

Part I
First Booke

I. Unquiet thoughts your civil slaughter stint

Cantus



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



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



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



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



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

Altus



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



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



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



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



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

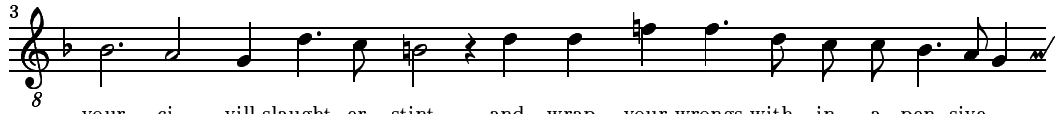


cut the string, ile cut the string that makes the ham- mer strike be strike.
 thoughts, so thoughts and looks and words shall die, to- gether. So thoughts and words,
 turns mine eies, which turns mine eies, to floods my thoughts to fire. Which turns

Tenor



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



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



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



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



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



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

Bassus



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



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



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



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

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



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

II. Whoever thinks or hopes of love for love

Cantus



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



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



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



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



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

¹The B natural is a quarter note in the original

Altus



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



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



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



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



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



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

Tenor



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



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



vowes or vowes not to re- move, Who by thi light- god hath not bin made
from the fruit that is for- bidden, Who thinks that change is by in- treat- y



so- rie, Let him see me e- clip- sed from my sun, e- clip- sed from my
charm'd, Look- ing on me let him know, loves de- lights, let him know, loves de-



sun, With dark clouds of an earth. With dark clouds of an earth quite o- ver-
lights Are trea- sures hid in caves, are trea- sures hid in caves But kept by



runne, of an earth quite o- ver- run. Let him see me e- clip- sed runne.
sprights. Are trea- sures hid in caves but kept by sprights Look- ing on me sprights.

¹Original has a D quarter note.

²This is a quarter rest in the original

Bassus



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



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



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



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



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

III. My thoughts are winged with hopes

See also the instrumental version, *Sir John Souch, his galliard*, Page L-46.

Cantus



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



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



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



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



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

¹It's hard to tell whether there was a barline here that got erased, or just one that didn't come through the reproduction process very well. There isn't an obvious reason not to have one.

Altus



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



with love. Mount love un- to the Moone, the Moone in cleer- est night, and
do cary, If for If for mis- trust my mis- tresse do you blame, Say
her eyes, And make the hea- vens darke with her dis- daine, Or



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



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

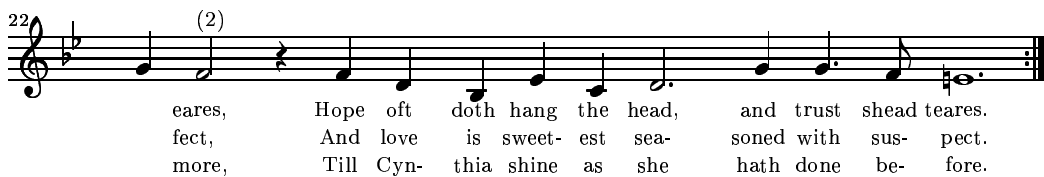
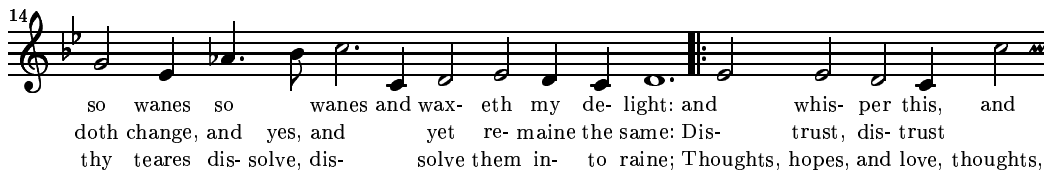
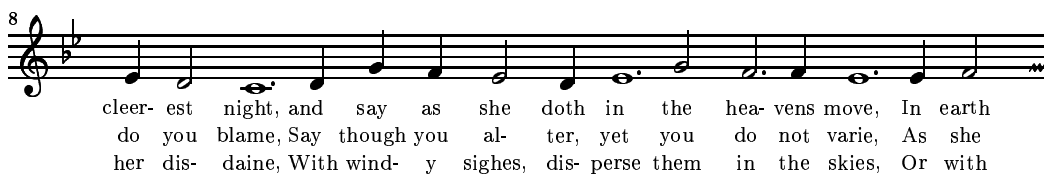


eares, Hope oft doth hang the head, the head, and trust shead teares.
fect, And love is sweet- est sea- soned, sea- soned with sus- pect.
more Till Cyn- thia shine as she, as she hath done be- fore.

Tenor



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



¹Original has C half note

²Original is a quarter note.

Bassus



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



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



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



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



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

III. If my complaints

See also the instrumental version, *Captaine Digorie Piper his Galiard*, Page L-50.

Cantus



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



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



1. live and die in thee, my heart for thy un- kind- nesse breakes: thou saist thou
fresh- ly bleed in mee, thy grieffe in my deepe sighes still speakes: Yet thou dost
2. live, it is thy power: If love doth make mens lives too sowre, Die shall my
sire it is thy worth: Let me not love, not live hence- forth. May heere des-



1. canst my harmes re- paire, and when I hope, thou makst me hope in vaine.
hope when I de- spaire, yet for re- dresse, thou letst me still com- plaine.
2. hopes, but not my faith, That you that of my fall may hear- ers be
paire, which true- ly faith, I was more true to love than love to me.

¹Original has quarter note

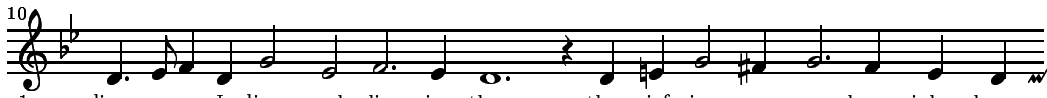
Altus



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



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



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



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



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

Tenor



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



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



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



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



1. hope when I de-spaire, and when I hope, thou makst me hope in vaine.
canst my harmes re-paire, yet for re-dresse, thou letst me still com- plaine.
2. hopes, but not my faith, That you that of my fall may hear-ers be
paire, which true-ly faith, I was more true to love than love to me.

Bassus



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



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



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



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

¹This rest is editorial.

V. Can she excuse my wrongs

The words to this song may have been written by the Earl of Essex, about his stormy relationship with Queen Elizabeth. [Pou82, page 226ff] This would explain why Dowland calls the instrumental version of the tune (Page L-42), published after both Elizabeth and Essex were dead, *The Earl of Essex Galliard*.



PLATE XXXVIII. QUEEN ELIZABETH, 1588: Water-colour drawing by Isaac Oliver
Royal Library, Windsor. *By gracious permission of H.M. the King*

Figure 0.1: Queen Elizabeth, 1588. Watercolor drawing by Isaac Oliver.

Cantus



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



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



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



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



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

Altus



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



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



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



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



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

⁰(1) original is whole note.

⁰(2) Original has A whole note.

Tenor



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



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



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



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



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



Figure 0.2: Robert Devereux, 3rd Earl of Essex.

Bassus



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



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



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



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



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

VI. Now, o now, I needs must part

Cantus



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



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



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



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

Altus



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



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



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

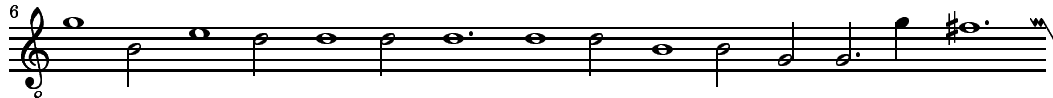


- 1-3. un- kind- nes sends. If that part- ing bee of- fence, it is shee which then of- fends.

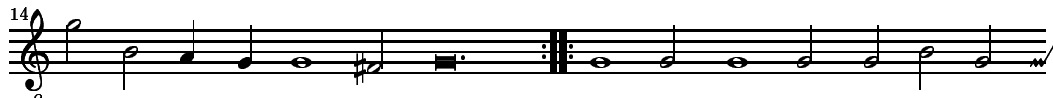
Tenor



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



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



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



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



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

Bassus



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

6



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

14



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

22



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

VII. Deare, if you change,

Cantus



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



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



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



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



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

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

Altus



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



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



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



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



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



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

⁰Yes, the altus and bassus really do have C instead of C|

¹Original is a half note

²Original is a quarter note

Tenor



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



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



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



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



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



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

³Original is a quarter note

Bassus



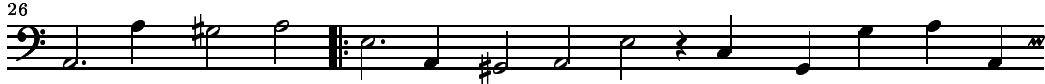
1. Deare, if you change, ile ne- ver chuse a-
2. Earth with her flowers shall soon- er heaven a-



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



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



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



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

VIII. Burst forth my tears

Cantus.



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



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



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



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



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

Altus.



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



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



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



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

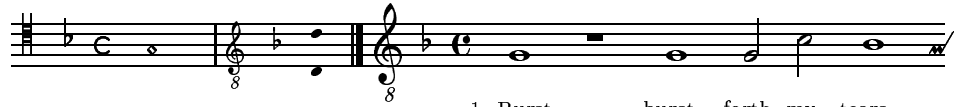


pine, since pen- sive care my free- dome yokes. my free- dome yokes. O pine, to
 beau- tie hope in her faire bo- some yokes. faire bo- some yokes. O grieve to
 ruth- lesse ri- gour har- der then the rocks, har- der then the rocks, That both the

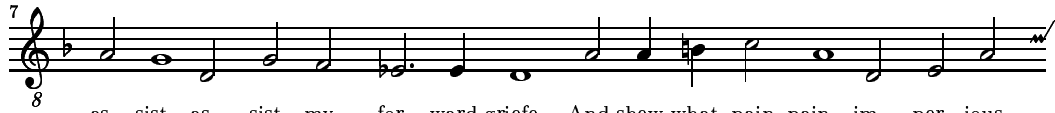


see me pine, O pine, to see me pine, to see me pine, my ten- der flockes.
 heare my grieve, O grieve to heare my grieve, to heare my grieve, my ten- der flockes.
 she- pheard kills, That both the she- pheard kills, the she- pheard kills, and his poore flockes.

Tenor.



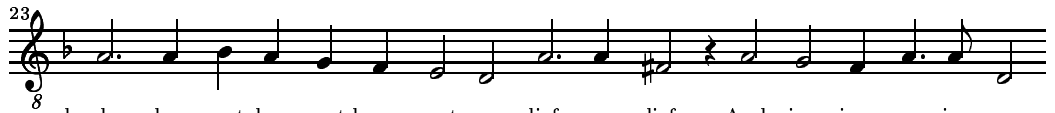
1. Burst, burst forth my tears,
 2. Sad, sad pin- ing care,
 3. Like, like to the winds



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



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



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

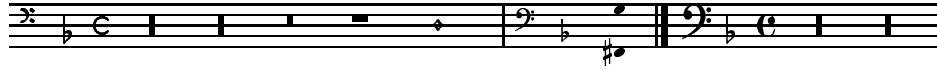


since pen- sive care my free- dome yokes. O pine, to see me
 faire, in her faire bo- some yokes. O grieve to hear my
 der, ri- gour har- der then the rocks, That both the she- pheard



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

Bassus.



21



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

31



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

40



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

48



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

IX. Go, crystall teares,

Cantus



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



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



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



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



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

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

¹Original has a barline between the note and the dot.

Altus



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



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



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



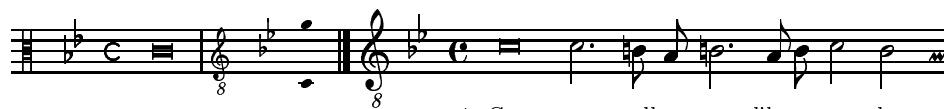
be ad- drest, to quick- en up the thoughts of my de- sert, which sleeps too
my de- sert: Yet sighes and teares to her I sa- cri- fice, Both from a



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

²Original is a quarter note.

Tenor



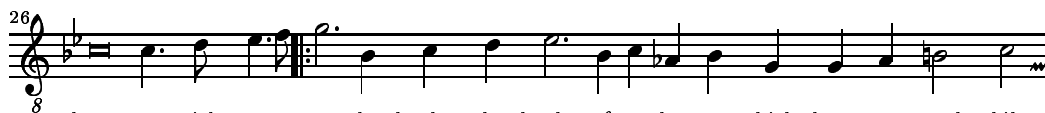
1. Go cry- stall tears, like to the
2. Haste, rest- lesse sighes, and let your



mor- ning shows, And sweet- ly weep in- to thy La- dies breast.
burn- ing breath Dis- solve the ice of her in- du- rate heart,



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



rest, to quick- en up the thoughts, the thoughts of my de- sert, which sleeps too sound, whilst
sert: Yet sighes and teares to her to her I sa- cri- fice, Both from a spot- less



I from her from her, de- part, from her de- part from her de- part. to quick- en part.
heart and pa- tient eyes, and eyes, and pa- tient eyes, and pa- tient eyes. Yet sighes and eyes.

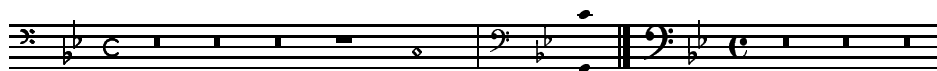
²Original is a quarter note.

³Original B natural

⁴Original B flat

⁵these rests added by editor

Bassus



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



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



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



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

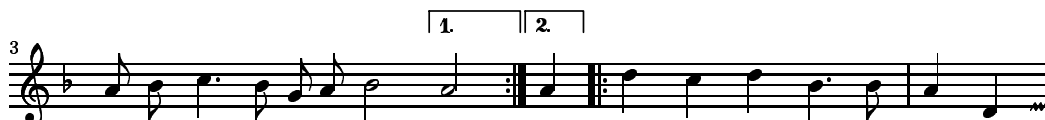
²Original is a quarter note.

X. Thinkst thou then by thy fayning

Cantus.



1. Thinkst thou then by thy fayning sleepe
Or with thy crafty closing Thy
2. O that my sleepe dissembled, were
Thy cruell eyes deceiving, Of
3. Should then my love aspiring, For
So farre exceed the duty That



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

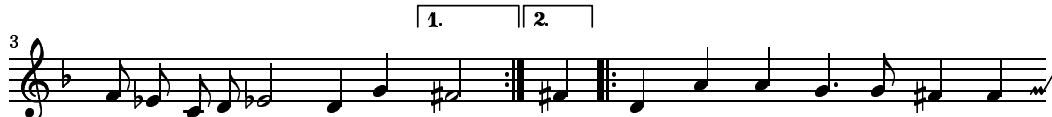


1. sleepe yeelds more de- light, such harm- less beau- tie gra- cing. cing.
not I steale a kisse, Thy qui- et armes em- bra- cing. cing.
2. loves un- kind de- spite, While fu- ry tri- umpht bold- ly ly
livd in sweet em- brace Of her that lov'd so cold- ly. ly.
3. yond a sim- ple kisse: For such de- ceits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

Altus.



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



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

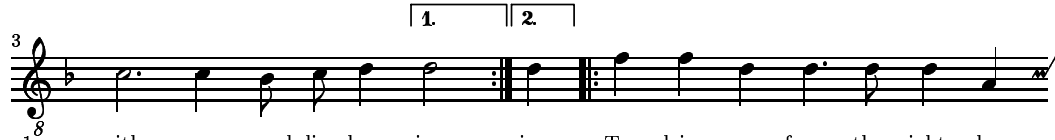


1. sleepe yeelds more de- light, such harm- less beau- tie gra- cing. cing.
not I steale a kisse, Thy qui- et armes em- bra- cing. cing.
2. loves un- kind de- spite, While fu- ry tri- umpht bold- ly ly
livd in sweet em- brace Of her that lov'd so cold- ly. ly.
3. yond a sim- ple kisse: For such de- ceits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

Tenor.



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



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



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

Bassus.



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



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



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

¹Original looks like a dotted eighth quarter, but it has to be a dotted quarter eighth

XI. Come away, come sweet love

Cantus.



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



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



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



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

Altus.



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



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



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



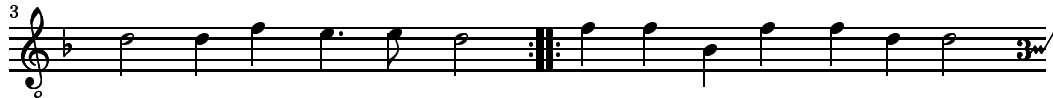
1. mix our soules in mu- tuall blisse.
cur'd by beau- ties rude dis- daine.
2. en- ter- taine the stealth of love.
with sweet hopes and heav'n- ly fire.
3. sire no beau- ties but their owne.
then sweet love our wish- ed flight.

²Original is a quarter note.

Tenor.



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



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



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



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

³Original has a quarter note.

Bassus.



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



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



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

¹Original is missing the dot.

⁴Original has a dot.

XII. Rest a while, you cruell cares

Cantus.



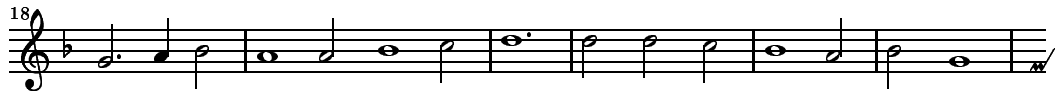
1. Rest a while you cru- ell
2. If I speake, my words want
3. Ne- ver houre of pleas- ing



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



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



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



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



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

¹Rest is editorial

Altus.



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



cares,
wait,
rest

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

Beau- tie kils
If I sigh,
Till my soule



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



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



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



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

⁰Key signature change is actually at start of line, not at start of phrase in original

Tenor.



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



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



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



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



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

Bassus.



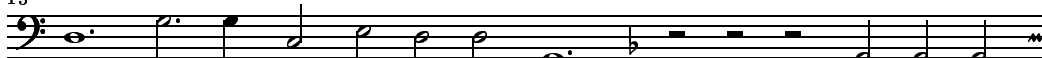
1. Rest a while you cru- ell cares,
 2. If I speake, my words want wait,
 3. Ne-ver houre of pleas- ing rest

6



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

13



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

19



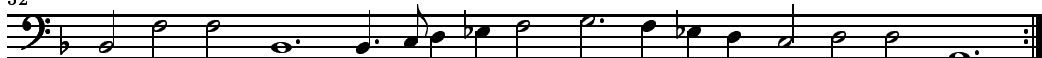
queene of my de- light, Come grant me love in loves de- spite,
 kind, with fa- vour view The wound that first was made by you:
 deeme the soule that dies, By fu- rie of thy mur- dering eyes:

26



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

32



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

XIII. Sleep, waiward thoughts

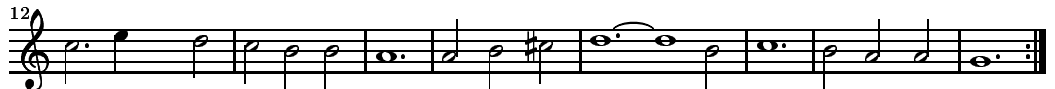
Cantus.



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



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



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

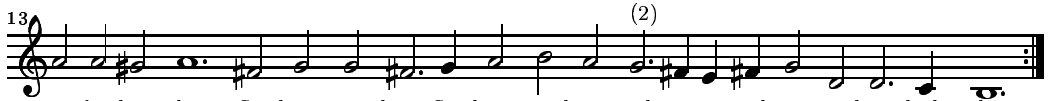
Altus.



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



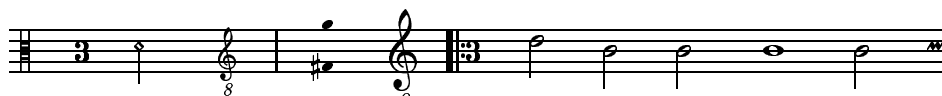
1. Let not my love bee with my love dis- easd. Thus, while she sleeps, I sor-
But pine you with my long- ings long dis- pleasd.
2. The hid- den an- guish of my flesh de- sires Thus while she sleeps, moves sigh-
Be- tweene her browes, neere Cu- pids clo- sed fires,
3. Feare in my love, and yet my love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



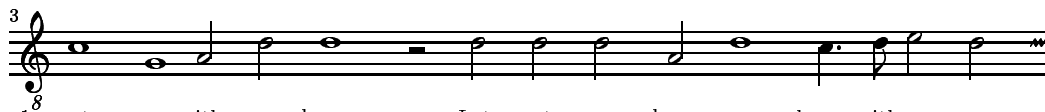
1. row for her sake: So sleeps my love, So sleeps my love, and yet, and yet my love doth wake.
2. ing for her sake: So sleeps my love, So sleeps my love, and yet, and yet my love doth wake.
3. sigh for thy sake: So sleeps my love, So sleeps my love, and yet, and yet my love doth wake.

²Dot is missing in original

Tenor.



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



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



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



- 1.⁸ So sleeps my love, So sleeps my love, and yet and yet my love doth wake.
2. So sleeps my love, So sleeps my love, and yet and yet my love doth wake.
3. sleeps my love, So sleeps my love, and yet, and yet my love doth wake.

Bassus.



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

6



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

13



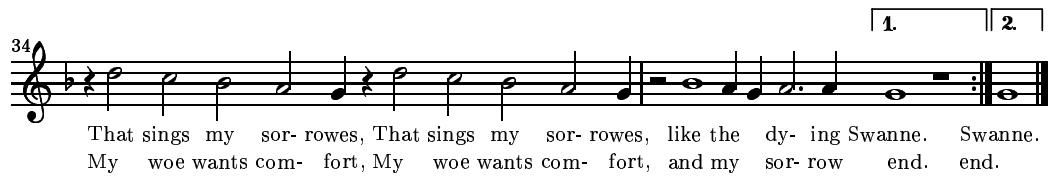
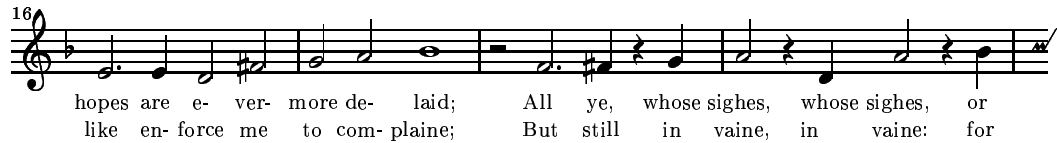
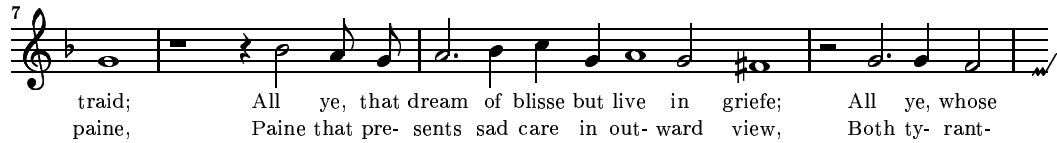
1. row for her sake: So sleeps my love, So sleeps my love, and yet my love doth wake.
2. ing for her sake: So sleeps my love, So sleeps my love, and yet my love doth wake.
3. sigh for thy sake: So sleeps my love, So sleeps my love, and yet my love doth wake.

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

Cantus



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



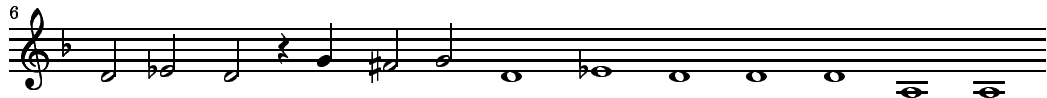
⁰This is actually numbered IX in the original

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

Altus.



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



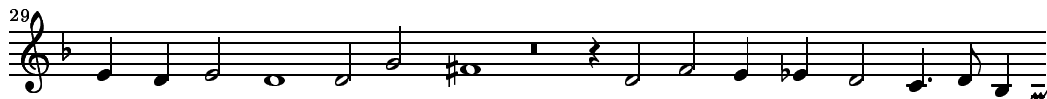
traid, be- traid; All ye, that dream of blisse but live in grieffe;
 paine, with paine, Paine that pre- sents sad care in out- ward view,



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



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



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

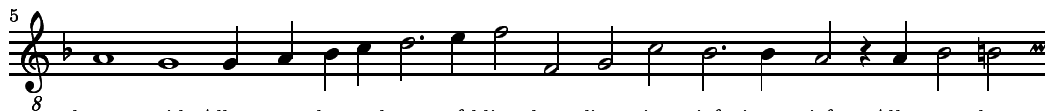


my sor- rowes, like the dy- ing Swanne. Lend eares and Swanne.
 wants com- fort, and my sor- row end. Teares sighes and end.

Tenor.



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



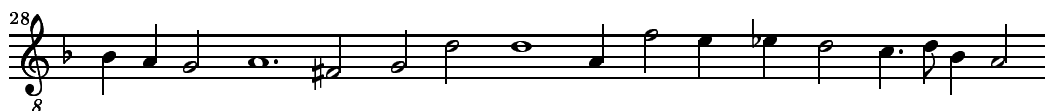
be- traid; All ye, that dream of blisse but live in grieffe; in grieffe; All ye, whose
ward paine, Paine that pre- sents sad care in out- ward view, ward view, Both ty- rant-



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



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

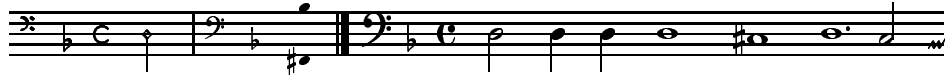


hap- lesse man, most hap- lesse man, That sings my sor- rowes, sor- rowes,
a- lone I spend: a- lone I spend: My woe wants com- fort, com- fort,



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

Bassus.



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



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



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



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



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



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

XV. Wilt thou unkind thus reave me of my heart,

Cantus



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



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



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



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

Altus.



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

1. | 2.

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

1. | 2.

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

Tenor.



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



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



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

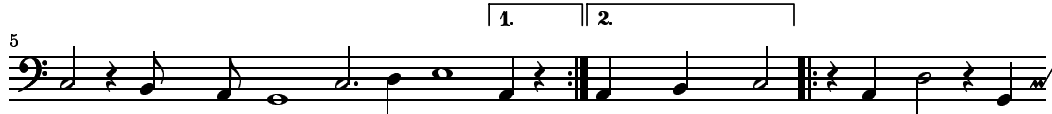


yet or ere I part (O cru-ell) kisse me, kisse me sweet, my Jew-ell. Fare-well: ell.

Bassus.



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



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



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

XVI. Would my conceit, that first enforst my woe,

Cantus



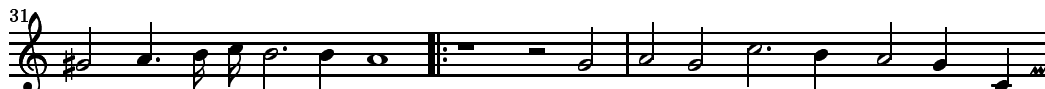
1. Would my con- ceit, that first en- forst my
2. Each houre a- midst the deepe of hell I
3. To all save mee is free to live or



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



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



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



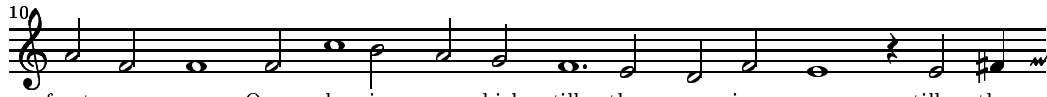
of sowre, And eke whose hel re- new- eth e- very houre.
 the blisse, Which un- to all save mee al- lot- ted is.
 I trust, But to my thralles I yeeld, for so I must.

¹Original has a bar between the note and the dot

Altus.



1. Would my conceit, that first en-
2. Each houre amidst the deepe of
3. To all save mee is free to



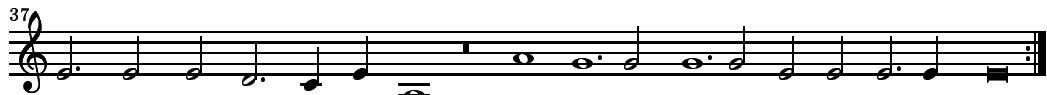
forst my woe, Or els mine eyes which still the same increase, still the
 hell I frie, Each houre I waft and wither where I sit: wither
 live or die, To all save mee remain-eth hap or hope: main-eth



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

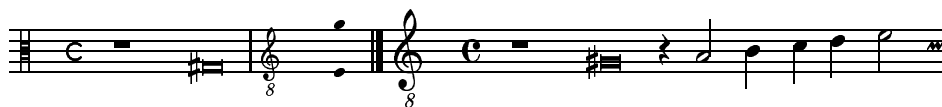


now are such, are such as no- thing can re- lease: Whose life is
 hope a- las, a- las may not in- joy it yet, Whose hope is
 Sith For- tune still, tune still di- rects my hap as hope, Where- fore to



death, whose sweet each change of sowre, And eke whose hel re- new- eth e- very houre.
 such, be- reav- ed of the blisse, Which un- to all save mee al- lot- ted is.
 nei- ther hap nor hope I trust, But to my thralles I yeeld, for so I must.

Tenor.



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



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



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



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



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



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

¹Original has a breve.

Bassus.



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



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



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



life is death, And eke whose hel, whose hel renew-eth e-very houre.
 hope is such, Which un- to all save mee, save mee al- lot- ted is.
 fore to neither But to my thralles I yeeld, I yeeld, for so I must.

XVII. Come again:

Cantus



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



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



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

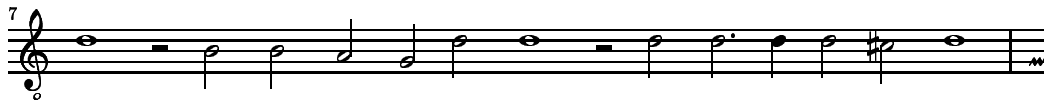


- | | | | |
|-------------|------------------------|---------------------|--------------|
| to die, | with thee a- gaine | in sweet- est sym- | pa- thy. |
| I die, | In dead- ly paine | and end- lesse mis- | er- ie. |
| to grow, | Her frownes the win- | ters of | my woe: |
| do find, | And marke the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

Tenor



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



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



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



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

Bassus



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

6

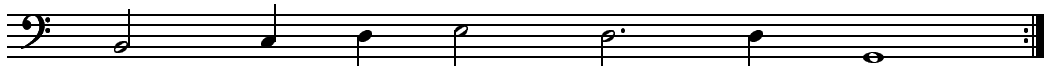


- 1. vite, Thy gra- ces that re- fraine, To do me due de- light, to
- 2. mourne, Through thy un- kind dis- daine: For now left and for- lorne, I
- 3. shine, By frownes doth cause me pine, And feeds mee with de- lay: Her
- 4. dreames, My eyes are full of streames. My heart takes no de- light, To
- 5.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

16



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



- 1. in sweet- est sym- pa- thy.
- 2. and end- lesse mis- er- ie.
- 3. ters of my woe:
- 4. are mee as- signde.
- 5. may once in- vade.
- 6. for tri- umph laughs.

XVIII. His golden locks

Cantus



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

5 (1)

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

10

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

15

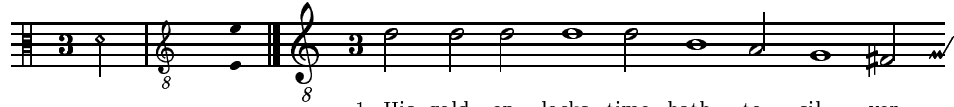
vain, youth wa- neth by in- creas- ing. Beau- tie, strength, youth are
 Pray- ers which are ag- es almes: But though from Court to
 soule that thinks him an- y wrong. Yee gods al- low this

22

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

¹Original is a G.

Tenor



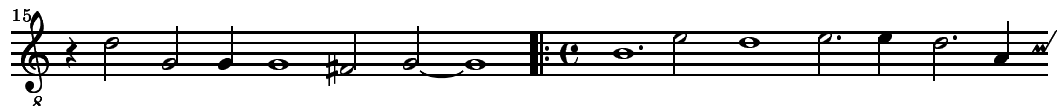
1. His gold- en locks time hath to sil- ver
2. His hel- met now shall make a hive for
3. And when he sad- dest sits in home- ly



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



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

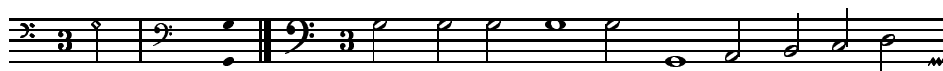


8
 youth wa- neth by in- creas- ing. Beau- tie, strength, youth are flowers but
 ers which are ag- es almes: But though from Court to co- tage
 that thinks him an- y wrong. Yee gods al- low this a- ged



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

Bassus



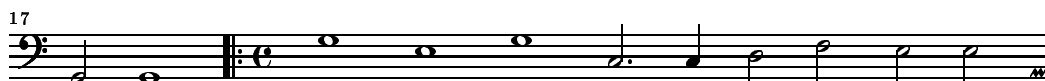
1. His gold- en locks time hath to sil- ver
2. His hel- met now shall make a hive for
3. And when he sad- dest sits in home- ly



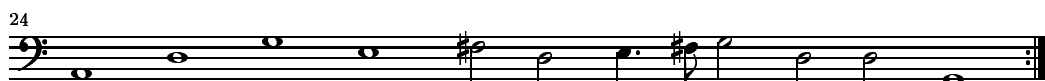
turnde. O time too swift, O swift- nesse ne- ver ceas- ing! His youth gainst
 Bees, And lo- vers So- nets turne to ho- ly Psalmes: A man at
 Cell, Hee'l teach his swaines this Ca- roll for a song, Blest be the



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



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



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

¹Original is half note

XIX. Awake, sweet love,

Cantus



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



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

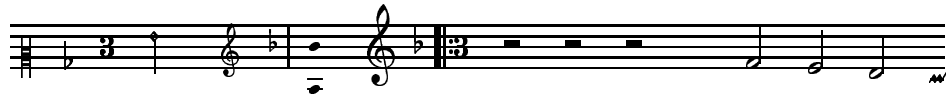


1. On- ly her- selfe hath see- med faire: She on- ly I could love,
De- spaire did make me wish to die; That I my joyes might end:
2. If shee at last re- ward thy love, And all thy harmes re- paire,
And if that now thou wel- com be, When thou with her doest meet,



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

Altus



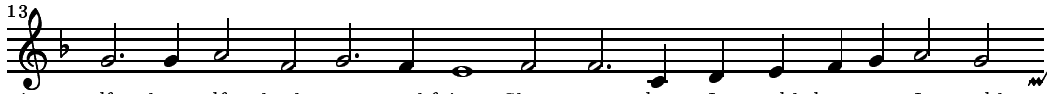
1. A- wake sweet
Let love, which
2. If she es-
De- spaire hath



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



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



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



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

Tenor



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



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



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



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

Bassus



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



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



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



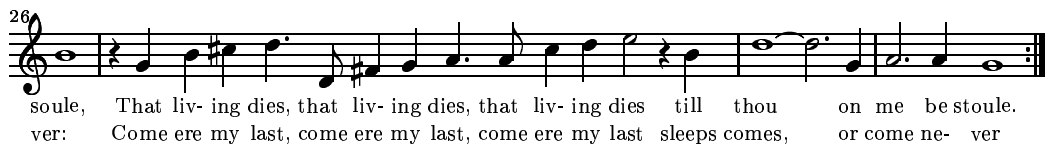
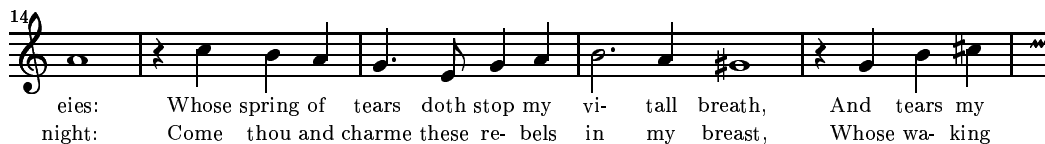
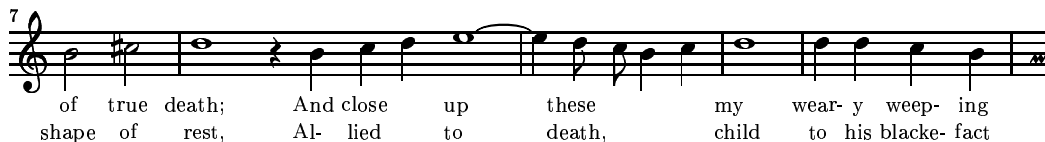
1. love, She on- ly drave me to de- spaire, When she un- kind did prove.
end: She on- ly, which did make me flie, My state may now a- mend.
2. paire, Thy hap- pi- ness will sweet- er prove, Raisd up from deep de- spaire.
meet, She all this while but playde with thee, To make thy joyes more sweete.

XX. Come heavy sleep,

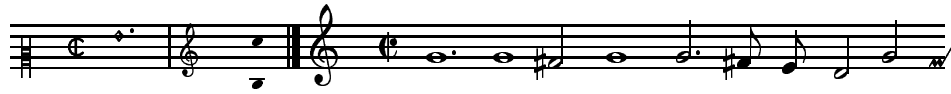
Cantus



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



Altus



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



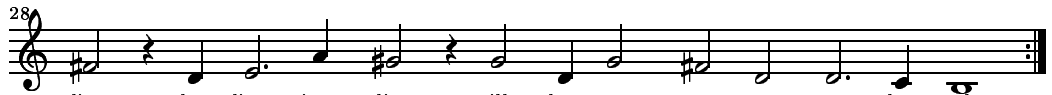
death; And close up these my wear- y, wear- y weep- ing eies: Whose spring of
rest, Al- lied to death, child to his, to his blacke- fact night: Come thou and



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



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



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

Tenor



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



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



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



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



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

Bassus



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



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



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



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



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

Altus



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



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



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



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

Bassus



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



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



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



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