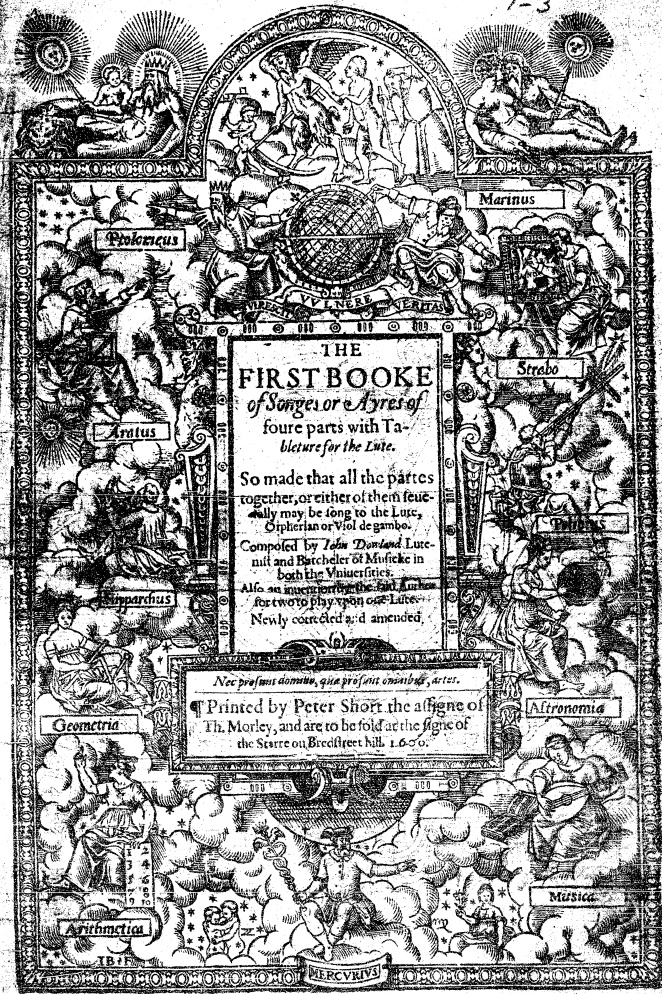


F. 2. 1. 5
1-3



THE
FIRST BOOKE
of Songs or Ayres of
 foure parts with Ta-
 blesure for the Lute.

So made that all the pãttes
 together, or either of them seue-
 rally may be song to the Lute,
 Cyprian or Viol de gambo.
 Composed by *John Dowland* Lute-
 nist and Bachelor of Musicke in
 both the Vniuersities.
 Also an inserture by the said *Author*
 for two to play vpon one Lute.
 Newly corrected and amended.

Nec profani domus, quæ profana omnibus, arces.
 Printed by Peter Short the assigne of
 Th. Morley, and are to be sold at the signe of
 the Starre on Breadstreet hill. 1656.

Pythagoras
 Aristus
 Apparchus
 Geometria
 Arithmetica
 Marinus
 Strabo
 Astronomia
 Musica



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

Baron of Hunsdon, Captaine of her Maiesties gentlemen Pensioners,
Gouernor of the Isle of Wight, Lieutenant of the countie of Southt,
Lord Chamberlaine of her Maies most Royall house, and of
her Highnes most honorable priuie Counsell.



THAT harmony (Right honorable) which is
skilfullie express by Instruments, albeit, by reason
of the variety of number & proportion of it selfe,
it easily stirs up the minds of the bearers to admi-
ration and delight, yet for higher authority and
power hath been euer worthily attributed to that
kind of Musicke, which to the sweetnes of instru-
ment applies the liuely voice of man, expressing
some worthy sentence or excellent Poeme. Hence

(as all antiquity can witness) first grew the heavenly Art of musicke: for Li-
nus Orpheus and the rest, according to the number and time of their Po-
emes, first framed the numbers and times of musicke: So that Plato defines
melody to consist of harmony, number and words; harmony naked of it selfe:
wordes the ornament of harmony, number the common friend and writer of
them both: This small booke containing the consent of speaking harmony, ioin-
ed with the most muscicall instrument the Lute, being my first labour, I haue
presumed to dedicate to your Lordship, who for your vertue and nobility are
best able to protect it, & for your honorable fauours towards me, best deseruing
my duety and service. Besides your noble inclination and loue to all good Arts,
and namely the deuiue science of musicke, doth challenge the patronage of all
learning, then which no greater title can be added to Nobility. Neither in
these your honours may I let passe the diligent remembrance of your vertuous
Lady my honorable mistress, whose singular graces towards me haue added
spirit to my unfortunate labours. What time and diligence I haue bestowed in
the search of Musicke, what trauell in farre countries, what success and
estimation euen among strangers I haue found, I leave to the report of others.
Yet all this in vaine were it not that your honourable hands haue vouchsafed to
uphold my poore fortunes, which I now wholly recommend to your gracious pro-
tection, with these my first endeuors, humbly beseeching you to accept and che-
rish them with your continued fauours.

Your Lordships most humble seruant,
John Dowland.

To the courteous Reader.

NOW hard an enterprife it is in this skilfull and curious age to commit our priuate labours to the publike view, mine owne disability, and others hard successe do too vycl assure me: and were it not for that loue I beare to the true louers of musicke, I had conceald these my first fruits, which how they wil thrive with your taste I know not, howfoeuer the greater part of them might haue been ripe inough by their age. The Courtly iudgement I hope wil not be seuerer against them, being it selfe a party, and those sweet springs of humanity (I meane our two famous Vniuersities) wil entertain them for his sake, whome they haue already grac't, and as it were enfranchisd in the ingenious profession of Musicke, which from my childhood I haue euer aymed at, sundry times leauing my native country, the better to attain so excellent a science. About sixteen yeres past, I trauelled the chiefest parts of France, a nation flourish 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 found 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 Laurzgraue* of *Hessen*, of whose princely vertues & fauors towards me I can neuer speake sufficiently. Neither can I forget the kindnes of *Alexandra Horologia*, a right learned master of musicke, seruant to the royall Prince the *Lanzgraue* of *Hessen*, & *Gregorio Hower* Lutenist to the magnificent Duke of *Brunswick*, both whom 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 found the Cities furnished with all good Arts, but especially 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 indencours. 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.

Multo Magnifico Signor mio offeruandissimo.

Per una lettera del Signor Alberigo Malatesta ho inteso quanco con cortese affetto si mostra di desidero di essermi congiunto d'amicizia, dove infinitamente la ringrazio di questo suo buon animo offerendomegli all'incontro se in alcuna cosa lo posso seruire, poi che gli meriti delle sue nobilissime virtu, et qualita meritanuo che ogni uno es me l'ammirauo et offeruio, et per fine di questo lo bacio la mano. Di Roma il 13. di Luglio. 1557.

D. V. S. Affectionatissimo seruigeo.

Luca Marenzio.

Printed by Iohn Wolfe at the Signe of the Gunne, in the Strand.

Not to stand too long vpon my trauds, I will only name that worthy master *Cristofano* *Crabio* Vice-master of the chapel 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 assaies. There haue been 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 bookes of Songs, whereof this is the first: and as this findes fauor with you, so shall I be affected to labor in the rest. Farewell.

John Dowland.

Tho. Campani Epigramma de Instituto Autho-ri.

Famam, posteris ac quam dedit Orpheo,
Dolandi melius Muscadati sibi,
Fugaces reprimens archetypa sonos,
Quas et delicias praebeat auribus,
Ipsis conspicuas luminibus facit.

A Table of all the Songs contained in this Booke.

V Nquiet 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 the excuse my wrongs with vertues cloake.	V
Now, O now I needs must part.	VI
Deare if you change Ie neuer thine againe.	VII
Burst forth my teares.	VIII
Go Crisall teares.	IX
Thinkt thou then by thy fayning.	X
Come away, come sweet loue.	XI
Rest a while you cruell cares.	XII
Sleepe wayward thoughts.	XIII
All ye whom loue of fortune hath betraide.	XIIII
Wilt thou vnkind thus reape me of my hart.	XY
Would my conceit that first enforst my woe.	XVI
Come againe: sweet loue doth now enuite.	XVII
His golden locks time hath to silver rind.	XVIII
Awake sweet loue thou art returnd.	XIX
Come heauy sleepe.	XX
Away with these selfe louing lalls.	XXI
Agall hand for two to play vpon one Lute at the end of the booke.	XXII

I. CANTUS

V N quiet thoughts your chill slaughter: flint, & wrap your wrongs

within a pensive hart: And you my toong that makes my mouth a mint, and stamps my

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

string, it that makes the hammer strike

like, He cut the string, it that makes the hammer strike

like, He cut the string, it that makes the hammer strike

like, He cut the string, it that makes the hammer strike

But what can stay my thoughts they may not flie, How shall I then gaze on my warts & eies?
 Or put my toong in duance for to die? My thoughts shall have some secrets hart will breake
 When as the eies the keyes of mouth and hart My toong would pass as in my mouth it lies
 Open the locke where all my loue doth lye, Meies and thoughts were free and char not speake
 De feare them vp within their lids for euer, Speake then and call the passions of desire,
 So thoughts & words and looks that are together, Which turne mine eies and he ad, my thoughts to live

II. CANTUS

like, He cut the string, it that makes the hammer strike

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

a pensive hart, and you my toong that makes my mouth a mint, it

N quiet thoughts, your chill slaughter flint, and wrap your wrongs within

within a pensive hart, wrongs within a

pensive hart that makes my mouth a mint

to coine them words by art, euer

doe, the like, He cut y string, it

the string that makes the hammer strike,

He cut the string, it that makes the hammer strike.

A 2.

III. BASSVS

N quiet thoughts, your chill

slaughter flint, and wrap your wrongs

within a pensive hart, wrongs within a

pensive hart that makes my mouth a mint

to coine them words by art, euer

doe, the like, He cut y string, it

the string that makes the hammer strike,

IV. TENOR

V N quiet thoughts, your chill slaughter flint, & wrap your wrongs within

a pensive hart, and you my toong, my toong that makes my mouth a mint, and stamps my

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

He cut the string, it that makes the hammer strike.

CANTUS

Who euer thinks of hopes of loue for loue, or who be-
 low'd in Cupide

hath not bin made forry. Let him see me eclipsed from my son with darke cloudes of an

earth. ii. Quite ouer runne.

earth. ii. Quite ouer runne.

Who thinks that sorrowes feele, 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 contrary charm'd,
 Looking on me let him know loues delights,
 Are treasures hid in caves, but kept by Sprights.

darke clouds of an earth. ii. quite ouer runne.

CANTUS

hath not bin made forry. Let him see me eclipsed from my son with darke cloudes of an

earth. ii. Quite ouer runne.

hath not bin made forry. Let him see me eclipsed from my son with darke cloudes of an

earth. ii. Quite ouer runne.

SALVO

BASSVS.

Who euer thinks of hopes of loue for loue, or who be-
 low'd in Cupide

hath not bin made forry. Let him see me eclipsed from my son with darke cloudes of an earth. ii.

quite ouer runne, of an earth, quite ouer runne.

TENOR.

TENOR.

Who euer thinks of hopes of loue for loue, or who be-
 low'd in Cupide

hath not bin made forry. Let him see me eclipsed from my son with darke cloudes of an earth. ii.

quite ouer runne, of an earth, quite ouer runne.

THE FIRST CANTVS

Y thoughts are wingde with hops, my hopes with loue, in vs lone on the
 the moone in cleereft night, and fay as the doth in the heaues
 in earth fo waxes and waxeth my deli- And whilper this but softly
 in her cares, hope off doth hang the head, and trust shed teares.

And you my thoughts that some mistrust do cary, If for this, with cloudes do maske her eyes,
 If for mistrust my mistresse do you blame, And make the heaues dark with her disdain,
 Say though you alter, yet you do not vary, With windie sighes disperfe them in the skies,
 As the doth change, and yet remaine the same: Or with thy teares dissolue them into raine,
 Distrust doth enter hart, but not infecte, Thoughts, hopes, & loue returne to me no more
 And lone is sweetest feasted with suspice, Till Cynthia shine as she hath done before.

2 V T I A

in her cares, hope off doth hang the head and trust shed teares.
 in earth fo waxes and waxeth my deli- And whilper this but softly
 into the moone, the moone in cleereft night, and fay as the doth in the
 Y thoughts are wingde with hops my hopes with loue, mount lone

SALVVS

BASSVS.
 Y thoughts are wingde with hops my
 hopes with loue, mount lone vnto the moone
 in cleereft night, say as the doth in the hea
 uens moone, in earth fo waxes and waxeth
 my delight, and whilper this but softly
 in her cares, her cares hope off doth hang the
 head and trust shed teares.

TENOR

Y thoughts are wingde with hops my hopes with loue, mount lone
 vnto the moone in cleereft night, and fay as the doth in the heaues moone in
 earth fo waxes so waxes and waxeth my delight, and whilper this ii. but softly in
 her cares, softly in her cares, hope off doth hang the head, and trust shed teares.

III. CANTVS



F my complaints could passions moue, or make loue
 my hart for thy griefe, yet for redresse thou lett me full complaine.

see wherein I suffer wrong, O loue I lue and die in
 pairs had gouern'd me to long, thy wounds do freshly bleed in me, my hart for thy vniuersall kinde

thee my griefe in my deepe sighes full speaks, yet thou dost
 mee my heart for thy vniuersall kinde, thy wounds do freshly bleed in me, my hart for thy vniuersall kinde

hope when I despaire, and when I hope thou makst me hope in vaine,
 canst my hartes paire, yet for redresse thou lett me full complaine.

Can loue be ritche and yet I want,
 Is loue my iudge and yet am I condemn'd?
 Thou'nt my hart, yet me dost scant,
 Thou made a god, & yet thy power constrain'd:
 That I doe lue it is thy power,
 That I desire it is thy worth,
 If loue doth make mens lines too slowre
 Let me not loue, nor lue henceforth:
 Die shall my hopes, but not my faith,
 Thy you that of my fall may hearers be
 May here despaire, which truly faith,
 I was more true to loue than loue to me

hope in vaine,
 full complaine.

F my complaints could passions moue, could passions moue, or make loue see wherein I
 my passions were e- nough to proue, or nough to proue, that my dispaire had gouern'd
 suffer wrong, O loue I lue and die I lue and die in thee, thy griefe in my deepe sighes
 thy wounds do freshly bleed do freshly bleed in me, my hart for thy vniuersall kinde

deepe sighes full speaks, Yet thou dost hope when I dispaire, and when I hope thou makst me
 vniuersall kinde, thy wounds do freshly bleed in me, my hart for thy vniuersall kinde
 hope in vaine,
 full complaine.

V. CANTUS

good when the proud vnkind,
 Anthee excuſe my wrongs with vertues cloake ſhall call her
 are thoſe cleer fier which vaniſh into ſmoake muſt I praiſe the

No no where ſhadows do for bodies ſtand thou maiſt be abuſd if thy fight
 Cold loue is like to words writen on ſand or to bubbles which on water was

BASSVS.

be a bubble, thy fight be dim,
 bubbles which on water was

Wilt thou be thus abuſd ſtill, ſeeing that the will fight thee neuer
 if thou canſt not overcome her will thy loue will be thus fruitles euer.

Wilt thou be thus abuſd ſtill, ſeeing that the will fight thee neuer
 if thou canſt not overcome her will thy loue will be thus fruitles euer.

Was I ſo baſe that I might not aſpire Vnto thoſe high iebies which ſhe houlds from me, As they are high ſo high is my deſire, If theſe deny what can granted be.	Deare make me happy ſtill by granting this, Or cut of delays if that die I muſt. Better a thouſand times to die Then for to liue thus ſtill tormented, Deare but remember it was I Who for thy fake did die contented.
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VI. CANTUS

Wilt thou be thus abuſd ſtill, ſeeing that the will fight thee neuer
 if thou canſt not overcome her will thy loue will be thus fruitles euer.

bee dim, Wilt thou be thus abuſd ſtill, ſeeing that the will fight thee neuer
 if thou canſt not overcome her will thy loue will be thus fruitles euer.

BASSVS.

Wilt thou be thus abuſd ſtill, ſeeing that the will fight thee neuer
 if thou canſt not overcome her will thy loue will be thus fruitles euer.

bee dim, Wilt thou be thus abuſd ſtill, ſeeing that the will fight thee neuer
 if thou canſt not overcome her will thy loue will be thus fruitles euer.

TENOR.

Wilt thou be thus abuſd ſtill, ſeeing that the will fight thee neuer
 if thou canſt not overcome her will thy loue will be thus fruitles euer.

bee dim, Wilt thou be thus abuſd ſtill, ſeeing that the will fight thee neuer
 if thou canſt not overcome her will thy loue will be thus fruitles euer.

VI. CANTVS



Ow O now I needs mult part, parting though I absent
while I live I needs mult loue, loue lues not when hope is

gone, now at last despaire doth proude, loue de- ued lo ueth none.

mourne, absence can no ioye em- part, ioye once fled cannot re- turne.
gone, now at last despaire doth proude, loue de- ued lo ueth none.

Sad dis- paire doth driue me hence, this dispaire vnkinde-nes, fenc-les, If that

part, ioye once fled can not returne. Sad despaire- proude, loue de- ued lo ueth none.

parting be- of fence, it is the which then of- fendes.

Deare 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 doe lie
Till that death do fence because,
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 mult though now I die,
Die I doe to part with you,
Him despaire doth cause to lie,
Who both liued and dieth true.

part, ioye once fled can not returne. Sad despaire doth driue me hence, this dispaire vnkinde-nes, fenc-les, If that

parting be- of fence, it is the which then of- fendes.

Ow O now I needs mult part, parting though I absent mourne, absence can no ioye em- While I live I needs mult loue, loue lues not when hope is gone, now at last despaire doth

ALTS.

Ow O now I needs mult part, parting though I absent mourne, absence can no ioye em- While I live I needs mult loue, loue lues not when hope is gone, now at last despaire doth

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

part, ioye once fled can not returne. Sad despaire- proude, loue de- ued lo ueth none.

doth driue me hence, me hence, this dispaire vnkinde-nes, fenc-les, If that parting be- of fence, it is the which then offendeth.

TENOR.

Ow O now I needs mult part, parting though I absent mourne, absence can no ioye em- While I live I needs mult loue, loue lues not when hope is gone, now at last despaire doth

part, ioye once fled can not returne. Sad despaire doth driue me hence, this dispaire vnkinde-nes, proude, loue de- ued lo ueth none.

fendes. If that parting be- of fence, it is the which then offendeth.

VII. CANTUS



Eare if you chage ile neuer chuse againe, sweete if you

shrinke ile neuer thinke of loue, faire if you faile, ile iudge all beauty vaine, wife if

so weake moe wits ile ne-uer proue. Deare, sweete, faire, wife, change

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

Earth with her flowers shall sooner heau'n adorne
 Heauen her bright stars through earths dim globe shall 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 frange to you.

CANTUS

not weake, and on my faith, ile
 moe wits moe wits ile ne-uer proue, deare, sweete, faire, wife, change, shrinke, nor be
 think of loue, faire if you faile, ile iudge all beauty vaine, wife if to weake moe wits ile

Eare if you change ile neuer chuse againe, sweete if you shrinke, you shrinke ile neuer
 shrinke nor be not weake, and on my faith, my faith shall ne-uer breake.

TENOR

Eare if you change ile neuer chuse againe, sweete if you shrinke, you shrinke ile
 shrinke nor be not weake, and on my faith, my faith shall ne-uer breake.

BASSVS

Eare if you change ile neuer chuse againe, sweete if you shrinke, you shrinke ile
 shrinke nor be not weake, and on my faith, my faith shall ne-uer breake.

VIII. CANTUS

Brist forth my teares as list my forward grie,

And shew what paine impetuous loue prouokes: Kind tender lambes
lament, loues feant reliefe, and pine, since pensue care my freedom yokes.

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

Sad pining care that neuer may haue peace, Like to the windes my sighs haue winged beemes,
At beauties gate in hope of pittie knocks: Yet are my sighes and lures repaide with mocks,
But mercy sleepes while deep disdain encrease, I pleade, yet the repiner at my teene:
And beauty hope in her faire bosome yokes, O ruthless rigor harder then the rockes,
O grieue to heare my grieffe, my tender flocks, That boild the shepherd kils, & his poore flocks!

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

ment ii. Loues feant res liefe, And pine since pensue care my freedom yokes: ii.
paine ii. Kind tender lambes impetuous Loue prouokes: ii.

Vrist, butt forth my teares as list my forward grieffe, And shew what

ALTI

Brist forth And shew what paine
impetuous Loue ii. prouokes: Kind
tender lambes lament Loues feant reliefe,
and pine since pensue care my freedom my
freeb yokes, O pine to see me pine, to see me
pine my tender my tender flocks.

TENOR

Vrist, ii. forth my teares as list, as list my forward grieffe, And shew what paine, paine,
impetuous Loue prouokes: ii, Kind tender lambes lament ii. Loues feant reliefe, re-
liefe, And pine since pensue care, since pensue care my freedom yokes, O pine to
see me pine, to see me pine, O pine to see me pine my tender flocks.

IX. CANTUS



O chritall teares, like to the morning showers, &

sweetly weepe in to thy Ladies brest, and as the dewes reuiue the

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

of my de-ferr, which sleepestoo found whilst I from her depart.

Hast restlesse sighs and let your burning breath
 Dissolue the Ice of her indurate hart,
 Whose frozen rigor like forgetfull death,
 Feeles neuer any touch of my deferr,
 Yet sighs and teares to her I sacrifice,
 Both from a spotles hart and patient eyes.

whilst I from her, from her depart, from her depart: to quicken

pittie be adrest: to quicken vp the thoughts of my deferr, which sleepestoo found

to thy Ladies brest, & as the dewes reuiue the drooping flowers, so let your drops of

O chritall teares like to the morning showers, and sweetly weepe in

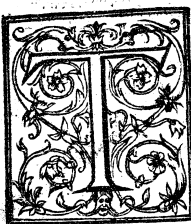
O chritall teares like to the morning showers and sweetly weepe in

to thy Ladies brest, and as the dewes reuiue the drooping flowers, so let your

drops of pittie be adrest: to quicken vp the thoughts, the thoughts of my deferr, which sleeps

too found, whilst I from her, from her depart, from her depart, to quicken.

CANTUS



Thinkst thou then by thy faynings, sleepe with a proude
Or with thy craftie closing, thy cruell cies

dis daining, To drive me from thy sight, when sleepe yeeldes more delight, such
reposing, and while sleepe fayned is, may not I steale a kisse, thy

harmles beaury gracing,
quiet armes embracing.

O that thy sleepe dissembled,
Were to a trance resembled,
Thy cruell cies deceiuing,
Of fluely fence bereauing:
Then should my loue requite
Thy loues vnkind despite,
While fury triumpht bouldly
In beauries sweet disgraces:
And liud in deepe embraces:
Of her that lou'de so coldly.

Should then my loue aspiring,
Forbidden ioues desiring:
So farre exceede the duty
That vertue owes to beaury?
No, Loue seeke not thy blisse,
Beyond a simple kisse,
For such deceits are harmeles,
Yet kisse a thousand fould,
For kisses may be bolde
When lovely sleepe is amlesse.

me from thy sight, when sleepe yeeldes more delight, such harmles beaury gracing,
sleepe faded is, may not I steale a kisse, thy quiet armes embracing.

Thinkst thou then by thy faynings, sleepe with a proude daining,
Or with thy craftie closing, thy cruell cies reposing,

to drive
me from thy sight, when sleepe yeeldes more delight, such harmles beaury gracing,
sleepe faded is, may not I steale a kisse, thy quiet armes embracing.

Thinkst thou then by thy faynings, sleepe with a proude daining, to drive me from thy
Or with thy craftie closing, thy cruell cies reposing, & while sleepe faded

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

Thinkst thou then by thy faynings, sleepe with a proude daining, to drive me from thy
Or with thy craftie closing, thy cruell cies reposing, & while sleepe faded

XI. CANTUS



Come away, come sweet love, The golden morning breaks
All the earth, all the aire, Of love and pleasure speaks,

Teach thine ames then to embrace, And sweet ro- sic lips to kisse, And mixe our
lies were made for beauties grace, Vewing our ing Love's joy pains; Proceed by

Teach in mutuell blisse
mutuell blisse
mutuell blisse

Come awaie come sweet love,
The golden morning waits,
While the son from his sphere,
His fiery arrows casts,
Making all the shadowes flee,
Playing, staying in the grove,
To entertaine the stealth of love,
Thither sweet love let vs hie,
Flying, dying, in desire,
Winged with sweet hopes and beaut'ly fire.

Come away, come sweet love,
The golden morning waits,
While the son from his sphere,
His fiery arrows casts,
Making all the shadowes flee,
Playing, staying in the grove,
To entertaine the stealth of love,
Thither sweet love let vs hie,
Flying, dying, in desire,
Winged with sweet hopes and beaut'ly fire.

to embrace, And sweet ro- sic lips to kisse, And mixe our
beauties grace, Vewing our ing Love's joy pains; Proceed by
mutuell blisse
mutuell blisse
mutuell blisse

Teach in mutuell blisse
mutuell blisse
mutuell blisse

Teach in mutuell blisse
mutuell blisse
mutuell blisse

Teach in mutuell blisse
mutuell blisse
mutuell blisse

CANTVS

XII.



Est a while you cruel cares, be not more faine then

loue beaury kilis & beautie spares, & sweet smiles sad sighes remoue. *Laura*

honor thee. Let this heauenly light I see, be as darke as hell to me

If I make my words want waile,
Am I more, my hart doth breake,
If I sigh the leares deceit,
Sorrow then for me must speake:
Cruel, unkind, with fauour view,
The wound that firft was made by you:
And if my torments fained be,
Let this heauenly light I see,
Be as darke as hell to me.

Never hope of pleasing rest,
Shal reuine my dying ghost,
Till my soule hath reposeth,
The sweet hope which loue hath lost:
Laura redeeme the soule that dies,
By fury of thy murdering eyes,
And if it proues vnking to thee,
Let this heauenly light I see,
Be as darke as hell to me.

heauenly light I see, be as darke as hell to me

ALTYVS

TENOR.

Est a while you cruel cares, be not more faine then Loue, beaury

XIII. CANTUS



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-pleas'd. Thus while she sleeps I sorrow for
you with my long-ings long dis-

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

But the fury of my restless fears,
The hidden anguish of my best desires,
The glories and the beauties that appear,
Between her brows neere Cupids closed fires
Thus while she sleeps moues fighting for hir sake
So sleeps my loue, and yet my loue doth wake

My loue doth rage, and 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 temperance,
Sleepe daiery loue, while I sigh for thy sake,
So sleeps my loue, and yet my loue doth wake

XIII. CANTUS

BASSES.

TENOR.

my loue doth wake.

XIII.

CANTUS



L ye who loue or fortune hath berraid, Al ye that dreame of blisse but

Musical notation for the first line of the Cantus part, including a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a series of notes with stems.

lue in grieft, All ye whofe hopes are euer more delaid, Al ye whofe fighes ii. or

Musical notation for the second line of the Cantus part, including a treble clef and notes with stems.

sicknes wants reliefe. Lead eares and teares to me moft haples

Musical notation for the third line of the Cantus part, including a treble clef and notes with stems.

man, that fings my forrowes. ii. like the dying Swanne.

Musical notation for the fourth line of the Cantus part, including a treble clef and notes with stems.

Care that confumes the heart with inward paine,
Paine that presents sad care in outward view,
Both tyrant like enforce me to complaine,
But fill in vaine, for none my plaints will rue,
Teares, fighes, and ceafles cries alone I spend,
My woe wants comfort, and my forrow end.

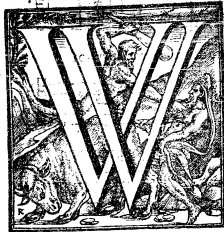
Musical notation for the Soprano part, including a soprano clef and lyrics: "L ye whom loue or fortune hath berraid, berraid, berraid, all ye that dream of blisse but lue in grieft, are euer more delaid, All ye whole fighes, ii. or sicknes wants reliefe, lead eares and teares, ii. to me moft haples man, that fings my forrowes, my forrowes, like the dying Swan."

SALVO

Musical notation for the Basses part, including a bass clef and lyrics: "L ye who loue or fortune hath berraid, but lue in grieft, ye whofe hopes are euer more delaid, all ye whole fighes or sicknes wants reliefe, lead eares and teares, ii. to me moft haples man, that fings my forrowes, my forrowes, like the dying Swan."

TENOR

Musical notation for the Tenor part, including a tenor clef and lyrics: "L ye whom loue or fortune hath berraid, All ye that dream of blisse but lue in grieft, in grieft, all ye whole hopes are euer more, euer more delaid, delaid, all ye whole fighes or sicknesse wants reliefe, lead eares and teares to me, moft haples man, moft haples man, that fings my forrowes forrowes, my forrowes, like the dying Swan."



It thou vnkind thus reaueme of my heart, ii.

Musical notation for the first staff, including a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The notes are written on a five-line staff.

and fo leaue me ii. Farewell ii. but yet of eie I pare (O cruell) kiffe me

Musical notation for the second staff, continuing the melody from the first staff.

sweete ii. sweete my lewell.

Musical notation for the third staff, concluding the piece with a final cadence.

2 Hope by disdain grows cherels
scate doth loue, loue doth feare,
beauty pearles. Farewell.

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

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

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

Top section of musical notation on the right page, including a treble clef and a common time signature. It features a large decorative initial 'W' on the right side.

BASSVS.

Musical notation for the Bass part, including a bass clef and a common time signature. It features a large decorative initial 'W' on the left side.

TENOR.

Musical notation for the Tenor part, including a tenor clef and a common time signature. It features a large decorative initial 'W' on the left side.

sweete my lewell.

H. e. Each part of the music is written in a different clef, and the lyrics are placed below the notes. The text is written in a small, dense font.

XVI. CANTUS



ould my woe's first enfor't my woe, or els the same which fill which
 mine eyes which still the same encrease, might be extinct, to end my sorrows, so
 which now are such as no- thing can releafe. Whose life is death, whose
 sweet each change of fowre and eke whose hel: n-eth euery houre,

Each houre amidst the deepe of hell I lye,
 Each houre I walt and wither where I lye,
 But that sweet houre wherein I wish to die,
 My hope alas may not enjoy it yet,
 Whose hope is such, bereaued of the blisse,
 Which vnto all faue me allotted is.

To all faue me is free to liue or die,
 To all faue me remaineth hap or hope,
 But all perforce, I must abandon I,
 Sith Fortune still direct's my hap a slope,
 Wherefore to neither hap nor hope I trust,
 But to my thralles I yeeld, for so I must.

ould my conceit that first enfor't my woe, or els the same which fill which
 are such, are such as nothing can releafe, whose life is death, whose sweeter each
 encrease, fill the same encrease, might be extinct to end my sorrows, so which
 Ould my conceit that first enfor't my woe, or els the same which fill the same

BASSVS.
 Ould my conceit that first enfor't
 my woe, or els mine eyes which fill the same
 encrease, which now are such as nothing
 nothing can releafe, whose life is death
 and eke whose hell, whose hell renueth
 euery houre.

TENOR.
 Ould my conceit that first enfor't my woe, or els the same which fill which
 fill the same encrease, the same encrease, might be extinct to end my sorrows, so which
 now are such as nothing can releafe, whose life is death, whose sweeter each
 change each change of fowre, and eke whose hell, whose hell renueth euery houre.



One againe: sweet loue doth now enuite, thy graces

that refraine, to do me dued- light, to see, to heare, to touch, to kisse,

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

<p>2 Come againe that I may cease to mourne, Through thy skind disdain, For now left and forsone: 1 I sigh, I weepe, I faint, I die, In deadly paine, and endless misery.</p>	<p>3 Out alas, my faith is euer true, Yet will the neuer rue, Nor yeeld me any grace: Her eyes of fire, her hart of flint is made, Whom teares nor truth may once invade.</p>
<p>1 All the day the sun that lends me shine, By frownes doe cause me pine, And feeds me with delay: Her smiles, my springs, that makes my ioyes to Her frownes the winters of my vooe</p>	<p>4 Gentle loue draw forth thy wounding dart, Thou canst not pierce her hart: For I that do approue: By sighs and teares more hot then are thy shafts Did tempt while she for triumphs laughs.</p>
<p>2 All the night, my sleepes are full of dreames, My eyes are full of streames,</p>	

in with thee againe in sweetest simplicity

BASSVS.

One againe: sweet loue doth now enuite, thy graces that refraine, to do me dued- light, to see, to heare, to touch, to kisse, to die, with thee againe in sweetest simpah- thy.

TENOR.

One againe sweet loue doth now enuite, thy graces that refraine, to do me dued- light, to see, to heare, to touch, to kisse, to die, with thee againe, in sweetest simplicity

simpah- thy

XVIII.

CANTUS



Is golden locks time hath to fluer turned, O
 time too swift, O swift-nes neuer ceasing, his youth gainst time & age hath euer spurd,
 but spurd in vaine, youth wanech by encreasing: Beauty, strength, youth are flowers
 but fading feene, Duty, Faith, Loye 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 praiers which are ages almes,
 But though from court to cotage he depart
 His faint is sure of his vnspotted heart.

And when he faddest fits in homely Cell,
 Hele teach his fwaines this Caroll for a song,
 Bless be the hearts that with my foveraigne wel,
 Curt be the foole that thinke her any wrong,
 Goddes allow this aged man his right,
 To be your headman now that was your knight.

Is golden locks time hath to fluer turned, O time too swift, O swift-nes neuer ceasing, his youth gainst time & age hath euer spurd, but spurd in vaine, youth wanech by encreasing: Beauty, strength, youth are flowers but fading feene, Duty, Faith, Loye are roots and euer greene.

ALTS

BASSVS
 Is golden locks time hath to fluer turned, O time too swift, O swift-nes neuer ceasing, his youth gainst time and age hath euer spurd, but spurd in vaine, youth wanech by encreasing: Beauty, strength, youth are flowers but fading feene, Duty, Faith, Loye are roots and euer greene.

TENOR.

Is golden locks time hath to fluer turned, O time too swift, O swift-nes neuer ceasing, his youth gainst time and age hath euer spurd, but spurd in vaine, youth wanech by encreasing: Beauty, strength, youth are flowers, but fading feene, Duty, Faith, Loye are roots and euer greene.



Wake sweet loue thou art returned, my hart which long in
Let loue which neuer absent dies, now lue for ever

Musical notation for the first part of the song, including a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 3/4 time signature.

absence mourid lues nowe in perfect loy, Onely her selfe hath few mood
in her eyes wher came my first annoy, Dispaire did make me with to

Musical notation for the second part of the song, including a treble clef and a 3/4 time signature.

Musical notation for the third part of the song, including a treble clef and a 3/4 time signature.

faire, the only I could lose, she onely draue me to dispaire, when she vnkind did proue,
die, that I my loies might end, she onely which did make me lue, my state may now amend,

Musical notation for the fourth part of the song, including a treble clef and a 3/4 time signature.

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

If she at last reward thy loue,
And all thy harmes repaire,
Thy happinesse will sweeter proue,
Raiide vp from deepe dispaire,
And if that now thou welcome be,
When thou with her doest meeete,
She all this while but plaide with thee
To make thy loies more sweet,

Musical notation for the first part of the song on the right page, including a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 3/4 time signature.

ALTVS

Musical notation for the second part of the song on the right page, including a treble clef and a 3/4 time signature.

TENOR.

Musical notation for the third part of the song on the right page, including a treble clef and a 3/4 time signature.

draue me to dispaire, when she vnkind did proue,
which did make me lue, my state may now amend,



One heavy sleepe, y Image of true death

And close vp these my weary weeping eyes, whose spring of tears doth stop my

vital breath, and tears my hart with sorrows sigh swoln cries com be posses my tired thoughts,

worne soule, that liuing dies, ii. till thou on me bestoule.

One heavy sleepe, heavy sleepe, the image of true death, and close vp these,

my weary, ii. weeping eyes, whose spring of teares doth stop my vital breath, & tears my hart with sorrows, sigh swoln cries, Come and posses my tired thoughts woth the soule, that liuing dies, ii. till thou on me on me bestoule.

Come shadow of my end; and shape of rest,
Alid to death, child to his black fast night,
Come thou and charme these rebels in my breast,
Whose waking fancies doth my mind affright,
O come sweet sleepe, come or I die for euer,
Come ere my last sleepe comes, or come neuer.

liuing dies, ii. till thou on me on me bestoule.

liuing dies, ii. till thou on me on me bestoule.

liuing dies, ii. till thou on me on me bestoule.

SALVO

BASSVS. One heavy sleepe, the image of true death, and close vp these my weary weeping eyes, whose spring of teares doth stop my vital breath, and tears, ii. my hart with sorrows sigh swoln cries, Come and posses my tired thoughts woth the soule, that liuing dies, ii. till thou, ii. on me on me bestoule.

TENOR.

One heavy sleepe, heavy sleepe, the image of true death, and close vp these,

my weary, ii. weeping eyes, whose spring of teares doth stop my vital breath, & tears my

hart with sorrows, sigh swoln cries, Come and posses my tired thoughts woth the soule, that liuing dies, ii. till thou on me on me bestoule.



Way with these felle louing lads, whom *Cupid's* arrow

neuer glads: A- way poore foules that sigh & weepe in loue of them- that lie and sleepe, For

Cupid is a meadow God, & forcerh none to kisse the rod.

God *Cupid's* (haft like definie,
 Doteh either good or ill decree:
 Defert is borne out of his bow,
 Reward ypon his foote doth go,
 What foules are they that haue not knowne
 That loue lyes not in lyes but his owne

If *Cynthia* craue the ring of me,
 I blot her name out of the tree,
 If doubt doth keepe things held deare,
 Then well fare nothing once a yeare:
 For many ranne, but one must win,
 Fooles onely hedge the Cuckoo in.

My songs are all of *Cynthia's* praiſe,
 I weare her luges on holidays,
 On every tree I write her name,
 And euer doe I read the fame:
 Where honour, *Cupid's* riuall is,
 These miracles are teene of his.

The worth that worthinesse should moue
 Is loue, which is the bow of loue,
 And loue as well the softer can,
 As can the mighty Noble man:
 Sweet *Saint* tis true you worthy be,
 Yet without loue nought worth to me.

God, and forcerh none to kisse the rod.

poore foules that sigh and weepe in loue of those that lie and sleepe, for *Cupid* is a meadow

Way with these felle louing lads, whom *Cupid's* arrow neuer glads, away

SALTV

Way with these felle louing lads, whom *Cupid's* arrow neuer glads, away

poore foules that sigh and weepe in loue of those that lie and sleepe, for *Cupid* is a meadow God, and forcerh none to kisse the rod.

TENOR

Way with these felle louing lads, whom *Cupid's* arrow neuer glads, A- way poore foules that sigh and weepe in loue of those that lie and sleepe, for *Cupid* is a meadow God, and forcerh none to kisse the rod.

My Lord Chamberlaine his galliard.

CANTVS.

BASSVS.

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