

Thomas Ford

Musick of Sundrie Kinds

Songs

London 1607



Imprinted at London by IOHN WINDET at the Assignes of WILLAM BARLET

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Not full twelve years

Musicke of sundrie Kindes (1607), #1.

Thomas Ford

Not full twelve years twice told, a

Not full twelve years twice told,

Not full twelve years twice told, a wea- ry

Not full twelve years twice told, a

Chordal accompaniment for the first system:

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

6

wea- ry breath I have ex- chang'd for a wish- ed

a wea- ry breath I have ex- chang'd for a wish- ed

breath I have ex- chang'd for a wish- ed death.

wea- ry breath I have ex- chang'd for a wish- ed

Chordal accompaniment for the second system:

a	a	c	e	a	c	a	b	a	b	b	b
a	a	a	a	a	a	a	b	a	b	b	b
c	a	c	a	a	a	c	c	c	c	c	c
a	c	b	c	c	c	a	c	c	c	c	c

death. My course was short; the long-er is my

death. My course was short; the long-er is my

My course was short; the long-ger is my

death. My course was short; the long-er is my

a	a	a	a	c	b	b	c	a
a	a	b	c	a	e	e	e	c
c	c	c	e	c	c	c	c	c

rest. God takes them soon-est whom he lov-eth

rest. God takes them soon-est, whom he lov-est

rest. God takes them soon-est whom he lov-eth

rest. God takes them soon-est whom he lov-eth

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

best, for he that's born to-day and
 best, for he that's born to-day and dies
 best, for he that's born to-day and
 best, for he that's born to-day and

e a c
a a a
c e c
c

dies to-mor-row, los-eth some days of
 to-mor-row, los-eth some days of
 dies to-mor-row, los-eth some
 dies to-mor-row los-eth some days of

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

mirth, of mirth, of mirth, but months of
 mirth, but months of sor- row, of sor- row. Why
 days of mirth, days of mirth, but months of
 mirth, los- eth some days of mirth, but months of

sor- row. Why fear we death, that
 fear we death, that cures our sick- ness- es,
 sor- row. Why fear we death, that cures our sick- ness-
 sor- row. Why fear we death, that cures our

cures our sick-ness- es,
 that cures our sick-ness- es, au-
 es, our sick-ness- es, au-
 sick-ness- es, au-

c f a c

Au- thor of rest and end of all dis-
 thor of rest and end of all dis-
 thor or rest and end of all dis- tress- es,
 thor of rest, and end of all dis-

a c e f b

tress- es? O

tress- es? O there mis- for- tunes oft comes

dis- tress- es? O there mis- for- tunes

tress- ses? O there mis- for- tunes

f *c* *f* *e* *f* *c* *a* *c* *b* *a* *a* *b* *a*

c *c* *c* *c* *c* *e* *a* *c*

/a /c

there mis- for- tunes of- ten

to grieve us, of- ten comes

of- ten comes to grieve us,

oft comes

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

a *a* *c* *a* *e* *a* *b* *c* *a*

a /a c

comes to grieve us. Death strikes but
 to grieve us. Death strikes but once,
 to grieve us; death strikes but once, and
 to grieve us. Death strikes but once,

a c a a c a | c c b | a c c a | e a
e ed b | c a | e c

once, and that stroke doth re- lieve us.
 and that stroke doth re- lieve us.
 that stroke doth re- lieve us, re- lieve us.
 and that stroke doth re- lieve us.

p p p p | p p | p p | p p p p | c
e f | e | a c | e f f e | e
c | c e | b c | c c | c

What then is love?

Musicke of sundrie Kindes (1607), #2.

Thomas Ford

"What then is love," sings Co-ri-don, "since Phil-li-da is grown so

"What then is love," sings Co-ri-don, "since Phil-li-da is grown so

"What then is lve," sings Co-ri-don, "since Phil-li-da is grown so

"What then is love," sings Co-ri-don, "since Phil-li-da is grown so

3

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

c c c a e c c a a c a c

Detailed description: This system contains the first four staves of the musical score. The top staff is a treble clef with a 3/2 time signature. The second and third staves are alto clefs with a 3/2 time signature. The fourth staff is a bass clef with a 3/2 time signature. Below the vocal staves are two lines of figured bass notation. The first line of figures includes dynamic markings like 'f' and 'c'. The second line of figures includes a '3' at the beginning, indicating a triplet.

4
coy? A flat t'ring glass to gaze up-on. A bu-sy jest.

coy? A flat t'ring glass to gaze up-on. A bu-sy jest. A

coy? A flat t'ring glass to gaze up-on. A bu-sy jest.

coy? A flat t'ring glass to gaze up-on. A bu-sy jest.

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

a b a a c a c a e c c e a b a c

c c c c a e c c a a c

Detailed description: This system contains the next four staves of the musical score, starting with a measure rest of 4 measures. The vocal staves continue the lyrics. The figured bass notation continues with similar dynamic markings and rhythmic patterns as the first system.

7

A ser- ious toy. A flow'r still bud- ding, ne- ver blown.

ser- ious toy. A flow'r still bud- ding, ne- ver blown.

A ser- ious toy. A flow'r still bud- ding, ne- ver blown.

A ser- ious toy. A flow'r still bud- ding, ne- ver blown.

D D C |. D D D D B D |. B D |.

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

a c | e c e a | c c c

10

A scan- ty dearth in full- est store, yield- ing least fruit, where

A scan- ty dearth in full- est store, yield- ing least fruit, where

A scan- ty dearth in full- est store, yield- ing least fruit, where

A scan- ty dearth in full- est store, yield- ing least fruit, where

D B D D B D |. D |. D B D D D C

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

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

What then is love, sings Corydon,
Since Phyllida is grown so coy?
A flattering glass to gaze upon,
A busy jest, a serious toy,
A flower still budding, never blown,
A scanty dearth in fullest store
Yielding least fruit where most is sown.
My daily note shall be therefore —
Heigh ho, chil love no more.

'Tis like a morning dewy rose
Spread fairly to the sun's arise,
But when his beams he doth disclose
That which then flourish'd quickly dies;
It is a seld-fed dying hope,
A promised bliss, a salveless sore,
An aimless mark, and erring scope.
My daily note shall be therefore, —
Heigh ho, chil love no more.

'Tis like a lamp shining to all,
Whilst in itself it doth decay;
It seems to free whom it doth thrall,
And lead our pathless thoughts astray.
It is the spring of wintered hearts
Parched by the summer's heat before
Faint hope to kindly warmth converts.
My daily note shall be therefore —
Heigh ho, chil love no more.

Unto the temple

Musicke of sundrie Kindes (1607), #3.

Thomas Ford

Un- to the temple of thy beau- ty and to the tomb

Un- to the tem- ple of thy beau- ty and to the

Un- to the tem- ple of thy beau- ty and to the

Un- to the tem- ple of thy beau- ty and to the

1 | | | | |

a | d | c | a | e | f#d | f#d

C | c | c | c | f | f#d | f#d

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

a | c

d | d a c e

5

where Pi- ty lies, I, pil- grim clad with zeal

tomb where Pi- ty lies, I, pil- grim clad with

tomb where Pi- ty lies, I, pil- grim clad with zeal

tomb where Pi- ty lies, I, pil- grim clad with

| | | | |

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

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

d | | | | |

a | d | c | a | c

9

and du-ty, do of-fer up my heart, mine
 zeal and du-ty, do of-fer up my heart, mine
 and du-ty, do of-fer up my heart, mine
 zeal and du-ty, do of-fer up my heart, mine

Chord symbols: *a*, *a*, *c*, *a*, *c*, *f*, *f*, *add*, *add*, *add*, *b*, *c*, *b*

Bass line: *a*, *c*, *d*, *b*, *a*, *c*, *e*

12

eyes. My heartloe in the quench-less fire on
 eyes. My heartloe in the quench-less fire on
 eyes. My heartloe in the quench-less fire on
 eyes. My heartloe in the quench-less fire on

Chord symbols: *b*, *f*, *add*, *b*, *a*, *c*, *a*, *b*, *a*, *b*, *a*, *b*, *a*

Bass line: *b*, *b*, *b*, *c*, *b*, *c*, *b*, *a*, *b*, *a*, *b*, *a*

love's - burn- ing al- tar lies, con- duct- ed thi- ther

love's - burn- ing al- tar lies, con- duct- ed

love's burn- ing al- tar lies, con- duct- ed

love's thou burn- ing al- tar lies, con- duct- ed

c a a f e a f a b

c a b c c c c

by de- sire to be tle beau- ty's sac- ri fice.

thi- ther by de- sire to be beau- ty's sac- ri fice.

thi- ther by de- sire to be beau- ty's sac- ri fice.

thi- ther by de- sire to be beau- ty's sac- ri fice.

c a a e ad addc a b a a e b a

b a c f ad addc c a c c c

Unto the temple of thy beauty,
And to the tomb where pity lies,
I, pilgrim-clad with zeal and duty,
Do offer up my heart, mine eyes.
My heart, lo! in the quenchless fire,
On love's burning altar lies,
Conducted thither by desire
To be beauty's sacrifice.

But pity on thy sable hearse,
Mine eyes the tears of sorrow shed;
What though tears cannot fate reverse,
Yet are they duties to the dead.
O, Mistress, in thy sanctuary
Why wouldst thou suffer cold disdain
To use his frozen cruelty,
And gentle pity to be slain?

Pity that to thy beauty fled,
And with thy beauty should have lived,
Ah, in thy heart lies buried,
And nevermore may be revived;
Yet this last favour, dear, extend,
To accept these vows, these tears I shed,
Duties which I thy pilgrim send,
To beauty living, pity dead.

Now I see thy looks were feigned Poem by Thomas Lodge

Musicke of sundrie Kindes (1607), #4.

Thomas Ford

Now I see thy looks were feign-ed, quick-ly lost and quick-ly gain-ed;

Now I see thy looks were feign-ed, quick-ly lost and quick-ly gain-ed;

Now I see thy looks were feign-ed, quick-ly lost and quick-ly gain-ed;

Now I see thy looks were feign-ed, quick-ly lost and quick-ly gain-ed;

Handwritten musical notation for the first system, including vocal staves and a lute tablature at the bottom.

5

soft thy skin, like wool of we-thers, heart in-con-stant, light as fea-thers,

soft thy skin, like wool of we-thers, heart in-con-stant, light as fea-thers,

soft thy skin, like wool of we-thers, heart in-con-stant, light as fea-thers,

soft thy skin, like wool of we-thers, heart in-con-stant, light as fea-thers,

Handwritten musical notation for the second system, including vocal staves and a lute tablature at the bottom.

9

tongue un-trust-y, sub-tle-sight-ed, wan-ton will, with change-de-light-ed.

tonguan-trust-y, sub-tle-sight-ed, wan-ton will, with change de-light-ed.

tonguan-trust-y, sub-tle-sight-ed, wan-ton will, with change-de-light-ed.

tonguan-trust-y, sub-tle-sight-ed, wan-ton will, with change-de-light-ed.

D D A A | D D | A A D D | D D |
 a e a a | a a e | c c D | c e e |
 c a c a D c | a a c | c e a c e f | f e e |
 c c c a D c | a a c | c e a c e f | f e e |

13

Si-ren plea-sant, foe to rea-son, Cu-pid plague thee for thy trea-son!

Si-ren plea-sant, foe to rea-son, Cu-pid plaguethee for thy trea-son!

Si-ren plea-sant, foe to rea-son, Cu-pid plaguethee for thy trea-son!

Si-ren plea-sant, foe to rea-son, Cu-pid plaguethee for thy trea-son!

D D D D | D D | D D D D | D D |
 a e a a | a a e | c c D | c e e |
 c a c a D c | a a c | c e a c e f | f e e |
 c c c a D c | a a c | c e a c e f | f e e |

Now I see thy looks were feigned,
Quickly lost and quickly gained;
Soft thy skin, like wool of wethers,
Heart inconstant, light as feathers,
Tongue untrusty, subtlesighted,
Wanton will, with change delighted.

Of thine eye I made my mirror;
From thy beauty came my error;
All thy words I counted witty;
All thy sighs I deemed pity,
Thy false tears that me aggrieved
First of all my trust deceived.

Fain'd acceptance when I asked,
Lovely words with cunning masked,
Holy vows but heart unholy.
Wretched man, my trust was folly!
Lily white and pretty winking,
Solemn vows but sorry thinking.
Siren pleasant, foe to reason,
Cupid plague thee for thy treason!

Now I see, O seemly cruel;
Others warm them at my fuel.
Wit shall guide me in this durance,
Since in love is no assurance.
Change thy pasture; take thy pleasure.
Beauty is a fading treasure.

Prime youth lasts not; age will follow,
And make white those tresses yellow.
Wrinkled face for looks delightful
Shall acquaint the dame despiteful.
And when time shall date thy glory,
Then too late thou wilt be sorry.

her those smiles, those smiles are emp- ty
 ing. Tell her those smiles are emp- ty
 ing. Tell her those are emp- ty
 ceas- ing. Tell her those smiles are emp- ty

a a a a c a a c e f f f e
b c c b c e c b a c c
c c c b [a] c b a c c

air, grow- - ing hopes, but not in- creas-ing, hast- ing,
 air, grow- ing hopesbut not in- creas-ing, hast- ing, wast-
 air, grow-ing hopes, but not in- creas- ing, hast- ing,
 air, grow-ing hopes, but not in- creas-ing, hast- ing, wast-

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

1. _____ 2. _____

wast- ing with swift pace of date of joy in dull dis- grace. grace.

1. _____ 2. _____

ing with swift pace, of date of joy in dull dis- grace. hast- grace.

1. _____ 2. _____

wast- ing with swift pace of date of joy in dull dis- grace. grace.

1. _____ 2. _____

ing with swift pace, of date of joy in dull dis- grace. hast- grace.

D D D D | D D | . | D D D D | D B D D | 1. | 2. \uparrow

c a | a e | a | a b b | a a e b | 1. a b | 2. a

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

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

Go, passions, to the cruel fair.
 Plead my sorrows never ceasing,
 Tell her those smiles, those smiles are empty air,
 Growing hopes, but not increasing, hasting,
 Wasting with swift pace date of joy in dull disgrace.

Urge her (but gently, I request)
 With breach of faith and wrack of vows.
 Say that my grief, my grief, and mind's unrest,
 Lives in the shadow of her brows,
 Plying, flying there to die in sad woe and misery.

Importune pity at the last
 (pity in those eyes should hover).
 Recount my sighs, my sighs and torments past
 As annals of a constant lover,
 Spending, ending many days
 Of blasted hopes and slack delays.

5

sharp-est show'rs. Cool gales of wind breathes in these shades;

sharp-est show'rs. Cool gales of wind breathes in these shades;

sharp-est show'rs. Cool gales of wind breathes in these shades;

sharp-est show'rs. Cool gales of wind breathes in these shades;

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

9

dan-ger none this place in-vades. Here sit,

dan-ger none this place in-vades. Here sit, and

dan-ger none this place in-vades. Here sit,

dan-ger none this place in-vades. Here sit, and

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

and note the chirping birds, pleading my
 note the chirping birds, pleading my
 and note the chirping birds, pleading my
 note the chirping birds, pleading my

love, pleading my love in silent words. words.
 love, pleading my love in silent words. words.
 love, pleading my love in silent words. words.
 love, pleading my love in silent words. Then praise.

Come, Phillis, come into these bow'rs.
Here shelter is from sharpest show'rs.
Cool gales of wind breathes in these shades;
Danger none this place invades.
Here sit, and note the chirping birds,
Pleading my love, pleading my love in silent words.

Come, Phillis, come; bright heaven's eye
Cannot upon thy beauty pry.
Glad Echo in distinguish'd voice,
Naming thee, will here rejoice.
Then come and hear her merry lays,
Crowning thy name, crowning thy name with lasting praise.

Fair, sweet, cruel

Musicke of sundrie Kindes (1607), #7.

Thomas Ford

Fair, sweet, cru- el why dost thou fly me? Why

Fair, sweet, cru- el why dost thou

Fair, sweet, cru- el why dost thou fly me?

Fair, sweet, cru- el why dost thou fly me? Why

$\begin{matrix} a & a & a & e & a & a & f & h & e & f & a & c \\ a & a & a & a & a & a & a & a & a & a & a & c \\ c & b & c & c & c & c & c & c & c & c & c & c \end{matrix}$

5

dost thou fly me? Go not, go not, oh go not

fly me? Why dost thou fly me? Oh go not from

Why dost thou fly me? Go not, from

dost thou fly me? Go not, oh go not from

$\begin{matrix} a & a & e & b & b & a & a & b & c & b & a \\ a & c & c & c & c & a & a & a & a & a & a & a \\ a & c & c & c & c & c & c & c & c & c & c & c \end{matrix}$

8

from thy dear- est. Though thou dost ha- sten, I am nie thee; when
 thy dear- est. Though thou dost ha- sten, I am nie thee; when thou seem'st
 thy dear- est. Though thou dost ha- sten, I am nie thee;
 thy dear- est. Though thou dost ha- sten, I am nie thee;

Chord symbols for keyboard accompaniment:

D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D
$\text{a}^{\flat}\text{b}^{\flat}\text{c}$	a	e	f^{\flat}d	b	f^{\flat}b	$\text{a}^{\flat}\text{b}^{\flat}\text{c}$	a
a	c	c	d	b	a	a	e
							c
							c

12

thou seem'st far, then am I near- est.
 far, then am I near- est. Tar- ry
 when thou seem'st far, then am I near- est. Tar- ry then,
 when thou seem'st far, then am I near- est.

Chord symbols for keyboard accompaniment:

D	D	B	B	D	D	B	B	D	D	D	D
c	a	b	a	h	a^{\flat}b	a	a	a	e	b	a
a	b	a	b	a	c	a	a	e	b	c	b
c	c	c	c	c	c	c	c	c	c	c	c
c	c	c	c	c	c	c	c	c	c	c	c

Tar-ry then. tar-ry then, oh tar-ry, oh tar-ry
 then, tar-ry then, tar-ry then and take me with you, oh tar-ry
 tar-ry then, oh tar-ry, tar-ry then, oh tar-ry, oh tar-ry
 Tar-ry then, oh tar-ry, oh tar-ry

then, and take me with you. with you.
 then and take me with you. Tar-ry with you.
 then and take me with you. Tar-ry then, with you.
 then and take me with you. with you.

Fair, sweet, cruel why dost thou fly me?
Why dost thou fly me?
Go not, go not, oh go not from thy dearest.
Though thou dost hasten, I am nie thee;
When thou seem'st far, then am I nearest.
Tarry then, tarry then, oh tarry, oh tarry then,
And take me with you.

Fie, fie, sweetest,
Here is no danger, here is no danger.
Fly not, fly not, oh fly not; Love pursues thee.
I am no foe, nor foreign stranger.
Thy scorns with fresher hope renews me.

Since first I saw your face

Musicke of sundrie Kindes (1607), #8.

Thomas Ford

Since first I saw your face, I re- solv'dto hon- our and re- nown yee. If

Since first I saw your face, I re- solv'dto hon- our and re- nown yee. If

Since first I saw your face, I re- solv'dto hon- our and re- nown yee. If

Since first I saw your face, I re- solv'dto hon- our and re- nown yee. If

Handwritten tablature for lute or guitar, including a C-clef and various letter-based notes.

5

now I be dis- dain- ed, I wish my heart had nev- er known yee. What

now I be dis- dain- ed, I wish my heart had nev- er known yee. What

now I be dis- dain- ed, I wish my heart had nev- er known yee. What

now I be dis- dain- ed, I wish my heart had nev- er known yee.

Handwritten tablature for lute or guitar, including a C-clef and various letter-based notes.

9

I that lov'd and you that liked shall we be- gin to

I that lov'd and you that liked shall we be- gin to

I that lov'd and you that liked shall we be- gin to

What I, that lov'd and you that liked shall we be- gin to wran-

a *e* *a* *b* *c* *a* *c* *c* *a* *c* *c* *c* *a* *a* *a* *a*

12

wran- gle? No, no, no, my heart is

wran- gle? No, no, no, my heart is fast and

wran- gle? No, no, no, my heart is fast and

gle? No, no, no, my heart is fast and can- not

a *a* *e* *a* *a* *a* *c* *a* *c* *c* *c* *a* *c* *c* *a* *a* *a*

15

fast and cannot disentangle.

cannot disentangle.

cannot disentangle.

dis- en- tan- gle.

D D C C C D D C |

C^{\flat} a c c | a c b a c b | c

a a c e a | c a c | a

Since first I saw your face,
 I resolv'd to honour and renown yee.
 If now I be disdain'd,
 I wish my heart had never known yee.
 What I that lov'd and you that liked
 Shall we begin to wrangle?
 No, no, no, my heart is fast
 And cannot disentangle.

If I admire or praise you too much,
 That fault you may forgive me,
 Or if my hands had stray'd but a touch,
 then justly might you leave me.
 I ask'd you leave; you bade me love,
 is't now a time to chide me?
 No, no, no, I'll love you still,
 What fortune e'er betide me.

The sun, whose beams most glorious are,
 Rejecteth no beholder,
 And your sweet beauty past compare,
 Made my poor eyes the boldder.
 Where beauty moves and wit delights,
 And signs of kindness bind me,
 There, O there, where'er I go,
 I'll leave my heart behind me.

There is a lady, sweet and kind

Musicke of sundrie kindes (1607), #9.

Thomas Ford

There is a la- dy - sweet and kind, Was ne- ver face so pleas'd my

There is a la- dy sweet and kind, Was ne- ver face so pleas'd my

There is a la- dy sweet and kind, Was ne- ver face so pleas'd my

There is a la- dy sweet and kind, Was ne- ver face so pleas'd my

Handwritten musical notation for the first system, including vocal staves and a lute tablature.

mind, I did but see her pass- ing by, And yet I love her

mind, I did but see her pass- ing by, And yet I love her

mind, I did but see her pass- ing by, And yet I love her

mind, I did but see her pass- ing by, And yet I love her

Handwritten musical notation for the second system, including vocal staves and a lute tablature.

6

1. till I die. I till I die. 2. till I die. I till I die.

1. till I die. I till I die. 2. till I die. I till I die.

1. till I die. I till I die. 2. till I die. I till I die.

1. till I die. I till I die. 2. till I die. I till I die.

1. *f* *f* *e* *c* *a* *c* *f* 2. *f* *f* *e* *c* *a* *c* *a*

There is a lady sweet and kind,
 Was never face so pleas'd my mind,
 I did but see her passing by,
 And yet I love her till I die.

Her gesture, motion and her smiles,
 Her wit, her voice, my heart beguiles,
 Beguiles my heart, I know not why,
 And yet I love her till I die.

Her free behavior, winning looks,
 Will make a Lawyer burn his books,
 I touch'd her not, alas not I,
 And yet I love her till I die.

Had I her fast betwixt mine arms,
 Judge you that think such sports were harms,
 Wert any harm? No, no, fie, fie,
 For I will love her till I die.

Should I remain confined there,
 So long as Phoebus in his sphere,
 I to request, she to deny,
 Yet would I love her till I die.

Cupid is winged and doth range
 Her country so my love doth change;
 But change she earth or change she sky,
 Yet will I love her till I die.

8

the_un- worth-iest part. She's chaste in looks, mild in her

worth- iest part. She's chaste in looks, mild in her

un- worth- iest part. She's chaste in looks, mild in her

the_un- worth-iest part. She's chaste in looks, mild in her

c a *a c e f c* *e a c a a*

a c b b c b *c a c b* *a a*

a a *a* *e c* *a a*

12

speech, in ac- tions all dis- creet, of na- ture lov- ing,

speech, in ac- tions all dis- creet, of na- ture lov- ing,

speech, in ac- tions all dis- creet, of na- ture lov- ing,

speech, in ac- tions all dis- creet, of na- ture lov- ing,

c a *a c e f c* *e a c a a*

c b c a b f *c c* *e c b a*

e a c e a c *e e* *e e a*

A dialogue: Shut not, sweet breast

Musicke of sundrie kindes (1607), #11.

Thomas Ford

The first system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a common time signature (C). It contains a melodic line with a final note labeled "Shut". Below the staff are rhythmic flags and a bar line. The lower staff is a bass clef with a common time signature (C). It contains a bass line with various notes, including accidentals (sharps and flats) and dynamic markings like *f* and *a*.

The second system of the musical score begins with a measure number "5" above the staff. The upper staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a common time signature (C). It contains a melodic line with lyrics: "not, shut not, sweet breast to see me all of". Below the staff are rhythmic flags and a bar line. The lower staff is a bass clef with a common time signature (C). It contains a bass line with various notes, including accidentals (sharps and flats) and dynamic markings like *f* and *a*.

8

fire.

Fly not, fly not, fly not, dear heart, to find me

Detailed description of the musical score for measures 8-10: The score is written for voice and piano. The vocal line begins with the word 'fire.' followed by a rest. The lyrics 'Fly not, fly not, fly not, dear heart, to find me' are spread across three measures. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes in the right hand and bass notes in the left hand. The key signature is Bb and the time signature is common time.

11

Thy snow in- flames these flames

all of snow,

Detailed description of the musical score for measures 11-13: The score continues from the previous system. The vocal line has the lyrics 'Thy snow in- flames these flames' and 'all of snow,'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes. The key signature remains Bb and the time signature is common time.

of my de- sire.

and I de sire, de sire sweet

Thy snow will hurt me; this

flames to know. Nor thy fire will harmme,

Be ing now thus warm'd, I'll nev er seek oth er fire.

Thou giv'st more bliss than mor-tal hearts may know.
More bliss I take than

Let one grief harm us and
 an gels can de sire. Let one grief harm us and

one joy fill us; let one love warm us and
 one joy fill us; let one love warm us and

one death kill us. and one death kill us.

one death kill us, and one death death kill us.