks in *Venice*, with whome I had familiar conference. And thus what experience I could gather abroad, I am now ready to practise at home, if I may but find encouragement in my first affaires. There haue bin 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, and also an introduction for fingering, with other books of Songs, whereof this is the first: and as this findes fauour with you, so shal I be affected to labor in the rest.
Farewell.

John Dowland.

*Tho. Campiani Epigramma de
instituto Authoris.*

*Famam, posteritas quam dedis Orpheo,
Dolandi melius Musica dat sibi,
Fugaces reprimens archetypis sonos;
Quas es delicias prebuit auribus,
Ipsis conspicuas luminibus facis.*

A Table of all the Songs contained
in this Booke.

VNquiet 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.	III.
Can the 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 forth my teares.	VIII.
Go Cristall teares.	IX.
Thinkst thou then by thy faining.	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 betraide.	XIII.
Wilt thou vnkind thus reau me of my hart.	XV.
VVould my conceit that first enforst my woe.	XVI.
Come againe, sweet loue doth now enuite.	XVII.
His goulden locks time hath to siluer turnd.	XVIII.
Awake sweet loue thou art returnd.	XIX.
Come heauy sleepe.	XX.
Awaie with these selfe louing lads.	XXI.

A Galliard for two to plaie vpon one Lute at the end of the booke.

A 1

I CANTVS.

Nquiet thoughts your ciuill slaughter stint, & wrap your wrongs

with in a pensue hart: And you my tongue that makes my mouth a minre, & stamps my

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

string, ij. that makes the hammer strike.

But what can staie my thoughts they may not start, How shall I then gaze on my mistresse eies?
 Or put my tongue in durance for to dye? My thoughts mult haue some yet els hart will break,
 When as these eies the keyes of mouth and harte My tongue would rust as in my mouth it lie,
 Open the locke where all my loue doth lye; If eyes 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 shall dye together, Which turns mine eyes to floods, my thoughts to fire

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

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

a pensue hart, and you my tongue that makes my mouth amint, ij.

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

ALTS.

Nquiet thoughts, your quite

laughters stint, and wrap your wrongs

within a pensue hart, wrongs within a

pensue hart, that makes my mouth amint

to coine them words by arte, ij. euer

do the like, Ile cut y string, ij.

the string that makes y hancer strike.

TENOR.


Nquiet thoughts, your ciuile slaughter stint, and wrap your wrongs within a

pensue hart, and you my tongue, my tongue that makes my mouth amint, and stamps my

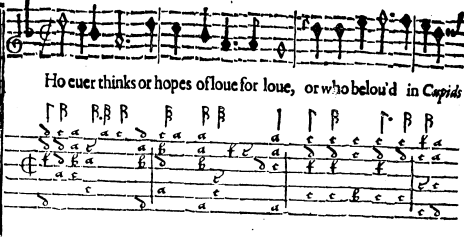
thoughts, my thoughts, to coine, ij. them words by arte, be still for if you euer do the like

Ile cut the string, ij. that makes the hammer strike. A³

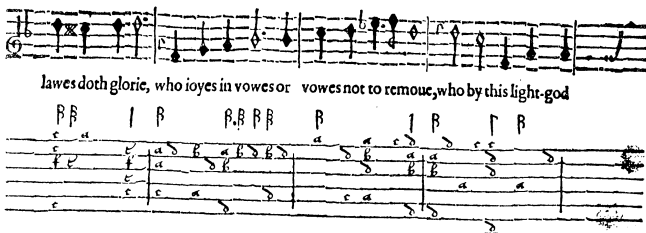
II. CANTUS.



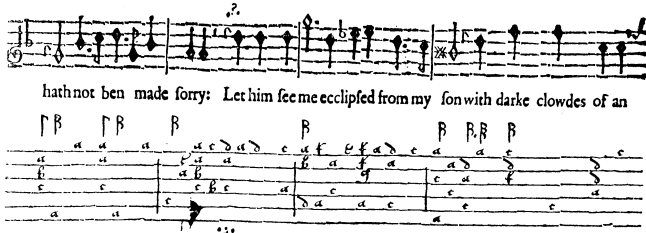
Ho euer thinks or hopes of loue for loue, or who belou'd in Cupids



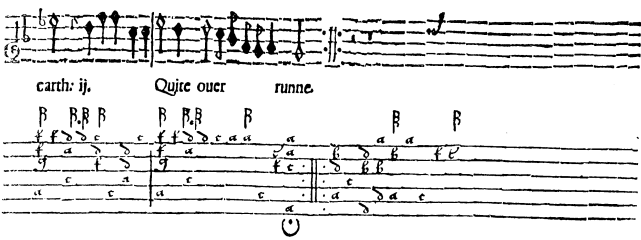
lawes doth glorie, who ioyes in vowes or vowes not to remoue, who by this light-god



hath not ben made forry: Let him see eclipsed from my son with darke cloudes of an



earth: ij. Quite ouer runne.



Who thinks that forrowes felte, 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 entreatie charm'd
 Looking on me let him know loues delights
 Are treasures hid in caues, but kept by Sprights.

darke cloudes of an earth: ij. Quite ouer runne

hath not bin made forry: Let him see eclipsed from my son with

lawes doth glorie, Who ioyes in vowes or vowes not to remoue, who by this light-god

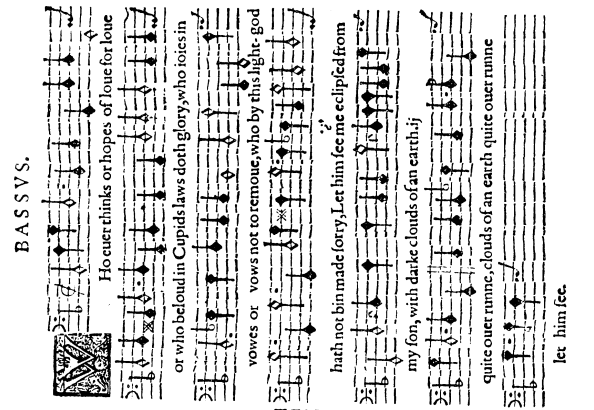
Ho euer thinks or hopes of loue for loue, or who belou'd in Cupids



SALVO

BASSES.

Ho euer thinks or hopes of loue for loue
 or who belou'd in Cupids lawes doth glorie, who ioyes in
 vowes or vowes not to remoue, who by this light-god
 hath not bin made forry. Let him see eclipsed from
 my son, with darke cloudes of an earth: ij.
 quite ouer runne, cloudes of an earth quite ouer runne
 let him see.



TENOR.

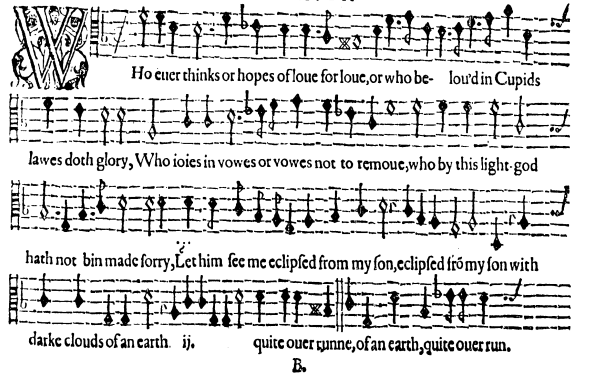
Ho euer thinks or hopes of loue for loue, or who belou'd in Cupids

lawes doth glorie, Who ioyes in vowes or vowes not to remoue, who by this light-god

hath not bin made forry, Let him see eclipsed from my son, eclipsed from my son with

darke cloudes of an earth: ij. quite ouer runne, of an earth, quite ouer run.

B.



III.

CANTVS.

Y thoughts are wingde with hops, my hops with loue, mouit loue vn- to
 the moone in cleereft night, and fay as she doth in the heauens
 mooue in earth so wanes & waxeth my de- light: And whifper this but foftly
 in her cares, hope oft doth hang the head, and trust shed teares.

And you my thoughts that some mistrust do carry, If she for this, with cloudes do maske her eies,
 If for mistrust my mistriffe do you blame, And make the heauens darke with her disdain,
 Say though you alter, yet you do not varry, With windie fighes disperfe them in the skies,
 As the doth change, and yet remaine the fame: Or with thy teares dissolue them into raine,
 Distrust doth enter harts, but not infect, Thoughts, hopes, & loue returne to me no more,
 And loue is sweereft feafned with suspect. Till *Cynthia* thine as she hath done before.

in her cares, hope oft doth hang the head and trust shed teares.
 heauens mooue, in earth so wanes & waxeth my delight, & whifper this but foftly
 vnto the moone in cleereft night, and fay as she doth in the
 Y thoughts are wingde with hops my hopes with loue, mount loue

BASSVS.

Y thoughts are wingde with hops my
 hopes with loue, mount loue vnto the moone
 in cleereft night, & fay as she doth in the hea-
 uens mooue, in earth so wanes and waxeth
 my delight, and whifper this but foftly
 in her cares, her cares hope oft doth hang the
 head, and trust shed teares.

TENOR.

Y thoughts are wingde with hops my hopes with loue, mount loue
 vnto the moone in cleereft night, and fay as she doth in the heauens mooue in
 earth so wanes so wanes & waxeth my delight, & whifper this i. but foftly in
 her cares, foftly in her cares, hope oft doth hang the head, and trust shed teares.

III.

CANTVS.



F my complaints could passions moue, or make loue
my passions were e-nough to proue, that my def-

see wherein I suffer wrong; O loue I liue and dye in
pays had governd me to long, thy wounds do fresh-ly bleed in

thee thy griefe in my deepe sig'nes still speakes, yet thou dost
mee my hart for thy vn-kind-nes breakes, thou faist thou

hope when I des- paire, and when I hope thou makst me hope in vaine,
cantt my harmes-re- paire, yet for re-dresse thou leist me still com- plaine.

Can loue be ritche and yet I want,
Is loue my iudge and yet am I condemn'd?
Thou plenty halt, yet me dost scant,
Thou made a god, and yet thy power concern'd.
That I do liue it is thy power,
That I desire it is thy worth,

If loue doth make mens liues too fowre
Let me not 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, then loue to me.

hope in vaine,
still complaine,
yet thou dost hope dost hope when I dispaire,
and when I hope thou makst me
thou faist thou cantt I cantt my harmes repaire,
yet for redresse thou leist me

O loue I liue and die in thee, thy griefe in
my deepe sig'nes still speakes,
thy vn-kind-nes breakes,
my hart for

F my complaints could passions moue, or make loue
my passions were e-nough to proue, that my dispaire had governd me to long,

BASSVS.

F my complaints could passions moue,
my passions were e-nough to proue,
can make loue see wherein I suffer wrongs
that my dispaire had governd me to long

O loue I liue and die in thee, thy griefe, y.
Thy wounds do fresh-ly bleed in me, my hart, ii.

in my deepe sig'nes still speakes,
for thy vn-kindnesse breakes,
and when I hope thou makst me
yet for redresse thou leist me
hope in vaine,
still complaine.

TENOR.

F my complaints could passions moue, could passions moue, or make loue see wherein I
my passions were e-nough to proue, e-nough to proue, that my dispaire had governd

suffer wrong, O loue I liue and die I liue and die in thee, thy griefe in my deepe sig'nes
me to long. thy wounds do fresh-ly bleed do fresh-ly bleed in me, my hart for thy vn- kinde

deepe sig'nes still speakes, Yet thou dost hope when I dispaire, and when I hope thou makst mee
vn-kind-nes breakes, thou faist thou cantt my harmes repaire, yet for redresse thou leist me

hope in vaine,
still complaine.

V.

CANTUS.



An thee excuse my wrongs with vertues cloake: Shall I call her
are those cleere fiers which van-nish in to smoake: must praise the

good when she proues vnkind, No no where shadows do for bod-ies stand, thou maist
leaves where no fruit I find. Cold loue is like to words written on sand, or to

be abuse if thy fight be dime, Wilt thou be thus abusefull, seeing that
bubbles which on the wa-ter swim. stand, thou maist be abuse if thy fight be dime,
Cold loue is like to words written on sand, or to bubbles which on the wa-ter swim.

she will right thee neuer if thou canst not ore come her will, thy loue will be thus fruitles

Was I so base that I might not aspire
Vnto those high ioyes which she holds frome,
As they are high so high is my desire,
If she this deny what can granted be.
If she will yeeld to that which reason is,
This reasons will that loue should be iust,

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

Wilt thou be thus abusefull, seeing that she will right thee neuer if thou canst not ore come her
be dime, Wilt thou be thus abusefull, seeing that she will right thee neuer if thou canst not ore come her
Cold loue is like to words written on sand, or to bubbles which on the wa-ter swim.
No no where shadows do for bod-ies stand, thou maist be abuse if thy fight be dime,
Cold loue is like to words written on sand, or to bubbles which on the wa-ter swim.

ALTS.

An thee excuse my wrongs with vertues cloake, shall I call her good when she proues vnkind,
are those cleere fiers which van-nish in to smoake, must I praise the leaves where no fruit I find.

BASSVS.

Wilt thou be thus abusefull, seeing that she will right thee neuer if thou canst not ore come her
will thy loue will be thus fruitles euer.

TENOR.

An thee excuse my wrongs, with vertues cloake, shall I call her good when she proues vnkind,
are those cleere fiers which van-nish in to smoake, must I praise the leaves where no fruit I find.

No no no where shadows do for bod-ies stand, thou maist be abuse if thy fight be dime,
Cold loue is like to words written on sand, or to bubbles which on the wa-ter swim.

be dime, Wilt thou be thus abusefull, seeing that she will right thee neuer if thou canst not ore come her will thy loue, will be thus fruitles euer,

VI. CANTVS.



Now O now I needs must part, parting though I absent
while I liue I needs must loue, loue liues not when hope is

mourne, absence can no ioye em- part, ioye once fled cannot re-urne.
gone, now at last despayre doth proue, loue de- ui- ded lo- ueth none:

Sad dis- paire doth driue me hence, this dispaire vnkindnes sends, If that

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

Deate when I from thee am gone,
Gone are all my ioyes at once,
I loued thee and thee alone
In whose loue I ioyed once:
And although your sight I leaue,
Sight wherein my ioyes doo lye
Till that death do fence bereaue,
Neuer shall affection dye.

Deare if I do 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 dye,
Die I doo to part with you,
Him despayre doth cause to lie,
Who both liued and dieth true.

part, ioy once fled can not returne.
proue, loue de- ui- ded loueth none.
Sad dispaire doth driue me hence, this dispaire vnkindnes sends. If

parting be offence it is she which then offends.

part, ioy once fled can not returne.
proue, loue de- ui- ded loueth none.
Sad dispaire doth driue me hence, this dispaire vnkindnes sends. If

parting be offence it is she which then offends.

BASSVS.

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

though I absence mourne, absence can no ioye em-
not when hope is gone, now at last despayre doth

part, ioy once fled cannot returne.
proue, loue de- ui- ded loueth none.

Sad dispaire

doth driue me hence, me hence, this dispaire vnkind-

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

then offendes.

TENOR.

Ow O now I needs must part, parting though I absent mourne, absence can no ioye em-
While I liue I needs must loue, loue liues not when hope is gone, now at last despayre doth

part, ioy once fled can not returne. Sad dispaire doth driue me hence, this dispaire vnkindnes

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

VIII. CANTVS.

B Vrst ij. forth my teares asist my forward griece,

And shew what paine impetuous loue prouokes: Kind tender lames

lament loues scant reliefe, and pine, since pensue care my freedom yoaks.

O pine to see me pine ij. my tender flocks.

Sad pining care that neuer may haue peace, Like to the windes my sighes haue winged beene,
 At beauties gate in hope of pittie knocks: Yet are my sighes and fures repaide with mocks,
 But mercy sleeps while deepe disdain encrease: I pleade, yet there pineth at my teene:
 And beautie hope in her faire boosome yoaks, O ruthles rigor harder the the rocks,
 O grieue to heare my grieffe, my tender flocks. That both the Shephard kis, & his poore flocks?

O pine to see me pine, O pine to see me pine, so see me pine my tender flocks. O pine.

mentij. Loues scant reliefe, And pine since pensue care my freedom yoaks: ij.

paine ij. impetuous Loue prouokes: ij. Kind tender lames, la-

Vrst, burth forth my teares asist my forward griece, And shew what

SALTY

B Vrst forth: And shew what paine

impetuous Loue ij. prouokes: Kind

tender lames lament Loues scant reliefe,

and pine since pensue care my freedom my

freedom yoaks: O pine to see me pine, so see me

pine my tender my tender flocks.

TENOR.

B Vrst, ij. forth my teares asist, asist my forward griece, And shew what paine, paine,

impetuous Loue prouokes: ij. Kind tender lames lament ij. Loues scant reliefe, re-

liefe, And pine since pensue care, since pensue care my free- dome yoakes, O pine to

see me pine, to see me pine, O pine to see me pine my tender flocks;

X. CANTVS.



Hinkit thou then by thy fayning, sleepe with a proude
Or with thy craftie clofing, thy cruell eyes

B B B B B B B

dis- daining, To driue me from thy fight, when sleepe yeelds more delight, such
reposing, and while sleepe fayned is, may not I steale a kisse, thy

B B B B B B B B B B

harmles beauty gracing,
quiet armes embracing,

B B B B B B B

O that thy sleepe dissembled,
Were to a trance resembled,
Thy cruell eyes deceiuing,
Of liuely fence becauung;
Then should my loue requite
Thy loues vnkind despite,
While fury triumph bouldly
In beauties sweet disgrace:
And liu'd in deepe embrace:
Of her that lou'de lo couldly.

Should then my loue aspiring,
Forbidden ioyes desiring:
So farre exceede the duty
That vertue owes to beauty?
No, Loue seeke not thy blisse,
Beyond a simple kisse,
For such deceits are harmles,
Yet kisse a thousand fould,
For kisses may be bould
When louely sleepe is armelesse.

me from thy fight, when sleepe yeelds more delight, such harmles beauty gracing,
is, may not I steale a kisse, thy quiet armes embracing,

Hinkit thou then by thy fayning, sleepe with a proude disdaining, to driue
Or with thy craftie clofing, thy cruell eyes reposing, and while sleepe fayned

SALVO

BASSVS.

Hinkit thou then by thy fayning,
Or with thy craftie clofing,

sleepe with a proude disdaining, to driue
thy cruell eyes reposing, and while

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

light, such harmles beauty gracing,
kisse, thy quiet armes embracing,

TENOR.

Hinkit thou then by thy fayning, sleepe with a proude disdaining, to driue me from thy
Or with thy craftie clofing, thy cruell eyes reposing, & while sleepe fayned

fight, when sleepe yeelds more delight, such harmles beauty gracing,
is, may not I steale a kisse, thy quiet armes embracing,

F



Come away, come sweet loue, The goulden morning breakes
All the earth, all the ayre Of loue and pleasure speakes,

Musical notation for the first system, including a vocal line and a lute line with tablature.

Teach thine armes then to embrace, And sweete roue lips to kisse, And mixe our
Eies were made for beauties grace, Vewing roue Loue long pains, Procured by

Musical notation for the second system, including a vocal line and a lute line with tablature.

soules in mutuall blisse,
beauties rude disdainne.

Musical notation for the third system, including a vocal line and a lute line with tablature.

Come awaie come sweet loue,
The goulden morning waits,
While the son from his sphere,
His fierie arrows casts:
Making all the shadowes flie,
Playing, staying in the groue,
To entertaine the stealth of loue,
Thither sweet loue let vs hie,
Flying, dying in desire,
Winged with sweet hopes and heauenly fire.

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

Musical notation for the first system of the second page, including a vocal line and a lute line with tablature.

Musical notation for the second system of the second page, including a vocal line and a lute line with tablature.

Musical notation for the third system of the second page, including a vocal line and a lute line with tablature.

F2.

XII.

CANTVS.

Est a while you cruell cares, be not more seuer the
 loue beauty kills & beautie spares, & sweet smiles sad sighs re- moue: *Laura*
 fayre queen, of my delight, Come grāt me loue in loues de- spite, and if I euer faile to
 honor thee: Let this heauen- ly sight I see, be as darke as hell to me.

If I speake my words want waite,
 Am I mute, my hare doth breake,
 If I sigh (the feares deceit,
 Sorrow then for me mult speake:
 Cruel, 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 me.

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

Est a while you cruell cares, be not more seuer the
 loue beauty kills & beautie spares, & sweet smiles sad sighs re- moue: *Laura*
 fayre queen, of my delight, Come grāt me loue in loues de- spite, and if I euer faile to
 honor thee: Let this heauen- ly sight I see, be as darke as hell to me.

BASSVS.

Est a while you cruell cares,
 be not more seuer the loue, beauty kills
 & beauty spares, & sweet smiles sad sighs re-
 moue, *Laura's* faire queen of my delight,
 come grant me loue in loues despite, and
 if I euer faile to honour thee, let
 this heau'ly light I see, be
 darke as hell to me.

TENOR.

Est a while you cruell cares, be not more seuer then Loue, beauty
 kills and beauty spares, and sweete smiles sad sighs remoue, *Laura* faire queene of my
 delight, come grant me loue, in loues de- spite, and if I euer faile to honor thee, let this
 heauenly light I see, be as darke as hell to me.

XIII.

CANTVS.



Leep wayward thoughts, and rest you with my loue, Let not
Touch not proud hands, lest you her an-ger moue, But pine

my loue, be with my loue dis- ease'd. Thus while she sleeps I for-row for
yon with my long-ings long dis- pleasd.

her fake, So sleeps my loue, and yet my loue doth wake.

But o the fury of my restless feare,
The hidden anguish of my flesh desires,
The glories and the beauties that appeare,
Between her browes neere Cupids closed fires,
Thus while she sleeps moues fighting for hir fake Sleepe dainty loue, while I figh for thy fake,
So sleeps my loue and yet my loue doth wake. So sleeps my loue, and yet my loue doth wake.

and yet my loue doth wake.

long displeasd, Thus while she sleeps I forrow for her fake, so sleeps my loue, li, and yet

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

BASSES.

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

you with my loue, let not my loue be with my
her anger moues, but pine you with my longings

long displeasd, Thus while she sleeps I forrow for

her fake, 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 be with my loue
Touch not proud hands, lest you her an-ger moue, But pine you with my longings long

displeasd, Thus while she sleeps I forrow for her fake, so sleeps my loue, li, and yet li,

my loue doth wake.



L ye who loue or fortune hath betraide, All ye that dreame of blisse but

Musical notation for the first line of the vocal part, including a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature.

Musical notation for the second line of the vocal part.

liue in greif, Al ye whose hopes are euer more delaid, Al ye whose sighes ij. or

Musical notation for the third line of the vocal part.

Musical notation for the fourth line of the vocal part.

sicknes wants reliefe: Lend eares and teares to me most haples

Musical notation for the fifth line of the vocal part.

Musical notation for the sixth line of the vocal part.

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

Musical notation for the seventh line of the vocal part.

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 lue,
Teares, sighes, and ceaseles cries alone I spend,
My woe wants comfort, and my sorrow end.

Musical notation for the first line of the Basses part.

Musical notation for the second line of the Basses part.

Musical notation for the third line of the Basses part.

Musical notation for the fourth line of the Basses part.

BASSES.

Musical notation for the fifth line of the Basses part.

TENOR.

Musical notation for the first line of the Tenor part.

Musical notation for the second line of the Tenor part.

Musical notation for the third line of the Tenor part.

Musical notation for the fourth line of the Tenor part.

Musical notation for the fifth line of the Tenor part.

Musical notation for the sixth line of the Tenor part.

Musical notation for the seventh line of the Tenor part.

Musical notation for the eighth line of the Tenor part.

XV. CANTVS.



Wlthou vnkind thus reaueme of my harte, ii.

and fo leaue me: ii. Farewell ii. but yet or ere I part (O cruell) kisse me

sweete ii. sweete my Iewell.

<p>Hope by disdayne growes chereles feare doth loue, loue doth feare, beautie pearles. Farewell.</p>	}	<p>If no delays can moue thee, life shall dye, death shall liue stil to loue thee. Farewell.</p>
<p>Yet be thou mindfull euer, heate from fire, fire from heat none can feuer. Farewell.</p>	}	<p>True loue cannot be chainged, though delight from desert be estranged. Farewell.</p>

me, farewell, ii. but yet or ere I part (O cruell) kisse me, sweete my Iewell.

BASSVS.

Wlthou vnkind thus reaueme
 of my heart, ii. and fo leaue me,
 farewell, ii. but yet or ere I part (O cruell)
 kisse me, ii. sweete my Iewell.

TENOR.

Wlthou vnkind thus reaueme of my heart, ij. ij. and fo leaue
 me, ij. farewell, ij. but yet or ere I part (O cruell) kisse me, ii.
 sweete my Iewell.

XVI. CANTVS.



Ould my conceit first enforst my woe, or els

mine eyes which still y same encrease, might be extinct, to end my sorrowes so

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

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

Each houre amidst the deepe of hell I sit,
 Each houre I wast and wither where I sit,
 But that sweet houre wherein I wish to die,
 My hope alas may not enjoy it yet,
 Whose hope is such bereaved, of the blisse,
 Which unto all saue me allotted is.

To all saue me is free to live or die,
 To all saue me remaineth hap or hope,
 But all perforce, I must abandon I,
 Sith Fortune still directs my hap a flope,
 Wherefore to neither hap nor hope I trust,
 But to my thralles I yeeld, for so I must.

Ould my conceit, that first enforst my woe, or else the same which fill the same

encrease, fill the same encrease, might be extinct, to end my sorrowes, so which now

are such, are such as nothing can release, whose life is death, whose sweet each change

of fowre, and eke whose hell reneweth every houre.

BASS V.S.

Ould my conceit that first enforst

my woe, or else mine eyes which fill the same

encrease, which now are such as nothing

nothing can release, whose life is death

and eke whose hell, whose hell reneweth

euery houre.

TENOR.

Ould my conceit that first enforst my woe, or else the same which fill which

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

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

change each change of fowre, and eke whose hell, whose hell reneweth euery houre.

XVII. CANTUS.



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

tharefraine, to do me due de- light, to see, to heare, to touch, to kiffe,

to die, with thee againe in sweetest simpah- thy.

2
Come againe that I may cease to mourne,
Through thy vnkind disdaine,
For now left and forlorne:
I sit, I sigh, I weepe, I faind, I die,
In deadly paine, and endles miserie.

1
All the day the sun that lends me shine,
By frownes do cause me pine,
And feeds me with delay:
Her smiles, my springs, that makes my ioyes to (grow)
Her frowes the winters of my woe:

2
All the night, my sleepes are full of dreames,
My eyes are full of freames,

My hart takes no delight:
To see the fruits and ioyes that some do find,
And make the stormes: a me asignd,

3
Out alas, my faith is euer true,
Yet will she neuer rue,
Nor yeld me any grace:
Her eyes of fire, her hart of flint is made,
Whom teares nor truth may once inuade.

4
Gentle loue draw forth thy wounding dart,
Thou canst not pearce her hart,
For I that do approue: (shafts:
Fy sighs and teares more hote then are thy
Did tempt while she for triumphs laughs,

sweetest simpahthy.

doe me due delight, to see, to heare, to touch, to kiffe, to die, ij. with thee againe in

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

SALV.

BASSVS.

Ome againe: sweet loue doth now
enuite, thy graces that refraine, to do me
due delight, to see, to heare, to touch, to kiffe
to die, ij. with thee againe in sweetest
simpahthy.

TENOR.

Ome againe, sweet loue doth now enuite, thy graces that refraine, to do me due
delight to see, to heare, to touch, to kiffe, to die, ij. with thee againe, ij. in sweetest
simpahthy:

XVIII. CANTVS.

Is golden locks time hath to filuer turnde, O

time too swift, O swift- nes neuer ceasing, his youth gainst time & age hath euer spurd,

but spurd in vaine, youth waneth by en- creasing: Beautie, strength, youth are flowers

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

His helmet now shall make a hieue for bees,
 And louers sonets 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 departe
 His faint is sure of his vnspotted hart.

And when he saddest sits in homely Cell,
 Hele teach his fwaines this Caroll for a songe,
 Blest be the harts that with my foueraigne well,
 Curt be the foule that thinke her any wrong:
 Goddes allow this aged man his right,
 To be your beardsman now y was your knight.

Is golden locks time hath to filuer turnde, O time to swift, O swift- nes neuer ceasing, his youth gainst time and age hath euer spurd, but spurd in vaine, youth waneth, waineth, by encreasing, bewty, strength, youth are flowers but fading scene, deury, faith, loue, are roots and euer greene.

ALTVS.

BASSVS.

Is golden locks time hath to fil- uer turnd, O time to swift, O swiftnes ne- uer ceasing, his youth gainst time and age hath euer spurd, but spurd in vaine, youth waneth by increasing, bewty, strength, youth are flowers but fading, scene, deury, faith loue are roots and euer greene.

TENOR.

Is golden locks time hath to filuer turnd, O, O time to swift, ij. O swift- nes neuer ceasing, his youth gainst time and age hath euer spurd, but spurd in vaine, youth waneth by encreasing, bewty strength youth are flowers, but fading scene, deury, faith, loue are roots and e- uer greene.

XIX. CANTVS.



Wake sweet loue thou art re- turnd, my hart which leg in
 Let loue which ne- uer ab- sent dies, now lue for e- uer

absence mournd lues nowe in per- fect ioy, only her selfe hath seemd
 in her eyes when came my first a- noy, dispaire did make me wish to

faire, the only I could loue, the one- ly draue me to dispaire when the vnkind did proue,
 die that I my ioyes might end, the one- ly which did make me see my state may now a- mend,

If the esteeme thee now ought worth,
 She will not grieue thy loue henceforth,
 Which so dispaire hath proued,
 Dispaire hath proued now in me,
 That loue will not vnconstant be,
 Though long in vaine I loued.

If the at last reward thy loue.
 And all thy harmes repara,
 Thy happinesse will sweeter proue,
 Raide vp from deepe dispaire.
 And if that now thou welcome be,
 When thou with her dost meete,
 She at this while but plaide with thee:
 To make thy ioyes more sweet.

loue, I could loue, the only draue me to dispaire when the vnkind did proue,
 end ioyes might end, the only which did make me see, my state may now a- mend,
 lues nowe, lues nowe in perfect ioy, Only her selfe, her selfe hath seemd faire, the only I could
 whose came, whence came my first anoy, Dispaire did make, did make me wish to die, that I my ioyes might
 Let loue which ne- uer absent dies, now lue for e- uer in her eyes,
 Wake sweet loue thou art re- turnd, my hart which long in absence mournd,


ALTS.

Wake sweet loue thou art re- turnd,
 Let loue which ne- uer absent dies,
 my hart which long in absence mournd, lues
 now lue for e- uer in her eyes, whence
 nowe in perfect ioy, Only her selfe hath
 came my first a- noy, Dispaire did make me
 seemd faire, the only I could loue, the only
 with no dispaire my first anoy, end the only
 draue me to dispaire, when the vnkind did
 which did make me see, my state may now a-
 proue-
 mend.

TENOR.

Wake sweet loue thou art re- turnd, my hart which long in absence mournd, lues
 Let loue which ne- uer absent dies, now lue for e- uer in her eyes, whence
 now in perfect ioy, Only her selfe, her selfe hath seemd faire, the only I could loue, the only
 came my first anoy, Dispaire did make, did make me wish to die, that I my ioyes might end, the only
 draue me to dispaire when the vnkind did proue,
 which did make me see, my state may now a- mend.

XX. CANTVS.



Ome heay sleepe, y Image of true death!

And clofe vp thefe my weary weeping eyes, whose fpring of teares doth ftop my

vital breath, And teares my hart with forrows figh fwoln crys. Com & poffes my tired thoghts,

worne foule, that liuing dies, ij. ij. till thou one me beffoule.

Come shadow of my end and fhape of reft,
 Alid to death, child to this black faft night,
 Come thou and charme thefe rebels in my brest,
 Whofe waking fancies doth my mind affright.
 O come fweet fleepe, come or I die for euer,
 Come ere my laft fleepe, come or come neuer.

Ome heay fleepe, the image of true death, and clofe vp thefe my weary weeping eyes, whose fpring of teares doth ftop my vital breath, and teares my hart with forrows figh fwoln crys, Come and poffes my tired thoghts, worne foule that liuing dies, ij.



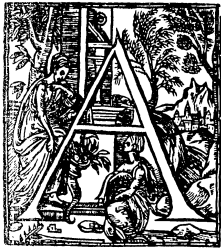
ALTVS.

Ome heay sleepe, the image of true death, and clofe vp thefe my weary weeping eyes, whose fpring of teares doth ftop my vital breath, and teares, ij. my hart with forrows figh fwoln crys, Come and poffes my tired thoghts worm foule, y liuing dies, ij. till thou, ij. on me, on me beffoule,

TENOR.

Ome heay sleepe, heay sleepe, the image of true death, and clofe vp thefe my weary, ij. weeping eyes, whose fpring of teares doth ftop my vital breath, & teares my hart with forrows, figh fwolne cries, come and poffes my tired thoghts worne foule, that liuing dies ij. till thou one me one me beffoule.

XXI. CANTVS.



Way with these felle louing lads, whom *Cupid's* arrowe
 neuer glads: A- way poore foules that figh & weepe in loue of them that lie & sleepe, For
Cupid is a medooe god, & forceth none to kisse the rod.

² God *Cupid's* shaft like deffinie,
 Doth eithe: good or ill decree:
 Delert is borne out of his bow,
 Reward vpon his feet doth go,
 What foolles are they that haue not knowne
 That loue likes no lawes but his owne?

³ My long they be of *Cynthia's* praife,
 I weare herrings on hollidaies,
 On euery tree I write her name,
 And euery day I reade the fame:
 Where honor, *Cupid's* riuall is,
 There miracles are feene of his:

⁴ If *Cynthia* craue her ring of me,
 I blot her name out of the tree,
 If doubt do daiken things held deere,
 Then well fare nothing once a yeeret
 For many run, but one must wia,
 Foolles only hedge the Cuckoo in.

⁵ The worth that worthinesse should moue
 Is loue, which is the bowe of loue,
 And loue as well the foltter can,
 As can the mighty Noble-man:
 Sweet Saint, tis true you worthe be,
 Yet without loue nought worth to me.

God, and forceth none to kisse the rod.
 poore foules that figh and weepe in loue of those that lye and sleepe, for *Cupid* is a medow
 Way with these felle louing lads, whom *Cupid's* arrowe neuer glads, away

BASSVS.
 Way with these felle louing lads, whom *Cupid's* arrowe neuer glads, Away
 poore foules that figh and weepe in loue of those that lye and sleepe, for *Cupid* is a medow God, and forceth none to kisse the rod.

TENOR.
 Waite with these felle louing lads, whom *Cupid's* arrowe neuer glads A-
 way poore foules that figh and weepe in loue, of those that lye and sleepe, for *Cupid* is a medow god, and forceth none to kisse the rod.

My Lord Chamberlaine bis galliard.

CANTVS.

The Cantus part is written on four staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a 3/4 time signature. The notation consists of rhythmic patterns of letters (R, B, F, G) and notes (a, c, e, g) with stems. The second staff continues the notation with similar patterns. The third staff shows more complex rhythmic figures and notes. The fourth staff concludes the piece with a final rhythmic pattern and notes.

BASSVS.

The Bassus part is written on four staves. The first staff begins with a bass clef and a 3/4 time signature. The notation consists of rhythmic patterns of letters (R, B, F, G) and notes (a, c, e, g) with stems. The second staff continues the notation with similar patterns. The third staff shows more complex rhythmic figures and notes. The fourth staff concludes the piece with a final rhythmic pattern and notes.