

**Part II**  
**Second Booke**

## I. I saw my Lady weepe

## Cantus



I saw my La- dy  
 Sor- row was there made  
 O fay- rer then ought



weepe, and sor- row proud to bee ad- van- ced so:  
 faire, And pas- sion wise, teares a de- light- full thing,  
 ells, The world can shew, leave of in time to grieve,



in those faire eies, in those faire eies where all per- fec- tions keepe, hir face  
 Si- lence be- yond all speech, be- yond all speech, a wis- dome rare, Shee made  
 I- nough, i- nough, i- nough, i- nough, your joy- full lookes ex- cells, Teares kills



was full of woe, full of woe, But such a woe (be- leeve me)  
 hir sighes to sing, sighes to sing, And all things with so sweet a  
 the heart be- lieve, heart be- lieve, O strive not to bee ex- cel-



as wins more hearts, Then mirth can doe, with hir, with hir in- ty- sing  
 sad - ness move, As made my heart at once, at once both grieve and  
 lent in woe, Which one- ly, ono- ly, breeds your beau- ties o- ver-

## Bassus



I saw my La- dy weepe, I  
 Sor- row was there made faire, Sor-  
 O fay- rer then ought ells, O



saw my La- dy weepe, I saw my La- dy weepe, I saw my La- dy  
 row was there made faire, Sor- row was there made faire, Sor- row was there made  
 fay- rer then ought ells, O fay- rer then ought ells, O fay- rer then ought



weepe, and sor- row proud to bee ad- van- ced so: in those faire eies, faire eyes, where  
 faire, And pas- sion wise, teares a de- light- full thing, Si- lence be- yond, be- yond, all  
 ells, The world can shew, leave of in time to grieve, I- nough, i- nough, in- ough your



all per- fec- tions keepe: hir face was full full of woe, But  
 speech a wis- dome rare, Shee made hir sighes to sing, And all things  
 joy- full lookes ex- cells, O strive not to bee ex- cel- lent in



such a woe as wins more hearts, Then mirth can doe, with hir, in- ty- sing parts.  
 with so sweet a sad- ness move, As made my heart at once both grieve and love.  
 woe, Teares kills the heart be- lieve, Which one- ly breeds your beau- ties o- ver- throw.

## II. Flow my teares

## Cantus



Flow my- teares fall from your springs,  
Downe vaine lights shine you no more,



Ex- ilde for ev- er: Let mee mourne where nights black bird hir sad in- fa- my  
No nights are dark e- nough for those that in dis- pair their lost for- tuns de-



sings, there let me live for - - lorne. Ne- ver may my woes be re-  
plore, light doth but shame dis- close. From the high- est spire of con-



lie- ved, since pit- tie is fled, and teares, and sighes, and grones  
tent ment, my for- tune is throwne, and feare, and grieve, and paine



my wear- ie dayes, my wear- ie dayes, of all joyes have de- pri- ved.  
for my de- serts, for my de- serts, are my hopes since hope is gone.



Harke you sha- dows that in darck- nesse dwell, learne to con- temne light,



Hap- pie, hap- pie they that in hell feele not the worlds des- pite.

## Bassus



Flow teares from your springs; Ex- ild for  
Downe lights shine no more, no night is



ev- er let mee mourne where nights black bird hir sad in- fa- my sings, there let me  
dark e- nough for those that in dis- pair their for- tuns de- plore, light doth but



live for- lorne. Ne- ver may my woes, my woes, be re- lie- ved, since pitt' is  
shame dis- close. From the high- est spire, high'st spire of con- tent- ment, my for- tunes



fled: and teares, and sighes, and grones, my wea- ry dayes, my wear- ry  
throwne, and feare, and grieffe, and paine, for my de- serts, for my de-



dayes all joyes have de- prived. Harke that in Darke- nesse dwel, learne to con- temne  
serts are hopes, hope is gone.



light, Hap- py: hap- py, they that in hell feele not the worlds des- pite.

<sup>1</sup>Original has a quarter note.

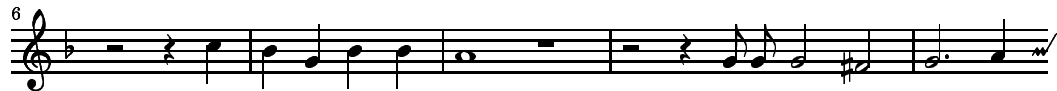
<sup>2</sup>This note is missing in the original.

## III. Sorrow, sorrow stay,

## Cantus



Sor- row sor- row stay,



lend true re- pen- tant teares, to a woe- full, woe- full



wretch- ed wight, hence, hence, dis- paire with they tor- ment- ing feares:



doe not, O doe not my heart poore heart af- fright, pit- ty, pit- ty, pit- ty,



pit- ty, pit- ty, pit- ty, help now or ne- ver, mark me not to end- lesse



paine, mark me not to end- lesse paine, a- las I am con- dempne'd, a-



las I am con- dempne'd, I am con- demp- ned e- ver, no hope, no help, ther doth re-



maine, but downe, down, down, down I fall, but downe, down, down, down I fall, downe

56



and a- rise, downe and a- rise, I ne- ver

Detailed description: This block contains the first line of musical notation, measures 56 through 60. It is written on a single treble clef staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are: "and a- rise, downe and a- rise, I ne- ver".

61



shall, but downe, downe, downe downe, I fall, but downe, downe, downe, downe I fall, downe

Detailed description: This block contains the second line of musical notation, measures 61 through 65. It continues on the same treble clef staff and key signature. The melody features a mix of quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are: "shall, but downe, downe, downe downe, I fall, but downe, downe, downe, downe I fall, downe".

68



and a- rise, downe and a- rise, I ne- ver shall.

(1)

Detailed description: This block contains the third line of musical notation, measures 68 through 72. It continues on the same treble clef staff and key signature. The melody includes quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are: "and a- rise, downe and a- rise, I ne- ver shall." A circled number "(1)" is placed above the staff in measure 70, pointing to a specific note.

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<sup>1</sup>I suspect that there should be a tie between this and the previous note; Dowland has them on two separate lines, but doesn't provide a new word.

## Bassus



Sor- row sor- row stay, lend



true re- pen- tant teares, lend true re- pen- tant re- pen- tant teares, to a



woe- full, woe- full wretch- ed wight, hence, hence, dis- paire with they tor- ment- ing



feares, with they tor- ment- ing feares, Oh doe not my poore heart my poore heart af- fright:



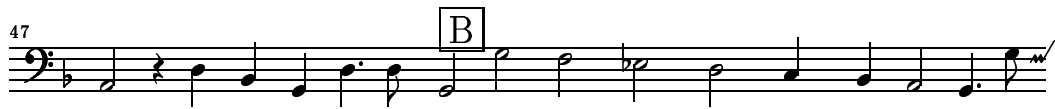
pit- tie, pit- tie, help now or ne- ver, mark mee not to end- lesse paine, O mark



me not to end- lesse paine, a- lasse I am con- dem- ned, con- dem- ned e- ver: a-



lasse I am con- dem- ned, con- demn- ed, I am con- demn'd e- ver, no



hope, no help, ther doth re- maine, but downe, downe, downe, downe, downe I fall, but




53



downe, down, down, down, down, down I fall, downe and a- rise, downe and a-

Detailed description: This block contains the first line of music, starting at measure 53. The staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody consists of a series of quarter and eighth notes, with some rests. The lyrics are written below the staff, aligned with the notes.

59



rise, a- rise I ne- ver shall, but downe, downe, downe, downe, downe I fall, but

Detailed description: This block contains the second line of music, starting at measure 59. The staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The melody continues with quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are written below the staff.

65



downe, downe, downe, downe, downe, downe I fall, downe and a- rise, downe

Detailed description: This block contains the third line of music, starting at measure 65. The staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The melody features a mix of quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are written below the staff.

70



and a- rise, a- rise, a- rise, a- rise, a- rise, a- rise I ne- ver shall.

Detailed description: This block contains the fourth line of music, starting at measure 70. The staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The melody concludes with a final note and a fermata. The lyrics are written below the staff.

## III. Dye not before thy day,

## Cantus

Dye not bee- fore thy day,

6  
poore poore man con- dem- ned, But liift thy low lookes, but liift thy low

14  
lookes from the hum- ble earth, kisse not dis- paire and see sweet hope con-

21  
tem- ned: The hag hath no de- light, but mone but mone for mirth,

28  
O fye poore fond- ling, O fye poore fond- ling, fie fie be will- ing, to pre-

38  
serve thy self from kill- ing: Hope thy keep- er glad to free thee, Bids thee goe and

44  
will not see thee, hye thee quick- ly from thy wrong, so shee endes hir will- ing song.

## Bassus

(1)

Dye not bee- fore thy day, poore

6

man con- demn'd, but lift thy low looks, but lift thy low lookes, thy lookes from

15

A B

t'hum- ble earth, kisse not dis- paire and see sweet hope con- tem- ned: The

23

C

hag hath no de- light, but mone but mone for mirth, O fye O fye

33

(2)

fye poore fond- ling, fye fye be will- ing, to pre- serve thy self from kill- ing,

41

Hope hope thy keep- er is glad for to free thee, and bids thee goe and will not see thee,

45

hye thee quick- ly from thy wrong, so shee endes hir will- ing song.

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<sup>0</sup>Flat is editorial

<sup>2</sup>rest is editorial

## V. Mourne, mourne ,

## Cantus

Mourne, mourne, day is with dark- nesse

5 fed, what heaven then go- vernes earth, oh none, but hell in hea- vens stead,

9 choaks with his mistes our mirth. Mourne mourne, looke now for no more

15 day nor night, but that from hell, Then all must as they may in darke-

19 nesse learne to dwell. But yet this change, must needes change our de- light,

24 that thus the sunne, that thus the Sunne, the Sun should har- bour with the night.

<sup>1</sup>Note that this is the kind of breve that takes up a whole measure, so it's 3 whole notes in the triple meter, or you can count it as two if you count the C meter as starting on this measure.

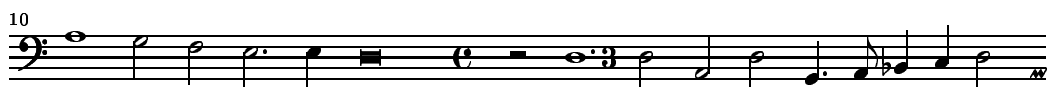
### Bassus



Mourne daies with dark- nesse



fled, What heaven then go- vernes earth, O none but hell in hea- vens stead,



Chokes with his mists our mirth. Mourne looke now for no more



day, nor night but that from hell, Then all must as they



may, In dark- nesse learne to dwell, But yet this change, this change, must



change must change de- light, That thus the Sunne should har- bour with the night.

## VI. Times eldest sonne

## Cantus

Times eldest sonne, olde age the heyre of

8  
ease, Strengths foe, loves woe, and foster to devotion, bids gallant

18  
youths in marshall prowess please, as for himselfe, hee hath no

28  
earthly motion, But thinks sighes teares, vowes, prayers, and sacrifices

38  
fices, As good as showes, maskes, justes, or tilt devises. ses.

1. 2.

### Bassus



Times eld- est sonne, olde age olde age the



heyre of ease, Strengths foe, loves woe, and fos- ter to de- vo- tion, bids gal- rant



youths in mar- shall prow- es please, as for him- selfe hee hath no earth- ly



mo- tion, But thincks but thincks sighes teares, voves, pray- ers, and sa- cri-



fi- ces, As good as shewes, masks, justs, or tilt de- vi- ses. But ses.

## VII. Then sit thee downe

### *Second part.*

#### Cantus

Then sit thee downe, and

6  
say thy Nunc Di- mit- tis, with De pro- fun- dis, Cre- do, and Te

14  
De- um, Chant Mi- se- re- re for what now so fit is, as that, or this, Pa-

23  
ra- tum est cor me- um, O that thy Saint would take in worth thy hart,

33  
thou canst not please hir with a bet- ter part. O that thy part.

1. 2.



### Bassus

Then sit thee downe, and say thy

7

Nunc Di- mit- tis, with De pro- fun- dis, Cre- do, and Te De- um, Chant Mi- se-

16

re- re for what now so fit is, as that, or this, Pa- ra- tum est cor

25

me- um, O that thy Saint would take in worth thy hart, thou canst

33

not please hir with a bet- ter part. O that thy part.

# VIII. When others sings

## *Third part.*

### Cantus



When o- thers sings *Ve- ni- te ex- al-*



Bassus

When o- thers sings Ve- ni- te ve- ni- te

7

ex- al- te- mus, stand by and turne to No- li to no- li e- mu- la- ri, For

17

qua- re fre- mu- e- runt use o- re- mus, Vi- vat E- li- za, Vi- vat E-

28

li- za, For an a- ve ma- ri, and teach those swains that lives a- bout thy cell, to

38

sing A- men A- men when thou dost pray so well.

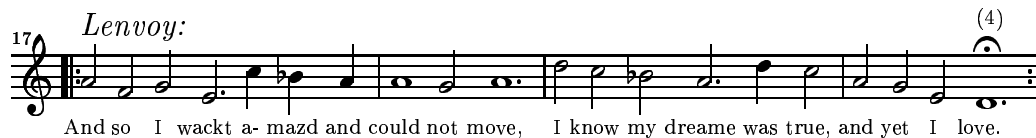
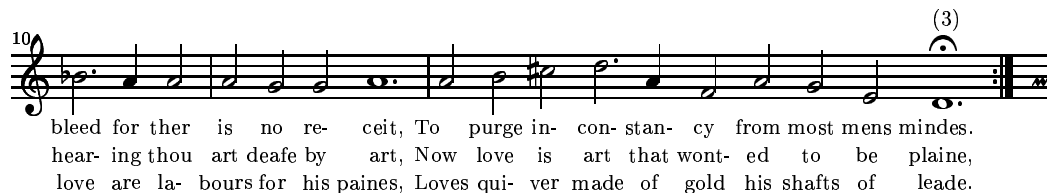
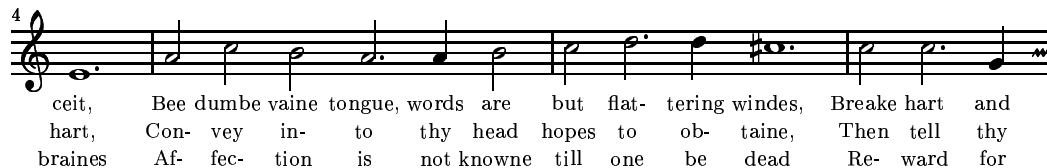
*Heere endeth the Songs of two parts.*

## Praise blindness eies,

## Canto.



1. Praise blind- ness eies, for see- ing is de-
2. And if thine eares false Har- alds to thy
3. Now none is bald ex- cept they see his



<sup>1</sup>The underlay is confusing. The Lenvoy section is printed after the first verse, which has one set of words and a repeat sign. The verse printed at the bottom of the canto part is two sets of words for the A music, but the Lenvoy section is specified to be sung only after the second set. The repeat signs occur in the lute part, at the end of the A section in the Canto part, and in Lenvoy for all parts, but not in the A section of any of the other vocal parts. There are other reasonable interpretations, but I think Dowland probably meant Lenvoy to be sung (and repeated) after all three verses are sung. I would not repeat any of the A section words, i.e., I would sing the A section 3 times with different words each time.

<sup>2</sup>The Canto part is written with no flats or sharps in the key signature; all other parts are written with a key signature of one flat.

<sup>3</sup>Fermata does not appear in this part in the original, but is in Tenore and Basso.

<sup>4</sup>Fermata does not appear in this part in the original, but is all the other parts.

Alto.



1. Praise blind-ness eies, for see- ing is de- ceit,  
 2. And if thine eares false Har- alds to thy hart,  
 3. Now none is bald ex- cept they see his braines



5 Bee dumbe vaine tongue, words are but flat- tering windes, Breake hart and bleed for ther  
 Con-vey in- to thy head hopes to ob- taine, Then tell thy hear- ing thou  
 Af- fec- tion is not knowne till one be dead Re- ward for love are la-



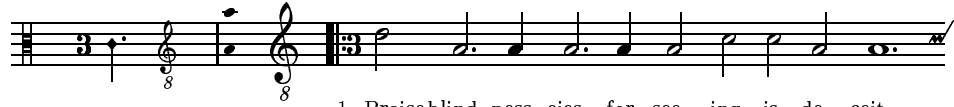
11 is no re- ceit, To purge in- con- stan- cy from most mens mindes.  
 art deafe by art, Now love is art that wont- ed to be plaine,  
 bours for his paines, Loves qui- ver made of gold his shafts of leade.



17 *Lenvoy:*  
 And so I wackt a- mazd and could not move, I know my dreame was true, and yet I love.

<sup>5</sup>Fermata does not appear here in the original, but is in the Tenore and Bassus parts.

## Tenore.



1. Praiseblind- ness eies, for see- ing is de- ceit,
2. And if thine eares false Har- alds to thy hart,
3. Now none is bald ex- cept they see his braines



Bee dumbe vaine tongue, words are but flat- ter- ing windes, Breake hart and bleed for ther  
Con-vey in- to thy head hopes to ob- taine, Then tell thy hear- ing thou  
Af- fec- tion is not knowne till one be dead Re- ward for love are la-



is no re- ceit, To purge in- con- stan- cy from most mens mindes.  
art deafe by art, Now love is art that wont- ed to be plaine,  
bours for his paines, Loves qui- ver made of gold his shafts of leade.



And so I wackt a- mazd and could not move,



I know my dreame, my dreame, was true, and yet I love.

Basso.



1. Praise      blind- ness eies, for see- ing is de-  
 2. And      if thine eares false Har- alds to thy  
 3. Now      none is bald ex- cept they see his



4  
 ceit,      Bee dumbe vaine tongue, words are but flat- tering windes, Breake hart and  
 hart,      Con- vey in- to thy head hopes to ob- taine, Then tell thy  
 braines      Af- fec- tion is not knowne till one be dead      Re- ward for



10  
 bleed for ther is no re- ceit, To purge in- con- stan- cy from most mens mindes.  
 hear- ing thou art deafe by art, Now love is art that wont- ed to be plaine,  
 love are la- bours for his paines, Loves qui- ver made of gold his shafts of leade.



17      *Lenvoy:*  
 And so I wackt a- mazd and could not move, I know my dreame was true, and yet I love.

# O sweet woods the delight of solitarinesse

The “refrain” section at the beginning has no performance directions in the original. Some modern editions treat it like a chorus, to be sung at the beginning and end and also between all the verses. We decided to treat it like a West Gallery “symphonia”, and play it at the beginning and end but not between every verse.

This is another one (besides *Can she excuse my wrongs* Page I-20) where the poem may have been written by the Earl of Essex, who spent time in Wanstead when out of favor with Queen Elizabeth. [Pou82, page 262ff]

## Canto.

O Sweet woods, the de-


light of so- li- ta- ri- nesse, O how much doe I love your so- li- ta- ri- nesse.

1. From fames de- sire, from loves de- light re- tir'd, In these sad  
 2. Ex- per- ience which re- pen- tance one- ly brings, Doth bid mee  
 3. You men that give false wor- ship un- to Love, And seeke that  
 4. You woods in you the fair- est Nimphs have walked, Nimphes at whose

groves an Her- mits life I led, And those false plea- sures  
 now my hart from love es- trange, Love is dis- dained when  
 which you ne- ver shall ob- taine, The end- lesse worke of  
 sight all harts did yeeld to Love, You woods in whom deere




21




which I once ad- mir'd,      With sad re- mem- brance of my fall, my fall I  
 it doth looke at Kings,      And love loe plac- ed base and apt and apt to  
 Sisi- phus you pro- cure,      Whose end is this to know you strive you strive in  
 lo- vers oft have talked,      How doe you now a place of mourn- ing, mourn- ing

27



dread,      To birds,      to trees,      to earth, im- part I this,      For  
 change:      Ther power      doth take      from him his li- ber- ty,      Hir  
 vaine,      Hope and      de- sire      which now your I- dols bee,      You  
 prove,      Wan- sted      my Mis-      tres faith this is the doome,      Thou

35



shee lesse se- cret, and as sence- lesse is.      To is.  
 want of worth make him in cra- dell die.      Their die.  
 needs must loose and feele dis- paire with mee.      Hope me.  
 art loves Child- bed, Nur- ser- y, and Tombe.      Wan- Tombe.

<sup>5</sup>Original has a fermata, which does not appear in the other parts.

Alto.



O Sweet woods, sweet woods the de- light of so- li-



ta- ri- nesse, O how much doe I love your so- li- ta- ri- nesse.

1. From fames de- sire, from
2. Ex- per- ience which re-
3. You men that give false
4. You woods in you the



loves de- light re- tir'd, In these sad groves an Her- mits life I  
pen- tance one- ly brings, Doth bid mee now my hart from love es-  
wor- ship un- to Love, And seeke that which you ne- ver shall ob-  
fair- est Nimphs have walked, Nimphes at whose sight all harts did yeeld to



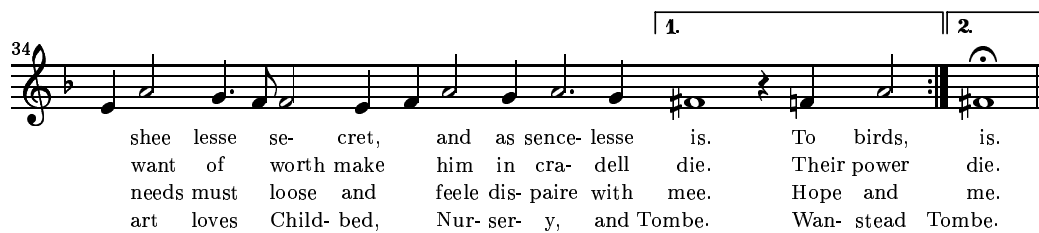
led, I led, And those, And those false plea- sures which I once ad- mir'd,  
trange, es- trange, Love is, Love is dis- dained when it doth looke at Kings,  
taine, ob- taine, The end- The end- lesse worke of Si- si- phus you pro- cure,  
Love, to Love, You woods, You woods in whom deere lo- vers oft have talked,



With sad re- mem- brance of my fall, my fall, I dread, To birds,  
And love loe plac- ed base and apt, and apt to change: Ther power  
Whose end is this to know you strive, you strive in vaine, Hope and  
How doe you now a place of mourn- of mourn- ing prove, Wan- sted



to trees, to earth, to earth, im- part I this, For  
doth take from him, from him his li- ber- ty, Hir  
de- sire which now, which now your I- dols bee, You  
my Mis- tres faith, tres faith this is the doome, Thou



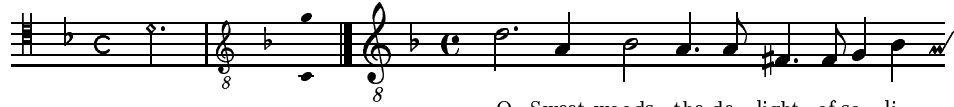
34

1 2

shee lesse se-cret, and as sence-lesse is. To birds, is.  
 want of worth make him in cra-dell die. Their power die.  
 needs must loose and feele dis-paire with mee. Hope and me.  
 art loves Child-bed, Nur-ser-y, and Tombe. Wan-stead Tombe.

<sup>0</sup>The original has a Meter change to C— here only in this part.

Tenore.



O Sweet woods, the de- light of so- li-



ta- ri- nesse, O how much doe I love your so- li- ta- ri- nesse.

1. From fames de-
2. Ex- per- ience
3. You men that
4. You woods in



sire, from loves de- light re- tir'd, In these sad groves an Her- mits life I  
which re- pen- tance one- ly brings, Doth bid mee now my hart from love es-  
give false wor- ship un- to Love, And seeke that shich ou ne- ver shall ob-  
you the fair- est Nimphs have walked, Nimphes at whose sight all harts did yeeld to



led, I led, And those false plea- sures which I once ad- mir'd, With  
trange, es- trange, Love is dis- dained when it doth looke at Kings, And  
taine, ob- taine, The end- lesse worke of Sisi- phus you pro- cure, Whose  
Love, to Love, You woods in whom deere lo- vers oft have talked, How



sad re- mem- brance of my fall, my fall, I dread, To birds, to trees,  
love loe pla- ced base and apt, and apt to change: Ther power doth take  
end is this to know you strive, you strive in vaine, Hope and de- sire  
doe you now a place of mourn- of mourn- ing prove, Wan- sted my Mis-



to earth, to earth, im- part I this, For shee lesse  
 from him, from him his li- ber- ty, Hir want of  
 which now, which now your I- dols bee, You needs must  
 tres faith, tres faith this is the doome, Thou art loves



se- cret, and as sence- lesse, sence- lesse is. To birds, is.  
 worth make him in cra- dell, cra- dell die. Their power die.  
 loose and feele dis- paire, dis- paire with mee. Hope and me.  
 Child- bed, Nur- sery, Nur- sery and Tombe. Wan- stead Tombe.

Basso.



O how much doe I

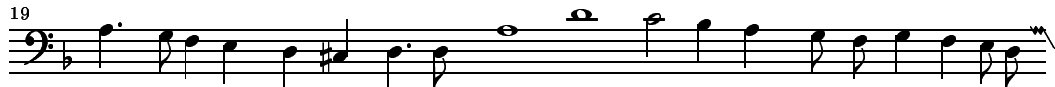


love your so- li- ta- ri- nesse.

1. From fames de- sire, from loves de- light re- tir'd,
2. Ex- per- ience which re- pen- tance one- ly brings,
3. You men that give false wor- ship un- to Love,
4. You woods in you the fair- est Nimphs have walked,



In these sad groves an Her- mits life I led, I led, And those false  
 Doth bid mee now my hart from love es- trange, es- trange, Love is dis-  
 And seeke that which you ne- ver shall ob- taine, ob- taine, The end- lesse  
 Nimphes at whose sight all harts did yeeld to Love, to Love, You woods in



plea- sures which I once ad- mir'd, With sad re- mem- brance of my  
 dained when it doth looke at Kings, And love loe pla- ced base and  
 worke of Sisi- phus you pro- cure, Whose end is this to know you  
 whom deere lo- vers oft have talked, How doe you now a place of



fall, my fall, I dread, To birds, to trees, to earth, to earth, im- part I  
 apt, and apt to change: Ther power doth take from him, from him his li- ber-  
 strive, you strive in vaine, Hope and de- sire which now, which now your I- dols  
 mourn- of mourn- ing prove, Wan- sted my Mis- tres faith, tres faith this is the



this, For shee lesse se- cret, and as sence- lesse is. To birds, is.  
 ty, Hir want of worth make him in cra- dell die. Their power die.  
 bee, You needs must loose and feele dis- paire with mee. Hope and me.  
 doome, Thou art loves Child- bed, Nur- ser- y, and Tombe. Wan- stead Tombe.

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<sup>2</sup>facsimile looks like a half note but may be a misprinting rather than an error.

<sup>4</sup>Facsimile looks like a dotted half; may also be a misprinting

If Floods of teares could cleanse my follies  
past,

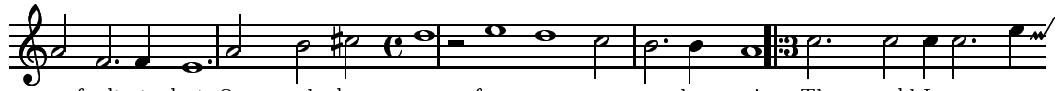
Canto.



If fluds of teares could cleanse my fol- lies past,  
I see my hopes must with- er in their bud,



And smoakes of sighes might sa- cri- fice for sinne, If gron- ing cries might salve  
I see my fav- ours are no last- ing flowers, I see that woords will breede



my fault at last, Or end- les mone, for er- ror par- don win, Then would I cry, weepe,  
no bet- ter good, Than losse of time and light- ening but at houres, Thus when I see then



sigh, and e- ver mone, Mine er- rors, fault, sins, fol- lies past and gone.  
thus I say there- fore, That fa- vours hopes and words, can blinde no more.



## Alto.



If fluds of teares could cleanse my fol- lies  
I see my hopes must with- er in their



past, And smoakes of sighes might sa- cri- fice for sinne, If gron- ing cries might  
bud, I see my fav- ours are no last- ing flowers, I see that words will



salve my fault at last, Or end- les mone, for er- ror par- don win, Then would I cry, weepe,  
breede no bet- ter good, Than losse of time and light- ening but at houres, Thus when I see then



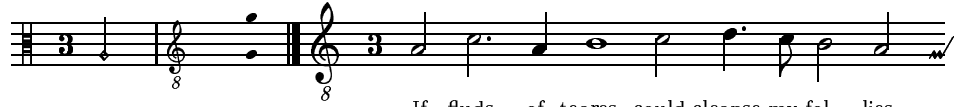
sigh, and e- ver mone, Mine er- rors, fault, er- rors, fault, sins, fol- lies past and gone.  
thus I say there- fore, That fa- vours hopes, fa- vours hopes and words, can blinde no more.

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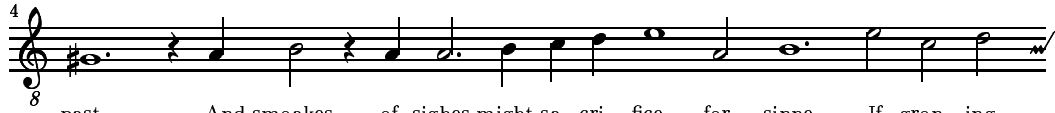
<sup>2</sup>Original is dotted whole

<sup>3</sup>Original has a dot.

## Tenore.



If fluds of teares could cleanse my fol- lies  
I see my hopes must with- er in their



past, And smoakes of sighes might sa- cri- fice for sinne, If gron- ing  
bud, I see my fav- ours are no last- ing flowers, I see that



cries might salve my fault at last, Or end- les mone, for  
woords will breede no bet- ter good, Than losse of time and



er- ror par- don win, Then would I cry, weepe, sigh, and e- ver mone,  
light- ening but at houres, Thus when I see then thus I say there- fore,



Mine er- rors, mine er- rors, fault, sins, sins fol- lies past and gone.  
That fa- vours, that fa- vours hopes and words, words can blinde no more.

<sup>4</sup>Original has a dot.

Basso.

If fluds of teares could cleanse my fol- lies  
I see my hopes must with- er in their

4 (1)

past, And smoakes of sighes might sa- cri- fice for sinne, If gron-  
bud, I see my fav- ours are no last- ing flowers, I see

10

ing cries might salve my fault at last, Or end- les mone, for er- ror par-  
that woords will breede no bet- ter good, Than losse of time and light- ening but

19

don win, Then would I cry, weepe, sigh, and e- ver mone, Mine er- rors,  
at houres, Thus when I see then thus I say there- fore, That fa- vours,

25

mine er- rors, faults, sins, fol- lies past and gone.  
that fa- vours hopes and words, can blinde no more.

---

<sup>1</sup>Rest is editorial.

## XII. Fine knacks for Ladies

## Cantus



Fine knacks for la- dies, cheape choise brave and new,  
Great gifts are guiles and looke for gifts a- gaine,  
With- in this packe pinnes points la- ces and gloves,



5 Good pen- ni- worths but mo- ny can- not move, I keepe a faiyer but for the faier to  
My tri- fles come, as trea- sures from my minde, It is a pre- cious Je- well to bee  
And di- vers toies fit- ting a coun- try faier, But my hart where du- e- ty serves and



12 view, a beg- ger may bee li- ber- all of love, Though all my  
plaine, Some- times in shell th'o- ri- enst pearles we finde, Of o- thers  
loves, Tur- tels and twins, courts brood, a heav- en- ly paier, Hap- py the



19 wares bee trash the hart is true, the hart is true, the hart is true.  
take a sheafe, of mee a graine, of mee a graine, of mee a graine.  
hart that thinkes of no re- moves, of no re- moves, of no re- moves.

Altus



1. Fineknacks for La- dies, cheape, choise, brave
2. Great gifts are guiles and looke for gifts
3. With- in this packe pinnes points la- ces



1. and new, good pen- i- worthes, but mo- ny can- not move, I keep a fayer, but
2. a- gaine, My tri- fles come, as trea- sures from my minde, It is a pre- cious
3. and gloves, And di- vers toies fit- ting a coun- try faier, But my hart where du-

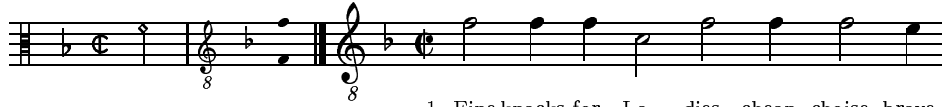


1. for the fayer to view, a beg- ger may be li- ber- all of love, though
2. Je- well to bee plaine, Some- times in shell th'o- ri- enst pearles we finde, Of
3. e- ty serves and loves, Tur- tels and twins, courts brood, a heaven- ly paier, Hap-



1. all my wares be trash, the heart is true, the heart is true, the heart is true.
2. o- thers take a sheafe, of mee a graine, of mee a graine, of mee a graine.
3. py the hart that thincks of no re- moves, of no re- moves, of no re- moves.

## Tenor



1. Fine knacks for La- dies, cheap, choise, brave
2. Great gifts are guiles and looke for gifts
3. With- in this packe pinnes points la- ces



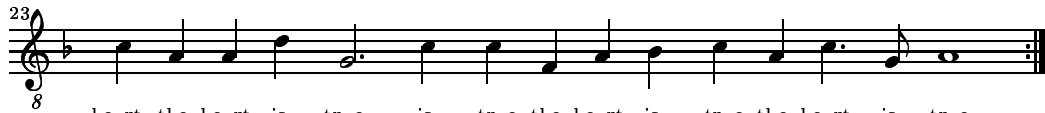
and new, good pen- i- worthes but mo- ny can- not move, I keepe a fayer but  
a- gaine, My tri- fles come, as trea- sures from my minde, It is a pre- cious  
and gloves, And di- vers toies fit- ting a coun- try faier, But my hart where du-



for the fayer to view, a beg- ger may be li- ber- all of  
Je- well to bee plaine, Some- times in shell th'o- ri- enst pearles we  
e- ty serves and loves, Tur- tels and twins, courts brood, a heaven- ly



love, though all my wares be trash, the heart, the heart is true. The  
finde, Of o- thers take a sheafe, a sheafe, of mee a graine, a  
paier, Hap- py the hart that thinkes that thinkes of no re- moves, of



heart, the heart is true is true, the heart is true, the heart is true.  
graine, of mee of mee a graine, of mee a graine, of mee a graine.  
no re- moves of no re- moves, of no re- moves, of no re- moves.

Bassus



1. Fine knacks for ladies cheap, choise, brave and new,
2. Great gifts are guiles and looke for gifts a-gaine,
3. With- in this packe pinnes points la- ces and gloves,



good pe- ni- worthes, but mo- ny can- not move, I keep a fayer, but for the fayer to  
 My tri- fles come, as trea- sures from my minde, It is a pre- cious Je- well to bee  
 And di- vers toies fit- ting a coun- try faier, But my hart where du- e- ty serves and



view, a beg- ger may be li- ber- all of love: though all my wares be  
 plaine, Some- times in shell th'o- ri- enst pearles we finde, Of o- thers take a  
 loves, Tur- tels and twins, courts brood, a heaven- ly paier, Hap- py the hart that



trash, the heart is true, is true, the heart is true, the hart is true, the heart is true.  
 sheafe, of mee a graine, of mee a graine, of mee of mee a graine, of mee a graine.  
 thinks of no re- moves, of no re- moves, of no of no re- moves, of no re- moves.

## XVII. A shepherd in a shade

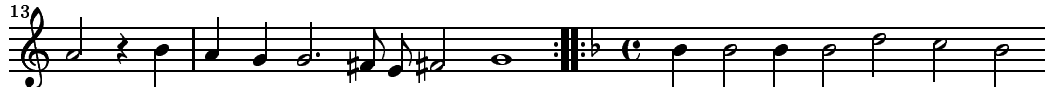
## Cantus



1. A Shep- heard in a shade, his plain- ing  
 Since love and For- tune will, I hon- our  
 2. My hart where have you laid O cru- ell



- 5  
 1. made, Of love and lo- vers wrong, Un- to the fair- est lasse, that trode on  
 still, your faire and love- ly eye, What con- quest will it bee, Sweet Nymph for  
 2. maide, To kill when you might save, Why have yee cast it forth as no- thing



- 13  
 1. grasse, and thus bee- gan his song, Re- store, re- store my hart a-  
 thee, If I for sor- row dye.  
 2. worth, with- out a tombe or grave. O let it bee in- tombed and



- 20  
 1. gaine, Which love by thy sweet lookes hath slaine, least that in- forst by your dis-  
 2. lye, In your sweet minde and me- mo- rie, least I re- sound on e- very



- 28  
 1. daine, I sing, Fye fye on love Fye fye on love, it is a fool- ish thing.  
 2. war- bling string, Fye fye on love, Fye fye on love, that is a fool- ish thing.



## Altus



1. A shep- herd in a shade, his play- ning  
Since love and for- tune wil, I ho- nour
2. My hart where have you laid O cru- ell



- 5  
1. made of love and lov- ers wrong, un- to the fai- rest lasse, un- to the fai- rest  
still, your faier and love- ly eye, what con- quest will it be, what con- quest will it
2. maide, To kill when you might save, Why have yee cast it forth, why have ye cast it



- 12  
1. lasse, that trode on grasse, and thus be - gan his song. Re- store re- store my  
be, sweet Nimphe for thee, if I for sor- row dye.
2. forth, as no- thing worth, with- out a tombe or grave. O let it bee in-



- 19  
1. heart a- gaine, which love by thy sweet lookes hath slaine, by your
2. tombed and lye, In your sweet minde and me- mo- rie, least I



- 28  
1. dis- dain I sing, fie fie on love, fie fie on love, fie, it is a fo- lish thing.
2. re- sound, re- sound, Fie fie on love, fie fie on love, fie, it is a fo- lish thing.

## Tenor



1. A shep-herd in a shade, his play-ning  
Since love and for-tune wil, I ho-nour  
2. My hart where have you laid O cru-ell



1. made of love and lo-vers worg, un-to the fai-rest lasse, un-to the fair-est  
still, your faier and love-ly eye, what con-quest will it be, what con-quest will it  
2. maide, To kill when you might save, Why have yee cast it forth, why have ye cast it



1. lasse that trode on grasse, and thus be gan his song. Re-store re-  
be, sweet Nimphe for thee, if I for sor-row dye.  
2. forth, as no-thing worth, with-out a tombe or grave. O let it



1. store my heart a-gaine, which love by thy sweet sweet lookes hath slaine,  
2. bee in-tombd and lye, In your sweet minde and and me-mo-rie,



1. least that in- forst, in- forst by your dis- daine, by your dis- daine I  
2. least I re-sound, re-sound, on e-very war-string, on e-very



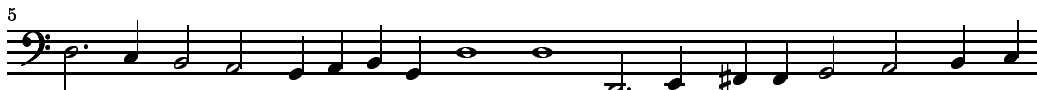
1. sing fie fie on love, fie fie fie on love it is a fo-lish thing.  
2. string, Fie fie on love, fie fie fie on love it is a fo-lish thing.

<sup>2</sup>original is d quarter note

## Bassus



1. A Shep- heard in a shade, his plain- ing  
Since love and For- tune will, I hon- our  
2. My hart where have you laid O cru- ell



- 5  
1. made, Of love and lo- vers wrong, Un- to the fair- est lasse, that trode on  
still, your faire and love - ly eye, What con- quest will it bee, Sweet Nymph for  
2. maide, To kill where you might save, Why have yee cast it forth as no- thing



- 13 (1)  
1. grasse, and thus be- gan his song. Re- store, re- store my heart a- gaine, Which  
thee, if I for sor- row dye,  
2. worth, With- out a tombe or grave. O let it bee in- tombed and lye, In



- 21  
1. love by thy sweet lookes hath slaine, least that in- forst by your dis- daine I sing,  
2. your sweet minde and me- mo- rie, Least I re- sound on e- very war- bling string,



- 29  
1. fye fye on love fye fye on love, fie it is a fo- lish thing.  
2. Fye fye on love, fye fye on love, fie it is a foo- lish thing.

<sup>1</sup>Original has d quarter note.