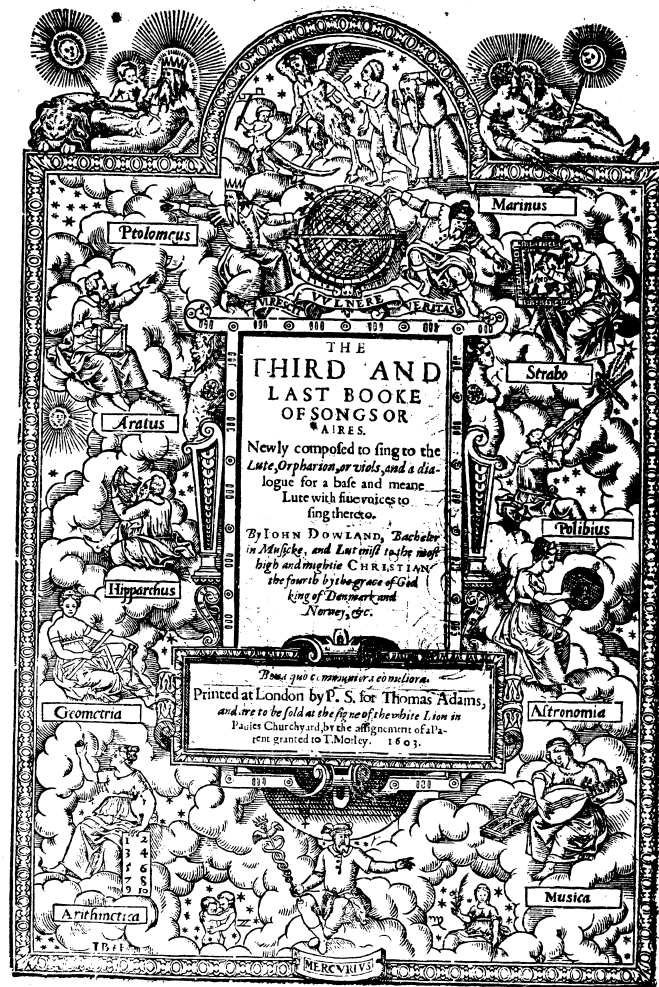


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TO MY HONORABLE GOOD FRIEND

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 thanketulnes.



THE estimation and kindnes which I haue euer bountifully received from your fauour, haue moued me to present this nouelty of musick to you, who of al others are fittest to iudge of it, and worthiest 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 manifest to the world both your singular affection to me, and my gratefull minde in my weake ability to you, I haue here prefixt 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 engaging 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 wholly then I beseech you, in what tearmes you please, being euer in my vttermost seruice

Deuoted to your Honours kindnesse,

JOHN DOWLAND.



The Epistle to the Reader.



THE applause of them that iudge, is the encouragement 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 hauing escap't so many sharpe rocks, I hope they shall not be wrack't on land by curious and biting censures.

As in a hieue of bees al labour alike to lay up honny opposing them selues against none but fruitles drones; so in the house of learning and fame, all good inducours should strue to ad somewhat that is good, not malicing one an other, but altogether bandying against the idle and malicious ignorant. My labours for my part I freely offer to euerie mans iudgement, presuming, that fauour once attained, is more easily encreased then lost.

JOHN DOWLAND.

A Table of all the Songs contained in this Booke.

- I. **F**arewell too faire.
- II. Time stands still.
- III. Behold a wonder heere.
- III. Daphne was not so chaste as she was changing.
- V. Me me and none but me.
- VI. When Phoebus 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 unkind 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.

CANTUS:



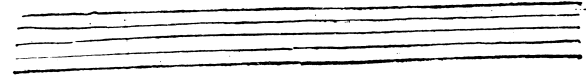
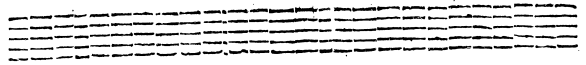
Farewell too faire, too chaf but too too cruell,

discretion neuer quenched fire with swords: Why haft thou made my heart thine angers

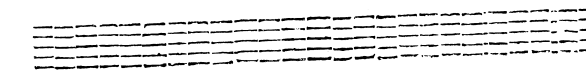
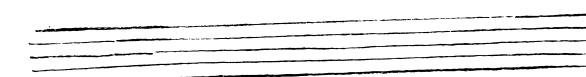
fuell, and now would kill my paffions with thy words. This is proude beauties true ananamy,

if that fe- cure feure in secreffe, farewell, farewell.

Farewell too deare, and too too much desired,
Vnlesse compassion dwelt more neere thy heart:
Loue by neglect (though constant) of it is tired,
And forc't from blisse vnwillingly to part,
This is proude beauties, &c.



BASSVS.



II.

CANTUS.



Time stands still with ga-zing on her face,

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

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

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

feete contem'd and conquerd lies.

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 defect.
 Dutie replies that enuie knowes her selfe his faithfull heart,
 My feyled vowes and spotlesse faith no fortune can remoue,
 Courage shall shew my inward faith, and faith shall tie my loue.

BASSVS.

III. CANTVS.



Ehold a wonder here Loue hath re-

ceiv'd his sight which manie hundred :|: :|: yeares, hath not beheld the

light.

2 Such beames infused be
By *Cynthia* 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 powtefull 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,

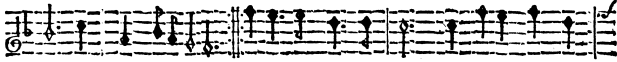
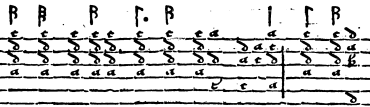
BASSVS.

III.

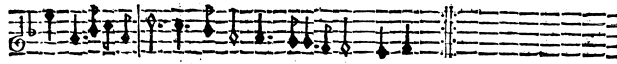
CANTUS.



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



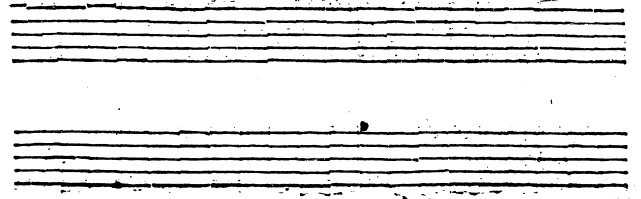
Lone with hate estranging, Yet is thy beaurie fainde, and curie one de-
night with scornes de- fa- ced:



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

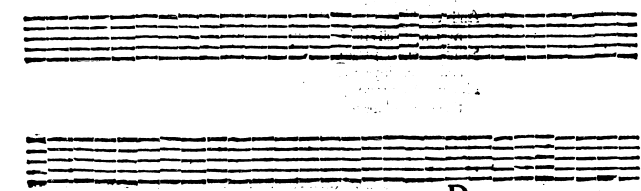


Beaurie can want no grace by true loue viewed,
Fancie by lookes is still renewed:
Like to a fruitfull tree it euer groweth,
Or the fresh-spring that endless floweth,
But if that beaurie were of one consent with loue,
Loue should liue free, and true pleasure proue.



BASSVS:

Daplane.



V. CANTUS

E me and none but me, dar- home O gentle death and quicklie, for I draw too
long this idle breath : O howe I long till I may fly to beauen above, vnto my faithfull
and beloued turtle doue,

Like to the filuer Swanne,
before my death I sing:
And yett aliue
my fauall knell I helpe to ring,
Scill I desire from earth,
and earthly ioyes to flee,
He neuer happie liud,
that cannot loue to die.

beloued turtle doue,
too long this idle breath, O how I long till I may fly to heauen above vnto my faithfull and
Me me and none but me, dar- home O gentle death, and quicklie for I draw

SALVO

BASSVS.
E me and none but mee dar- home O
gen- tie death and quicklie, for I draw too long
this idle breath, O howe I long till I may fly to
heauen above vnto my faithfull and beloued
turtle doue.

TENOR

E me and none but me, dar- home O gentle death, and quicklie, for I draw too long
too long this idle breath, O how I long till I may fly to heauen a- boue, vnto my
faithfull and beloued turtle doue.

Vt CANTVS.

Hen Phobus first did Daphne loue, and no meanes might her fauour moue
 he craud the cause, the cause quoth she is, I haue vow'd virginitic. Then in a rage hee sware,
 and said, past fifteene none none but one should liue a maid.

If maidens then shal chance be sped
 Ere they can scarly dreffe their head,
 Yet pardon them, for they be loth
 To make good Phobus breake his oth,
 And better were a child were borne,
 Then that a god should be forsworne.

Hen Phobus first did Daphne loue, and no meanes might her fauour moue
 he craud the cause, the cause quoth she is, I haue vow'd virginitic. Then in a rage hee sware,
 and said, past fifteene none none but one should liue a maid.

ALTVS.

Hen Phobus first did Daphne loue, And no
 meanes might her fauour moue, hee craud the
 cause, the cause quoth she is, I haue vow'd virgi-
 nitic. Then in a rage hee sware and said, past fifteene
 none none but one should liue a maid.

Hen Phobus first did Daphne loue, and no meanes might her fauour moue, hee craud
 the cause. The cause quoth she is, I haue vow'd virginitic. Then in a rage hee sware
 and said, past fifteene none none but one should liue a maid.

TENOR.

VII. CANTVS.

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

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

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

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

But could thy fury possyfed dart
At no time touch her posseliffe hart,
Nor come neare,
She is not subiect to Loues bow,
Her eye commands, her heart faith 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 the 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 only she,
She onely queene of loue and beautie.

and what should that rare mirror be, some Goddesse or some Queene is the shee shee :||: and onely shee the onely Queene of loue and beautie.

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

ALTV.

BASSVS.

Ay Loue if euer thou didst find, a woman
with a constant mind, none but one, and what should
that rare mirror be, some Goddesse or some Queene
is shee shee shee shee :||: and onely shee shee
- 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 should that rare mirror be, some Goddesse or some Queene is shee shee
shee shee :||: and onely shee the onely Queene of loue and beautie.

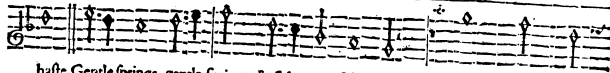
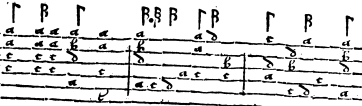
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VIII

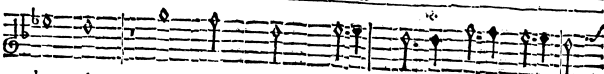
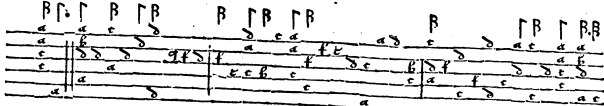
CANTUS



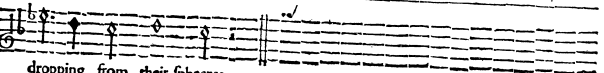
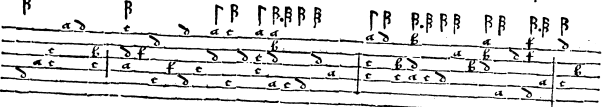
Low not so fast yee fountaines, what needeth all this
Swell not about your mountaines, nor spend your time in



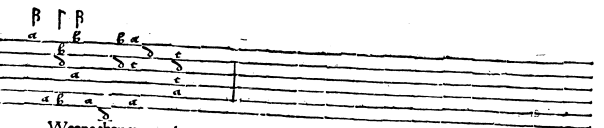
haste, Gentle springs, gentle springs freshly your salt teares must still fall
waste,



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

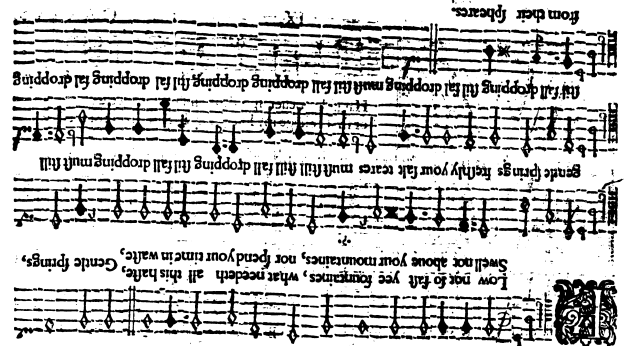


dropping from their spheres.



Weepe they space whom Reason,
Or lingring time can ease:
My sorow can no season,
Nor ought besides appease
Gentle springs, &c.

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



BASSVS:

Low not so fast yee fountaines, what needeth all this haste, Gentle springs, gentle springs freshly your salt teares must still fall dropping still fall dropping from their spheres.

Low not so fast yee fountaines, what needeth all this haste, Gentle springs, gentle springs freshly your salt teares must still fall dropping still fall dropping from their spheres.

Low not so fast yee fountaines, what needeth all this haste, Gentle springs, gentle springs freshly your salt teares must still fall dropping still fall dropping from their spheres.

Low not so fast yee fountaines, what needeth all this haste, Gentle springs, gentle springs freshly your salt teares must still fall dropping still fall dropping from their spheres.

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Low not so fast yee fountaines, what needeth all this haste, Gentle springs, gentle springs freshly your salt teares must still fall dropping still fall dropping from their spheres.

TENOR:

Low not so fast yee fountaines, what needeth all this haste, Gentle springs, gentle springs freshly your salt teares must still fall dropping still fall dropping from their spheres.

Low not so fast yee fountaines, what needeth all this haste, Gentle springs, gentle springs freshly your salt teares must still fall dropping still fall dropping from their spheres.

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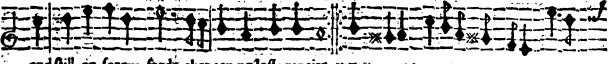
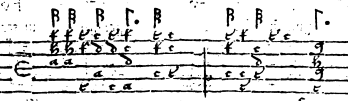
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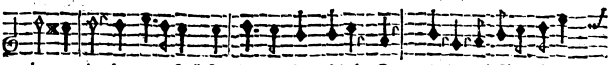
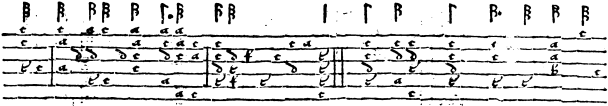
IX CANTUS.



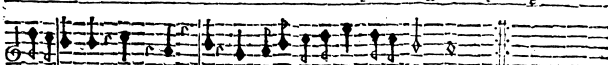
Hat if I neuer speede, shall I straight yeeld to dispaire,
or shal I chage my loue, for I find power to depart,



and still on sorow feeds that can no losse reparaie. But if she will pittie my desire, and my
and in my reason proue I can comānd my hart.



loue requite, then euer shall thee lue my deare delight. Come, :||: while I haue a heart

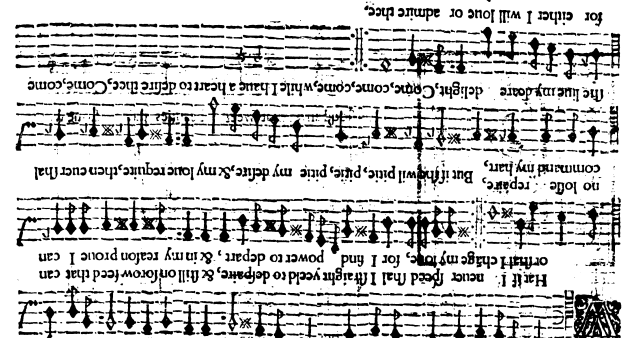


to desire thee. Come, come, come, for either I will loue or admire thee.

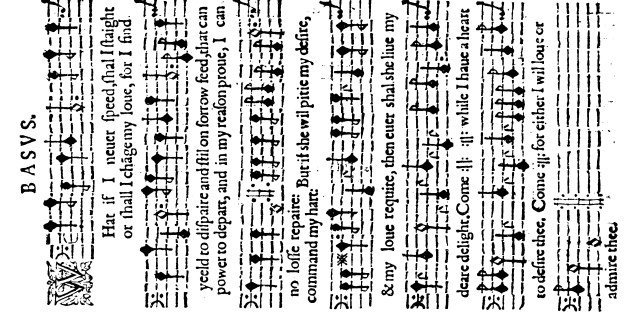


Oft haue I dream'd of ioy,
yet I neuer felt the sweete,
But tired with annoy,
my griefs each other greet,
Oft haue I left my hope,
as a wretch by fate forlorne.

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

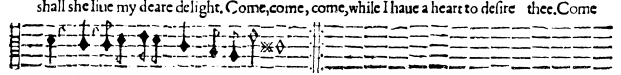
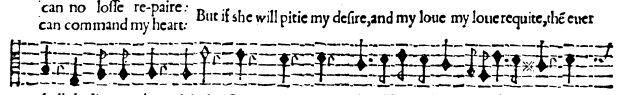
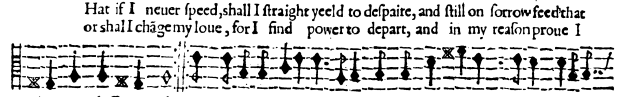


Hat if I neuer speede, shall I straight yeeld to dispaire, and still on sorow feeds that can
no losse reparaie. But if she will pittie my desire, and my loue my loue requite, the euer
shall she lue my deare delight. Come, come, come, while I haue a heart to desire thee. Come
for either I will loue or admire thee.



TENOR.

Hat if I neuer speede, shall I straight yeeld to dispaire, and still on sorow feeds that
can no losse reparaie. But if she will pittie my desire, and my loue my loue requite, the euer
shall she lue my deare delight. Come, come, come, while I haue a heart to desire thee. Come
for either I will loue or admire thee.



come, for either I will loue or admire thee.

CANTUS.

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 heauns did crie, O gods, O gods what wrong is mine.

2 Then his teares bred in thoughts of salt
 Felt his eyes, like raine in fun thine
 expeld by rage of fire:
 Yet in such wise as anguish affords,
 He did expresse in these his last words
 his infinite desire.

3 Are you sted faire where are now those eyes
 Eyes but too faire, enuid by the skies,
 you angrie gods do know,
 With guildes bloud your scepters you stain,
 On poore true hearts like tyrants you raine:
 vnillt why do you so?

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

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

5 Then from high rock, the rocke of dispaire,
 He falls, 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 proprietie,
 He loues the sunne because it is faire,
 Sleepe he neglects, he lues but by aire,
 and would, but cannot die.

agast to heauns to heauns did crie, O gods O gods what wrong what wrong is mine.
 but vaine, and gods but halfe diuine, But when Loue saw that beautie would die, he all

ALTUS.

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 heauns did crie, O gods, O gods what wrong is mine.

TENOR.

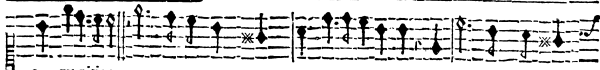
One flood amaz'd at sweete beauties paine, Loue would haue said that all was but
 vaine, and Gods but halfe diuine, But when Loue saw that beautie would die :||: hee all agast
 to heauns to heauns did crie :||: O gods: O gods what wrong what wrong is mine.



XI. CANTUS.

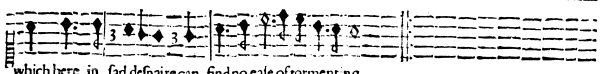
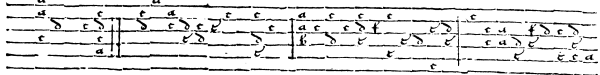
End your eares to my sorrow good people that have
for no eyes will borrow mine own that grace my

B B B B B B B B B B



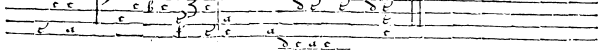
my pittie: Chant then my voice though rude like to my riming, and tell forth my grieffe
doleful dittie:

B B B B B B B B B B B B B B B B



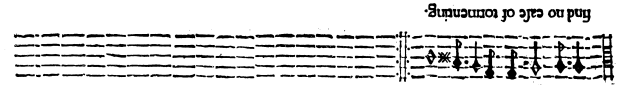
which here in sad despaire can find no ease of tormenting.

B B B B B B B B B B

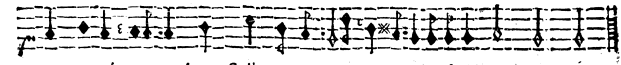


Once I had, once I knew delight,
No griefe did shadowe then my pleasure:
Glad with love, cheer'd with beauties sight,
I joyed alone true heavenly treasure,
O what a heaven is love firmly embraced,
Such power alone can fixe delight
In Fortunes boosome ever placed.

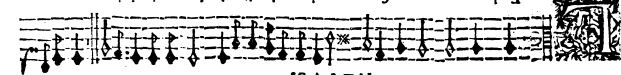
Cold as Ice frozen is that hart,
Where thought of love could no time enter:
Such of life reape the poorest part
Whole weight cleaves to this earthly center,
Mutual loves in hearts truly united
Doe earth to heavenly state conuert
Like heaven itself in it selfe delighted.



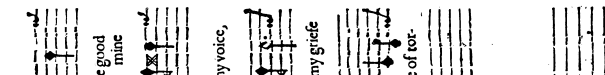
voice though rude like to my riming, and tell forth my grieffe, which here in sad despaire can



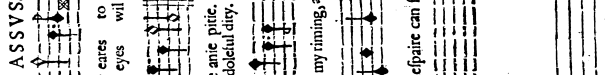
End your eares to my sorrow good people that have any pittie: Chant it my
for no eyes will borrow mine own that grace my doleful dittie:



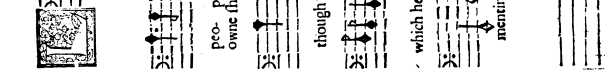
TENOR.



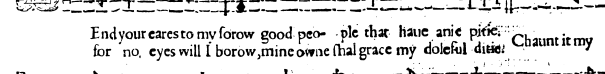
End your eares to my sorrow good
for no eyes will I borrow mine



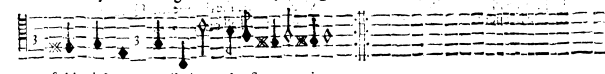
people that have any pittie. Chant it my voice,
owne that grace my doleful dittie.



though rude like to my riming, and tell forth my grieffe



voice, my voice though rude like to my riming, and tell forth my grieffe, my grief, which here in



sad despaire can find no ease of tormenting.

XII. CANTUS.



Y a fountaine where I lay, all blef- fed bee that
by the glimring of the fun, O ne- uer bee her

blef- fed day when I might see alone my true lous fairest one, lous deer light, lous cleare fight
shining done

No worlds eyes can cleare see a fairer fight none none can be.

No worlds eyes can cleare see a fairer fight none none can be.

2 Faire with garlands all adrest,
Was neuer Nymph more fairely blest,
Blest in the highest degree,
So may the ever blest 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 heau'nly ground,
All in the grace of beautie found,
Plaid this roundelay,
Welcome faire Queene of May,
Sing sweete aire,
Welcome faire,
Welcome be the shepherds Queene,
The glorie of all our greene.

Y a fountaine where I lay, all blef- fed bee that blessed day when I
by the glimring of the fun, O ne- uer bee her shining done

alone my true lous fairest one, lous deer light, lous cleare fight, no worlds eyes can clea-

see a fairer fight a fairer fight none none can be.

SALVO

BASSVS.

Y a fountaine where I lay, all blef- fed be that blest day when I might
by the glimring of the fun, O ne- uer be her shining done

blef- fed be that blest day when I might
ne- uer be her shining done

see alone my true lous fairest one, lous deer light,

lous cleare fight, no worlds eyes can cleare see, a
fairer fight none none can be.

TENOR.

Y a fountaine where I lay, all blef- fed be that blest day when I
by the glimring of the fun, O ne- uer ne- uer be her shining done

might see alone, my true lous fairest one, lous deer light, lous cleare fight, no worlds eyes

can cleare see, a fairer fight, a fairer fight none can be.

XIII.

CANTUS.



H what hath ouerwrought my all a- ma- zed thought
or where- to am I brought, that thus in vaine haue fought,

Till time and truth hath taught, I labor all for nought. The day I see is cleare, but I am
For grieft doth full ap- peare, to croffe our

me- rie cheere, while I can nothing heare, but winter all the yeare. Cold, hold, the sun wil shine
warne, therefore now feare no harme. O bleffed beames, where beautie freames happie happie
light to loues dreaemes.

light to loues dreaemes.

light to loues dreaemes.

light to loues dreaemes.

light to loues dreaemes.

light to loues dreaemes.

light to loues dreaemes.

light to loues dreaemes.

light to loues dreaemes.

light to loues dreaemes.

light to loues dreaemes.

light to loues dreaemes.

light to loues dreaemes.

now feare no harme. O bleffed beames, where beautie freames, happy happy light to loues dreaemes.

while I can nothing heare, but winter all the yeare. Cold, hold, the sun wil shine warne, therefore
haue taught, I labour all for nought. The day I see is cleare, but I am nere the me- rie cheere,
For grieft doth full ap- peare, to croffe our me- rie cheere,

or where- to am I brought, that thus in vaine haue fought, Till time & truth
H what hath ouerwrought my all a- ma- zed thought,

light to loues dreaemes.

ALTO.

H what hath ouerwrought my all
or where- to am I brought, that thus
a- ma- zed thought, I labor all for naught.
in vaine haue fought,

The day I see is cleare, but I am nere the
for grieft doth full appeare, to croffe all me- rie
cheere, But winter all the yeare cold hold
the sun wil shine warne, therefore now feare no
harme. O bleffed beames where beautie freames
happie happie light to loues dreaemes.

happie happie light to loues dreaemes.

happie happie light to loues dreaemes.

TENOR.

H what hath ouerwrought my all a- ma- zed thought,
or where- to am I brought, that thus in vaine haue fought, Till time and truth haue
taught I labour all for naught, The day I see is cleare, but I am nere the me- rie cheere, while I
can nothing heare but winter all the yeare. Cold, hold, y sun wil shine warm, therefore now feare no
harme. O bleffed beames where beautie freames, happy happy light, happy light to loues dreaemes.

happie happie light to loues dreaemes.

happie happie light to loues dreaemes.

happie happie light to loues dreaemes.

happie happie light to loues dreaemes.

XIIII

CANTVS.



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

heart my heart holdes my loue most deare: The weaith which thou doest reape, anothers

Musical notation for the first system of the Cantus part, including a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The melody is written on a five-line staff with various note values and rests.

Musical notation for the second system of the Cantus part, continuing the melody from the first system.

Musical notation for the third system of the Cantus part, continuing the melody.

Musical notation for the fourth system of the Cantus part, continuing the melody.

Musical notation for the fifth system of the Cantus part, continuing the melody.

Musical notation for the sixth system of the Cantus part, concluding the piece with a double bar line.

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, nor in the blond,
but in the spirit doth lie.

Musical notation for the first system of the Basses part, including a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The melody is written on a five-line staff.

Musical notation for the second system of the Basses part, continuing the melody.

Musical notation for the third system of the Basses part, continuing the melody.

Musical notation for the fourth system of the Basses part, continuing the melody.

Musical notation for the fifth system of the Basses part, continuing the melody.

Musical notation for the sixth system of the Basses part, continuing the melody.

Musical notation for the seventh system of the Basses part, continuing the melody.

Musical notation for the eighth system of the Basses part, concluding the piece with a double bar line.

BASSVS.
Aarewell vnkind farewell, to mee no more
a father since my heart my heart holdes
my loue most deare. The weaith which thou doest
reape anothers hand must gather, though thy
heart thy heart lies still buried there. Then
farewell O farewell, welcome my
loue welcome welcome my ioy for euer.

ALTVS.

TENOR.

Musical notation for the first system of the Tenor part, including a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The melody is written on a five-line staff.

Musical notation for the second system of the Tenor part, continuing the melody.

Musical notation for the third system of the Tenor part, continuing the melody.

Musical notation for the fourth system of the Tenor part, continuing the melody.

Musical notation for the fifth system of the Tenor part, continuing the melody.

Musical notation for the sixth system of the Tenor part, continuing the melody.

Musical notation for the seventh system of the Tenor part, concluding the piece with a double bar line.

Aarewell vnkind farewell, to mee no more a father, since my heart my heart my
heart holds my loue most deare. The weaith which thou doest reape anothers hand must gather,
though thy heart thy heart thy heart thy heart lies buried there. Then farewell
O farewell, welcome my loue, welcome my ioy for euer.

XV. CANTUS.



Eepe you no more fad fountaines, what need you

flowe so fast, looke how the snowie mountaines, heaun's funne doth gently waite. But my
 funnes heaun-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 smiling,
 When faire at eu'n he sets,
 Rest you, then rest fad eyes,
 Melt not in weeping,
 While she lies sleeping :|:
 Softly :|: now softly lies sleeping.

loft-ly that now softly lies sleeping.
 heaunly eyes view not your weeping, that now lie sleeping, softly :|:
 Look how the lowie mountaines heaun's sun doth gently waite, but my funs my
 Eepe wepe you no more fad fountaines, what neede you flow so fast,

SALVO

Eepe you no more fad fountaines, what
 need you flow what need you flow so fast, look how the
 snowie mountaines heaun's sun doth gently waite,
 But my funs heaunly eyes view not view not your
 weeping, that now lie sleeping softly
 softly, now softly now softly lies sleeping.

TENOR.

Eep you no more no more fad fountaines, what need you flow so fast, looke how the snowie
 mountaines, heaun's sun doth gently waite, but my funs heaunly eyes, view not view not your
 weeping, that now lie sleeping, sleeping, y now lie sleeping softly softly now softly lie sleeping.

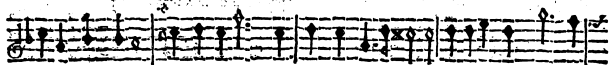
XVI.

CANTVS.



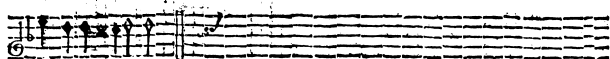
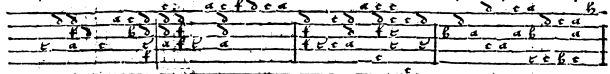
Le on this faining is loue without desire, heat still remaining &

RP RRR R RIR RRR



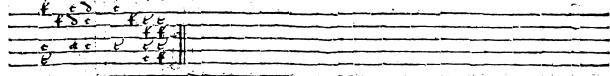
yet no sparke of fire? Thou art vntue, nor wert with fancie moued, for desire hath powre on

R RIRRR RRR RR RRR RRR R



all that e- uer loued.

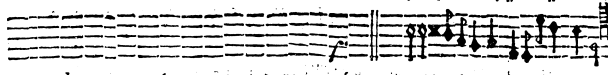
R R - R R



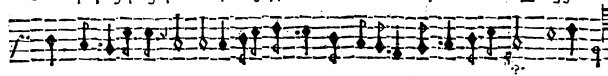
2 Shew some relenting,
Or graunt thou doest now loue,
Two hearts consenting
Shall they no comforts proue?
Yeeld, or confesse that loue is without pleasure,
And that womens bounties rob men of their treasure,

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 giue no fuell,
So maist thou proue kind, or at the least lesse cruell.

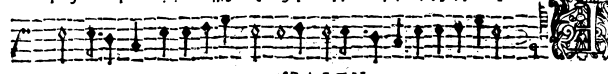
on all on all that euer loued.



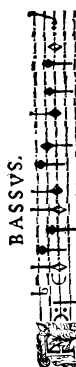
of fire? Thou art vntue, vntue, nor wert with fancie moued, for desire hath powre



le on this faining is loue without desire: heat still remaining and yet no sparke



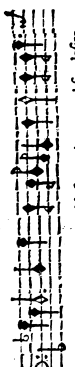
SALTV



le on this faining is loue without desire,



heat still remaining, and yet no sparke of fire? Thou



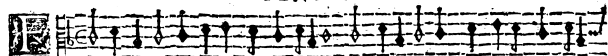
art vntue, nor wert with fancie moued, for desire



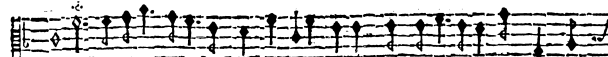
desire hath powre on all on all that euer loued.



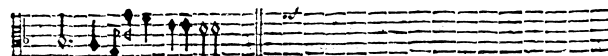
TENOR.



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



fire? Thou art vntue, vntue, nor wert with fancie moued, for desire desire hath powre hath



powre on all that euer loued.

K

XVII.

CANTVS.



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

faire, too rich in beauties parts

Thence is my grieif for nature while she

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

she had no leifure :||: no leifure left to make her true.

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

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

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

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

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

Should I agrieu'd then with she were lesse faire,
That were repugnant to my owne desires,
She is admir'd, new futes fill repaire,
That kindles dayly loues forgetfull fires,
Rest ieaious thoughts, and thus resolu at last,
She hath more beautie then becomes the chaff,

SALTA

TENOR.

XVIII. CANTUS.

I was a time when filly Bees could speake, and in
 that time I was a fillie Bee, who fed on Time vntil my heart gan break, yet neuer found the
 time would fauour mee. Of all the swarme I onely did not thriue, yet brought I waxe &
 ho-ney to the hiue.

2 Then thus I buzd, 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 walpe, the worme, the gnat, the butterflie,
 Mated with grieffe, I kneeled on my knees,
 And thus complaind vnto the king of Bees.

My liege, Gods graunt thy time may neuer end,
 And yet vouchsafe to heare my plaint of Time,
 Which fruitlesse Flies haue found to haue a friend,
 And I cast downe when Atomies do elime.
 The king replied but thus, Pezce peeulih Bee,
 Th'art bound to serue the time, the time not thee.

to the hiue,
 fauour me. Of all the swarme I onely did not thriue, yet brought I waxe and ho-ny hony
 a filly Bee, who fed on time vntil my heart gan break, yet neuer found the time would
 I was a time when filly Bees could speake, and in that time I was I was

SALVS.

BASSVS.
 I was a time whē filly Bees could
 speake, and in that time I was a filly Bee, who fed
 on time vntill my heart gan break, yet neuer
 found the time would fauour me. Of all the swarme
 the swarme I onely did not thriue, yet
 brought I waxe and honey to the hiue.

TENOR.

I was a time a time whē filly Bees could speake, and in y^e time I was a filly Bee, who
 fed on time vntil my heart gan break, yet neuer found the time the time would fauor me, of al
 the swarme the swarme I onely did not thriue yet brought I waxe & ho-ny to y^e hiue.

XIX. CANTVS.



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

Γ Γ P P P P P P P P

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

P P P P I P P P P P P P I

and Bees haue stings although they be not great. Seas haue their fource, and so haue shallowe

Γ P Γ P P I P P P P P P P P

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

P P P P P P P P P P P P P P

P P P P P P P P P P P P P P

P P P P P P P P P P P P P P

Where waters smootheft run, deep are the foords,
 The diall sturres, yet none perceiues it moue:
 The firmeft faith is in the fewest words,
 The Turdes cannot ling, and yet they loue,
 True hearts haue eyes and eares, no tongues to speake:
 They heare, and see, and figh, and then they breake.

in beggers and in kings.

not great, Seas haue their fource, & so haue shallow springes, & lowe is loue

heat, and slender haire cast shadowes though but small, and Bees haue stings, although they be

He lowest trees haue tops, the Ant her gall, the fle her spleen, the little sparke his

SALTV

BASSVS.

He lowest trees haue tops, the ant her gall,

the fle her spleen, the little sparke his heat, and slender haire cast shadowes though but small, and

Bees haue stings although they be not great. Seas haue their fource & so haue shallow springes

and loue is loue in beggers and in kings.

TENOR.

He lowest trees haue tops, the Ant her gall, the fle her spleen, & little sparke his heat

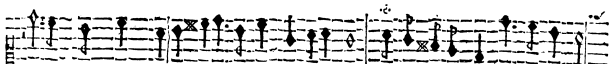
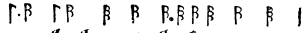
and slender haire cast shadowes, though but small, & Bees haue stings, although they be not

great, Seas haue their fource, & so haue shallow springes, & loue is loue in beggers & in kings,

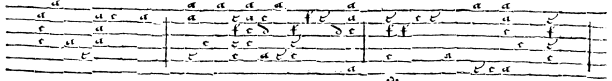
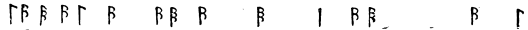
XX. CANTUS.



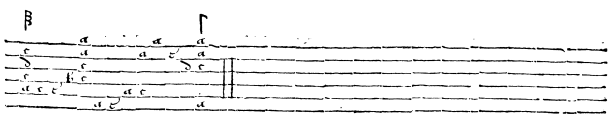
Wat poore Astronomers are they, take womens eyes for starrs



and for their thoughts in battell ray to fight such idle warres, whē in the end they shal approue,



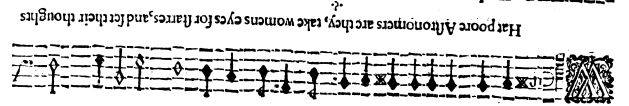
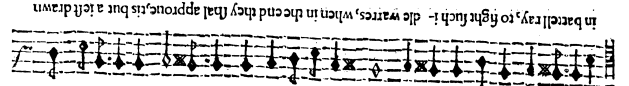
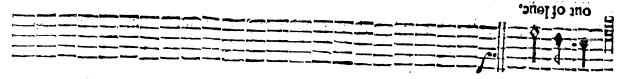
'Tis but a iest drawne out of loue.



2 And loue it selfe is but a ieast,
Deuide by idle heads,
To catch yong fancies in the neatt,
And lay it in foolles beds.
That being hatcht in beauties eyes,
They may be flidge etc they be wife.

3 But yet it is a sport to see
How wit will run on wheels,
While wit cannot perfwaded be
With that which reason fees:
That womens eyes and starrs are odde,
And loue is but a fained god.

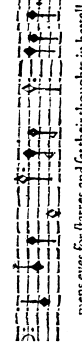
4 But such as will run mad with will,
I cannot cleare their sight:
But leaue them to their studie still,
To looke where is no light,
Till time too late we make them trie,
They study till Astronomic.



ALTI



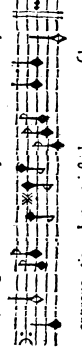
Hat poore Astronomers are they take wo-



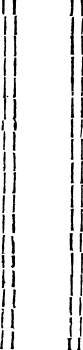
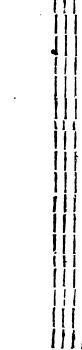
mens eyes for starrs, and for their thoughts in battell



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



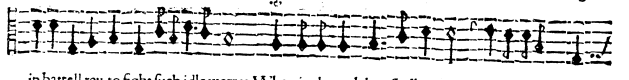
approue, tis but a iest drawne out of loue.



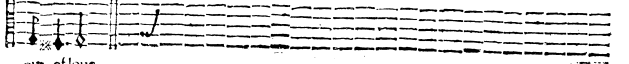
TENOR.



Hat poore Astronomers are they take womens eyes for starrs, and for 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.

CANTUS PRIMA XXI Dialogue

Ome when I cal, or taie til I come, if you bee deale I muft proue dumb If thy de- fire euer
 knew the griefe of delay, no danger could stand in thy way. What need wee languifh ? can loue quick-
 ly quickly tie: feare euer hurts more then icaloufie. Then fecurely entie fcorning, let vs end with ioy our
 mourning, icaloufie (till defie, and loue till we die.
 Then fecurely entie fcorning, let vs end with ioy our mourning, icaloufie (till defie, & loue till we die.

Entie fcorning let vs end with ioy our mourning, icaloufie (till defie, and loue till we die.

TENOR.

Dialogue. BASSVS.
 The fecurely fcorning, let vs end
 with ioy our mourning, icaloufie (till defie, and
 loue and loue till we die.

Dialogue. BASSVS.
 O die nos, ad thae fottow fo my grieie that languifh here, wanting relief. Then fecurely entie fcor-
 ning, let vs end with ioy our mourning, icaloufie (till defie, and loue till we die.

SECUNDA PARS M

I ay a while my heart joy come with wings of loue, when enuious eyes time fhall renoue
 Dialogue.