

VIII. The Gods have heard my vowes

Ayeres or Phantastick spirits

T. Weelkes

Cantvs

Tenor

Bassvs

The Gods have heard my vowes — fond Lyce whose faire bro - wes wont scorne with

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6

such dis - daine my love [my love] my teares —

such dis - daine my love my love my —

such dis - daine my love [my love] my teares

10

my paine [my] teares my

teares my paine my teares my

my paine my teares my

17

paine fa la la la la la la la la la.

paine fa la la la la la la la la la.

8 paine fa la la la la la la la la la.

*But now those spring-tide roses,
are turnde to winter poses,
to Rue, and time, and sage,
fitting that shruiled age,
Fa la la la, &c.*

*Now youthes with hote desire,
See, see that flamelesse fire,
Which erst your hearts so burned,
quicke into ashes turned.
Fa la la la &c,*