

JOHN DOWLAND

THE THIRD AND LAST BOOKE
OF SONGS OR AIRES.

Newly composed to sing to the
Lute, Orpharion, or viols, and a dia-
logue for a base and meane Lute
with five voices to sing thereto.



PERFORMERS' FACSIMILES
NEW YORK

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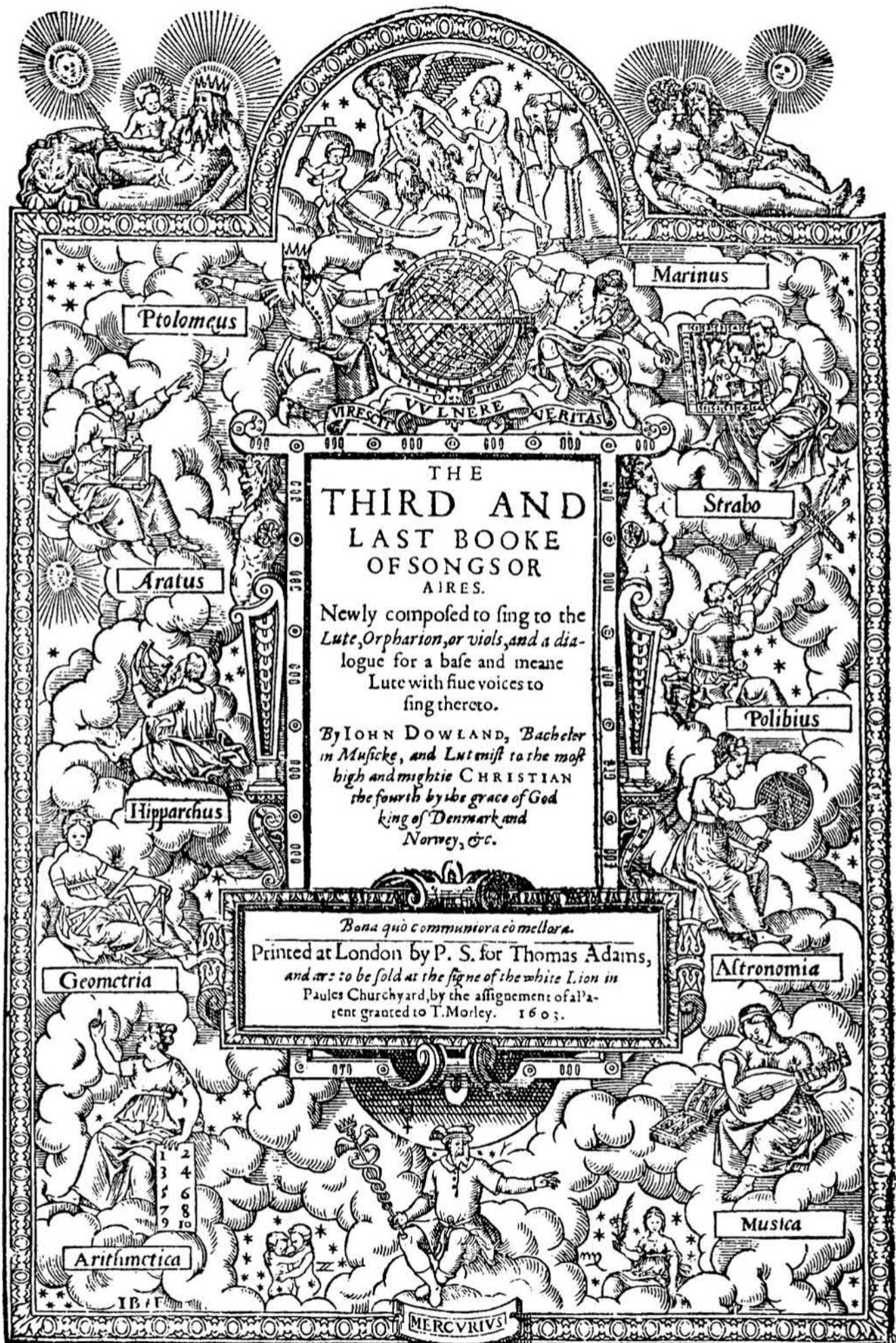
The present facsimile of Dowland's *Third and Last Booke of Songs or Aires* is based on the copy belonging to the Folger Shakespeare Library, Washington, D.C. The cooperation of the library and its staff is gratefully acknowledged.



Performers' Editions

54129

Printed in U. S. A.







TO MY HONORABLE GOOD FRIEND

John Souch Esquire, for many curtesies for which I imbolden my selfe, presuming of his good fauour, to present this simple worke, as a token of my thankefulnes.



HE estimation and kindnes which I haue euer bountifullly receiued from your fauour, haue mooued me to present this nouelty of musick to you, who of al others are fitteſt to iudge of it, and worthiſt out of your loue to protect it. If I gaue life to theſe, you gaue ſpirit to me; for it is alwaies the worthy reſpect of others that makes arte proſper in it ſelfe. That I may therefore professe, and make maniſtent to the world both your ſingular affection to me, and my gratefull minde in my weake ability to you, I haue here prefijxt your honourable name, as a bulwark of ſafetie, and a title of grace, thinking my ſelfe no way able to deserue your fauours more, then by farther enga- ging my ſelfe to you for this your noble preſumed patronage. He that hath acknowledged a fauour, they ſay, hath halfe repaide it: and if ſuch payment may paſſe for currant, I ſhal be euer readie to grow the one halfe out of your debt, though how that ſhould be I knowe not, ſince I owe my ſelfe (and more, if it were poſſible) vnto you. Accept me wholy then I beſeech you, in what tearmes you pleafe, being euer in my vttermoſt ſeruice

Deuoted to your Honours kindeſſe,

JOHN DOWLAND.



The Epistle to the Reader.



HE applause of them that iudge, is the incouragement of those that write : My first two bookeſ of aires ſpeed ſo well that they haue produced a third, which they haue fetcht far from home, and brought euē through the moſt perilous ſeas, where hauiing eſcapte ſo many ſharpe rocks, I hope they ſhall not be wrackt on land by curiuoue and biting censures. As in a hieue of bees al labour alike to lay vp honny oppoſing them ſelues againſt none but fruitles drones ; ſo in the house of learning and fame, all good indeuourers ſhould ſtrive to ad ſomewhaſt that is good, not malicing one an other, but altogetheſ bandying againſt the idle and malicioſe ignorant. My labours for my part I freely offer to euerie mans iudgement, preſuming, that fauour once attayned, is more eaſily encreaſed then loſt.

JOHN DOWLAND.

A Table of all the Songs contained in
this Booke.

- I. Farewell too faire.
- II. Time stands still.
- III. Behold a wonder heere.
- IV. Daphne was not so chaste as she was changing.
- V. Me me and none but me.
- VI. When Phœbus first did Daphne loue.
- VII. Say loue if euer thou didst finde.
- VIII. Flow not so fast ye fountaines.
- IX. What if I neuer speede.
- X. Loue stood amaz'd at sweet beauties paine.
- XI. Lend your cares to my sorrow good people.
- XII. By a fountaine where I lay.
- XIII. Oh what hath ouerwrought my all amazed thought.
- XIII. Farewell vnkind farewell.
- XV. Weepe you no more sad fountaines.
- XVI. Fie on this faining, is loue without desire.
- XVII. I must complaine, yet doe enioy.
- XVIII. It was a time when silly Bees could speake.
- XIX. The lowest trees haue tops.
- XX. What poore Astronomers are they.
- XXI. Come when I call, or tarrie till I come.

I.

CANTVS.



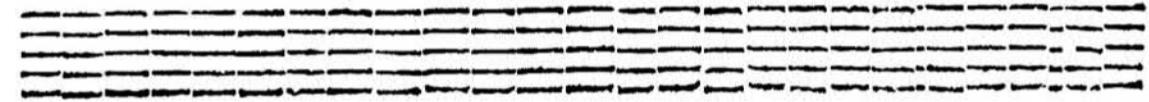
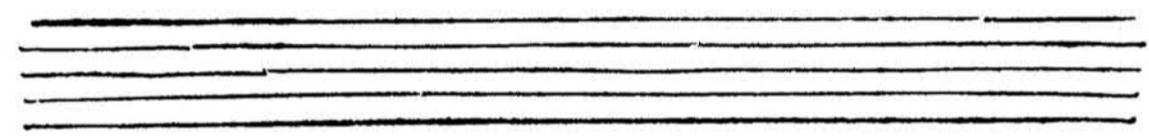
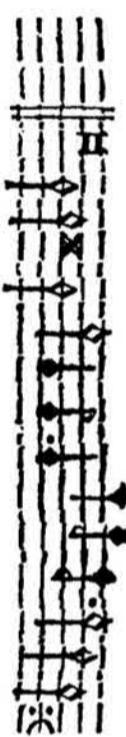
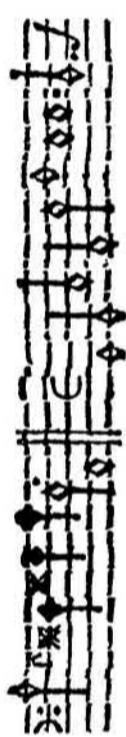
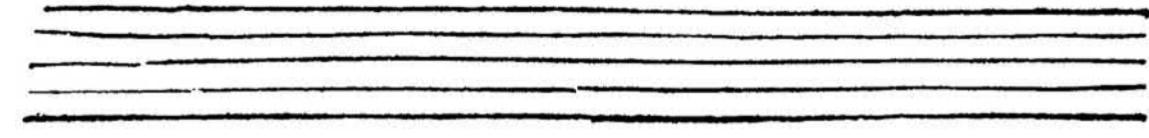
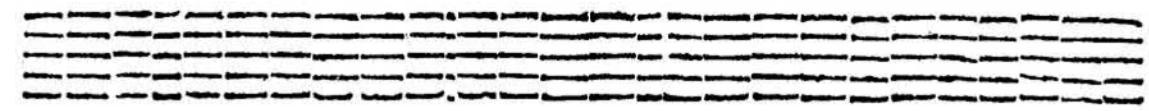
Arewell too faire, too chast but too too cruell,
 R.BB R B B B B !

discretion neuer quenched fire with swords: Why hast thou made my heart thine angers
 R B B B R B R B B B B !

fuell, and now would kill my passions with thy words. This is proud beauties true anancy,
 B B B B R B I I R B I

if that se- cure seure in secrecie, farewell, farewell.
 R B R B B BB B B R B I

Farewell too deare, and too too much desired,
 Vnlesse compassion dwelt more neere thy heart:
 Loue by negle^ct (though constant) oft is tired,
 And forc^et from blisse vnwillingly to part.
 This is proud beauties, &c.



II.

CANTVS.



Ime stands still with ga-zing on her face,

I R B B B B P.B B B I

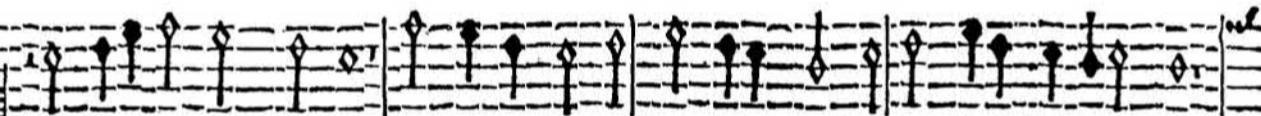
a a c e f c a c d t b e a c e f
c c e f c c c b e c e c
c c e f c c c b e c e c



stand still and gaze for minutes, houres and yeares, to her giue place: All other things shall change,

I R B R B P.B B P B B I

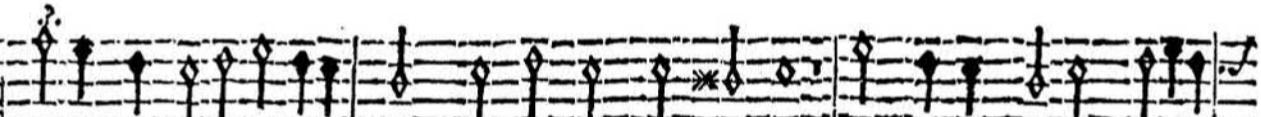
a a c e f c a c d t b e a c e f
f c d e f f d e f d e f
t b e c e c b e c e c
c a b c a e b c a b c a



but shée remaines the same, till heauens changed haue their course & time hath lost his name.

I R B R B B B R I

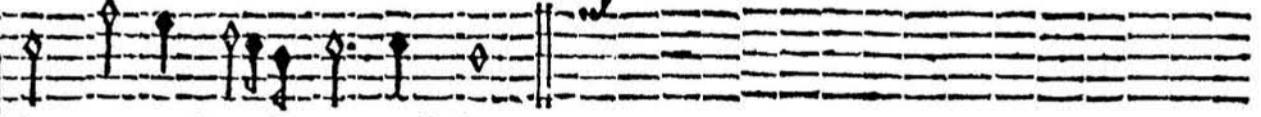
a a c e f c a c d t b e a c e f
f c d e f f d e f d e f
t b e c e c b e c e c
c a b c a e b c a b c a



Cupid doth houer vp and downe blinded with her faire eyes, and fortune captiue at her

R B B B R I B B B

a c e f d e f d e f
t b e c e c b e c e c
c a b c a e b c a b c a



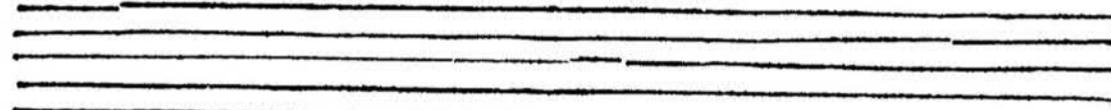
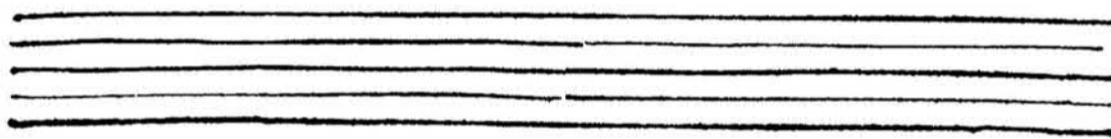
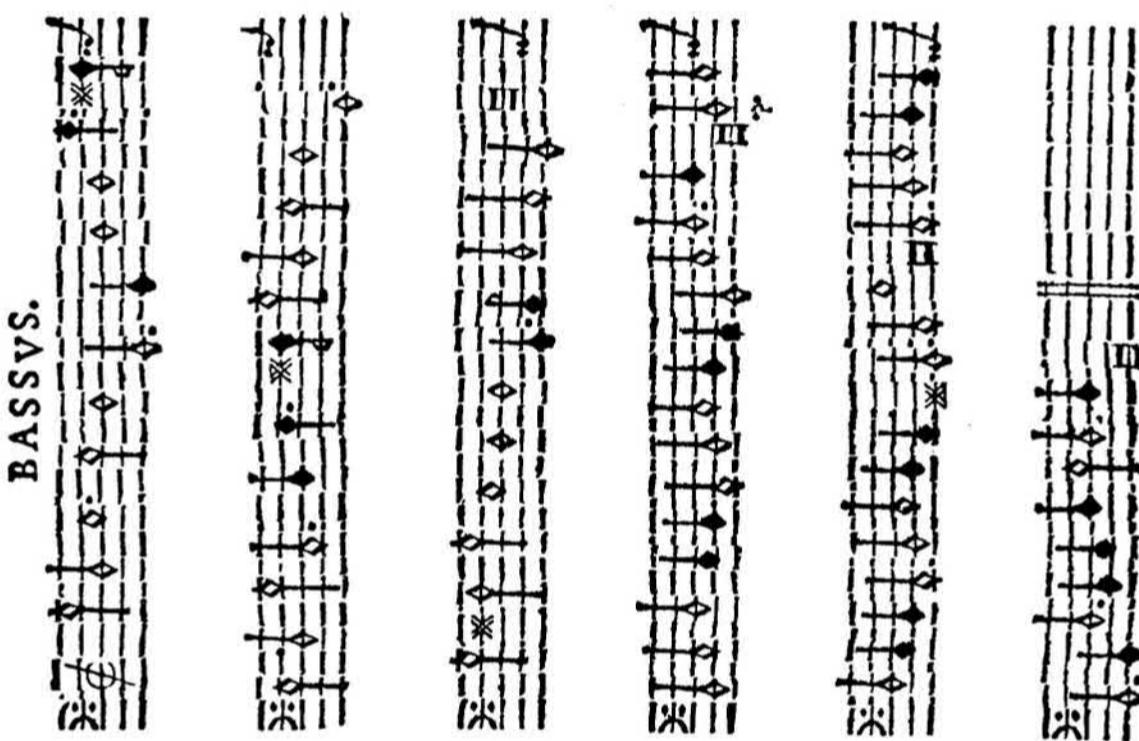
feete contem'd and conquerd lies.

R.B B P.B B R I

a a c e f c a c d t b e a c e f
t b e c e c b e c e c
c a b c a e b c a b c a

a

When fortune, loue, and time attend on
Her with my fortunes, loue, and time, I honour will alone,
If bloudlesse enuie say, dutie hath no desert.
Dutie replies that enuie knowes her selfe his faithfull heart,
My settled vowes and spotlesse faith no fortune can remoue,
Courage shall shew my inward faith, and faith shall trie my loue.



C



III.

CANTVS.

Ehold a wonder here Loue hath re-

ceiu'd his sight which manie hundred yeares,hath not beheld the

light.

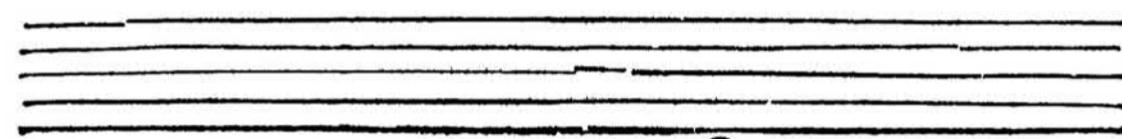
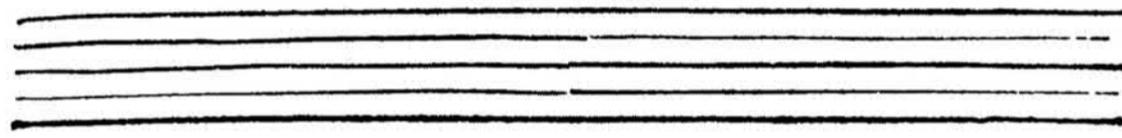
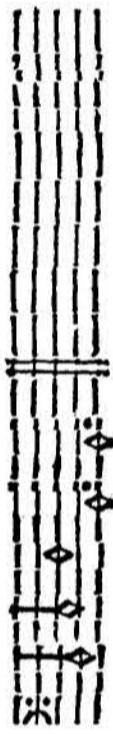
2 Such beames infused be
By *Cinthia* in his eyes,
As first haue made him see,
And then haue made him wife.

3 Loue now no more will weepe
For them that laugh the while,
Nor wake for them that sleepe,
Nor sigh for them that smile.

4 So powrefull is the beautie
That Loue doth now behold,
As loue is turn'd to dutie,
That's neither blind nor bold.

5 This Beautie shewes her might,
To be of double kind,
In giuing loue his sight
And striking folly blind.

BASSVS.



C₂

III.

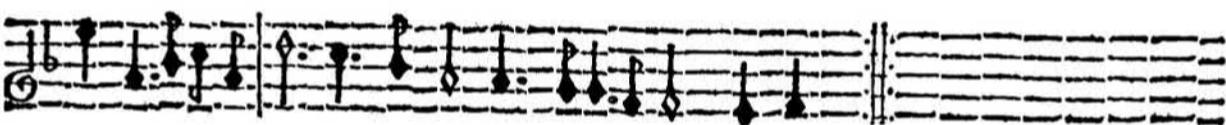
CANTVS.



*Aphne was not so chaste as she was changing, Soon begun
he that to day triumphs with fauors graced, fals before*



*Loue with hate estranging: Yet is thy beautie fainde, and eurie one de-
night with scornes de- fa- ced:*



fires, still the false light the false light of thy traicterous fires.



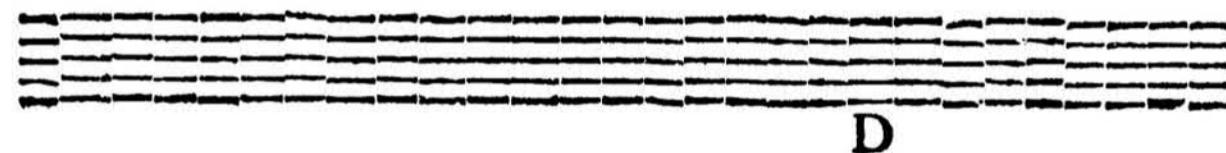
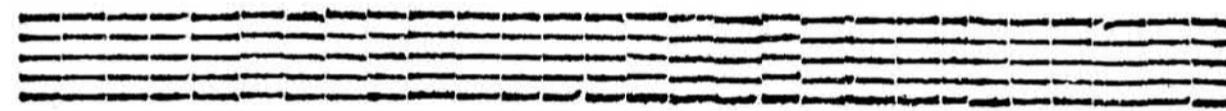
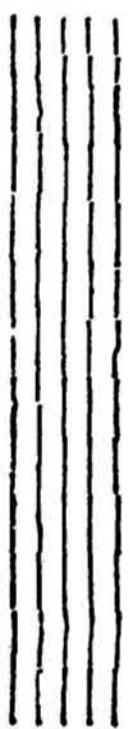
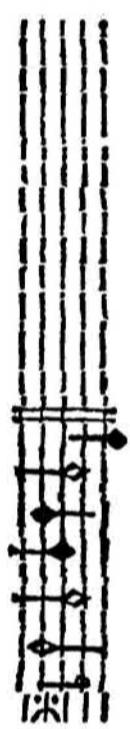
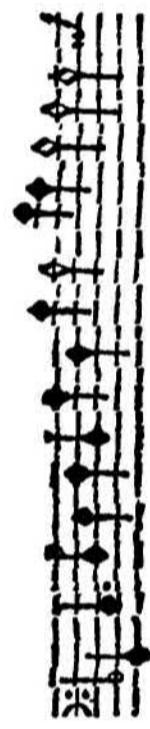
Beautie can want no grace by true loue viewed,
Fancie by looks is still remedie:

Like to a fruitfull tree it euer groweth,
Or the fresh-spring that endlesse floweth.
But if that beautie were of one consent with loue,
Loue should liue free, and true pleasure proue.

BASSVS.



Daphne.



D

V.

CANTVS



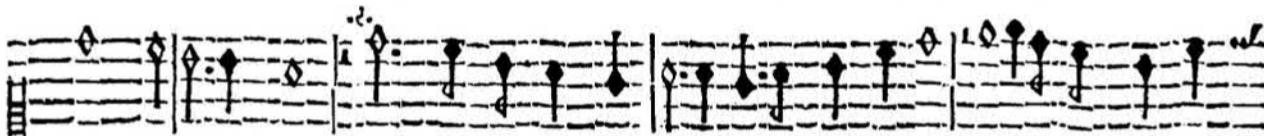
E me and none but me, dart home O gentle death and quickie, for I draw too

B B B. B. B. B B B B | B B B R B B |

aaa a a a a a a a a | a a a a a a a a |

c c c c c c c c | d a c c c c c |

c c c c c c c c | a t c e c c c c |



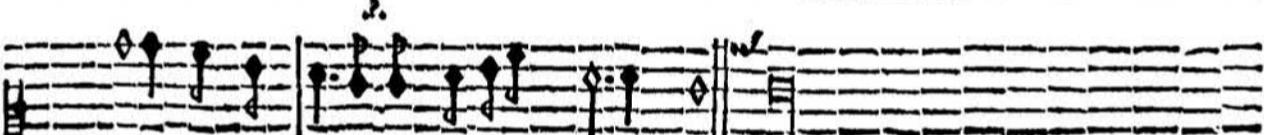
long this idle breath : O howe I long till I may fly to heauen aboue, vnto my faithfull

B G B | B B B B B B | B.B B | B.B B |

b c b g c a c a c a | b c a c a c a c a |

e d a b g f c t a c a c d | e f c d e f c d e |

c b c a c a c a c a | c c b c a c a c a |



and beloued turtle doue,

B G B B B B B |

a c b d c e f t b a | c f c b d c e f t |

Like to the siluer Swanne,
before my death I sing:
And yet alue
my fatall knell I helpe to ring.
Still I desire from earth
and earthly ioyes to flie,
He never happie liu'd,
that cannot loue to die.

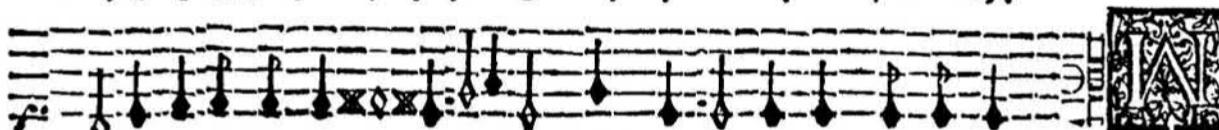
beloued tur. the doue.



too long this idle breath. O how I long till I may fly to heauen above unto my faidfull and

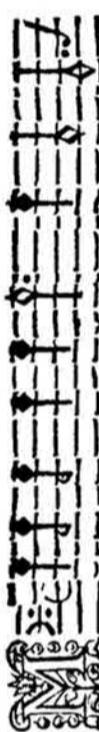


me me and none but me, dart home O gentle death, and quickly for I draw



ALTVS.

BASSVS.



E me and none but me, dart home O



gentle death and quickly, for I draw too long



this idle breath. O how I long till I may fly to



heau'n above unto my faidfull and beloued



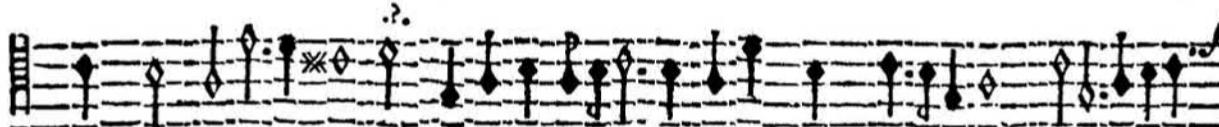
turtle done.



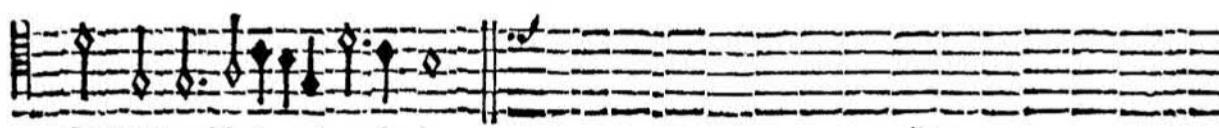
TENOR.



E me and none but me, dart home O gentle death, and quickly, for I drawe too long



too long this idle breath. O how I long til I may fly to heauen a- boue, vn- to my



faithfull and beloued turtle done.

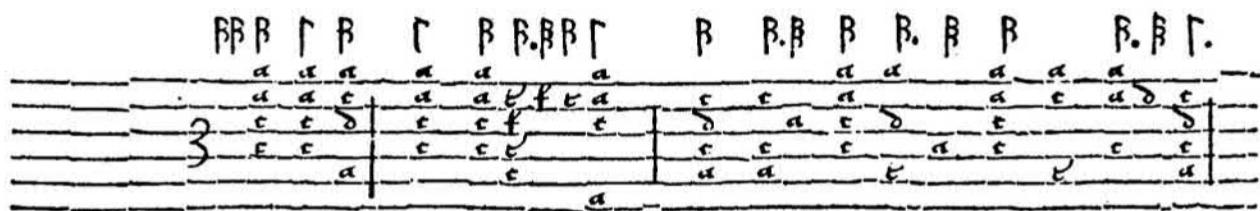
D 2

VI

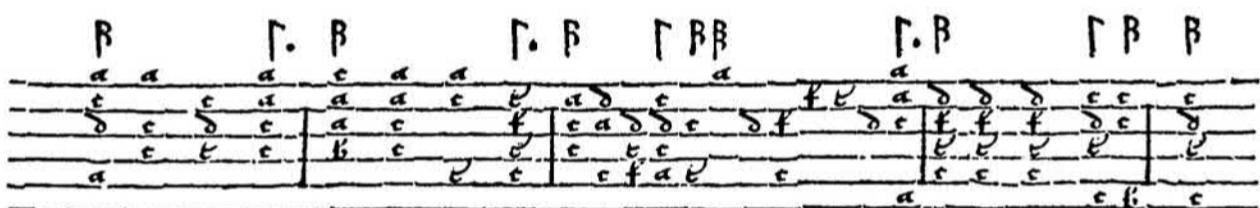
CANTVS.



Hen Phæbus first did Daphne loue, and no meanes might her fauour moue



he crav'd the cause, the cause quoth she is, I haue vow'd virginitie. Then in a rage he sware,



and said, past fifteene none none but one should liue a maid.



If maidens then shal chance be sped
Ere they can scarsly dresle their head,
Yet pardon them, for they be loth
To make good Phæbus breake his oth.
And better twere a child were borne,
Then that a god should be forswome.

Iware, and fayld, pale, faire none none but one should live a maid.

BASSVS.

Hen Phæbus first did Daphne loue, And no
means might her fauour moue, hee crau'd the
cause, the cause (quoth she) is, I haue vow'd virgi-

TENOR.

nitie, Then in a rage he fware and faid, past fiftene
none none but one should live a maid.

ALTO.

Hen Phæbus first did Daphne loue, and no meanes might her fauour moue

TENOR.

Hen Phæbus first did Daphne loue, and no meanes might her fauour moue, hee crau'd
the cause, the cause (quoth she) is, I haue vow'd :: virginitie. Then in a rage he fware
and faid, past fiftene none none but one should live a maid.

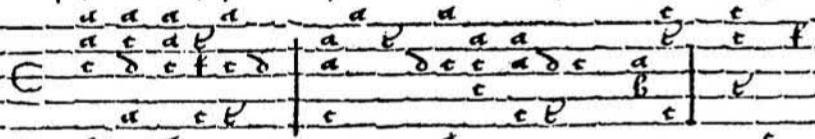
VII.

CANTVS.



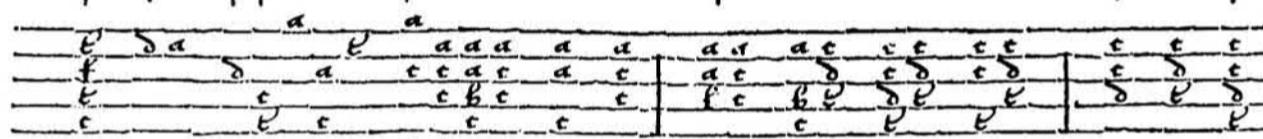
Ay loue if euer thou didst find, a woman with a constant

B B B B B B B B



mind, none but one, and what should that rare mirror be, some Goddesse or some Queen is she

B B B B B B B B



shee shee shee shee :||: :||: and onelie shee shee onely Queene of loue and beautie.

B B B B B B B B

B B B B B B B B

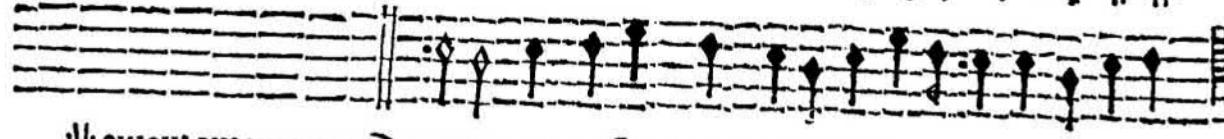
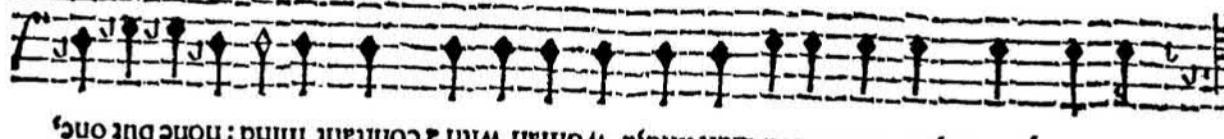
B B B B



But could thy firy poysned dart
At no time touch her spotlesse hart,
Nor come neare,
She is not subiect to Loues bow,
Her eye commaunds, her heart saith no,
No, no, no, and only no,
One no another still doth follow.

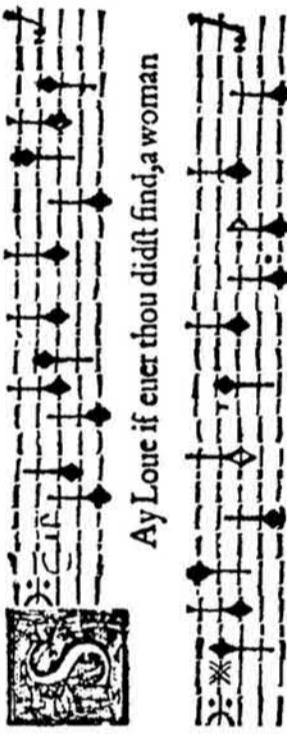
How might I that faire wonder know,
That mockes desire with endlesse no
See the Moone
That euer in one change doth grow,
Yet still the same, and she is so;
So, so, so, and onely so,
From heauen her vertues she doth borrow.

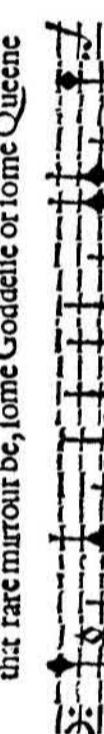
To her then yeeld thy shafts and bowe,
That can command affections so:
Loue is free,
So are her thoughts that vanquish thee,
There is no queene of loue but she,
She, she, she, and onely she,
She onely queene of loue and beautie.

||: :: and ancely lhe liche oncely Queene of loue and beautie.

 and what shoulde that rare mirrour be some Goddesse or some Queene is lhe liche ||:

 Ay Loue, if euer thou didst find a woman with a constant mind: none but one,


ALTO'S.

BASSVS.

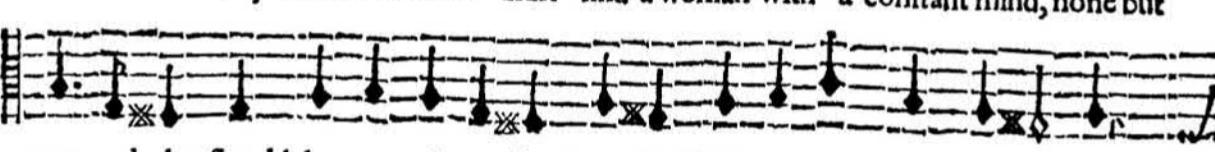
 Ay Loue if euer thou didst find a woman

 with a constant mind, none but one, and what shoulde

 that rare mirrour be, some Goddesse or some Queene

 is she she she :::: and onely she she

 onely Queene of loue and beautie.

TENOR.

 Ay loue if euer thou didst find a woman with a constant mind, none but

one, and what shoulde that rare mirrour be, some Goddesse or some Queene is shee shee


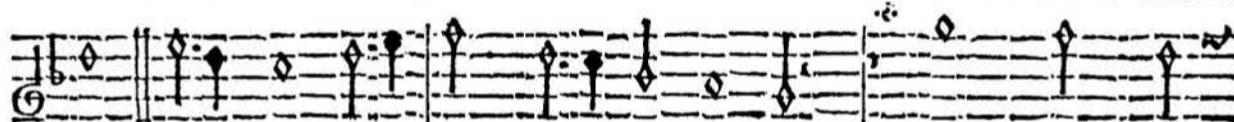
shee shee :::: and onely shee shee onely Queene of loue and beautie.

VIII.

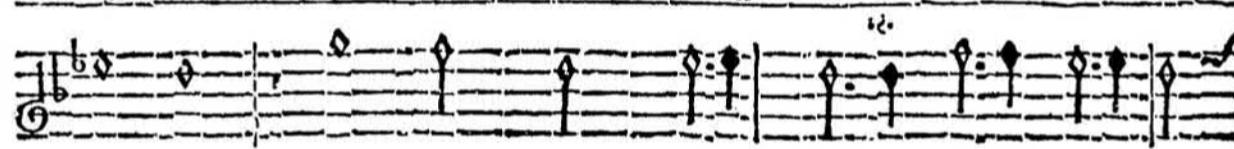
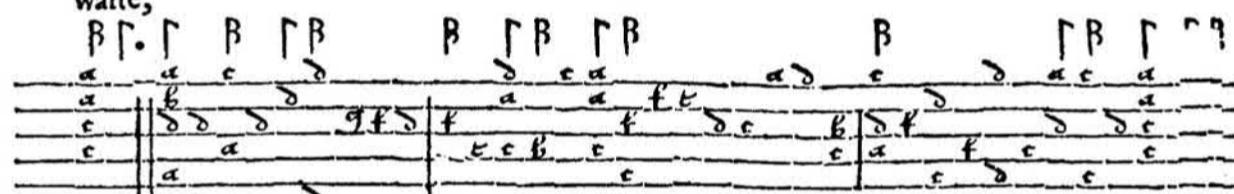
CANTVS.



Low not so fast yee fountaines, what needeth all this
Swell not aboue your mountaines, nor spend your time in



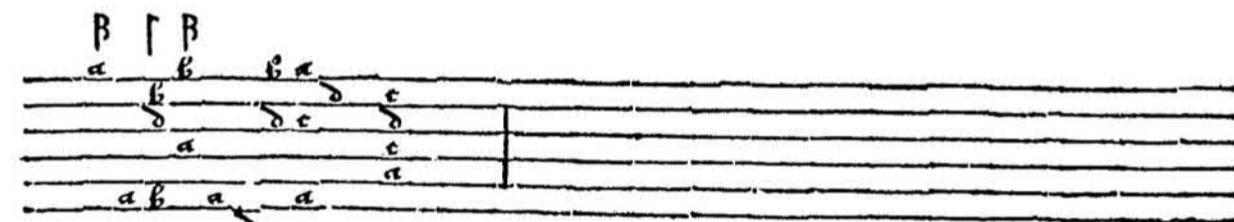
haste, Gentle springs, gentle springs freshly your salt teares must still fall
waste,



drop- ping must still fall dropping dropping :::: fall



dropping from their spheares.



Wepe they apace whom Reason,
Or lingring time can ease:
My sorrow can no season,
Nor ought besides appease
Gentle springs,&c.

Time can abate the terror
Of euerie common paine,
But common griefe is error,
True griefe will still remaine.
Gentle springs,&c.

from their spheares.

Uil fall dropping Uil fal dropping muu Uil fal dropping fal dropping Uil fal dropping
gentle sprinngs frchly your salt teares muu Uil fal dropping fal dropping muu Uil
Swell not aboue your mountaines, nor spend your time in waste, Gentle sprinngs,
Low not fo fast yee fountaines, what needeth all this hale, All this hale,
ALTOS.

BASSVS.

Low not so fast yee fountaines, what nee-
Swell not about your mountaines nor spend
deth all this hale, Gentle springs::: fresh- ly
your time in waste,
your salt teares must stil fal dropping still fal dropping
dropping must stil fal dropping stil fal dropping
dropping still fal dropping stil fal dropping
fall dropping from their spheares.

TENOR.

Low not so fast yee fountaines, what nee-
Swell not about your mountaines, nor spend
deth all this hale, Gentle springs gentle
gentle springs freshly your salt teares must stil must stil fal fal dropping fall dropping must stil
stil fal fal dropping fal dropping must still fal dropping stil fal dropping frō their spheares.
F

IX.

CANTVS.



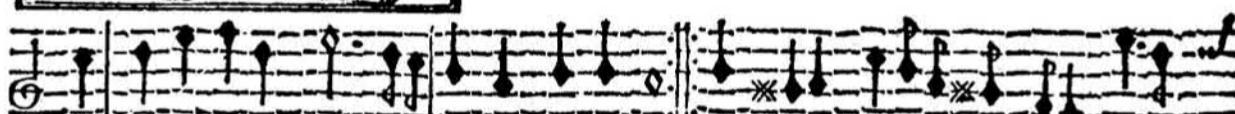
Hat if I neuer speede, shall I straight yeeld to dispaire,
or shal I chāge my loue, for I find power to depart,

B B B B Γ. B B B B Γ.

f f c c f f c c f f c c f f c c

c a a a c c c c c c c c c c

c a a a c c c c c c c c c c



and still on sorow feede that can no losse repaire. But if she will pittie my desire, and my
and in my reason proue I can comand my hart.



loue requite, then euer shall shee liue my deare delight. Come, :::: while I haue a heart



to desire thee. Come, come, come, for either I will loue or admire thee.



Oft haue I dream'd of ioy,
yet I neuer felt the sweete,
But tired with annoy,
my griefs each other greate.
Oft haue I left my hope,
as a wretch by fate forlorne.

But Loue aimes at one scope,
and lost wil stil returne:
He that once loues with a true desire
neuer can depart,
For Cupid is the king of euery hart.
Come, come, &c.

for either I will loue or admire thee.

liche liue my deare delighe, Come, come, while I haue a heart to desire thee, Come, come

command my hart, But if she will pitie, pitie my deare, & my loue requite, then com' hither

no loue re-paire, But if she will pitie, pitie my deare, & my loue requite, then com' hither

or shall I chage my loue, for I find power to depart, & in my reason proue I can

Haſt if I neuer ſped, that I haue a heart to deſpare, & in my loue ſowre feed that can

yield to diſpair and ſtill on ſorrow feed, that can
power to depart, and in my reaſon proue, I can
no loue re-paire. But if ſhe will pitie my deare,
comand my hart,

ALTVS.

BASSVS.

Haſt if I neuer ſped, that I haue a heart
or ſhall I chage my loue, for I find.

yield to diſpair and ſtill on ſorrow feed, that can
power to depart, and in my reaſon proue, I can
no loue re-paire. But if ſhe will pitie my deare,
comand my hart,

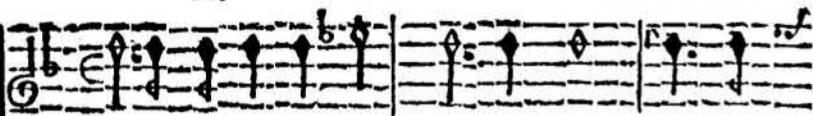
& my loue require, then euer ſhall ſhe liue my
deare delight. Come :: while I haue a heart
to deſire thee. Come :: for either I will loue or
admire thee.

TENOR.

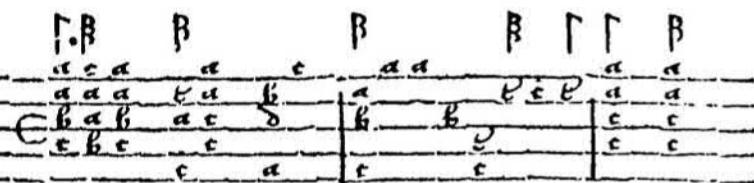
Haſt if I neuer ſped, that I haue a heart to deſpare, and ſtill on ſorrow feed that
or ſhall I chage my loue, for I find power to depart, and in my reaſon proue I

can no loue re-paire: But if ſhe will pitie my deare, and my loue my loue requite, the euer
can command my heart:

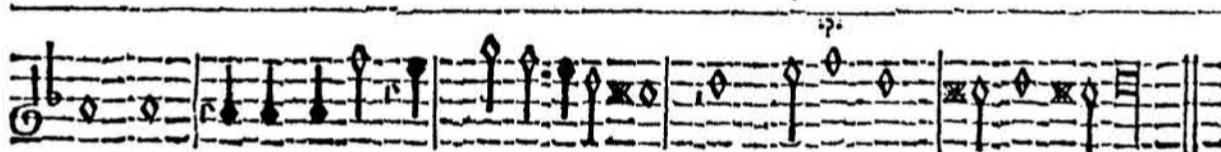
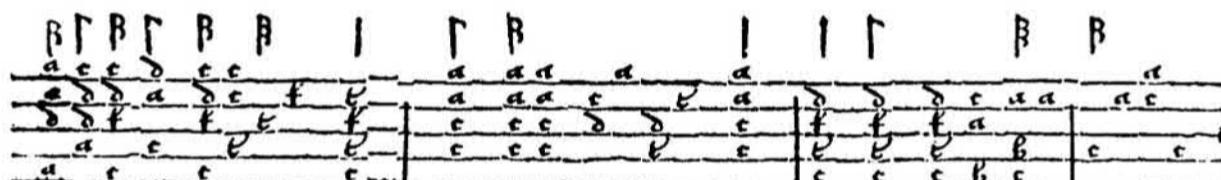
ſhall ſhe liue my deare delight. Come, come, come, while I haue a heart to deſire thee. Come
come, for either I will loue or admire thee.



One stood amaz'd at sweet beauties paine: Loue would



haue said that all was but vaine, and Gods but halfe diuine, But when Loue saw that beautie



would die: hee all agast, to heau'ns did cri, O gods,O gods what wrong is mine.



2 Then his teares bred in thoughts of salt
Feltō his eyes, like raine in sun shone (brine,
expeld by rage of fire:
Yet in such wise as anguillh affords,
He did expresse in these his last words
his infinite desire.

3 Are you fled faire? where are now those eies
Eyes but too faire, chui'd by the skies,
you angric gods do know,
With guilties bloud your scepters you stain,
On poore true hearts like tyrants you raine:
vniust why do you so?

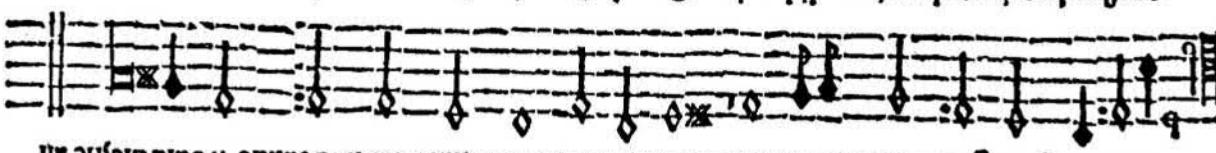
4 Are you false gods? why then do you raine?
Are you iust gods? why then haue you slaine
the life of loue on earth.

Beautie, now thy face liues in the skies,
Beautie, now let me liue in thine eyes,
where blisse felt neuer death

5 Then from high rock, the rocke of dispaire,
He fals, in hope to smother in the aire,
or els on stones to burst,
Or on cold waues to spend his last breath,
Or his strange life to end by strange death,
but fate forbid the worst.

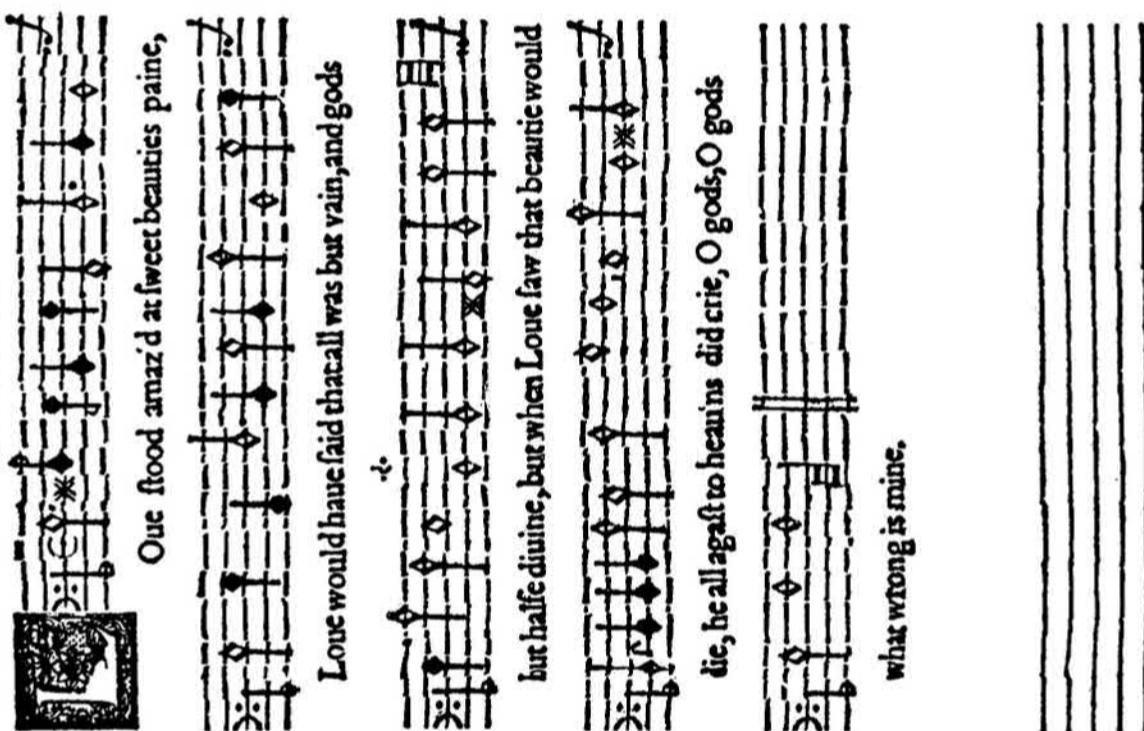
6 With pity mou'd the gods the change loue
To Phenix shape, yet cannot remoue
his wonted propertie,
He loues the sunne because it is faire,
Sleepe he neglects, he liues but by aire,
and would, but cannot die.

agall to heauens to heauens did cri, O gods O gods what wrong what wrong is mine.



Oue stood amaz'd at sweet beauties paine, Loue would haue said that all was

BASSVS.



TENOR.



Oue stood amaz'd at sweete beauties paine, Loue would haue said that all was but



vaine, and Gods but halfe divine. But when Loue saw that beautie would die :||: he all agaist to heauens to heauens did crie :||: O gods O gods what wrong what wrong is mine.

XI.

CANTVS.



End your cares to my sorrow good peo- ple that haue
for no eyes wil I borow mine own shal grace ,my

a-ny pitie: Chant then my voice though rude like to my riming, and tell foorth my griefe
doleful ditty:

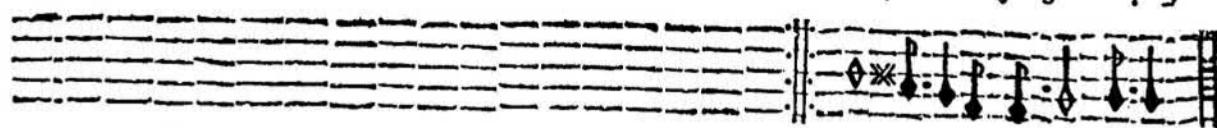
which here in sad despair can find no ease of tormenting.

A handwritten musical score for a string quartet. The top line contains the letters B, B, B, B, F, B, B, B, B, B, I. Below this, there are three staves of music for two violins, one viola, and one cello/bass. The notation includes various note heads, stems, and rests, with some notes having horizontal dashes or dots above them. The manuscript is written in black ink on white paper.

Once I liu'd, once I knew delight,
No griefe did shadowe then my pleasure :
Grac'd with loue, cheer'd with beauties sight,
I joyed alone true heau'nly treasure,
O what a Heau'n is loue firmly embrased,
Such power alone can fixe delight
In Fortunes bosome ever placed.

Cold as Ice frozen is that hart,
Where thought of loue could no time enter:
Such of life reape the poorest part
Whose weight cleaves to this earthly center,
Mutuall ioyes in hearts truly vnted
Doe earth to heauenly state conuert
Like heau'n still in it selfe delighted.

Find no ease of tormenting.



Voice though rude, like to my timing, and tell forth my griefe, which here in sad despaire can



for no eycs will I borow, mine owne shal grace my doleful ditie; Chant it my
End your eares to my sorrow good people; that haue anie pitie;



ALTOS.

A musical score for the Bassus part, featuring four staves of music. The first staff includes a small portrait of a man in a box. The lyrics are:

End your eares to my sorrow good
for no eyes wil I borrow mine
people that haue anie pitie. Chant it my voice,
owne shal grace my doleful ditie.

The second staff continues the lyrics:

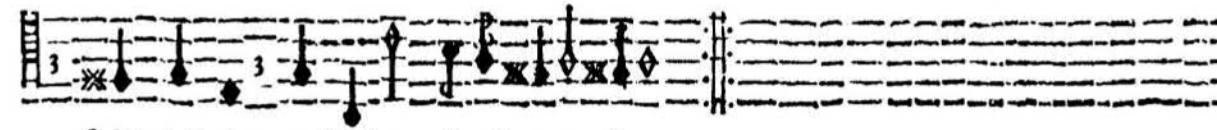
though rude like to my timing, and tel forth my griefe
which heere in sad despaire can find no ease of tor-
menting.



End your eares to my sorrow good peo- ple that haue anie pitie..
for no eycs will I borow, mine owne shal grace my doleful ditie. Chant it my



voice, my voice though rude like to my timing, and tel forth my griefe, my griefe, which here in



sad despaire can find no ease of tormenting.

G 2

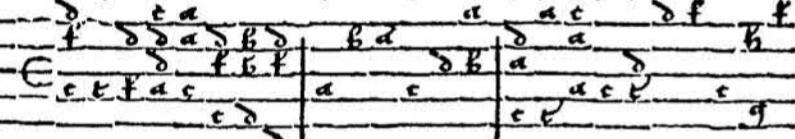
XII.

CANTVS.

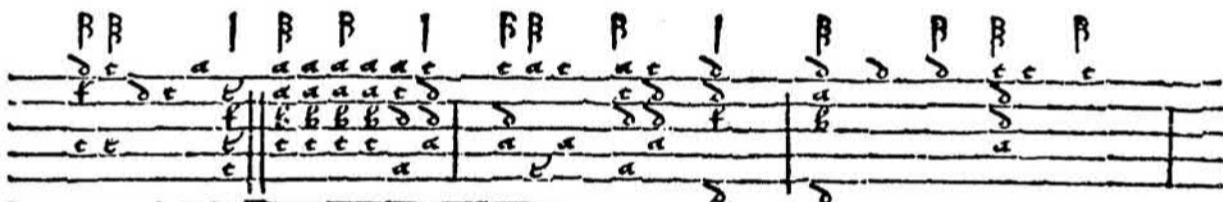


Y a fountaine where I lay, al bleſſed bee that
by the glimring of the sun, ô neuer bee her

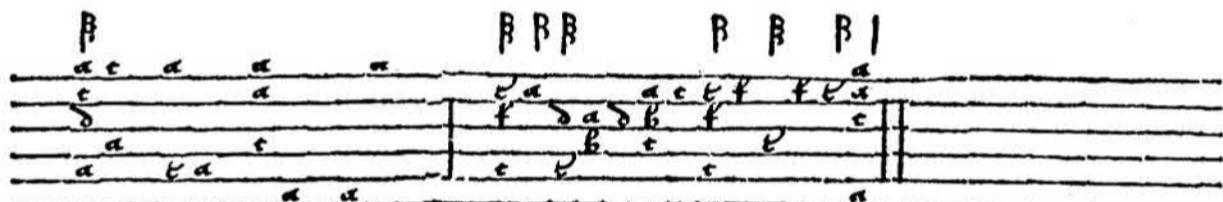
B. BB B B B B B B B



blessed day whē I might ſee alone my true loues faireſt one, loues deer light, loues cleare ſight
ſhining done



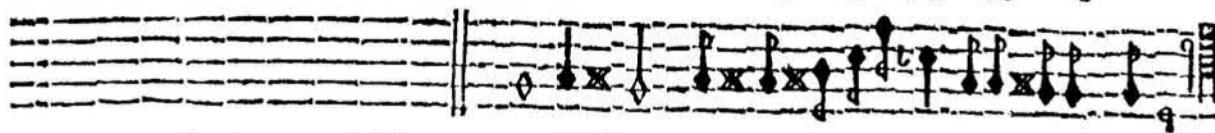
No worlds eyes can clearer ſee a fairer ſight none none can be.



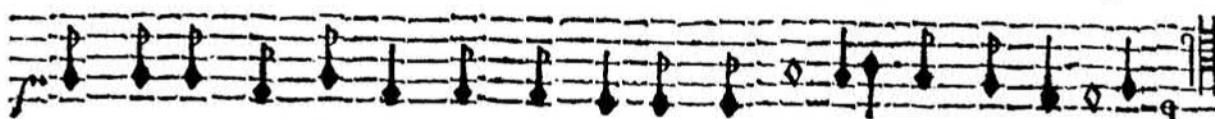
2 Faire with garlands all addrefſt,
Was neuer Nymph more fairely bleſſt,
Blessed in the highest degree,
So may ſhe ever bleſſed be,
Came to this fountaine neere,
With ſuch a ſmiling cheere,
Such a face,
Such a grace,
Happie, happie eyes that ſee
Such a heauenly ſight as ſhe.

3 Then I forthwith tooke my pipe
Which I all faire and cleane did wipe,
And vpon a heauinly ground,
All in the grace of beautic found,
Plaid this roundelay,
Welcome faire Queene of May,
Sing sweete aire,
Welcome faire.
Welcome be the ſhepheards Queene,
The glorie of all our greene.

ter see a fairer light a fairer light none can be.



alone my true loues fairest one, loues dcre ligght, loues cleare ligght, No worlds eyes can clea-



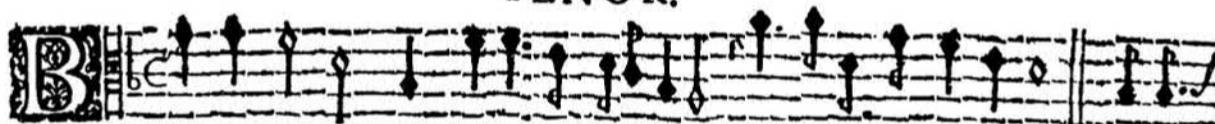
by the glimring of the sun, O ne- uer be her shining done while I might see



ALT VS.

Y a fountaine where I lay, all
by the glimring of the sun, O
blessed be that blessed day When I might
see alone my true loues fairest one, loues deere light,
loues cleare sight, no worlds eyes can clearer see, a
fairer sight none none can be.

TENOR.



Y a fountaine where I lay, all bles- sed blessed be that blessed day when I
by the glimring of the sun, O ne- uer ne-uer be her shining done



might see alone; my true loues fairest one, loues deere light, loues cleare sight, no worlds eyes



can clearer see, a fairer sight, a fairer sight none can be.

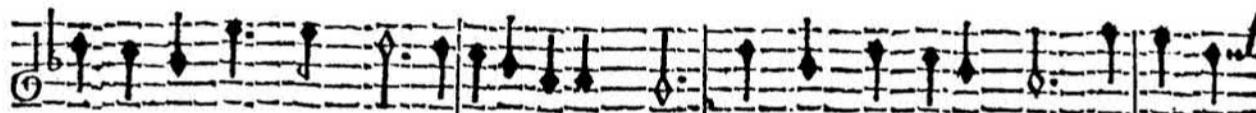
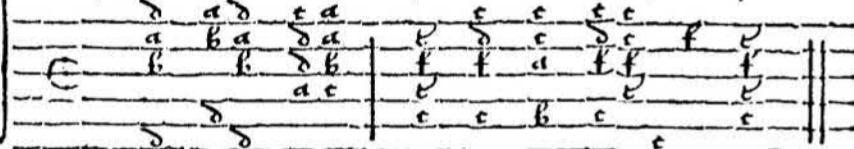
XIII.

CANTVS.

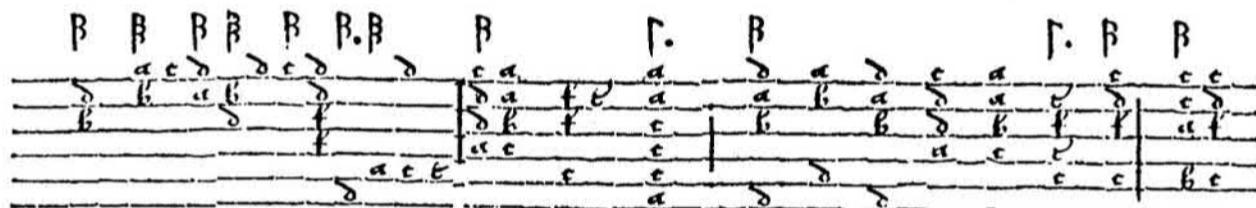


What hath ouerwrought my all a- ma- zed thought
or where- to am I brought, that thus in vain haue sought,

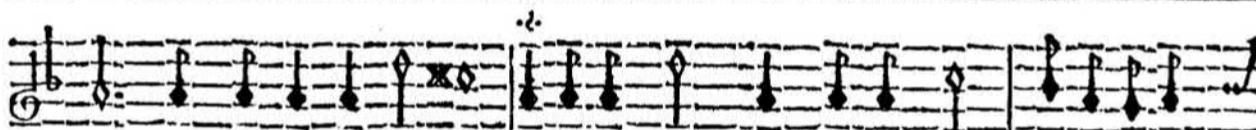
R. B. B. R. B. B.



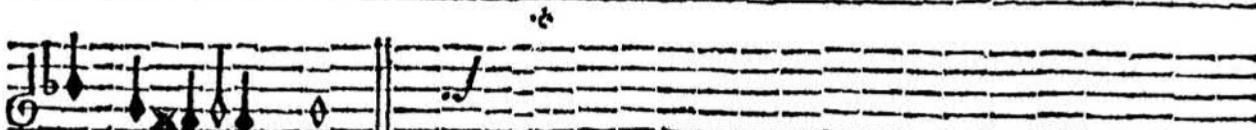
Till time and truth hath taught, I labor all for nought. The day I see is cleare, but I am
For griefe doth stil ap- peare, to crosse out



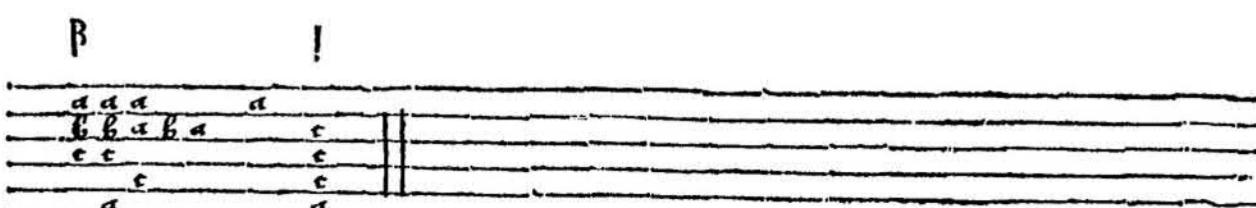
nere the neere,
me- rie cheere, while I cannothing heare, but winter all the yeare. Cold, hold, the sun wil shing



warme, therfore now scareno harme. O blessed beames, where beautie streames happie happie



light to lones dreames.



now i care no harm. O blessed beams, where beauty streams, happy light to lous dreams.

Musical score for Alto (ALTVS.) in common time. The vocal line consists of short, rhythmic notes primarily on the first and second beats of each measure. The lyrics describe the contrast between winter and summer, with the sun's warmth bringing relief from cold and愁 (grief).

while I can nothing heare, but winter all the yere: cold, hold, the sun will shine warme therfore
haue taught, I labour all for naught, The day I see is cleare, but I am neare the
haire to am I brought, that thus in vaine haue sought, Till time and truthe
or whiche to am I brought my all a-mazed thought, Till a. ma-zed thought,
H what hath ouerwrought my all
or where-to am I brought that thus

ALTVS.

BASSVS.

Musical score for Bass (BASSVS.) in common time. The vocal line follows a similar pattern of short, rhythmic notes. The lyrics continue the theme of the sun's warmth bringing relief from cold and愁 (grief).

H what hath ouerwrought my all
or where-to am I brought that thus
a-mazed thought, I labor al for naught
in vaine haue sought,

The day I see is cleare, but I am neare the
for grief doth stil appere, to crosse all merrie
neare, But winter all the yere cold hold
cheers,

the sun will shine warme, therefore now feare no
harm O blessed beams where beautie streames
happy happy light to lous dreams.

TENOR.

Musical score for Tenor in common time. The vocal line follows the established pattern of short, rhythmic notes. The lyrics conclude the song by emphasizing the sun's warmth and the joy it brings.

H what hath ouerwrought my all a-mazed thought, Till time and truthe
or where-to am I brought, that thus in vaine haue sought,
taught I labour all for naught, The day I see is cleare, but I am neare the
for grief doth stil appere, to crosse our me-ry cheere, while I
can nothing heare but winter all the yere: Cold, hold, the sun wil shine warm, therfore now feare no
harm O blessed beams where beauty streams, happy happy light, happy light to lous dreams,

XIIIL

CANTVS.



Aarewell vnkind farewell, to mee no more a father, since my

B. B. B. B. B. B. B. B.

a a a a a
a c a c a
c d d f t d
d t d c e c
e d e c f a
f a c e c
a a a c
a b a c
c c

heart my heart holdes my loue most deare: The wealth which thou doest reape, a nothers

B. B.

c c c a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a
c c c a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a
c c b b a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a
f f c c b b a a a a a a a a a a a a a

hand must gather, Though thy heart thy heart still lies buried there, Then farewell, then

B. B.

c c c b b a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a
c c c b b a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a
c c c b b a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a
f f c c b b a a a a a a a a a a a a a a

farewell, O farewell, welcome my loue, welcome my ioy for ever.

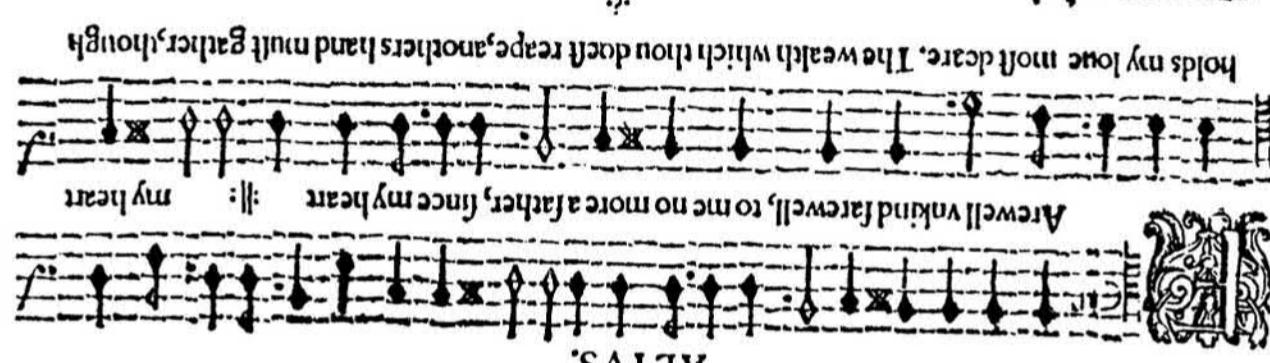
B. B.

c c c b b a a a a a a a a a a a a a a
c c c b b a a a a a a a a a a a a a a
c c c b b a a a a a a a a a a a a a a
f f c c b b a a a a a a a a a a a a a

Tis not the vaine desire
of humane fleeting beautie,
Makes my mind to liue,
though my meanes do die.

Then farewell, &c.

Nor do I Nature wrong,
though I forget my dutie:
Loue, not in the bloud,
but in the spirit doth lie.



ALTVS.

BASSVS.

Afre well vnkind farewell, to mee no more a father, since my heart my heart my heart holds my loue most deare. The wealth which thou doest reap another's hand must gather though thy rope ano- thers hand must gather though thy heartly heart thy heart lies still buried there. Then farewell ::: O farewell, welcome my love welcome welcome my loue for euer.

TENOR.

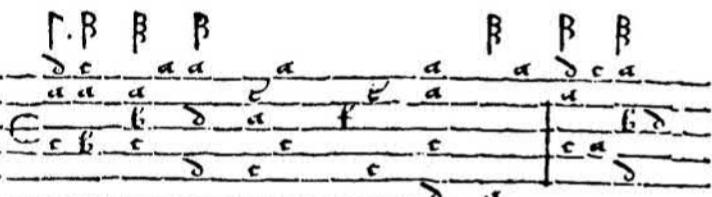
Afre well vnkind, farewell, to mee no more a father, since my heart my heart my heart holds my loue most deare. The wealth which thou doest reap another's hand must gather, though thy heart thy heart thy heart thy heart lies buried there. Then farewell ::: ::: O farewell, welcome my loue, welcome my joy for euer.

XV.

CANTVS.



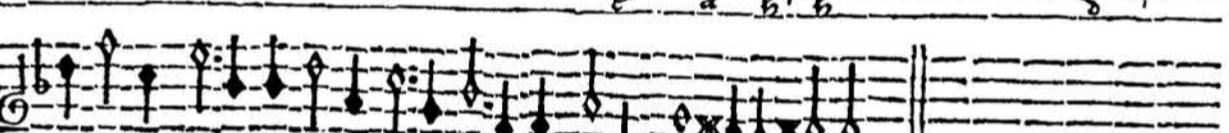
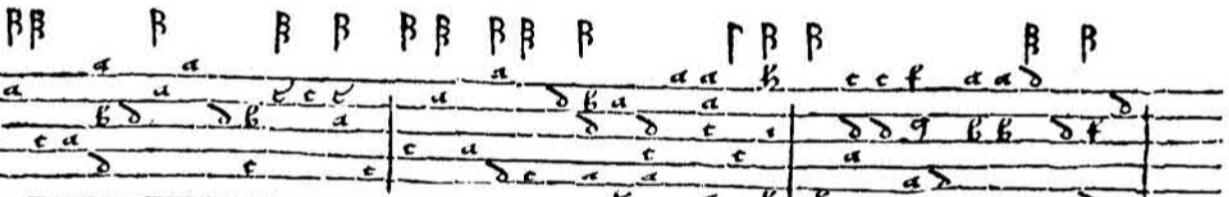
Eepe you no more sad fountaines, what need you



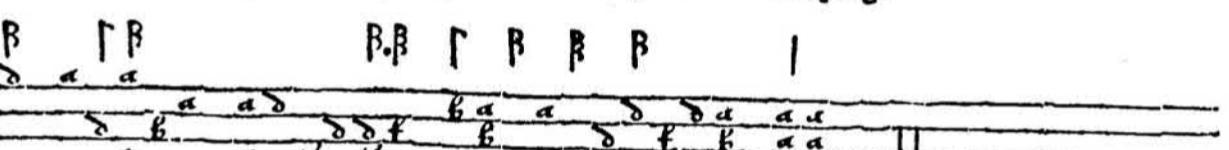
flowe so fast, looke how the snowie mountaines, heau'ns sunne doth gently waste. But my



funnes heau'n- ly eyes view not your weeping. That nowe



lie sleeping ::: softly ::: now softly lies sleeping.



Sleepe is a reconciling,
A rest that peace begets:
Doth not the sunne rise smilng,
When faire at eu'n he sets,
Rest you, then rest sad eyes,
Melt not in weeping,
While she lies sleeping :::
Softly ::: now softly lies sleeping.

BASSVS.

Espe you no more sad fountaines, what
need you flow what need you flow so fast, look how the
showy mountaines heau ins sun doeth gently wastes,
But my suns heauitly eyes view not view not your
weeping, your weeping, that now lies sleeping softly
softly, now softly now softly lies sleeping,

TENOR.

The image shows a page from an old music book. The top staff consists of five lines of musical notation with black note heads and vertical stems. The bottom staff also has five lines of musical notation. Below the staves, there are three lines of lyrics in English. The first line reads "EEP you no more no more sad fountains, what need you flow so fast, look how the snowy". The second line continues "mountaines, heau'ns sun doth gently wast, but my suns heau'nly eyes, view not view not your". The third line ends with "weeping, that now ly slee-ping, sleeping, y now ly sleeping softly softly now softly ly sleeping". The music is written in common time, and the lyrics are in a traditional, somewhat archaic English style.

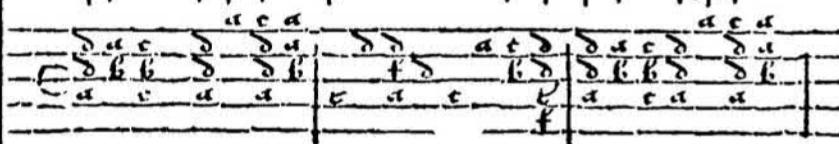
XVI.

CANTVS.



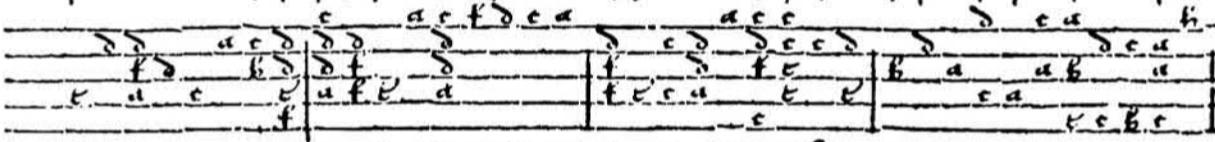
Ie on this faining, is loue without desire, heat still remaining &

ΓΒ B.BB B B | ΓΒ B.BB



yet no sparke offire? Thou art vntrue , not wert with fancie moued, for desire hath powre on

B B | ΓΒ B.B B.B.B B.B | B.B B.B B.B B.B B



all that e- uer loued,

B B B ΓΓ



2 Shew some relenting,
Or graunt thou doest now loue,
Two hearts consenting
Shall they no comforts proue?
Yeeld, or confessie that loue is without pleasure,
And that womenis bounties rob men of their treasure,

3 Truth is not placed
In words and forced smiles,
Loue is not graced
With that which still beguiles,
Loue or dislike yeeld fire,or give no fuell,
So maist thou proue kind,or at the least lesse cruell.

on all on alll chat euer toucht.

Musical score for the Alto part, featuring three staves of music with black note heads and vertical stems. The lyrics are written below each staff:

of fire; Thou art vnicue thou art vntue, nor wert with fane- cie moued, for desire hath powre
Ie on this faining, is loue without desire: heat still remaining, and yet no sparcle of fire

ALTVS.

BASSVS.

Musical score for the Bass part, featuring three staves of music with black note heads and vertical stems. The lyrics are written below each staff:

Ie on this faining, is loue without desire,
heat still remaining, and yet no sparcle of fire? Thou
art vntue, nor wert with fane- cie moued, for desire
desire hath powre on all on all that euer loued.

TENOR.

Musical score for the Tenor part, featuring three staves of music with black note heads and vertical stems.

Ie on this faining, is loue without de- fire, heat still remaining and yet no sparcle of

Musical score for the Tenor part, featuring three staves of music with black note heads and vertical stems. The lyrics are written below each staff:

fire? Thou art vntue, vntue, nor wert with fancie moued, for desire desire hath powre had
powre on all that euer loued.

XVII.

CANTVS.



must complaine, yet do enjoy :||: my loue, she is too



faire, too rich in beauties parts

Thence is my griefe for nature while she



stroue with all her graces and deuinest artes. To forme her too too beautifull of hue,



She had no leisure :||: no leisure left to make her true.



Should I agrieu'd then wish she were lesse faire,
That were repugnant to my owne desires,
She is admir'd, new futers still repaire,
That kindles dayly loues forgetfull fires,
Rest iealous thoughts, and thus resolute at last,
She hath more beaurie then becomes the chaste.

ces, and di- iii. next artes : to forme her too too beautifull of hue, shee had no leiffre
partes: Thence is my gracie, for na-ture which she strooke while she strooke, with al her gra-
muit compaine, yet do enjoy enjoy
my loue my loue: shee is too faire, too rich

ALTVS.

BASSVS.

must complain, yet do enjoy enjoy
my loue my loue: shee is too faire, too rich
in beauties parts: thence is my gracie, for nature
while she strooke with all her graces & dinci- neft
artes, to forme her too too beautifull of hue:
She had no leisure no leisure
left to make her true.

TENOR.

must com- plaine yet doe enjoy my loue, she is too faire, too rich in beauties
parts. Thence is my gracie, for nature while she strooke with all her gra- ces and diuinest
artes, to fraine her too too beautifull of hue. She had no leisure no leisure left
to make her true.

XVIII.

CANTVS.



Twas a time when sil- ly Bees could speake, and in

R R B B B B B B | B B B

d e a a c a d c a | a d a b c a c d

a c f b a b d b f b | b c f c c

c c c c c c c c | c c c c c c

that time I was a sillie Bee, who fed on Time vntil my heart gan break, yet never found the

B B B B B | B R B B B B B | B B B B B | R

b a b a a c d | b d b a b d a a | b d b a b d a a | a c

b b b b b b b b | b d b a b d a a | b d b a b d a a | a a

b b b b b b b b | c a c a c a c a | b d b a b d a a | a a

time would fauour mee. Of all the swarne I onely did not thriue, yet brought I waxe &

B B B | R B B B B B B B B | R R B B

f d d d c d d a a | a b a a a a b | a b a a a a b |

a c a f c c b c c | a b a a a b | a b a a a b |

a a a a a a a a | a b a a a b | a b a a a b |

b b b b b b b b | b d b a b d a a | b d b a b d a a |

b b b b b b b b | b d b a b d a a | b d b a b d a a |

ho-ney to the huie.

R B B | R

d a b f b a | a

c b a | a

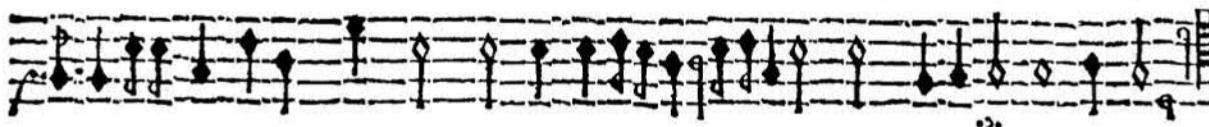
2 Then thus I buzzd, when time no sap would giue,
Why should this blessed time to me be drie,
Sith by this Time the lazie drone doth liue,
The waspe, the worme, the gnat, the butterflic,
Mated with griefe, I kneeled on my knees,
And thus complainid vnto the king of Bees.

3 My liege, Gods graunt thy time may never end,
And yet vouchsafe to heare my plaint of Time,
Vwhich fruitlesse Flies haue found to haue a friend,
And I cast downe when Atomies do clime,
The king replied but thus, Peace peevish Bee,
Th'art bound to serue the time, the time not thee.

to che hue,



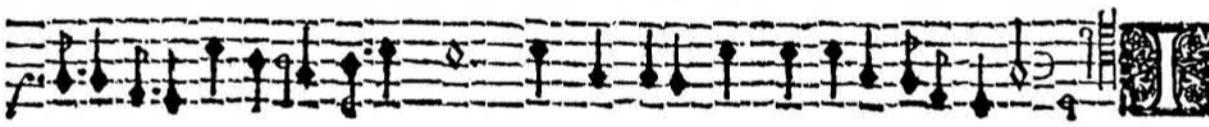
fauour me. Of all the warme I on- ly did not thrie, yet brought I wax and hony hony



a lilly Bee, who fed on time vntill my heart gan break, yet neuer found the time would

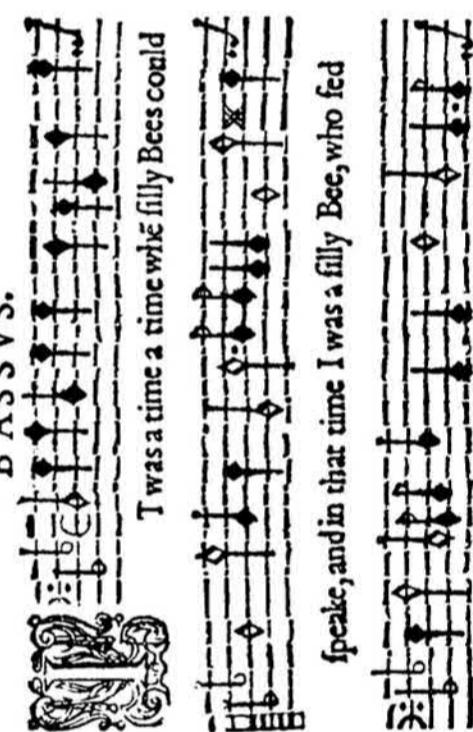


T was a time a time when lilly Bees could speake, and in that time I was I was



ALTO'S.

BASSVS.



Twas a time a time whe silly Bees could
speake, and in that time I was a silly Bee, who fed

on time vntill my heart gan break, yet never



found the time would fauour me. Of all the swar-

the swarme lone- ly I on- ly did not thrie, yet

brought I waxe and honey to the hue.

TENOR.



T was a time a time whe silly Bees could speake, and in y time I was a fil- ly Bee, who



fed on time vntill my heart gan break, yet never found the time the time would fauour me, of al



the swarme the swarme I only only did not thrie yet brought I waxe & ho- ny to y hue.

XIX.

CANTVS.



He lowest trees haue tops, the Ant her gall, the flie her

R. R B B B B B B B B B

a a a a a a a a a a a a
b b b b b b b b b b b b
c c c c c c c c c c c c
d d d d d d d d d d d d



spleene, the little sparke his heate, and slender haires cast shadowes though but small,

B.B B.B | R B B B B B B | B B B B |

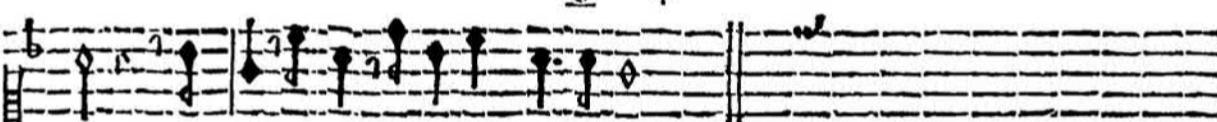
c c a a f f c c a a b b a a a a
e e c c e e c c b b e e a a a a
t t c c c c b b e e a a a a a a
d d c c c c b b e e a a a a a a



and Bees haue stings although they be not great. Seas haue their source, and so haue shalowe

R B R.B B | B B B.B R B B B |

d d c c d d c c b b a a a a
e e c c d d c c b b a a a a
f f b b d d c c b b a a a a
g g a a d d c c b b a a a a



springs, and loue is loue in beggers and in kings.

B B B B B B B B B B |

e e f f g g a a b b c c
d d e e f f g g a a b b
c c d d e e f f g g a a
b b c c d d e e f f g g

Where waters smoothest run, deep are the foords,
The diall stirres, yet none perceiues it moue:
The firmest faith is in the fewest words,
The Turtles cannot sing, and yet they loue,
True hearts haue eyes and ears, no tongues to speake:
They heare, and see, and sigh, and then they breake.

in beggers and in kings.

not great, Seas haue their source, &c so haue shallow springs; small, low prings, and loue is loue
here, and slender haire cast shadowes though but small, and Bees haue stings, although they be
Hc lowest trees haue tops, the Ant her gall, the flie her spleen, the little spark his
ALTIVS.

BASSVS.

He lowest trees haue tops, the ant her gall,
the flie her spleen, the little spark his heat,
and slender haire cast shadowes though but small,
Bees haue stings although they be not great, Seas haue
their source & so haue shallow springs shallow
and loue is loue in beggers and in kings.

TENOR.

He lowest trees haue tops, the Ant her gall, the flie her spleen, the little spark his heat

and slender haire cast shadowes though but small, & Bees haue stings, although they be not
great, Seas haue their source, & so haue shallow springs, & loue is loue in beggers & in kings.

xx.

CANTVS.



Hat poore Astronomers are they, take wome's eies for stars.

Hat poore Astronomers are they,take womēs eies for stars

to fight such idle warres, whē in the end they shal approue,

Tis but a iest drawne out of loue.

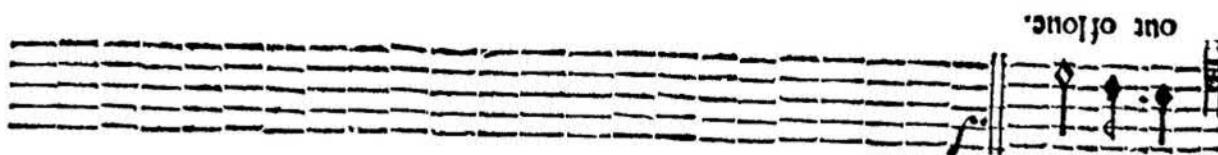
B

a a a a
e a a a
d c d e
c b c c ||
a c a c

2 And loue it selfe is but a ieast.
Deuisde by idle heads,
To catch yong fancies in the neast,
And lay it in fooles beds.
That being hatcht in beauties eyes,
They may be fledge ere they be wise.

3 But yet it is a sport to see
How wit will run on wheeles,
While wit cannot perswaded be
With that which reason feeleth :
That womens eyes and startes are odde,
And loue is but a fawnd god.

4 But such as will run mad with will,
I cannot cleare their sight:
But leaue them to their studie still,
To looke where is no light,
Till time too late we make them tri,
They study false Astronomic.



in battell ray, to fight such idle warres, when in the end they shall approue, tis but a iest drawne



Hat poore Astronomers are they, take womens eyes for starres, and set their thoughts



ALTOVS.

BASSVS.



Hat poore Astronomers are they take wo-



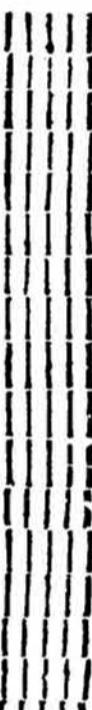
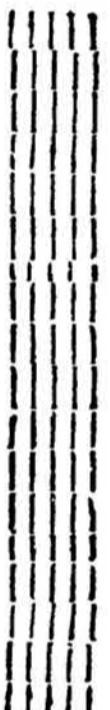
mens eyes for starres, and set their thoughts in battell



ray to fight such idle warres, when in the end they shall



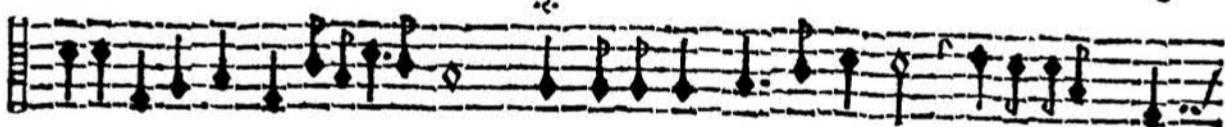
approue, tis but a iest drawne out of loue.



TENOR.



Hat poore Astronomers are they take womens eyes for starres, and set their thoughts



in battell ray, to fight such idle warres. When in the end they shall approue, tis but a iest drawne

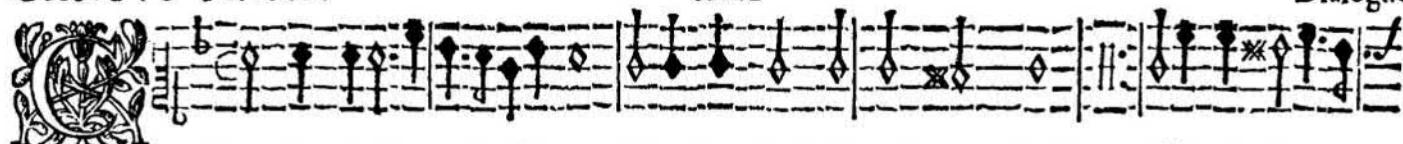


out of loue.

CANTVS PRIMA

XXI

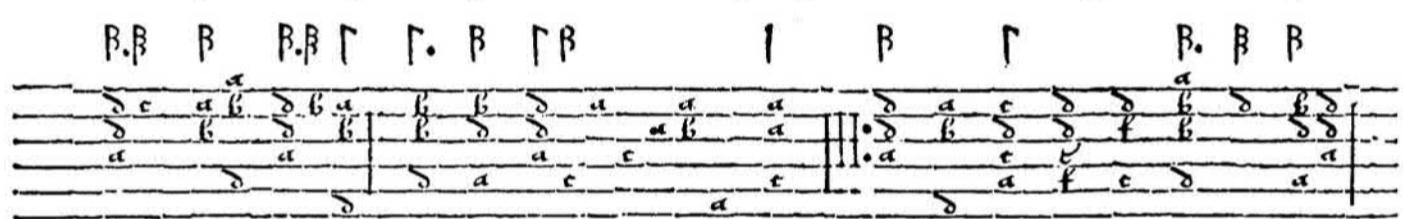
Dialogue



Ome when I cal, or tarie til I come, if you bee deafe I must proue dumb If thy de-sire euer



knew the griece of delay, no danger could stand in thy way. What need wee languish? can loue quick-



ly quickly flie: feare euer hurts more then iealousie. Then securely enuie scorning, let vs end with ioy our



mourning, iealousie still defie, and louet till we die:



Thea securely enuie scorning, let vs end with ioy our mourning, iealousie till defie, ac loue :: till we die.



QVINTVS

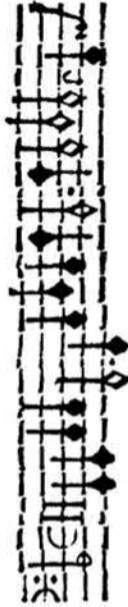
Dialogue

Enuite of corning let vs end with ioy our mourning, iealofie full deafe, and loue till we die.

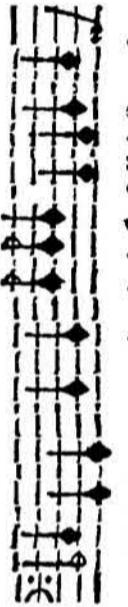


TENOR. DIALOGUE.

Dialogue. BASSVS.



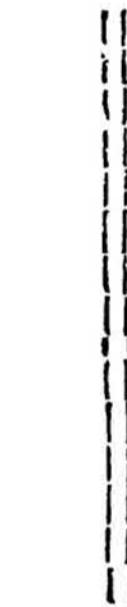
The securely enuy scoring, levs end



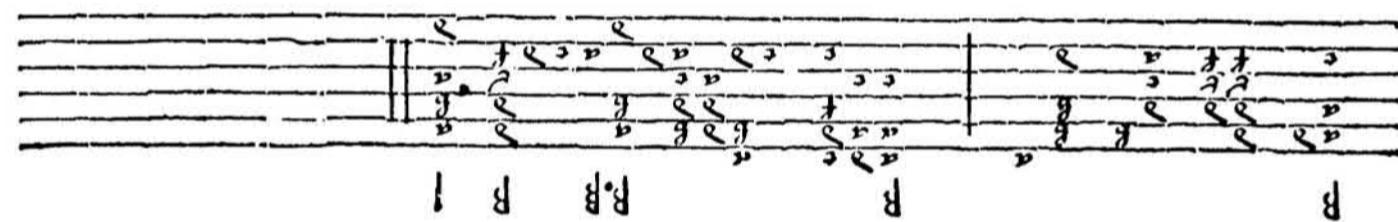
with ioy our mourning, iealofie full deafe, and



loue and loue till we die,



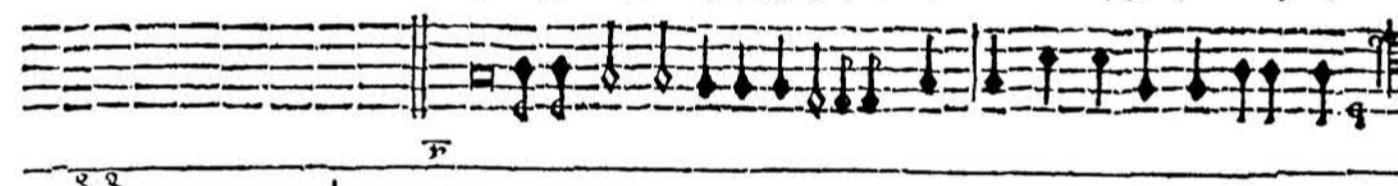
SCVND A PARTS.



niing, let vs end with ioy our mourning, iealofie full deafe and loue till we die.

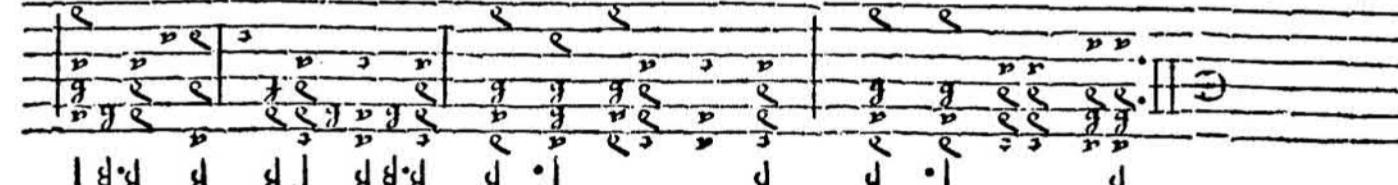
R. R. B. I.

B



F. B. R. L. F. R. L. R. T. B. L. B.

O die note, ad this fortow to my gracie that langiur here, wanting reciefe. Then recurely cuny lcor-



Try a whilc my heau my ioy, I come with wings of loue, when curios eyes time thal remoue



SCVND A PARTS.

DIALOGUE.

