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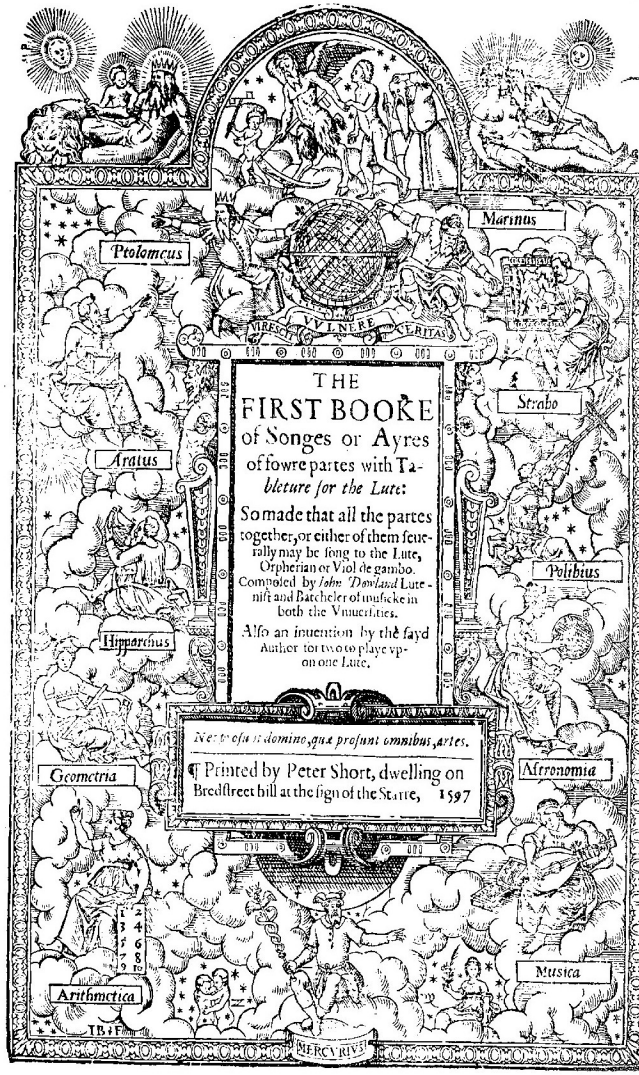


THE
FIRST BOOKE
of Songes or Ayres
of fowre partes with Ta-
bleture for the Lute:
So made that all the partes
together, or either of them seue-
rally may be song to the Lute,
Orpherian or Viol de gambo.
Compoled by *Iohn Dowland* Lute-
nist and Batcheler of musicke in
both the Vniuersities.
Also an inuention by the sayd
Author for two to playe vp-
on one Lute.

Nec tot esse in domino, quæ prosunt omnibus, artes.

¶ Printed by Peter Short, dwelling on
Bredstreet hill at the sign of the Starre, 1597

Sine Brée is mr John Alstagen 602.

TO THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE SIR GEORGE CAREY, OF THE MOST HONORABLE ORDER OF THE GARTER KNIGHT:

Baron of Hunſdon, Captaine of her Maieſties gentlemen Penſioners, Gouernor of the Isle of Wight, and one of the Lieutenants of the countie of Southt. *Lord Chamberlaine of her Maieſties moſt Royall houſe, and of* her Highnes moſt honourable priuie Counſell.

HAT harmony (Right honorable) which is skilfullie expreſt by Inſtruments, albeit, by reaſon of the variety of number & proportion, of it ſelfe it eaſilie ſtirs vp the minds of the hearers to admiration & delight, yet far higher authoritie and power hath been euer worthily attributed to that kinde of Muſicke, which to the ſweetnes of inſtrument applies the liuely voice of man, expreſsing ſome worthy ſentence or excellent Poeme. Hence (as al antiquitie can witneſſe) firſt grew the heauenly Art of muſicke: for Linus, Orpheus, *and the reſt, according to the number and time of their Poemes, firſt framed the numbers and times of muſicke: So that* Plato *defines melody to conſiſt of harmony, number, & wordes; harmony naked of it ſelfe, words the ornament of harmony, number the common friend & writer of them both. This ſmall booke containing the conſent of ſpeaking harmony, ioyned with the moſt muſicall inſtrument, the Lute, being my firſt labour, I haue preſumed to dedicate to your Lordſhip, who for your vertue & nobility are beſt able to protect it, and for your honourable fauors towards me beſt deſeruing my duety and ſeruice. Beſides your noble inclination and loue to all good Artes, and namely the diuine ſcience of muſicke doth challenge the patronage of all learning, then which no greater title can bee added to Nobilitie. Neither in theſe your honours may I let paſſe the dutifull remembrance of your vertuous Lady my honourable miſtris, whoſe ſingular graces towards me haue added ſpirit to my vnfortunate labours. What time and diligence I haue beſtowed in the ſearch of Muſicke, what trauel in forren countries, what ſucceſſe and eſtimation euen among ſtrangers I haue found, I leaue to the report of others. Yet all this in vaine, were it not that your honorable hands haue vouchſaft to vphold my poore fortunes, which I now wholy recommend to your gratious protection, with theſe my firſt endeuors, humbly beſeeching you to accept, and cheriſh the with your continued fauours.*

Your Lordſhips moſt humble ſeruant,

John Dowland.

To the courteous Reader.

HOW hard an enterprise it is in this skilfull and curious age to commit our priuate labours to the publike view, mine owne disabilitie, and others hard successe doe too well assure me: and were it not for that loue I beare to the true louers of musicke, I had concealde these my first fruits, which how they will thriue with your taste I know not, howsoeuer the greater part of them might haue been ripe inough by their age. The Courtly iudgement I hope will not be seuere against them, being it selfe a party, and those sweet springs of humanity (I meane our two famous Vniuersities) wil entertain them for his sake, whome they haue already grac't, and as it were enfranchisd in the ingenuous profession of Musicke, which from my childhoode I haue euer aymed at, sundry times leauing my natiue countrey, the better to attain so excellent a science. About sixteene yeeres past, I trauelled the chiefest parts of France, a nation furnisht with great variety of Musicke: But lately, being of a more confirmed iudgement, I bent my course toward the famous prouinces of Germany, where I founde both excellent masters, and most honorable Patrons of Musicke: Namely, those two miracles of this age for vertue and magnificence, *Henry Julio* Duke of *Brunswick*, and learned *Maritius Lantzgraue* of *Hessen*, of whose princely vertues and fauors towards me I can neuer speake sufficientlie. Neither can I forget the kindnes of *Alexandro Horologio*, a right learned master of Musicke, seruant to the royal Prince the *Lantzgraue* of *Hessen*, and *Gregorio Howet* Lutenist to the magnificent Duke of *Brunswick*, both whome I name as well for their loue to me, as also for their excellency in their faculties. Thus hauing spent some moneths in *Germany*, to my great admiration of that worthy country, I past ouer the Alpes into *Italy*, where I founde the Cities furnisht with all good Artes but especiallie Musicke. What fauour and estimation I had in *Venice*, *Padua*, *Genoa*, *Ferrara*, *Florence*, & diuers other places I willingly suppresse, least I should any way seeme partiall in mine owne indeuours. Yet can I not dissemble the great content I found in the proferd amity of the most famous *Luca Marenzio*, whose sundry letters I receiued from Rome, and one of them, because it is but short, I haue thought good to set downe, not thinking it any disgrace to be proud of the iudgement of so excellent a man.

Molto Magnifico Signior mio osseruandissimo.

PEr una lettera del Signior Alberigo Maluezi ho inteso quanto con cortese affetto si mostri desideroso di essermi congionto d'amicitia, doue infinitamente la ringratio di questo suo buon' animo, offerendomegli all'incontro se in alcuna cosa la posso seruire, poi che gli meriti delle sue infinite uirtù, & qualità meritano che ogni uno & me l'ammirino & osseruino, & per fine di questo le baseio le mani. Di Roma à 13. di Luglio. 1595.

D. V. S. Affettionatissimo seruitore,
Luca Marenzio.

Not

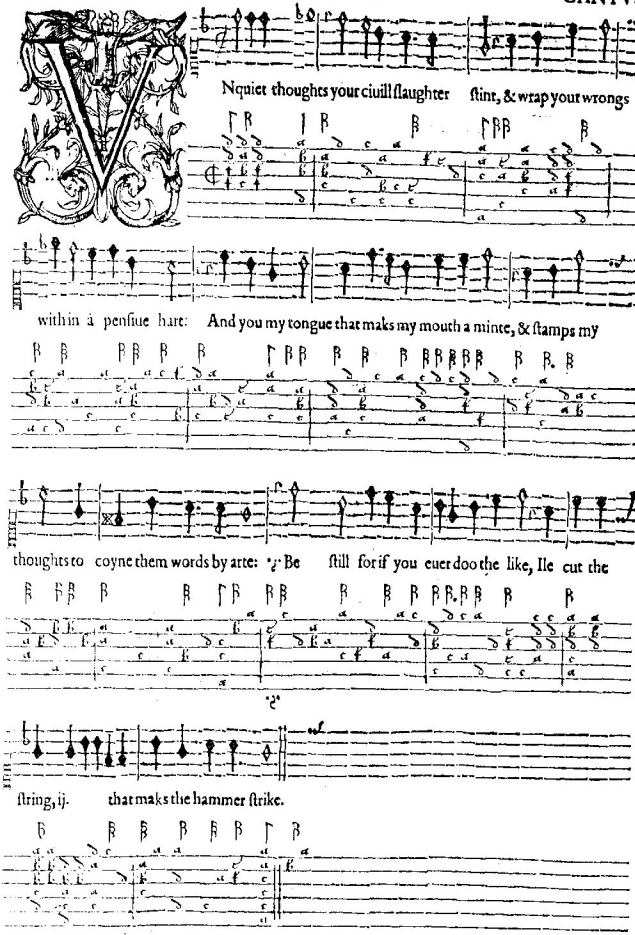
Not to ſtand to long vpon my trauels, I will onely name that worthy maiſter *Giouanni Crochio* Vicemaſter of the chappel of S. Marks in *Venice*, with whome I had familiar conference. And thus what experience I could gather abroad, I am now ready to practiſe at home, if *I* may but find encouragement in my firſt aſſaies. There hau bin diuers Lute leſſons of mine lately printed without my knowledge, falce and vnperfect, but *I* purpoſe ſhortly my ſelfe to ſet forth the choiſeſt of all my Leſſons in print, and alſo an introduction for fingering, with other books of Songs, whereof this is the firſt: and as this findes fauour with you, ſo ſhal *I* be affected to labor in the reſt. *Farewell.*

John Dowland.

Tho. Campiani Epigramma de inſtituto Authoris.

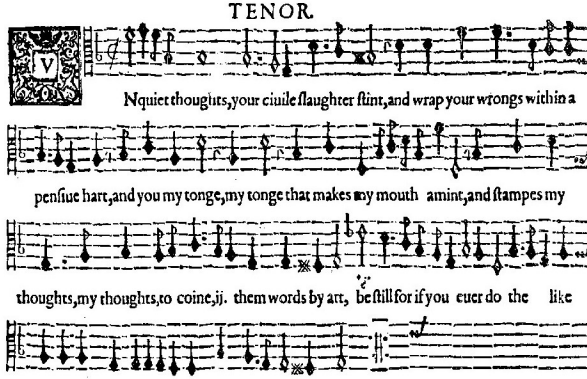
Famam, poſteritas quam dedit Orpheo,
Dolandi melius Muſica dat ſibi,
Fugaces reprimens archetypis ſonos;
Quas & delitias præbuit auribus,
Ipſis conſpicuas luminibus facit.

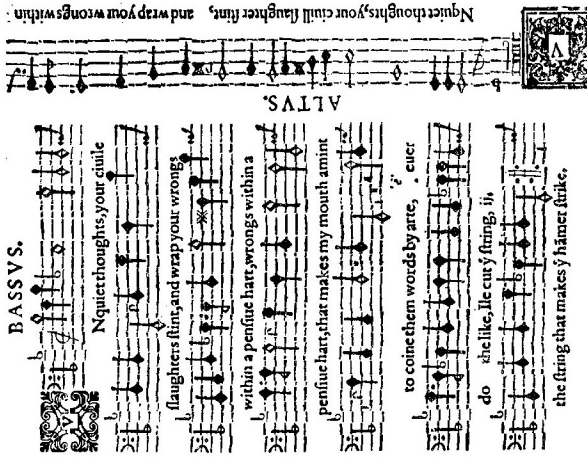
A Table of all the Songs contained *in this Booke.*

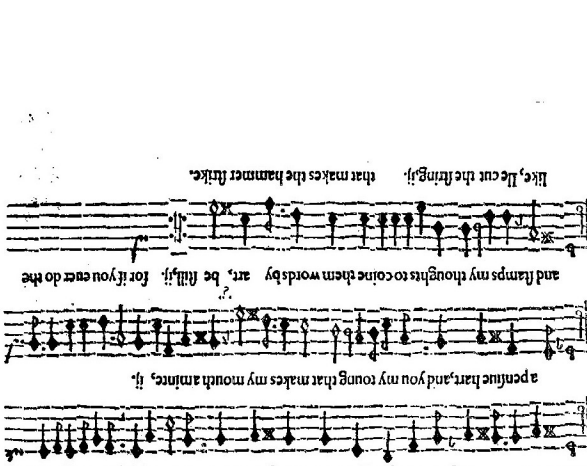


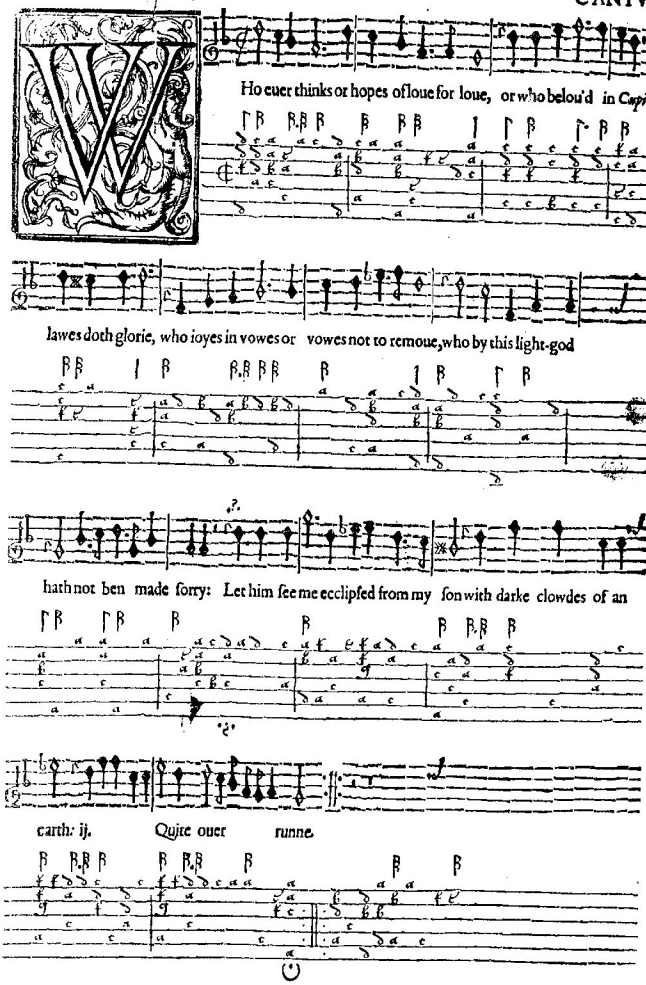
But what can ſtaie my thoughts they may not ſtart,
Or put my tongue in durance for to dye?
When as theſe eies the keyes of mouth and harte
Open the locke where all my loue doth lye;
Ile ſeale them vp within their lids for euer,
So thoughts & words and looks ſhall dye together,

How ſhall I then gaze on my miſtreſſe eies?
My thoughts muſt haue ſome vẽt els hart wil break,
My tongue would ruſt as in my mouth it lies
If eyes and thoughts were free and that not ſpeake.
Speake then and tell the paſſions of deſire
Which turns mine eies to floods, my thoghts to fire

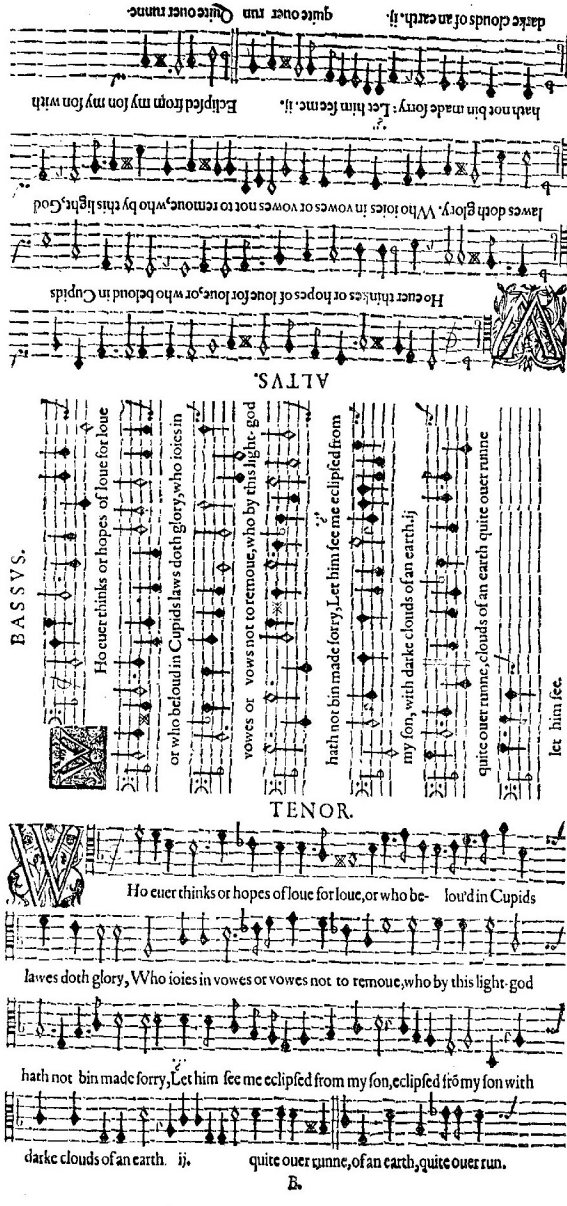

V
Nquiet thoughts, your ciuile slaughter stint, and wrap your wrongs within a
pensiue hart, and you my tonge, my tonge that makes my mouth amint, and stampes my
thoughts, my thoughts, to coine, ii. them words by art, be still for if you euer do the like
Ile cut the string, ii. that makes the hammer strike.
A2

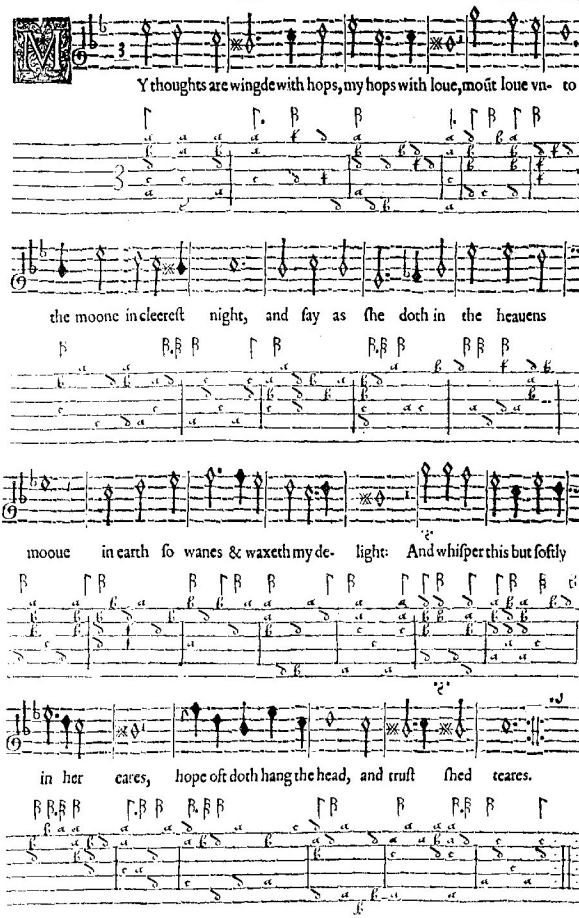

TENOR.
BASSVS.
Nquiet thoughts, your ciuile
slaughters stint, and wrap your wrongs
within a pensiue hart, wrongs within a
pensiue hart, that makes my mouth amint
to coine them words by arte,
euer
do the like, Ile cut ý string, ii.
the string that makes ý hãmer strike.


ALTVS.
V
Nquiet thoughts, your ciuill slaughter stint, and wrap your wrongs within
a pensiue hart, and you my tonge that makes my mouth amint, ii.
and stampes my thoughts to coine them words by art, be still, ii. for if you euer do the
like, Ile cut the string, ii. that makes the hammer strike.



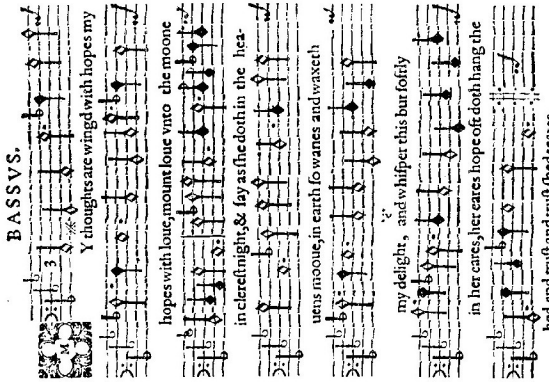
Who thinks that sorrowes felte, desires hidden,
Or humble faith in constant honor arm'd,
Can keepe loue from the friut that is forbidden,
Who thinks that change is by entreatie charm'd
Looking on me let him know loues delights
Are treasures hid in caues, but kept by Sprights.

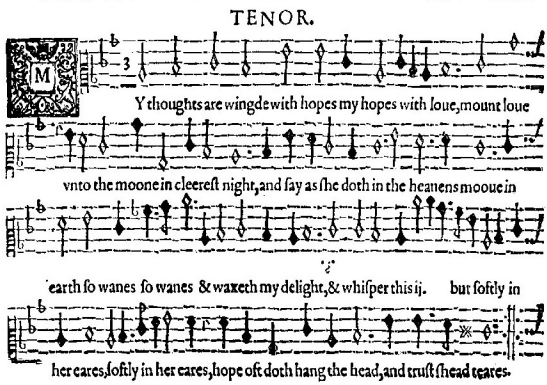

BASSVS.
Ho euer thinks or hopes of loue for loue
or who beloud in Cupids laws doth glory, who ioies in
vowes or vows not to remoue, who by this light-god
hath not bin made sorry, Let him see me eclipsed from
my son, with darke clouds of an earth. ij
quite ouer runne, clouds of an earth quite ouer runne
let him see.
TENOR.
Ho euer thinks or hopes of loue for loue, or who be- lou'd in Cupids
lawes doth glory, Who ioies in vowes or vowes not to remoue, who by this light-god
hath not bin made sorry, Let him see me eclipsed from my son, eclipsed frõ my son with
darke clouds of an earth. ij.
quite ouer runne, of an earth, quite ouer run.
ALTVS.
Ho euer thinks or hopes of loue for loue, or who beloud in Cupids
laws doth glory. Who ioies in vowes or vowes not to remoue, who by this light-God
hath not bin made sorry: Let him see me. ij.
Eclipsed from my son my son with
darke clouds of an earth. ij.
quite ouer run
Quite ouer runne.

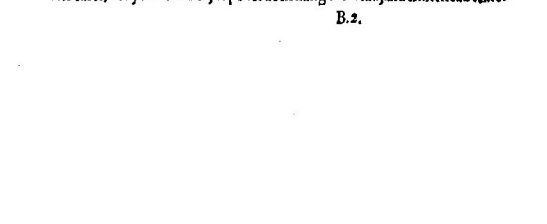


And you my thoughts that some mistrust do carry,
If for mistrust my mistrisse do you blame,
Say though you alter, yet you do not varry,
As she doth change, and yet remaine the same:
Distrust doth enter harts, but not infect,
And loue is sweetest seasned with suspect.

If she for this, with cloudes do maske her eies,
And make the heauens darke with her disdaine,
With windie sighes dispersse them in the skies,
Or with thy teares dissolue them into raine;
Thoughts, hopes, & loue returne to me no more,
Till *Cynthia* shine as she hath done before.


BASSVS.
Y thoughts are wingd with hopes my
hopes with loue, mount loue vnto the moone
in cleerest night, & say as she doth in the hea-
uens moone, in earth so wanes and waxeth
my delight, and whisper this but softly
in her eares, her eares hope oft doth hang the
hed, and trust and trust thead teares.


TENOR.
Y thoughts are wingde with hopes my hopes with loue, mount loue
vnto the moone in cleerest night, and say as she doth in the heaenes moone in
earth so wanes so wanes & waxeth my delight, & whisper this ij. but softly in
her eares, softly in her eares, hope oft doth hang the head, and trust thead teares.


ALTVS.
Y thoughts are wingde with hopes my hopes with loe, mount loue
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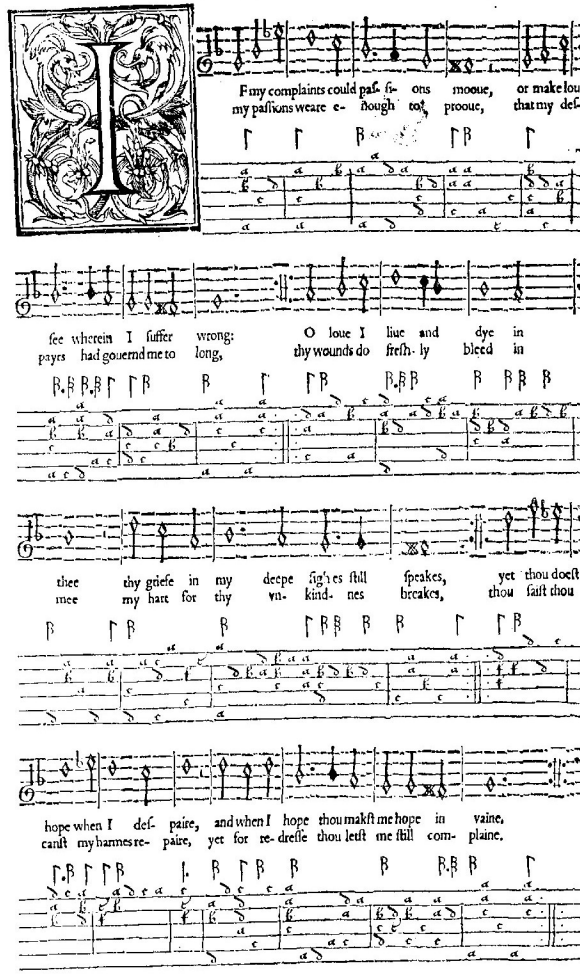
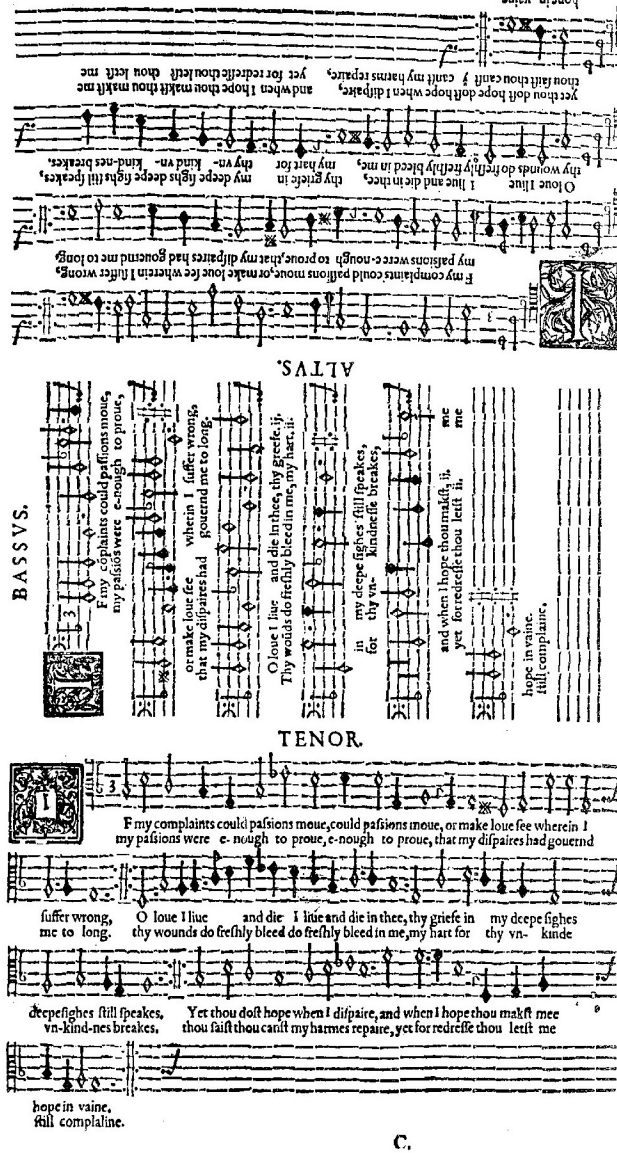
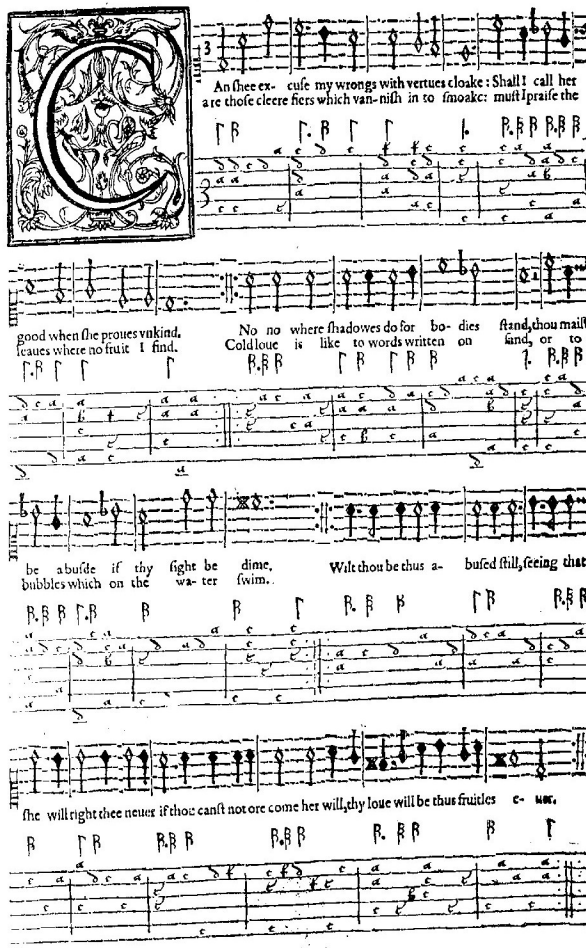
heauens moone, in earth so wanes & waxeth my delight, & whisper this but softly
in her eares, hope oft doth hange the head the head and trust thead teares.



Can loue be ritch and yet I want,
Is loue my iudge and yet am I condemn'd?
Thou plenty hast, yet me dost scant,
Thou made a god, and yet thy power contemn'd.
That I do liue it is thy power,
That I desire it is thy worth,
If loue doth make mens liues too sowre
Let me not loue, nor liue henceforth:
Die shall my hopes, but not my faith,
That you that of my fall may hearers be
May here despaire, which truly saith,
I was more true to loue, then loue to me.


BASSVS.
F my cõplaints could passions moue,
my passions were e-nough to proue,
or make loue see
that my dispaires had
wherin I suffer wrong,
gouernd me to long.
O loue I liue
and die in thee, thy griefe, ij.
Thy wounds do freshly bleed in me, my hart, ij.
in
my deepe sighes still speakes,
for
kindnesse breakes,
thy vn-
and when I hope thou makst, ij.
yet for redresse thou lett ij.
mee
mee
hope in vaine,
still complaine.
ALTVS.
F my complaints could passions moue, or make loue see wherein I suffer wrong,
my passions were e-nough to proue, that my dispaires had gouernd me to long.
O loue I liue
I liue and die in thee,
thy griefe in
my hart for
thy wounds do freshly bleed in me,
my deepe sighs deepe sighs still speakes,
thy vn-
kind-nes breakes.
Yet thou doſt hope when I dispaire,
and when I hope thou makſt me
thou faist thou canst my harmes repaire,
yet for redresse thou letst me
hope in vaine,
still complaine.
TENOR.
F my complaints could passions moue, could passions moue, or make loue see wherein I
my passions were e- nough to proue, e-nough to proue, that my dispaires had gouernd
suffer wrong,
me to long.
O loue I liue
and die
I liue and die in thee, thy griefe in
thy wounds do freshly bleed do freshly bleed in me, my hart for
my deepe sighes
thy vn- kinde
deepesighes still speakes,
vn-kind-nes breakes,
Yet thou doſt hope when I dispaire, and when I hope thou makſt mee
thou faist thou canst my harmes repaire, yet for redresse thou letst me
hope in vaine,
still complaline.

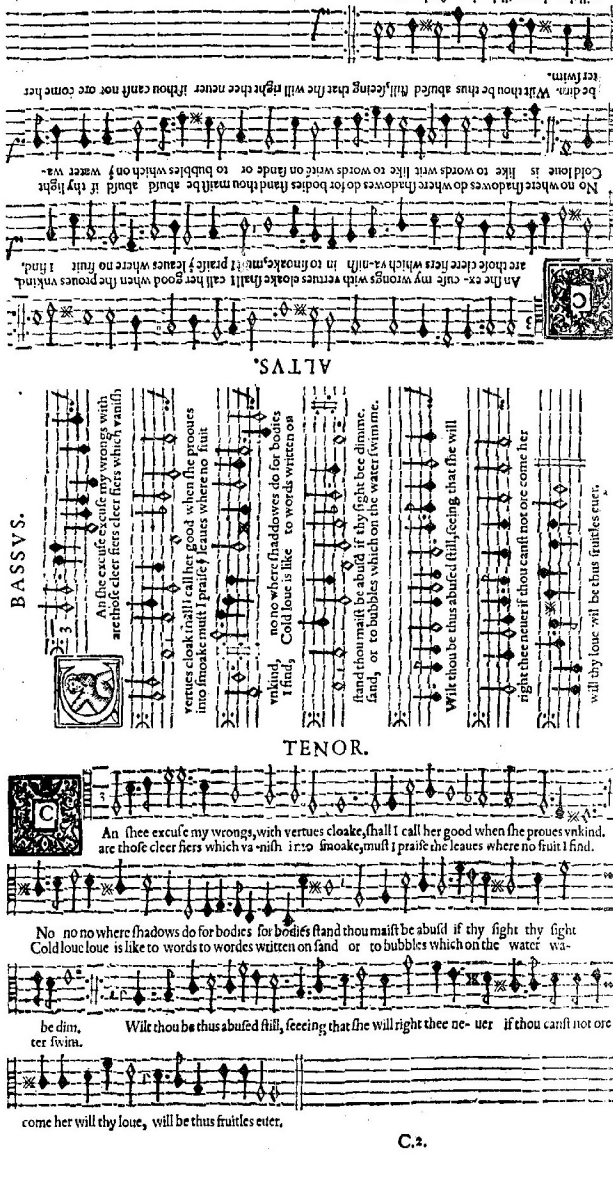
C.



Was I so base that I might not aspire
Vnto those high ioyes which she houlds fró me,
As they are high so high is my desire,
If she this deny what can granted be.

If she will yeeld to that which reason is,
It is reasons will that loue should be iust,
Deare make me happie still by granting this,
Or cut of delayes if that dye I must.

Better a thousand times to dye
Then for to liue t[illegible] still tormented,
Deare but remem[illegible] it was I
Who for thy sake did dye contented.


BASSVS.
An shee excuse excuse my wrongs with
are those cleer fiers cleer fiers which vanish
vertues cloak in all I call her good when she proues
into smoake must I praise leaues where no fruit
vnkind, no no where shadowes do for bodies
I find, Cold loue is like to words written on
stand thou maist be abusd if thy sight bee dimme.
sand, or to bubbles which on the water swimme.
Wilt thou be thus abused still, seeing that she will
right thee neuer if thou canst not ore come her
will thy loue will be thus fruitles euer,
TENOR.
An shee excuse my wrongs, wich vertues cloake, shall I call her good when she proues vnkind.
are those cleer fiers which va-nish into smoake, must I praise the leaues where no fruit I find.
No no no where shadows do for bodies for bodies stand thou maist be abusd if thy sight thy sight
Cold loue loue is like to words to wordes written on sand or to bubbles which on the water wa-
be dim, Wilt thou be thus abused still, seeing that she will right thee ne- uer if thou canst not ore
ter swim.
come her will thy loue, will be thus fruitles euer,
ALTVS.
An she ex- cuse my wrongs with vertues cloake shall call her good when she proues vnkind.
are those cleer fiers which va-nish into smoake, must I praise leaues where no fruit I find.
No no where shadowes do for bodies stand thou maist be abusd if thy light bee dimme.
Cold loue is like to words writ like to words writ on sande or to bubbles which on y water wa-
ter swim.
be dim. Wilt thou be thus abused still, seeing that she will right thee never if thou canst not ore come her
will thy loue will be thus fruites euer.

Now O now I needs must part, parting though I absent
while I liue I needs must loue, loue liues not when hope is

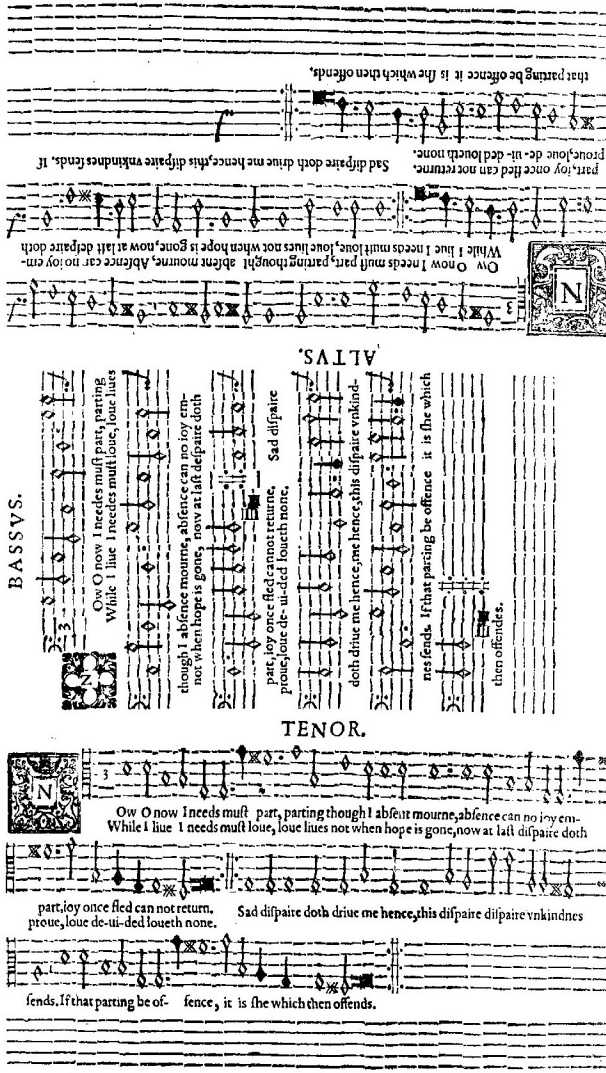
mourne, absence can no ioye em- part, ioye once fled can not re -turne.
gone, now at last despayre doth prouc, loue de- ui- ded lo- ueth none:

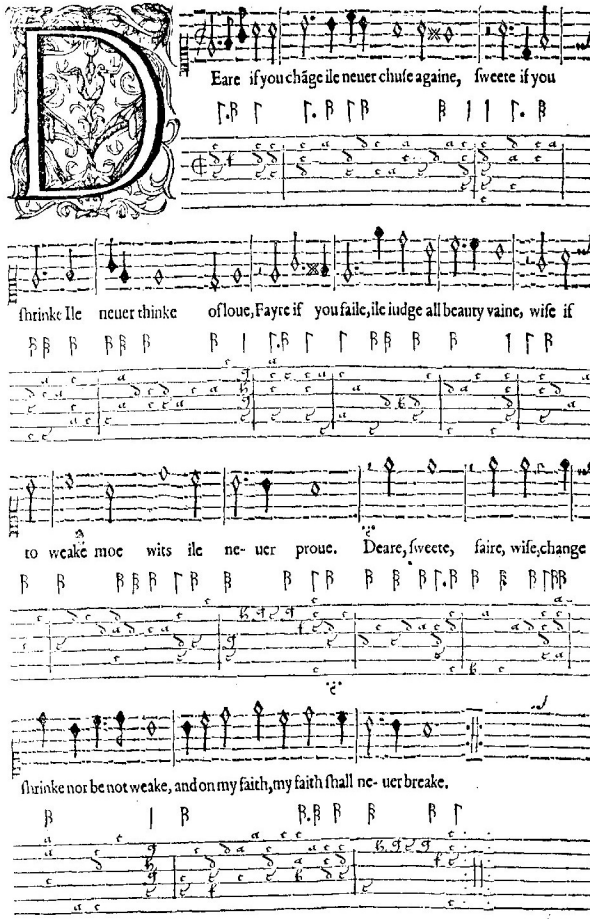
Sad dis- paire doth driue me hence, this dispaire vnkindnes sends. If that

parting be of- fence, it is she which then of- fenders.

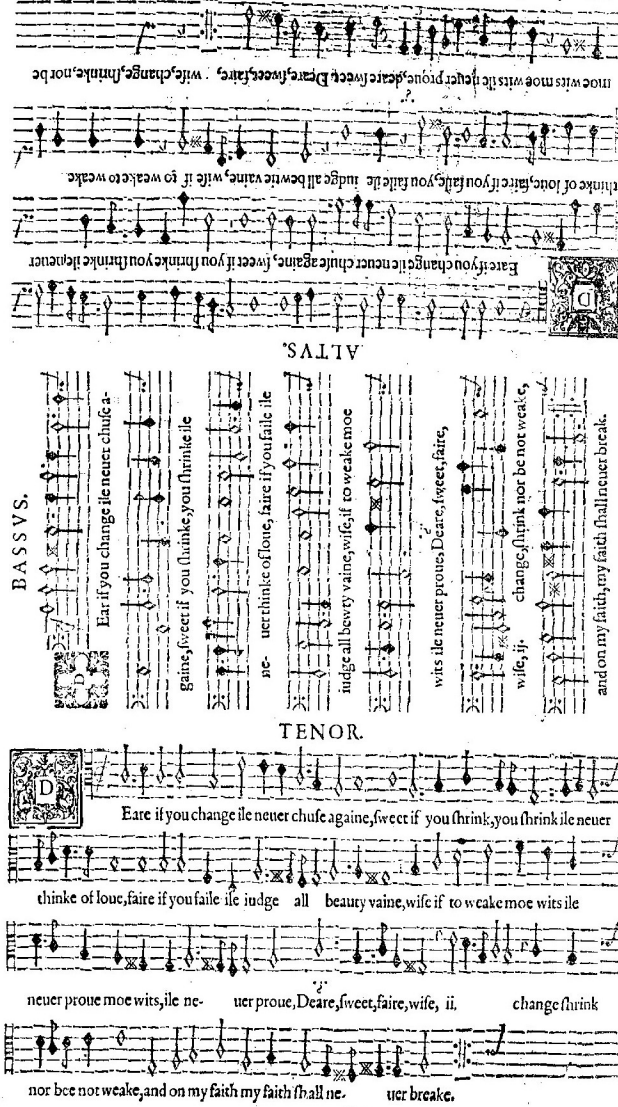
Deare when I from thee am gone,
Gone are all my ioyes at once,
I loued thee and thee alone
In whose loue I ioyed once:
And although your sight I leaue,
Sight wherein my ioyes doo lye
Till that death do sence bereaue,
Neuer shall affection dye.

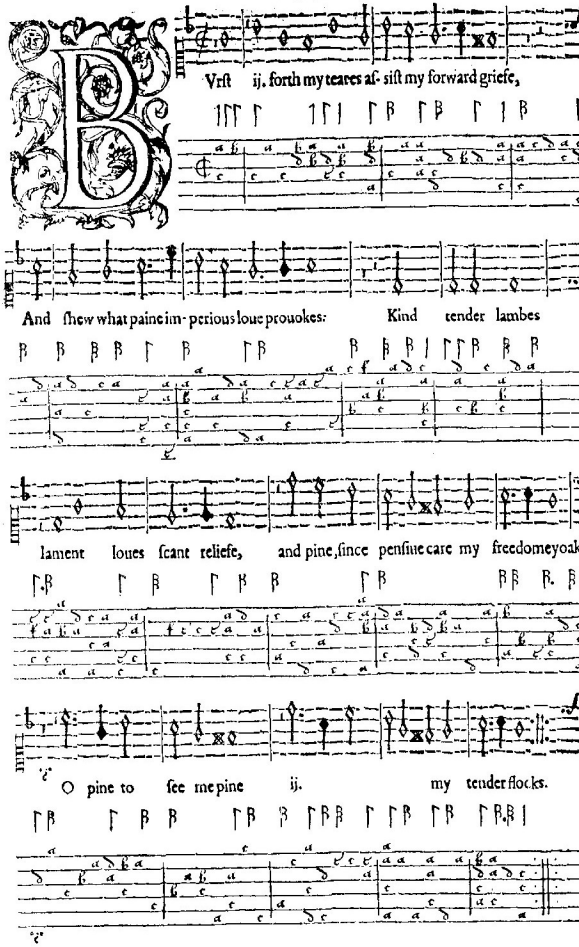
Deare if I doe not returne,
Loue and I shall die together,
For my absence neuer mourne
Whom you might haue ioyed euer:
Part we must though now I dye,
Die I doe to part with you,
Him despayre doth cause to lie,
Who both liued and dieth true.


TENOR.
Ow O now I needs must part, parting though I absent mourne, absence can no joy em-
While I liue I needs must loue, loue liues not when hope is gone, now at last dispaire doth
part, joy once fled can not return.
proue, loue de-ui-ded loueth none.
Sad dispaire doth driue me hence, this dispaire dispaire vnkindnes
sends. If that parting be of-
sence, it is she which then offends.
BASSVS.
Ow O now I needes must part, parting
While I liue I needes must loue, loue liues
though I absence mourne, absence can no joy em-
not when hope is gone, now at last despaire doth
part, joy once fled cannot returne,
proue, loue de- ui-ded loueth none.
Sad dispaire
doth driue me hence, me hence, this dispaire vnkind-
nes sends. If that parting be offence it is she which
then offendes.
ALTVS.
Ow O now I needs must part, parting though I absent mourne, Absence can no joy em-
While I liue I needs must loue, loue liues not when hope is gone, now at last despaire doth
part, joy once fled can not returne.
proue, loue de- ui- ded loueth none.
Sad dispaire doth driue me hence, this dispaire vnkindnes sends. If
that parting be offence it is she which then offends.



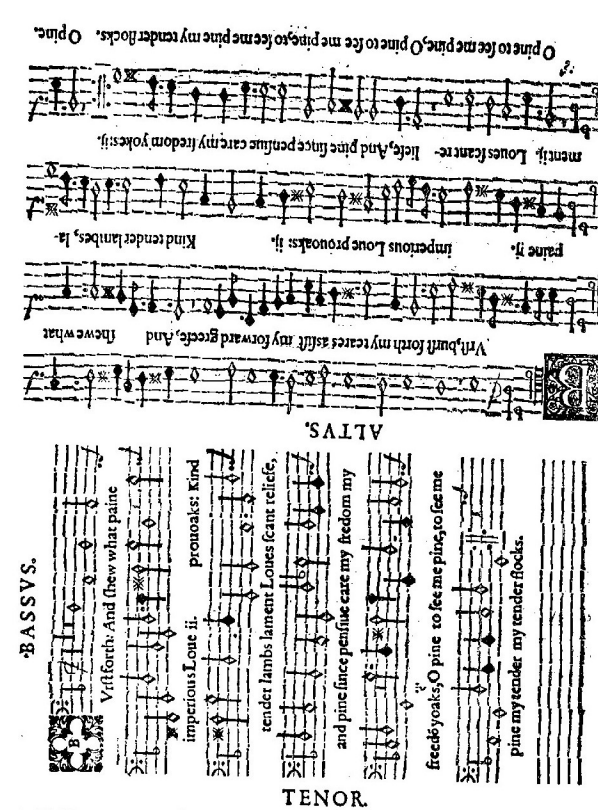
Earth with her flowers ſhall ſooner heau'n adorne,
Heauen her bright ſtars through earths dim globe ſhall moue,
Fire heate ſhall looſe and froſts of flames be borne,
Ayre made to ſhine as blacke as hell ſhall proue:
Earth, heauen, fire, ayre, the world transform'd ſhall vew,
E're I proue falſe to faith, or ſtrange to you.


BASSVS.
Eare if you change ile neuer chuse a-
gaine, sweet if you shinke, you shrinke ile
ne- uer thinke of loue, faire if you faile ile
indge all bewty vaine, wife, if to weake moe
wits ile neuer proue, Deare, sweet, faire,
wife, ii. change, shrink nor be not weake,
and on my faith, my faith shall neuer breake.
TENOR.
Eare if you change ile neuer chuse againe, sweet if you shrink, you shrink ile neuer
thinke of loue, faire if you faile ile indge all beauty vaine, wife if to weake moe wits ile
neuer proue moe wits, ile ne- uer proue, Deare, sweet, faire, wife, ii. change shrink
nor bee not weake, and on my faith my faith shall ne- uer breake.
ALTVS.
Eare if you change ile neuer chuse againe, sweet if you shinke you shrinke ile neuer
thinke of loue, faire if you faile, you faile ile indge all bewty vaine, wife if to weake to weake
moe wits moe wits ile neuer proue, deare sweet, Deare, sweet, faire, wife, change, shinke, nor be
not weake, and on my faith, ii. my faith shall neuer breake.



Sad pining care that neuer may haue peace,
At beauties gate in hope of pitty knocks:
But mercy sleeps while deepe disdaine encrease,
And beautie hope in her faire boosome yoaks,
O greiue to heare my griefe, my tender flocks.

Like to the windes my sighes haue winged beene,
Yet are my sighes and suites repaide with mocks,
I pleade, yet she repineth at my teene:
O ruthles rigor harder the the rocks,
That both the Shephard kils, & his poore flocks?



TENOR.

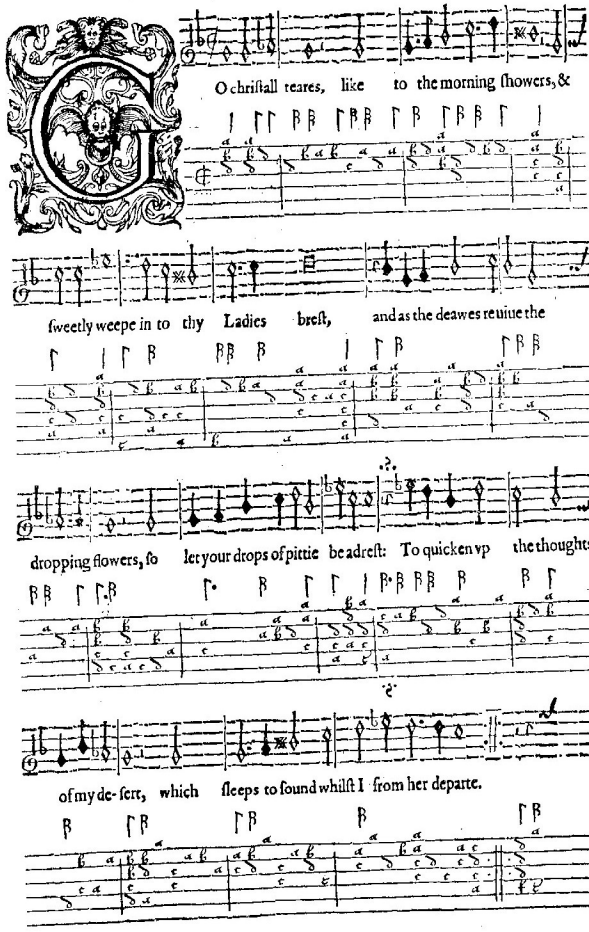
Vrst, ij. forth my teares assist, assist my forward greif, And shew what paine, paine,

imperious Loue prouoaks: ij. Kind tender lambes lament ij. Loues scant reliefe, re-

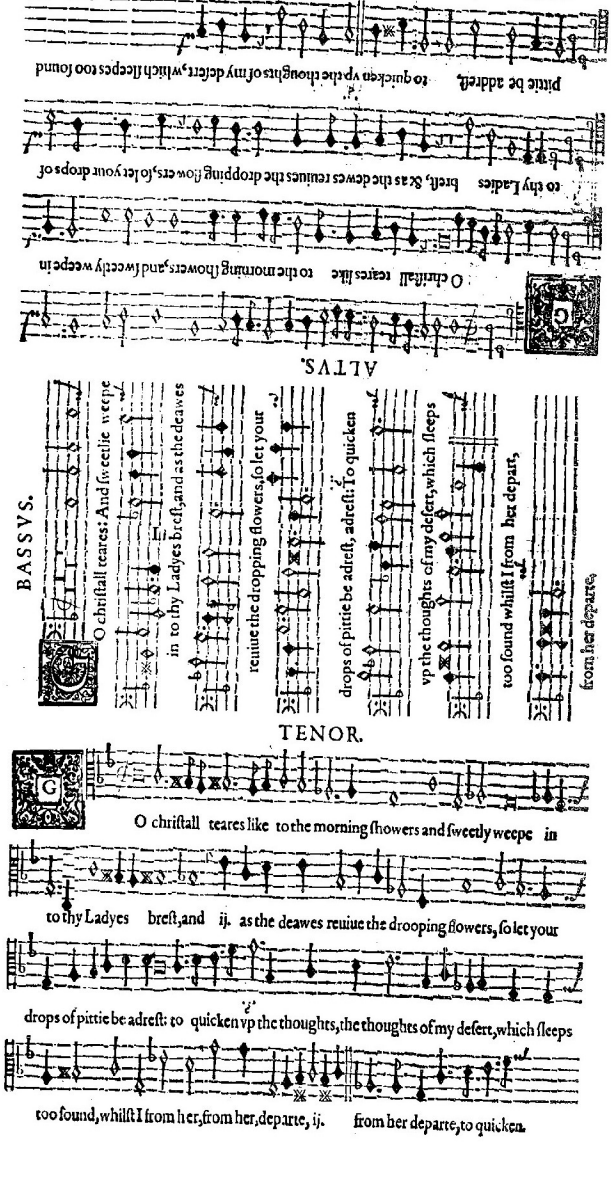
liefe, And pine since pensiue care, since pensiue care my free- dome yoakes, O pine to

see me pine, to see me pine, O pine to see me pine my tender flocks.

E

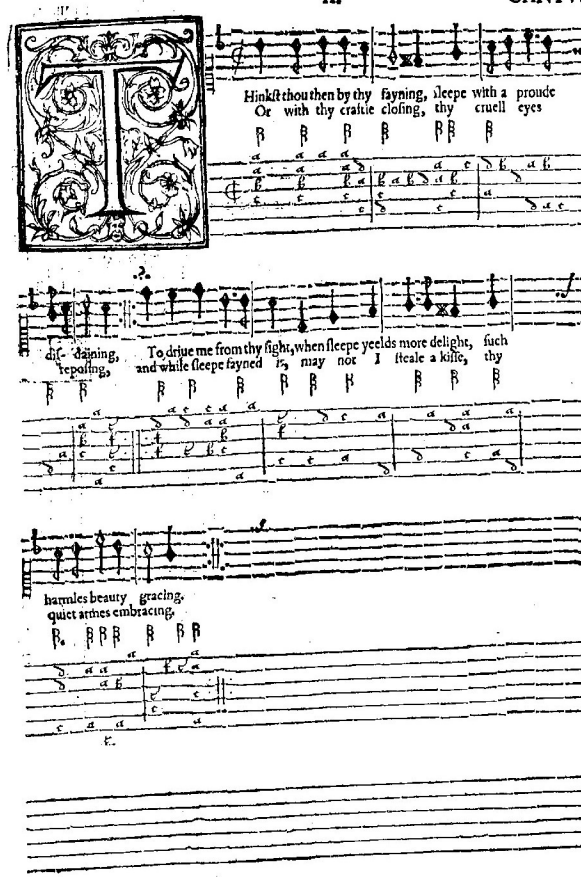


Hast hapleſſe ſighs and let your burning breath
Diſſolue the Ice of her indurate harte,
Whoſe froſen rigor like forgetfull death,
Feeles neuer any touch of my deſarte:
Yet ſighs and teares to her I ſacryfiſe,
Both from a ſpotles hart and pacient eyes.


whilst I from her, from her depart, from her depart. To quicken
pitie be addred, to quicken vp the thoughts of my defert, which fleepes too found
to thy Ladies breft, & as the dewes reuiues the dropping flowers, fo let your drops of
O chriftall teares like to the morning fhowers, and fweetly weepe in
ALTVS.
BASSVS.
O chriftall teares: And fweetlie weepe
in to thy Ladyes breft, and as the deawes
reuiue the dropping flowers, fo let your
drops of pittie be adreft, adreft: To quicken
vp the thoughts of my defert, which fleeps
too found whilft I from her depart,
from her departe,

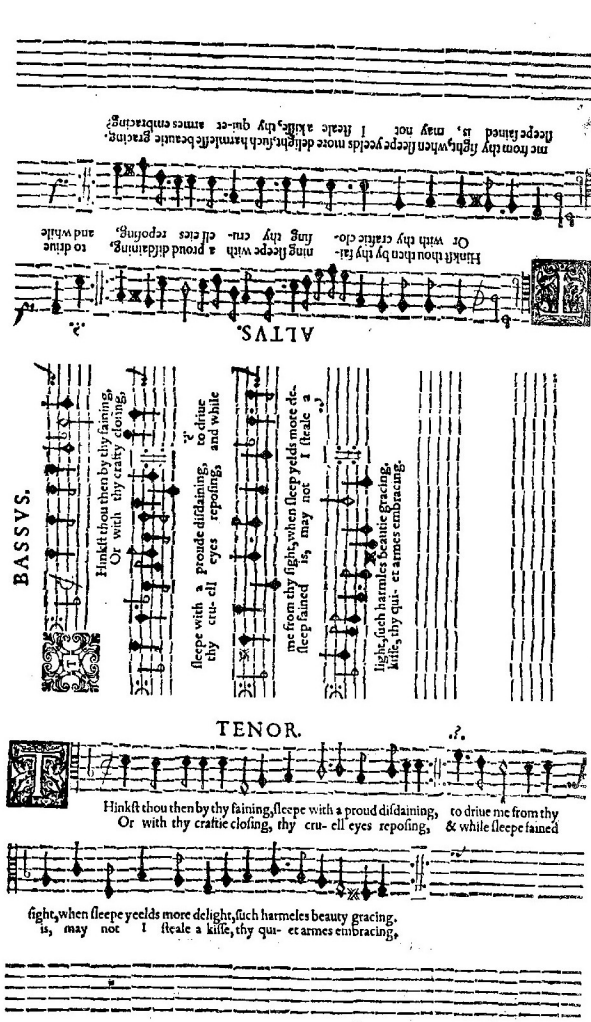
TENOR.

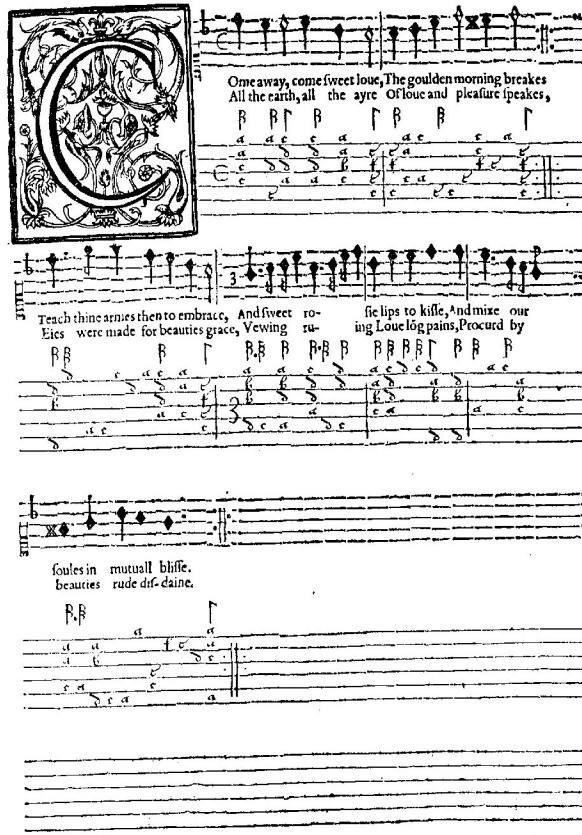
O chriftall teares like to the morning fhowers and fweetly weepe in
to thy Ladyes breft, and ij. as the deawes reuiue the drooping flowers, fo let your
drops of pittie be adreft: to quicken vp the thoughts, the thoughts of my defert, which fleeps
too found, whilft I from her, from her, departe, ij. from her departe, to quicken.



O that thy ſleepe diſſembled,
Were to a trance reſembled,
Thy cruell eies deceiuing,
Of liuely ſence bereauing:
Then ſhould my loue requite
Thy loues vnkind deſpite,
While fury triumpht bouldly
In beauties ſweet diſgrace:
And liu'd in deepe embrace:
Of her that lou'de ſo couldly.

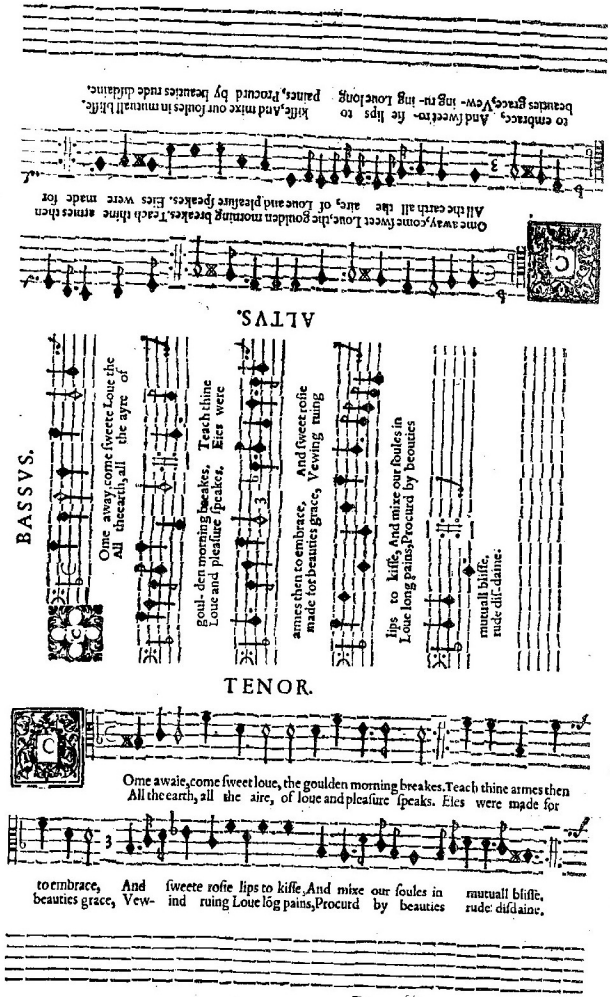
Should then my loue aſpiring,
Forbidden ioyes deſiring:
So farre exceede the duty
That vertue owes to beauty?
No, Loue ſeeke not thy bliſſe,
Beyond a ſimple kiſſe,
For ſuch deceits are harmeles,
Yet kiſſe a thouſand fould,
For kiſſes may be bould
When louely ſleepe is armleſſe.

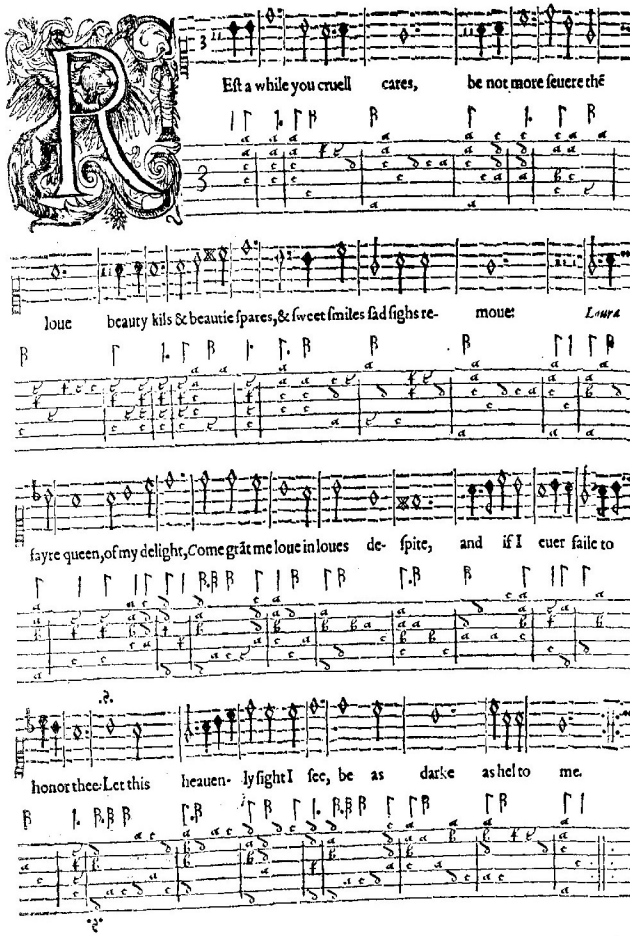

BASSVS.
Hinkst thou then by thy fainingsleepe with a proude disdainingto driue me from thy
Or with thy craftie closing, thy cru- ell eyes reposing, and while sleepe fained
sleepe with a proude disdaining, to driue
thy cru- ell eyes reposing, and while
me from thy sight, when sleep yelds more de-
sleep fained is, may not I steale a
light, such harmles beautie gracing,
kisse, thy qui- et armes embracing.
TENOR.
Hinkst thou then by thy fainingsleepe with a proud disdainingto driue me from thy
Or with thy craftie closing, thy cru- ell eyes reposing, & while sleepe fained
sight, when sleepe yeelds more delight, such harmeles beauty gracing,
is, may not I steale a kisse, thy qui- et armes embracing,
ALTVS.
Hinkst thou then by thy fai-
Or with thy craftie clo-
ning sleepe with a proud disdaining, to driue
sing thy cru- ell eies reposing, and while
me from thy sight, when sleepe yeelds more delight, such harmeles beautie gracing.
sleepe fained is, may not I steale a kisse, thy qui-et armes embracing.



Come awaie come ſweet loue,
The goulden morning waſts,
While the ſon from his ſphere,
His fierie arrows caſts:
Making all the ſhadowes flie,
Playing, ſtaying in the groue,
To entertaine the ſtealth of loue,
Thither ſweet loue let vs hie,
Flying, dying, in deſire,
Winged with ſweet hopes and heau'nly fire.

Come away, come ſweet loue,
Doe not in vaine adorne,
Beauties grace that ſhould riſe,
Like to the naked morne:
Lillies on the riuers ſide,
And faire Cyprian flowers new blowne,
Deſire no beauties but their owne,
Ornament is nurce of pride,
Pleaſure, meaſure, loues delight,
Haſt then ſweet loue our wiſhed flight.

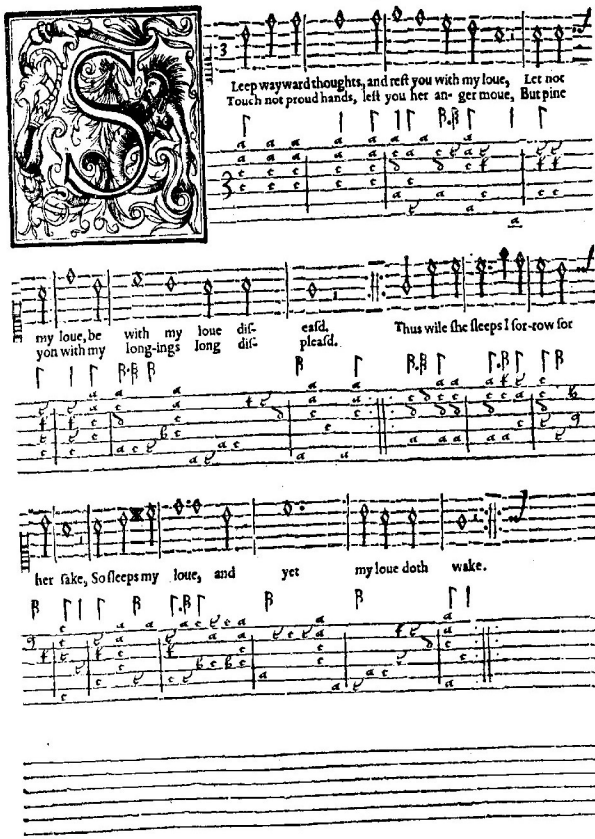

ALTVS.
Ome away,come sweete Loue the
All the earth,all the ayre of
goul-den morning breakes,
Loue and pleasure speakes,
Teach thine
Eies were
armes then to embrace,
made for beauties grace,
And sweet rosie
Vewing ruing
lips to kisse, And mixe our soules in
Loue long pains,Procurd by beauties
mutuall bisse,
rude dis-daine.
Ome awaie,come sweet loue, the goulden morning breakes,Teach thine armes then
All the earth, all the aire, of loue and pleasure speakes. Eies were made for
to embrace, And sweete rosie lips to kisse,And mixe our soules in mutuall bisse,
beauties grace, Vew- ind ruing Loue lõg pains,Procurd by beauties rude disdaine.



If I speake my words want waite,
Am I mute, my hart doth breake,
If I sigh the feares deceit,
Sorrow then for me must speake:
Cruel, vnkind, with fauour view,
The wound that first was made by you:
And if my torments fained be,
Let this heauenly light I see,
Be as darke as hell to me.

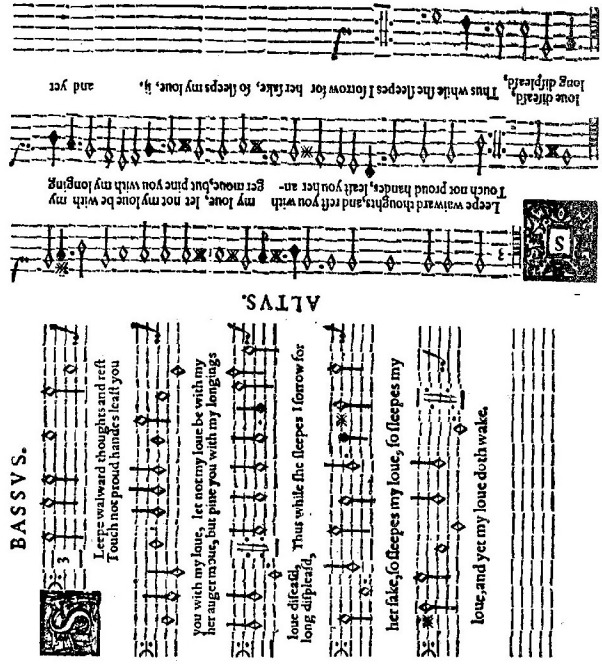
Neuer houre of pleasing rest,
Shall reuiue my dying ghost,
Till my soule hath repossest,
The sweet hope which loue hath lost:
Laura redeeme the soule that dies,
By fury of thy murdering eies,
And if it proues vnkind to thee,
Let this heauenly light I see,
Be as darke as hell to me.

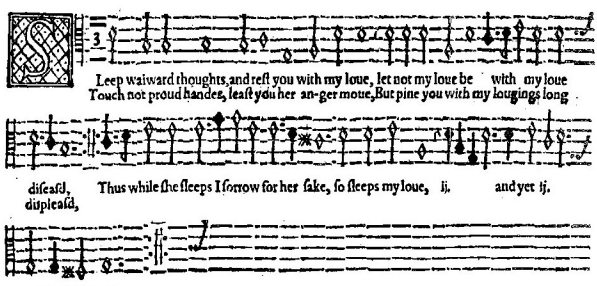

ALTVS.
Eft a while you cruell cares, be not more feuere then loue, beauty kils
and beauty ſpares, and ſweete ſmiles ſad ſighs re- moue, Laura faire queene of my de-
light, come grant me loue in loues de-ſpite, and if I euer faile to honor thee, let this
hea- uenly light I ſee, be as darke as hell to me.
BASSVS.
Eft a while you cruell cares,
be not more feuere the loue, beauty kils
& beauty ſpares, & ſweet ſmiles ſad ſighs re-
moue, Laura faire queene of my delight,
come grant me loue in loues deſpite, and
if I euer faile to honour thee, let
this heau'nly light I ſee, be as
darke as hell to me.
TENOR.
Eft a while you cru- ell cares, be not more ſeuere then Loue, beauty
kils and beauty ſpares, and ſweete ſmiles ſad ſighes remoue, Laura faire queene of my
delight, come grant me loue, in loues de-ſpite, and if I euer faile to honor thee, let this
heau'nly light I ſee, be as darke as hell to me.

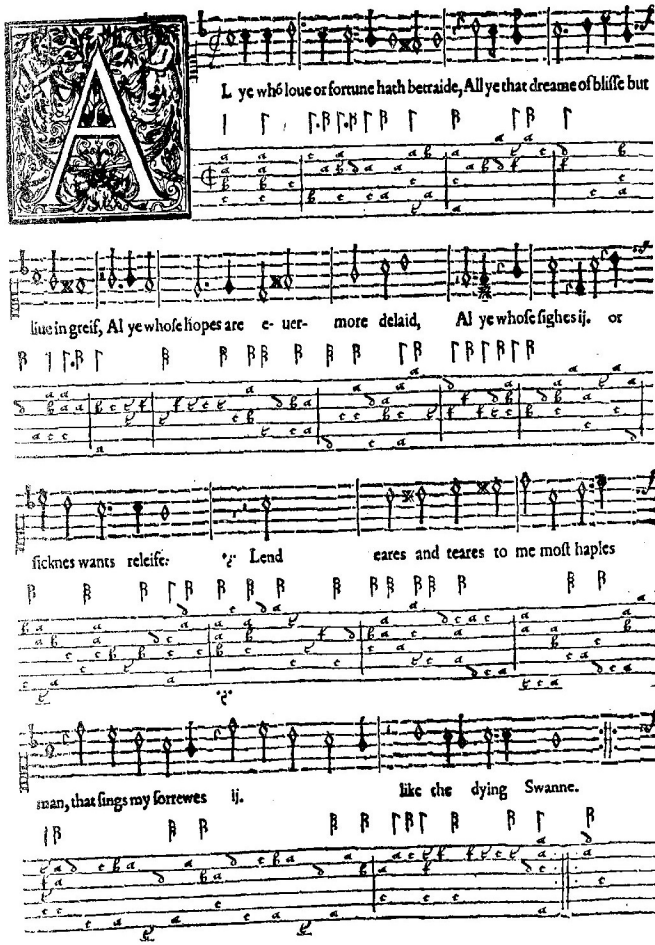


But ô the fury of my reſtles feare,
The hidden anguiſh of my fleſh deſires,
The glories and the beauties that appeare,
Between her browes neere *Cupids* cloſed fires
Thus while ſhe ſleeps moues ſighing for hir ſake
So ſleepes my loue and yet my loue doth wake.

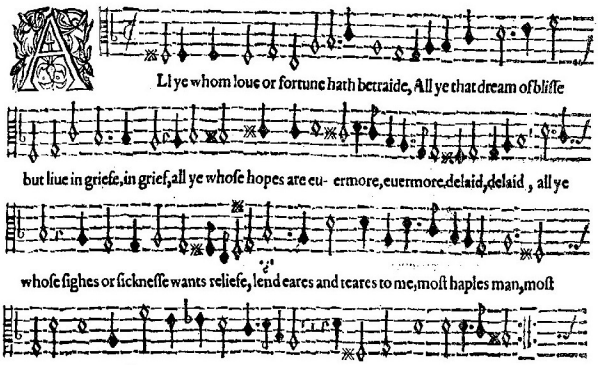
My loue doth rage, and yet my loue doth reſt,
Feare in my loue, and yet my loue ſecure,
Peace in my loue, and yet my loue oppreſt,
Impatient yet of perfect temprature,
Sleepe dainty loue, while I ſigh for thy ſake,
So ſleepes my loue, and yet my loue doth wake.


BASSVS.
Leepe waiward thoughts and reft
Touch not proud handes leaft you
you with my loue, let not my loue be with my
her auger moue, but pine you with my longings
loue diseasd,
long displeasd,
Thus while she sleepes I sorrow for
her sake, so sleepes my loue, so sleepes my
loue, and yet my loue doth wake.
ALTVS.
Leepe waiward thoughts, and reft you with my loue, let not my loue be with my
Touch not proud handes, leaft you her an- ger moue, but pine you with my longing
loue diseasd,
long displeasd, Thus while she sleepes I sorrow for her sake, so sleepes my loue, ij, and yet
and yet my loue doth wake.


TENOR.
Leep waiward thoughts, and reft you with my loue, let not my loue be with my loue
Touch not proud handes, leaft you her an-ger moue, But pine you with my longings long
diseasd, Thus while she sleeps I sorrow for her sake, so sleeps my loue, ij, and yet ij,
displeasd,
my loue doth wake.

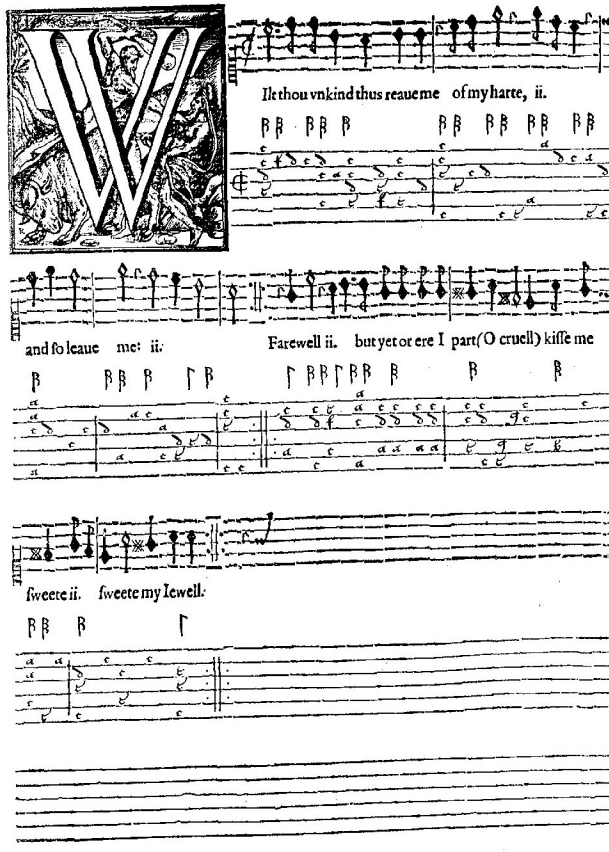


Care that consumes the heart with inward paine,
Paine that presents sad care in outward vew,
Both tyrant like enforce me to complaine,
But still in vaine, for none my plaints will rue,
Teares, sighes, and ceasles cries alone I spend,
My woe wants comfort, and my sorrow end.


BASSVS.
LI ye who loue or fortune hath
betraide, but liue in griefe, ye whose hopes
are euermore delaid, all ye whose sighs
whose sighs or sicknes wants relief, lend ears
and teares, ij. ij. to me, ij.
most haples man, that sings my sorrows, my
sorrowes like the dying Swan.

TENOR.
LI ye whom loue or fortune hath betraide, All ye that dream of bliſſe
but liue in grieſe, in grief, all ye whose hopes are eu- ermore, euermore, delaid, delaid, all ye
whose sighes or sicknesse wants reliefe, lend eares and teares to me, most haples man, most
haples man, that sings my sorrowes sorrowes, my sorrowes, like the dying swanne

ALTVS.
LI ye whom loue or fortune hath betraide, betraide, all ye that dream of
bliſſe but liue in griefe, are euermore delaid, All ye whole sighes, ij. or sicknesse wants
re- liefe, lend eares and teares, ij. to me most haples man, that sings my sorrowes
sorrowes, my sorrowes, like the dying Swan.



2

Hope by disdayne growes cherele
feare doth loue, loue doth feare,
beautie peareles. Farewell.

3

If no delayes can moue thee,
life shall dye, death shall liue
stil to loue thee. Farewell.

4

Yet be thou mindfull euer,
heate from fire, fire from heat
none can seuer. Farewell.

5

True loue cannot be chainged,
though delight from desert
be estranged. Farewell.

TENOR.

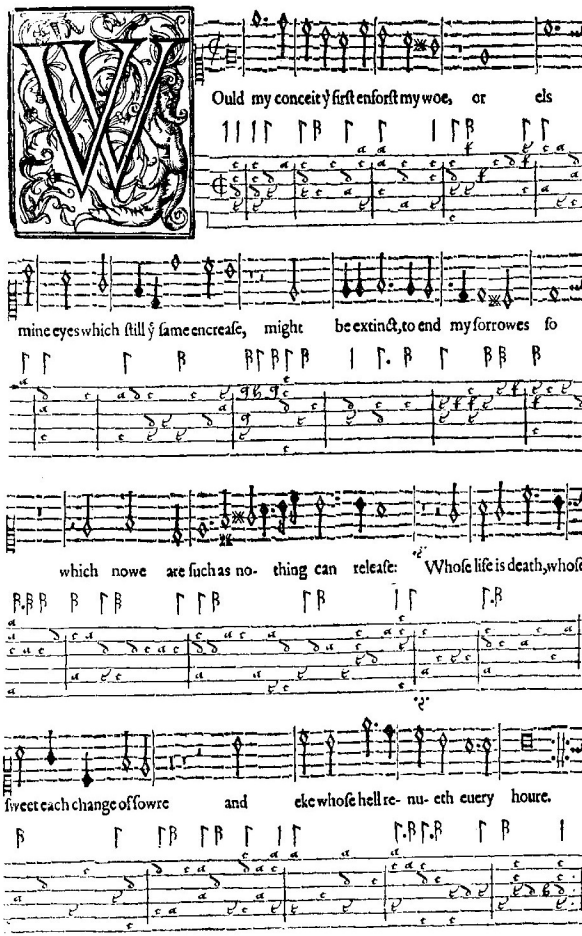
Ilt thou vnkind thus reaue me of my heart, ij. ij. and so leaue me, ij. farewell, ij. but yet or ere I part (ô cruell) kisse me, ii. sweet my Iewell.

BASSVS.

Ilt thou vnkind thus reaue me of my heart, ii. and so leaue me, farewell, ii. but yet or ere I part (ô cruel) kisse me, ii. sweet my Iewel.

ALTVS.

Ilt thou vnkind vnkind thus reaue me of my heart, ii. and so leaue me, farwell, ii. but yet or ere I part (ô cruell) kisse me sweet, ii. sweet my Iewel.

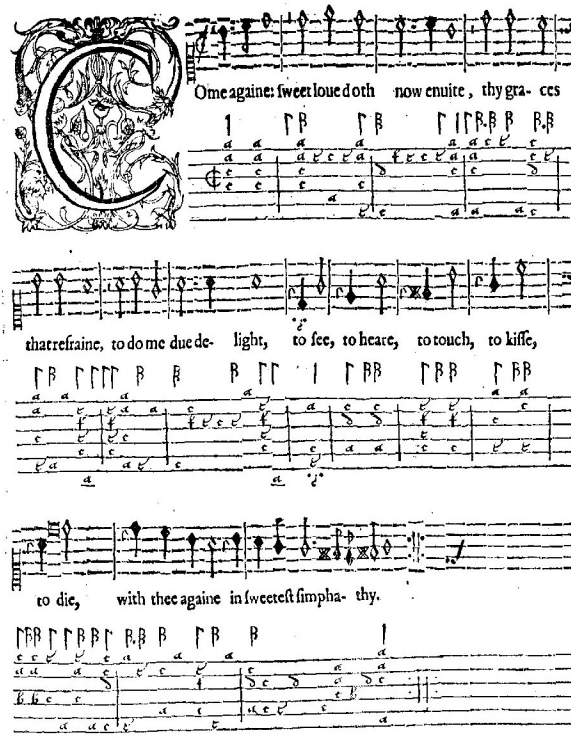


Each houre amidst the deepe of hell I frie,
Each houre I wast and wither where I sit,
But that sweet houre wherein I wish to die,
My hope alas may not enioy it yet,
W hose hope is such bereaued, of the blisse,
Which vnto all saue me allotted is.

To all saue me is free to liue or die,
To all saue me remaineth hap or hope,
But all perforce, I must abandon I,
Sith Fortune still directs my hap a slope,
Wherefore to neither hap nor hope I trust,
But to my thralles I yeeld, for so I must.

BASSVS.
Ould my conceit that first enforst
my woe,or else mine eies which stil the same
encrease, which now are such as nothing
nothing can release,whose life is death
and eke whose hell,whose hell renueth
euerie houre.
ALTVS.
Ould my conceit,that first enforst my woe,or else mine eies which stil the same
encrease,still the same encrease,might be extinct to ende my for-
rowes, to which now
are such,are such as
nothing can
release,whose life is death,whose sweet each change
offowre,and eke whose hel renueth euery houre.

TENOR.
Ould my conceit that first enforst my woe,or else the same which stil which
stil the same encrease,the same encrease,might be extinct extinct to end my sorrows,so which
now are such as nothing can re- lease,whose life is death, ij. death,whose sweet each
change each change of sowre,and eke whose hell,whose hell renu- eth eue- ry houre.



2

Come againe that I may cease to mourne,
Through thy vnkind disdaine,
For now left and forlorne:
I sit, I sigh, I weepe, I faind, I die,
In deadly paine, and endles miserie.

1

All the day the sun that lends me shine,
By frownes do cause me pine,
And feeds me with delay: (grow,
Her smiles, my springs, that makes my ioies to
Her frowes the winters of my woe:

2

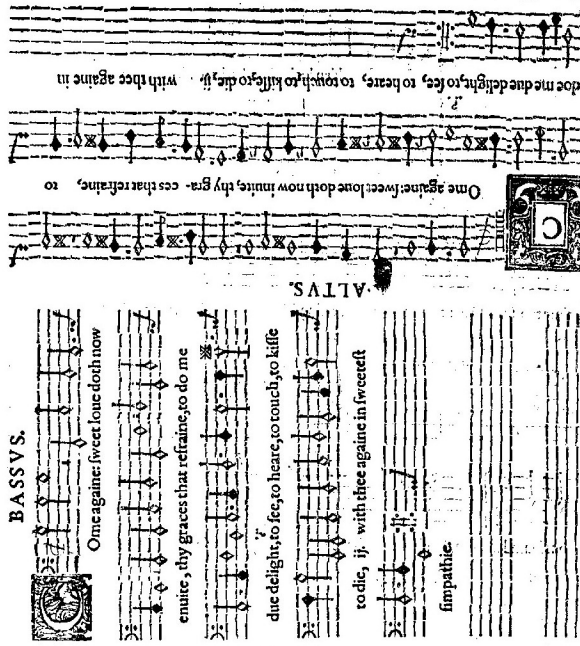
All the night, my sleepes are full of dreames,
My eies are full of streames,
My hart takes no delight:
To see the fruits and ioies that some do find,
And marke the stormes are me asignd,

3

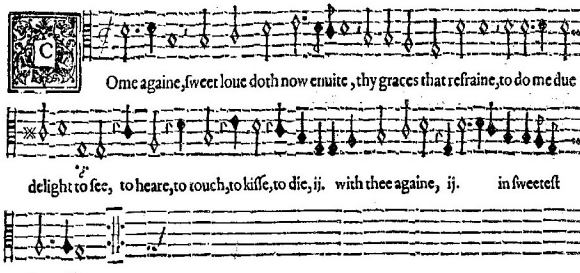
Out alas, my faith is euer true,
Yet will she neuer rue,
Nor yeeld me any grace:
Her eies of fire, her hart of flint is made,
Whom teares nor truth may once inuade.

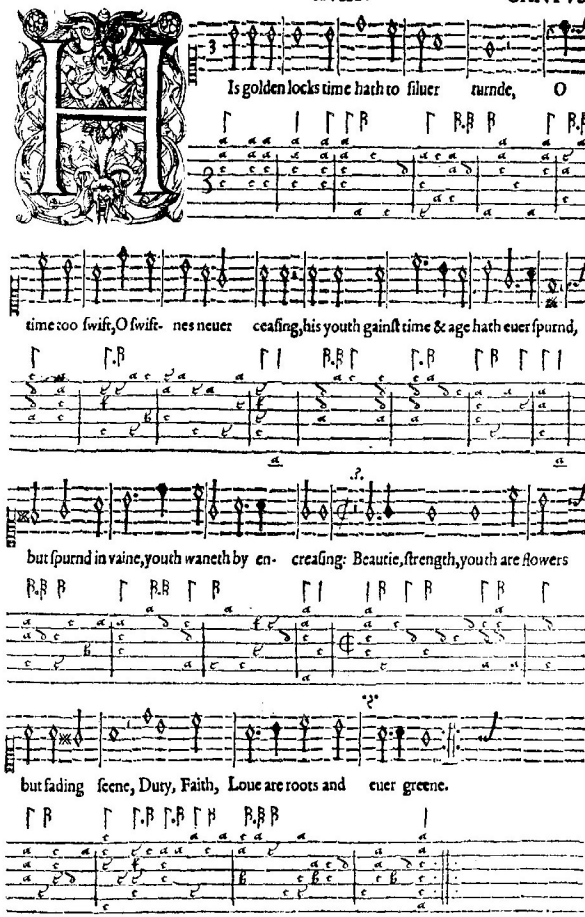
4

Gentle loue draw forth thy wounding dart,
Thou canst not pearce her hart,
For I that do approue: (shafts:
Fy sighs and teares more hote then are thy
Did tempt while she for triumps laughs.


sweetest simphathy.
doe me dedighe, to see, to heare, to touch, to kisse, to die, ij. with thee againe in
O me againe: sweet loue doth now inuite, thy gra- ces that refraine, to
ALTVS.
BASSVS.
O me againe: sweet loue doth now
enuite, thy graces that refraine, to do me
due delight, to see, to heare, to touch, to kisse
to die, ij. with thee againe in sweetest
simpathie.

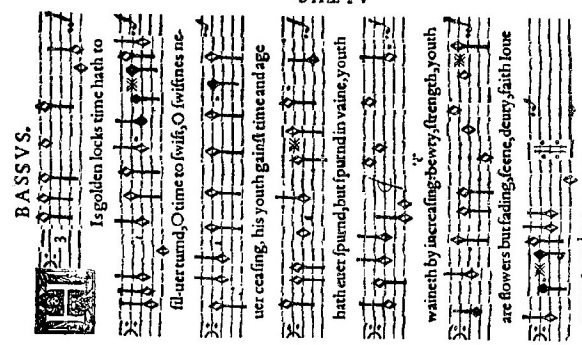
TENOR.

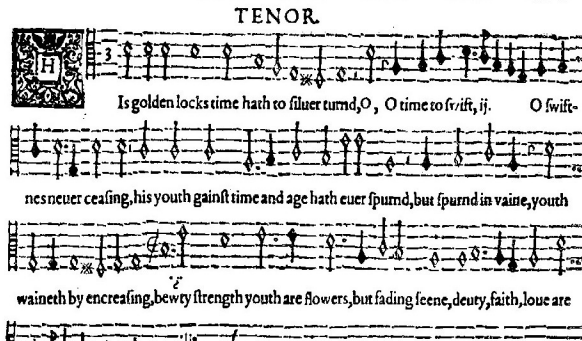

O me againe, sweet loue doth now enuite, thy graces that refraine, to do me due
delight to see, to heare, to touch, to kisse, to die, ij. with thee againe, ij. in sweetest
simpathie:

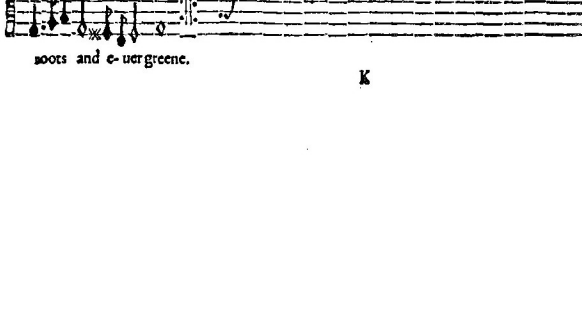


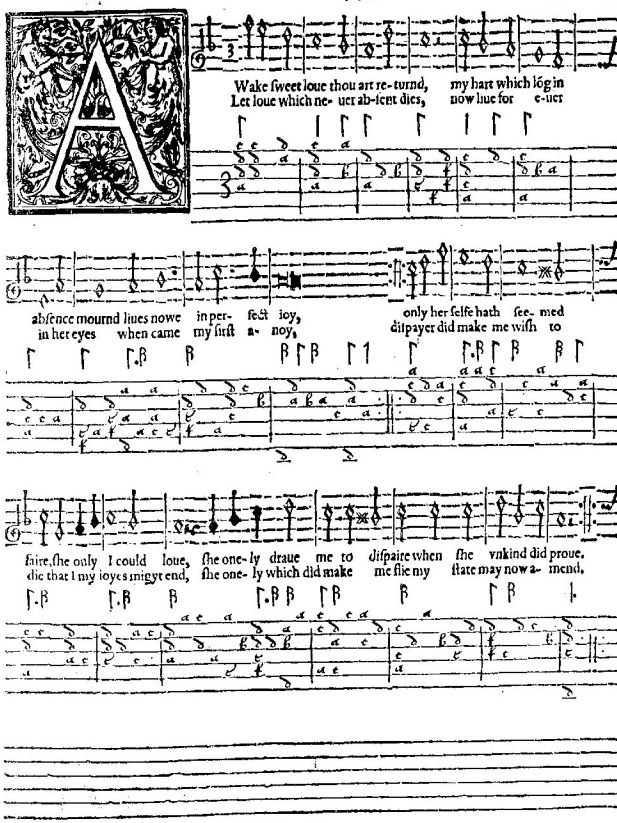
His helmet now shall make a hiue for bees,
And louers sonets turne to holy psalmes:
A man at armes must now seruе on his knees,
And feed on prayers which are ages almes,
But though from court to cotage he departe
His saint is sure of his vnspotted hart.

And when he saddest sits in homely Cell,
Hele teach his swaines this Caroll for a songe,
Blest be the harts that wish my soueraigne well,
Curst be the soule that thinke her any wrong:
Goddes allow this aged man his right,
To be your beadsman now ỳ was your knight.


BASSVS.
Is golden locks time hath to
fil-uer turnd, O time to swift, O swiftnes ne-
uer ceasing, his youth gainst time and age
hath euer spurnd, but spurnd in vaine, youth
waineth by increasing, bewty, strength, youth
are flowers but fading, seene, deuty, faith loue
are roots and euer greene.

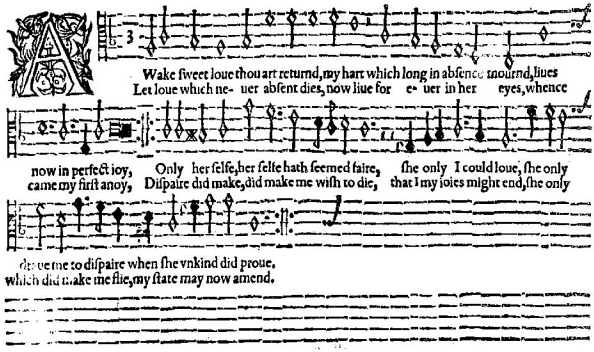

ALTVS.
Is golden locks time hath to siluer turnd, O time to swift, O swift-
nes neuer ceasing, his youth gainst time and age hath euer spurnd, but spurnd in vaine, youth
waineth by increasing, bewty strength, youth are flowers, but fading seene, deuty, faith, loue are
roots and e- uer greene.

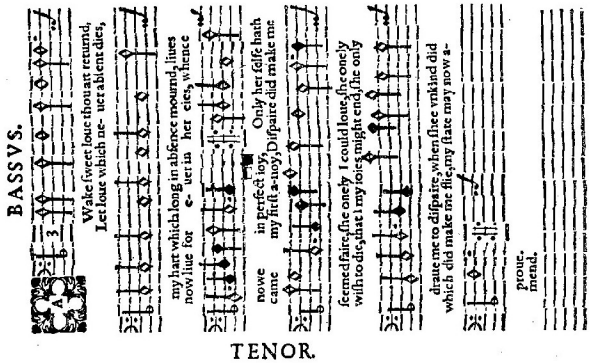

TENOR.
Is golden locks time hath to siluer turnd, O, O time to swift, ij. O swift-
nes neuer ceasing, his youth gainst time and age hath euer spurnd, but spurnd in vaine, youth
waineth by increasing, bewty strength youth are flowers, but fading seene, deuty, faith, loue are
roots and e- uer greene.

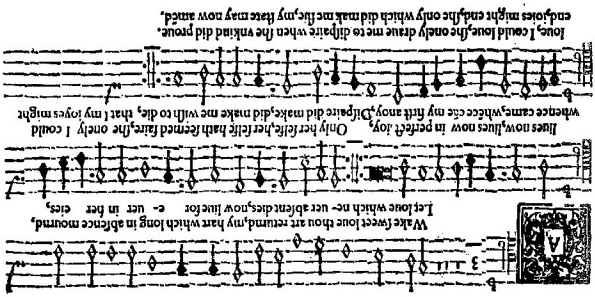


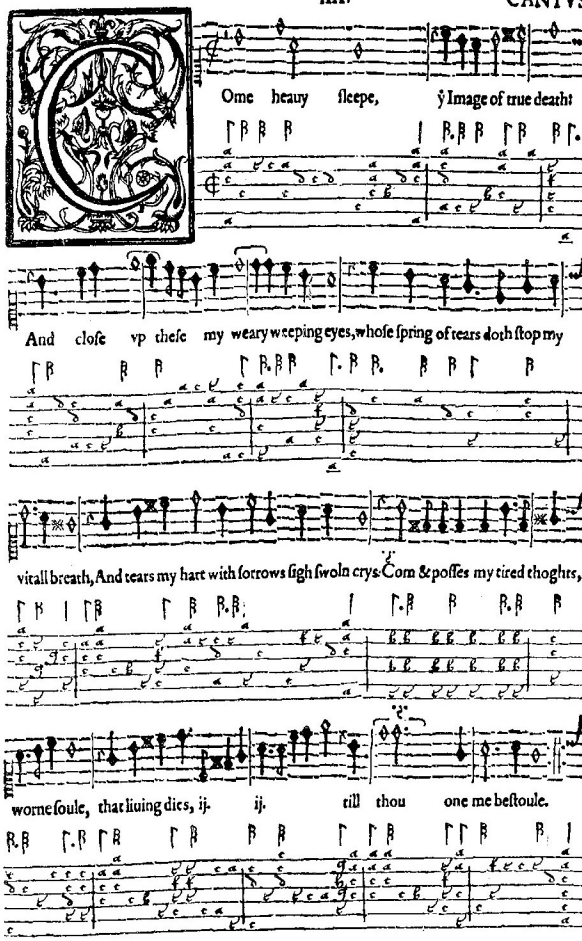
If she esteeme thee now ought worth,
She will not grieue thy loue henceforth,
Which so dispaire hath proued,
Dispaire hath proued now in me,
That loue will not vnconstant be,
Though long in vaine I loued.

If she at last reward thy loue.
And all thy harmes repaire,
Thy happinesse will sweeter proue,
Raisde vp from deepe dispaire.
And if that now thou welcome be,
When thou with her dost meete,
She al this while but plaide with thee
To make thy ioies more sweet.

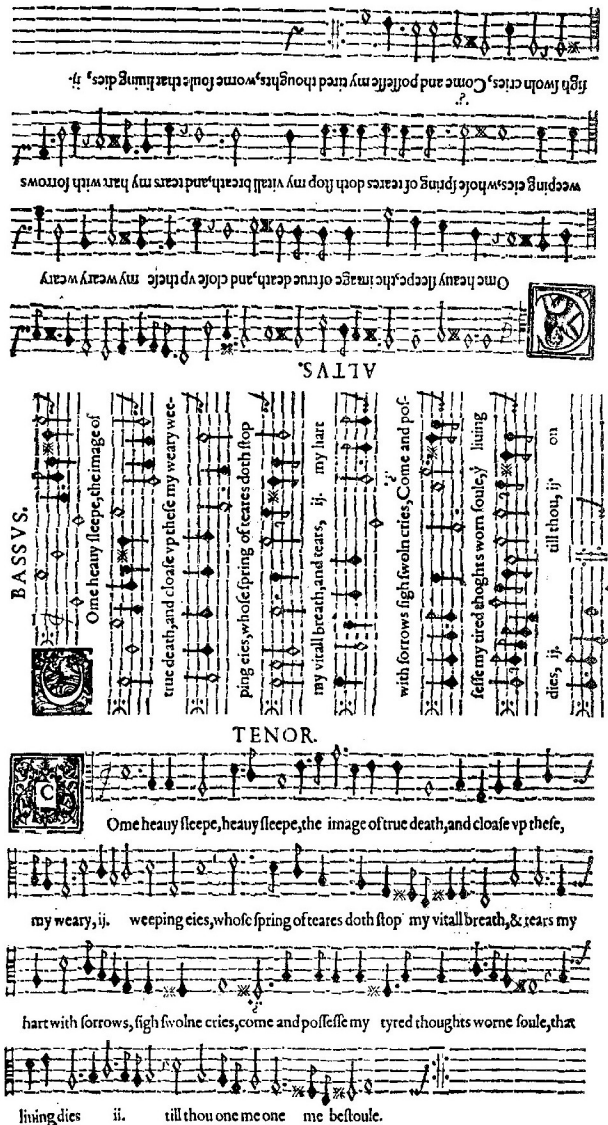

TENOR.
Wake sweet loue thou art returnd, my hart which long in absence mournd, liues
Let loue which ne- uer absent dies, now liue for e- uer in her eyes, whence
now in perfect ioy, Only her selfe, her selfe hath seemed faire, she only I could loue, she only
came my first anoy, Dispaire did make, did make me wish to die, that I my ioies might end, she only
drue me to dispaire when she vnkind did proue,
which did make me flie, my state may now amend.

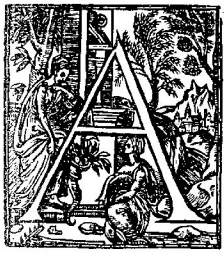

BASSVS.
Wake sweet loue thou art returnd,
Let loue which ne- uer absent dies,
my hart which long in absence mournd, liues
now liue for e- uer in her eyes, whence
Only her selfe hath
nowe in perfect ioy, Dispaire did make me
came my first a-noy,
seemed faire, she only I could loue, she only
wish to die, that I my ioies might end, she only
drue me to dispaire, when shee vnkind did
which did make me flie, my state may now a-
proue.
mend.


ALTVS.
Wake sweet loue thou art returnd, my hart which long in absence mournd,
Let loue which ne- uer absent dies, now liue for e- uer in her eyes,
liues now, liues now in perfect ioy, Only her selfe, her selfe hath seemed faire, she only I could
whence came, whence cae my first anoy, Dispaire did make, did make me wish to die, that I my ioyes might
loue, I could loue, she only drue me to dispaire when the vnkind did proue,
end, ioies might end, she only which did make me flie, my state may now amend.

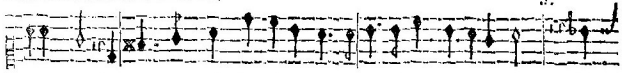


Come shadow of my end: and shape of rest,
Alied to death, child to this black fast night,
Come thou and charme these rebels in my brest,
Whose waking fancies doth my mind affright.
O come sweet sleepe, come or I die for euer,
Come ere my last sleepe, coms or come neuer.

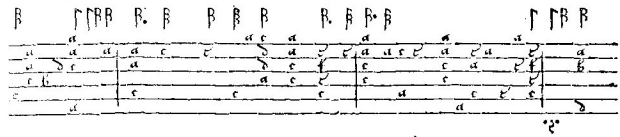

BASSVS.
Ome heauy sleepe, the image of
true death, and cloase vp these my weary wee-
ping eies, whose spring of teares doth stop
my vitall breath, and tears, ij. my hart
with sorrows sigh swolne cries, Come and pos-
sesse my tired thoghts worne soules, living
dies, ij. till thou, ij. on
me, on me bestoule.
TENOR.
Ome heauy sleepe, heauy sleepe, the image of true death, and cloase vp these,
my weary, ij. weeping eies, whose spring of teares doth stop my vitall breath, & tears my
hart with sorrows, sigh swolne cries, come and possesse my tyred thoughts worne soule, that
living dies ii. till thou one me one me bestoule.
L
ALTVS.
Ome heauy sleepe, the image of true death, and close vp these my weary weary
weeping eies, whose spring of teares doth stop my vitall breath, and tears my hart with sorrows
sigh swolne cries, Come and possesse my tired thoughts, worne soule that living dies, ij.
till thou one me one me bestoule.



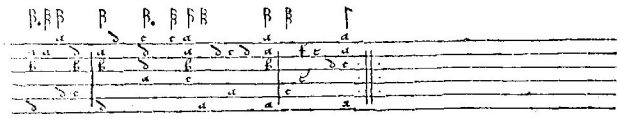
Way with these selfe louing lads, whom *Cupids* arrowe



neuer glads: A- way poore soules that sigh & weepe in loue of them that lie & sleepe, For



Cupid is a medooe god, & forceth none to kisse the rod.



2

God *Cupids* shaft like destinie,
Doth either good or ill decree:
Desert is borne out of his bow,
Reward vpon his feet doth go,
What fooles are they that haue not knowne
That loue likes no lawes but his owne?

3

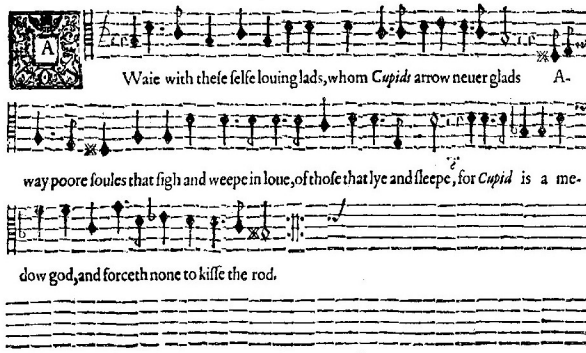
My song they be of *Cynthias* praise,
I weare her rings on hollidaies,
On euery tree I write her name,
And euery day I reade the same:
Where honor, *Cupids* riuall is,
There miracles are seene of his:

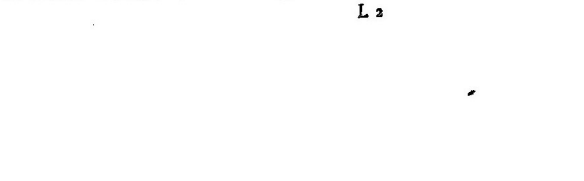
4

If *Cinthia* craue her ring of me,
I blot her name out of the tree,
If doubt do darken things held deere,
Then well fare nothing once a yeere:
For many run, but one must win,
Fooles only hedge the Cuckoo in.

5

The worth that worthinesse should moue
Is loue, which is the bowe of loue,
And loue as well the foster can,
As can the mighty Noble-man:
Sweet Saint, tis true you worthie be,
Yet without loue nought worth to me.


ALTVS.
Way with thele felle louing lads, whom Cupids arrow neuer glads, away
poore foules that figh and weepe in loue of those that lye and fleepe, for Cupid is a medow
God, and forceth none to kille the rod.

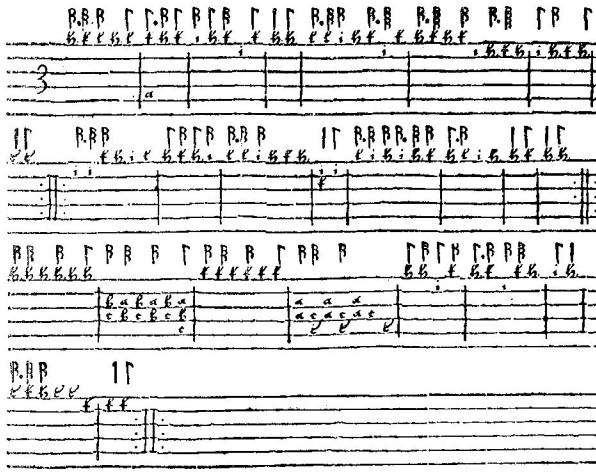

BASSVS.
Way with these felse louing
lads whom Cupids arrow neuer glads, Away
poore foules that figh and weepe in loue of
those that lye and fleepe, for Cupid is
a medow God, and forceth none to kisse
the rod.

TENOR.

Waie with these felse louing lads, whom Cupids arrow neuer glads A-
way poore foules that figh and weepe in loue, of those that lye and fleepe, for Cupid is a me-
dow god, and forceth none to kisse the rod.

My Lord Chamberlaine his galliard.

CANTVS.



BASSVS.