

Part III
Third Booke

I. Farewell too faire

Cantus



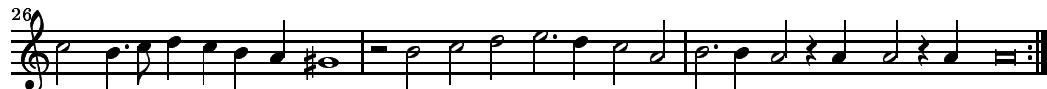
1. Fare- well too faire, too chast but too too
2. Fare- well too deare, and too too much de-



cru- ell, dis- cre- tion ne- ver quen- ch- ed fire with swords: Why has thou made my
sir- ed, Un- less com- pas- sion dwelt more neere they heart: Love by ne- glect (though



heart thine an- gers fu- ell, and now would kill my pas- sions with thy words. This is proud
con- stant) oft is ti- red, And forc't from blisse un- will- ing- ly to part.



beau- ties true a- na- ra- my, if that se- cure se- vere in se- cre sie, fare- well, fare- well.

Bassus



II. Time stands still with gazing on her face,

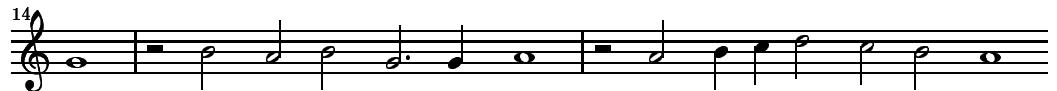
Cantus



Time stands still with ga- zing on her
When for- tune, love, and time at- tend



face, Stand still and gaze for mi- nutes, houres and yeares, to her give
on Her with my for- tunes, love, and time, I hon- our will a-



place: All o- ther things shall change, But she re- mains the same,
lone, If bloud- less en- vie say, Du- tie hath no de- sert.



Till hea- vens chan- ged have their course and time hath lost his name.
Du- tie re- plies that en- vie knowes her selfe his faith- full heart,



Cu- pid doth ho- ver up and downe blind- ed with her faire eyes,
My set- led vovs and spot- less faith no for- tune can re- move,



And for- tune cap- tive at her feete con- tem'd and con- querd lies.
Cour- age shall shew my in- ward faith, and faith shall trie my love.

¹original has whole note.

Bassus

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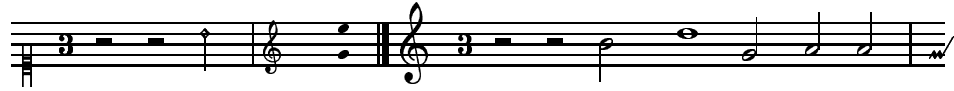
17

28

37

III. Behold a wonder here

Cantus



1. Be- hold a won- der
2. Such beames in- fu- sed
3. Love now no more will
4. So powre- full is the
5. This Beau- tie shows her



here	Love	hath	re-	ceiv'd	his	sight	Which
be	By	Cin-	thia	in	his	eyes,	As
weepe	For	them	that	laugh	the	while,	Nor
beautie.	That	Love	doth	now	be-	hold,	As
might,	To	be	of	dou-	ble	kind,	In



ma-	nie	hun-	dred,	hun-	dred,	hun-	dred	yeares,	Hath	not	be-	held	the	light.
first	have	made	him,	made	him,	made	him	see,	And	then	have	made	him	wise.
wake	for	them	that,	them	that,	them	that	sleepe,	Nor	sigh	for	them	that	smile.
love	is	turn'd	to,	turn'd	to,	turn'd	to	dutie,	That's	nei-	ther	blind	nor	bold.
giv-	ing	love	his,	love	his,	love	his	sight	And	stri-	king	fol-	ly	blind.

Bassus



¹original has whole note.

III. Daphne was not so chaste

Cantus



1. Daph-ne was not so chaste as she was chang-
 He that to day tri- umphs with fa- vors gra-
 2. Beau- tie can want no grace by true love view-
 Like to a fruit- full tree it e- ver grow-



ing, Soon be- gun Love with hate es- tran- ging: Yet is thy beau- tie fainde, and
 ced, Fals be- fore night with scornes de- fa- ced: But if that beau- tie were of
 ed, Fan- cie by lookes is still re- nu- ed:
 eth, Or the fresh- spring that end- lesse flow- eth.



ev- rie one de- sires, Still the false light, the false light of thy trai- terous fires.
 one con- sent with love, Love should live free, should live free, and true plea- sure prove.

Bassus



¹Original has two g quarter notes before this note. These are not in the lute tablature, and cause the whole section to be the wrong length and sound terrible.

IX. What if I never speede,

Cantus



1. What if I ne- ver speede, Shall I
or shall I change my love, for I
2. Oft have I dreamed of joy, yet I
Oft have I left my hope, as a



1. straight yeeld to dis- paire, And still on so- row feede That can no losse re-
find power to de- part, and in my rea- son prove I can com- mand my
2. ne- ver felt the sweete, But tir- ed with an- noy my griefs each oth- er
wretch by fate for- lorne. But Love aimes at one scope, And loft wil stil re-



1. paire. But if she will pit- tie my de- sire, And my love re- quite, then
hart.
2. greete. He that once loves with a true de- sire ne- ver can de- part, for
turne:



1. e- ver shall shee live my deare de- light. Come, come, come, while I have a heart to de-
2. Cu- pid is the king of e- very hart.



1. sire thee. Come, come, come, for ei- ther I will love or ad- mire thee.

Altus



1. What if I ne- ver speede, Shall I
or shall I change my love, for I
2. Oft have I dreamed of joy, yet I
Oft have I left my hope, as a



3. straight yeeld to dis- paire, And still on so- row feede That can no losse re-
find power to de- part, and in my rea- son prove I can com- mand my
2. ne- ver felt the sweete, But tir- ed with an- noy my griefs each oth- er
wretch by fate for- lorne. But Love aimes at one scope, And loft wil stil re-



1. paire. But if she will pit- tie, pit- tie, pit- tie my de- sire, And my love re-
hart.
2. greet. He that once loves with a true. a true, a true de- sire ne- ver can de-
turne:



1. quite, then e- ver shall shee live my deare de- light. Come, come, come, while I
2. part, for Cu- pid is the king of e- very hart.



1. have a heart to de- sire thee. Come, come, for ei- ther I will love or ad- mire thee.

Tenor



1. What if I ne- ver speede, Shall I
 or shall I change my love, for I
 2. Oft have I dreamed of joy, yet I
 Oft have I left my hope, as a



3. straight yeeld to dis- paire, And still on so- row feede That can no losse re-
 find power to de- part, and in my rea- son prove I can com- mand my
 2. ne- ver felt the sweete, But tir- ed with an- noy my griefs each oth- er
 wretch by fate for- lorne. But Love aimes at one scope, And loft wil stil re-



8. 1. paire. But if she will pit- tie my de- sire, And my love, my love, re- quite, then e- ver shall
 hart.
 2. greeete. He that once loves with a true de- sire ne- ver can, ver can, de- part, for Cu- pid is
 turne:



shee live my deare de- light. Come, come, come, while I have a heart to de-
 the king of e- very hart.



18. 1. sire thee. Come, come, for ei- ther I will love or ad- mire thee.

¹rest is editorial.

Bassus



- 1. What if I ne- ver speede, Shall I
or shall I change my love, for I
- 2. Oft have I dreamed of joy, yet I
Oft have I left my hope, as a



- 3. straight yeeld to dis- paire, And still on so- row feede That can no losse re-
find power to de- part, and in my rea- son prove I can com- mand my
- 2. ne- ver felt the sweete, But tir- ed with an- noy my griefs each oth- er
wretch by fate for- lorne. But Love aimes at one scope, And loft wil stil re-



- 1. paire. But if she will pit- tie my de- sire, And my love re- quite, then e- ver shall
hart.
- 2. greete. He that once loves with a true de- sire ne- ver can de- part, for Cu- pid is
turne:



- shee live my deare de- light. Come, come, come, while I have a heart to de-
the king of e- very hart.



- 1. sire thee. Come, come, for ei- ther I will love or ad- mire thee.

XVIII. It was a time when silly Bees could speake,

This is yet another poem that may have been written by the Earl of Essex to Queen Elizabeth. (cf. *Can she excuse my wrongs* Page I-20 and *O sweet woods*, Page II-26)

Cantus



1. It was a time when sil- ly Bees could
2. Thenthus I buzd, when time no sap would
3. My liege, Gods graunt thy time may ne- ver



speake, And in that time I was a sil- lie Bee, Who fed on Time un-
give, Why should this bless- ed time to me be drie, Sith by this Time the
end, And yet vouch- safe to heare my plaint of Time, Which fruit- lesse Flies have



til my heart gan break, Yet ne- ver found the time would fa- vour mee. Of all the
la- zie drone doth live, The waspe, the worme, the gnat, the but- ter- flie, Mat- ed with
found to have a friend, And I cast downe when A- ro- mies do clime. The king re-



swarme I one- ly did not thrive, Yet brought I waxe and ho- ney to the hive.
griefe, I kneel- ed on my knees, And thus com- plained un- to the king of Bees.
plied but thus, Peace pee- vish Bee, Th'art bound to serve the time, the time not thee.

Altus



1. It was a time, a time, when
2. Thenthus I buzd, I buzd, when
3. My liege, Gods graunt, Gods graunt, thy



sil- ly Bees could speake, And in that time I was, I was a sil- lie Bee,
 time no sap would give, Why should this bless- ed time, ed time to me be drie,
 time may ne- ver end, And yet vouch- safe to heare, to heare my plaint of Time,



Who fed on Time un- til my heart, my heart gan break, Yet ne- ver
 Sith by this Time the la- zie drone, zie drone doth live, The waspe, the
 Which fruit- lesse Flies have found to have, to have a friend, And I cast



found the time would fa- vour mee. Of all the swarme I one- ly, I one- ly
 worme, the gnat, the but- ter- fie, Mat- ed with griefe, I kneel- ed, I kneel- ed
 downe when A- ro- mies do clime. The king re- plied but thus, Peace pee- vish,



did not thrive, Yet brought I waxe and ho- ny, ho- ny to the hive.
 on my knees, And thus com- plained un- to the king, the king of Bees.
 pee- vish Bee, Th'art bound to serve the time, the time, the time not thee.

Tenor



1. It was a time, a time when
2. Then thus I buzd, I buzd, when
3. My liege, Gods graunt, Gods graunt thy



sil- ly Bees could speake, And in that time I was a sil- lie
 time no sap would give, Why should this bless- ed time to me be
 time may ne- ver end, And yet vouch- safe to heare my plaint of



Bee, Who fed on Time un- til my heart gan break, Yet ne- ver
 drie, Sith by this Time the la- zie drone doth live, The waspe, the
 Time, Which fruit- lesse Flies have found to have a friend, And I cast



found the time, the time would fa- vour mee. Of all the swarme, the swarme I
 worme, the gnat, the gnat, the but- ter- flie, Mat- ed with griefe, with griefe, I
 downe, cast downe when A- ro- mies do clime. The king re- plied, re- plied but



one- ly, one- ly did not thrive, Yet brought I waxe and ho- ney to the hive.
 kneel- ed, kneel- ed on my knees, And thus com- plained un- to the king of Bees.
 thus, Peace pee- vish, pee- vish Bee, Th'art bound to serve the time, the time not thee.

¹rest is editorial.

Bassus



1. It was a time, a time when
2. Thenthus I buzd, I buzd, when
3. My liege, Gods graunt, Gods graunt thy



3
 sil- ly Bees could speake, And in that time I was a sil- lie Bee,
 time no sap would give, Why should this bless- ed time to me be drie,
 time may ne- ver end, And yet vouch- safe to heare my plaint of Time,



9
 Who fed on Time un- til my heart gan break, Yet ne- ver
 Sith by this Time the la- zie drone doth live, The waspe, the
 Which fruit- lesse Flies have found to have a friend, And I cast



14
 found the time would fa- vour mee. Of all the swarme, the swarme I
 worme, the gnat, the but- ter- flie, Mat- ed with griefe, with griefe, I
 downe when A- ro- mies do clime. The king re- plied, re- plied but



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 one- ly, I one- ly did not thrive, Yet brought I waxe and ho- ney to the hive.
 kneel- ed, I kneel- ed on my knees, And thus com- plained un- to the king of Bees.
 thus, Peace pee- vish, pee- vish Bee, Th'art bound to serve the time, the time not thee.