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<td>April, 2003</td>
<td>conversion to lily 1.8 release candidate</td>
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<td></td>
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<td>July, 2003</td>
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<td>conversion to lily 2.10</td>
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<td>February, 2007</td>
<td>Add footers, and better bottom margin corrections to “Deere if you change”</td>
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<td>April, 2007</td>
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233 Broadway, Cambridge, MA 02139, USA

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I. Unquiet thoughts, your civil slaughter stint

1. Unquiet thoughts your civil slaughter stint, and
2. But what can slay my thoughts they may not start, or
3. How shall I then gaze on my mistresse eyes? My

wrap your wrongs within a pen-sive heart: and you my tongue
put my tongue in du-rance for to die? When as these eyes,
thoughts must have som vent: else hart will break. My tongue would rust

that makes my mouth a mint, and stamps my thoughts to coine them words by
the keyes of mouth and hart, O- pen the locke where all my love doth
as in my mouth it lies, If eyes and thoughts were free, and that not

art, Be still: for if you e-ver do the like, Ile
lie Ile seale them up with-in their lids for ever: So
speake. Speake then, and tell the pas-sions of de-sire Which

cut the string, Ile cut the string, that makes the ham-mer strike. strike.
thoughts, and words, so thoughts and words, and looks shall die to-gether. gether.
turns mine eies to floods, mine eies to floods, mythgotts to fire. fire.
I. Unquiet thoughts, your civil slaughter stint

by John Dowland

1. Unquiet thoughts, your civil slaughter stint, and
2. But what can slay my thoughts they may not start, or
3. How shall I then gaze on my mistress eyes? My

wrap your wrongs within a pensive hart, and you my tongue that makes my
put my wrongs within for to die? When as these eyes, the keyes of
thoughts must have some vent else hart will break. My tongue would rust as in my
mouth a mint, my tongue that makes my mouth a mint, and stamps my thoughts to
mouth and hart, these eyes, the keyes of mouth and hart, O- pen the locke where
mouth it lies, would rust as in my mouth it lies, If eyes and thoughts were

coine them words by art, be still, be still for
all my love doth lie Ile seale, ile seal them
free, and that not speake. Speake then, speake then and

if you e- ver do the like, Ile cut the string, ile
up within their lids for- ever. So thoughts and looks, so
tell the pas- sions of de- sire Which turns mine eies which

cut the string that makes the hammer strike be strike.
thoughts and looks and words shall die, to- gether. Ile gether.
turns mine eies, to floods my thoughts to fire. Speak fire.
I. Unquiet thoughts, your civil slaughter stint

Tenor

John Dowland

1. Unquiet thoughts, your civil slaughter stint, and

2. But what can slay my thoughts they may not start, or

3. How shall I then gaze on my mistresse eyes? My

wrap your wrongs within a pensive hart: and you my tongue, and

put my tongue in duration for to die? When as these eyes, when

thoughts must have some vent; else hart will break. My tongue would rust, my

you my tongue, that makes my mouth a mint, and stamps my thoughts, my

as these eyes, the keyes of mouth and hart, Open the locke, the

tongue would rust, as in my mouth it lies, If eyes and thoughts, and

thoughts to coine, to coine them words by art, be still: for if you

locke where all, where all my love doth lie Ile seale them up with-
thoughts were free, were free and that not speake. Speake then, and tell the

ever do the like, Ile cut the string, Ile cut the

in their lids for ever: So thoughts, and words, so thoughts and

passions of desire Which turns mine eies, which turns mine

string that makes the hammer strike. be strike.

words, and looks shall die together. Ile gether.

eies, to floods, my thoughts to fire. Speak fire.

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I. Unquiet thoughts, your civil slaughter stint

Bassus

John Dowland

1. Unquiet thoughts, your civil slaughter stint, and
   wrap your wrongs within a pensive hart, a pensive
   put my tongue in duration for to die? Rance for to
   thoughts must have som vent: else hart will break, else hart will
   hart, and you my tongue, that makes my mouth a mint, to coine them
die? When as these eyes, the keyes of mouth and hart, O pen the
break. My tongue would rust as in my mouth it lies, If eyes and
words by art, be still: for if you do the like, Ile cut the
locke where all my love doth lie Ile seale them up with in their
thoughts were free, and that not speake. Speake then, and tell the passions

string, Ile cut the string the string that makes the hammer strike. strike.
lids for ever: Sothoughts, and words, and looks shall die to gether. gether.
of de sire Which turns mine eies to floods, mythoughts to fire. fire.
II. Whoever thinks or hopes of love for love

Cantus

John Dowland

1. Whoever thinks or hopes of love for love: or who belov'd in Cupids lawes doth glory: Who joyes in vowes, or vowes not to remove: constant honour arm'd, Can keepe love from the fruit that is forbidden, Who by this light god hath not been made sorry: Let him see thinks that change is by intreaty charm'd, Looking on mee eclipsed from my sun, with dark clouds of an earth, with me let him know, loves delights are treasures hid in caves, are dark clouds of an earth quite over runne. Let him see runne. treasures hid in caves But kept by sprights. Looking on sprights.

1 The B natural is a quarter note in the original
II. Whoever thinks or hopes of love for love

Altus

John Dowland

1. Whoever thinks or hopes of Love for Love, Or who be-lov'd in

Cu-pids lawes doth glo-ry, Who joyes in vowes or vowes not to re-

2. Who thinks that sor-rowes felt, de-sires hid-den, Or hum-ble faith in

move, Who by this light-god hath not bin made so-rie:

Who thinks that change is by in-treat-y charm'd,

Let him see me Let him see me e-clip-sed from my sun, my

Look-ing on me, Look-ing on me let him know, loves de-

sun with dark clouds of an earth. With dark clouds of an

lights Are trea-sures hid in caves, are trea-sures hid in

earth quite o-ver-runne, quite o-ver-runne. Let him see me runne.
caves But kept by sprights, but kept by sprights. Look-ing on me sprights.

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II. Whoever thinks or hopes of love for love

1. Whoever thinks or hopes of Love for Love, Or who be-
2. Who thinks that sor-rowes felt, de-sires hid-den, Or hum-
lov'd in Cupids lawes doth glo-ry, Who joyes in vowes or faith in con-stant ho-nour arm'd, Can keepe love from the vowes not to re-move, Who by thi light-god hath not bin made fruit that is for-bidden, Who thinks that change is by in-treat-y so-rie, Let him see me e-clip-sed from my sun, e-clip-sed from my charmd, Look-ing on me let him know, loves de-ights, let him know, loves de-

suns, With dark clouds of an earth. With dark clouds of an earth quite o-ver-lights Are trea-sures hid in caves, are trea-sures hid in caves But kept by runne, of an earth quite o-ver-run. Let him see me e-clip-sed runne. sprights. Are trea-sures hid in caves but kept by sprights Look-ing on me sprights.

1Original has a D quarter note.
II. Whoever thinks or hopes of love for love

Bassus

John Dowland

1. Whoever thinks or hopes of love for love, or who be-lov'd in love,
   Whose joyes in vowes, or vowes not to remove:
   Cupids lawes doth glory: Who joyes in vowes, or vowes not to remove:
   Who by this light god hath not been made sorry: Let him see me eclipsed

2. Who thinks that sorrowes felt, desires hidden, Or humble faith in
   Constant honour arm'd, Can keepe love from the fruit that is forbidden,
   Who thinks that change is by invited charmd, Looking on me let him
   Who knows, loves delights Are treasures hid in caves, are treasures hid in caves
   But o'er runne. clouds of an earth quite o'er run, Let him see runne.
   kept by sprights. hid in caves but kept by sprights, Looking on sprights.
III. My thoughts are wingd with hopes

Cantus

John Dowland

1. My thoughts are wingd with hopes, my hopes with love.
2. And you my thoughts that some mis-trust do cary,
3. If she, for this, with clouds doe maske her eyes,

Mount love unto the Moone in clearest night, and say as
If for mis-trust my mis-tresse do you blame, Say though you
And make the heavens darke with her dis-daine, With wind-

she doth in the heavens move, In earth so wanes and wax-
alter, yet you do not varie, As she doth change, and yet
sighes, dis-perse them in the skies, Or with thy teares dis-solve

eth my de-light: and whisper this but soft-ly in her
re-maine the same: Dis-trust doth en-ter hearts, but not in-
them in-to raine Thoughts, hopes, and love re-turn to me no

eares, Hope oft doth hang the head, and trust shead teares.
flect, And love is sweet-est sea-soned with sus-
more, Till Cyn-thia shine as she hath done be-

See also the instrumental version, Sir John Souch, his galliard, Page L-35.

1 It's hard to tell whether there was a barline here that got erased, or just one that didn't come through the reproduction process very well. There isn't an obvious reason not to have one.
III. My thoughts are wingd with hopes

Altus

John Dowland

1. My thoughts are wingd with hopes, my hopes with love. Mount love un-

2. And you my thoughts that some mis-trust do cary, If for If

3. If she, for this, with clouds doe maske her eyes, And make the

to the Moone, the Moone in cleer-est night, and say as she doth
for mis-trust my mistresse do you blame, Say though you al-
ter, hea-vens darke with her dis-daine, Or with thy teares dis-

in the hea-vens move, In earth so wanes and wax-eth my
yet you do not va-rie, As she doth change, and yet re-
solve them in-to raine With wind-y sighes, dis-perse them in

de-light: and wis-per this, but soft-ly in her eares,
the same: Dis-trust doth en-
ter hearts, but not in-
fect, the skies, Thoughts, hopes, and love re-turn to me no more

Hope oft doth hang the head, the head, and trust shead teares.
And love is sweet-est sea-soned, sea-soned with sus-
pect.
Till Cynt-thia shine as she, as she hath done be-

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III. My thoughts are wingd with hopes

Tenor

John Dowland

1. My thoughts are wingd with hopes, my hopes with love. Mount love
2. And you my thoughts that some mis-trust do cary, If for
3. If she, for this, with clouds doe maske her eyes, And make

unto the Moone in clearest night, and say as she doth in
mis-trust my mistresse do you blame, Say though you alter, yet
the heavens darke with her disdain, With wind-y sighes, disperse

the heavens move, In earth so wanes so wanes and waxeth my de-
you do not varie, As she doth change, and yes, and yet remaine the
them in the skies, Or with thy teares dis-solve, dis-solve them in-

light: and whisper this, and whisper this, but softly in her
same: Dis-trust, dis-trust doth enter hearts, but not in-
raine Thoughts, hopes, and love, thoughts, hopes, and love return to me no

ears, softly in her ears, Hope oft doth hang the head, and trust shead teares.
frect, but not infect, And love is sweetest seasoned with suspect.
more, to me no more, Till Cyn-thia shine as she hath done before.

---

1 Original has C half note
2 Original is a quarter note.
III. My thoughts are wingd with hopes

Bassus

John Dowland

1. My thoughts are wingd with hopes, my hopes with love. Mount love un-

2. And you my thoughts that some mis-trust do cary, If for mis-

3. If she, for this, with clouds doe maske her eyes, And make the
to the Moone in cleer-est night, and say as
trust my mis-tresse do you blame, Say though you
heavens darke with her dis-daine, With wind-y

she doth in the heavens moove, In earth so wanes and wax-
al-ter, yet you do not varie, As she doth change, and yet
sighes, disperse them in the skies, Or with thy teares dis-solve

eth my de-light: And whisper this but soft-ly in her
re-maine the same: Dis-trust doth en-ter hearts, but not in-
them into raine Thoughts, hopes, and love re-turn to me no

eares, her eares, Hope oft doth hang the head, and Trust and Trust shead teares.
flect, in- fect, And love is sweet-est sea-soned, sea-soned with sus-
more, no more, Till Cyn-thia shine as she hath done, hath done be-

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III. If my complaints

John Dowland

1. If my complaints could passions move, or make love
   My passions were enough to prove, that my de-

2. Can love be rich, and yet I want? Thou plenty
   Is love my Judge, and yet I am condemn'd? Thou made a

see where-in I suffer wrong: O love, I live and die in
spaires had governed me too long. Thy wounds doe freshly bleed in
hast, yet me dost scant: That I do live, it is thy
God, and yet thy power contemnd. That I desire it is thy
thee, my heart for thy unkindnesses breakes: thou saist thou canst my
mee, thy griefe in my deepes sighes still speakes: Yet thou dost hope when
power: If love doth make mens lives too sower, Die shall my hopes, but
worth: Let me not love, not live henceforth. May here despaire, which

harmes repair, and when I hope, thou makst me hope in vaine.
I despaire, yet for redresse, thou letst me still complain.
not my faith, That you that of my fall may hearers be
true faith, I was more true to love than love to me.

See also the instrumental version, Captaine Digorie Piper his Galiard, Page L-38.

1 Original has quarter note
III. If my complaints

Altus

John Dowland

1. If my complaints could passions move, or make love
   My passions were enough to prove, that my de-

2. Can love be rich, and yet I want? Thou plen-
   Is love my Judge, and yet I am condemn? Thou made a

see wherein I suffer wrong: O love, I live I live
spaires had governd mee too long. Thy wounds doe fresh-
hast, yet me dost scant: That I do live, it is
God, and yet thy power con-temnd. That I de-

and die in thee, thy griefe in my depe sighes depe
ly bleed in mee, my heart for thy un-kind un-
thy power: If love doth make mens
thy worth: Let me not love, not

sighs still speaks: Yet thou dost hope dost hope when I de-
kind-nesse breaks: thou saist thou canst thou canst my harmes re-
lives too sore, Die shall my hopes, but not my
live hence-forth. May heere des-paire, which true-

spaire, and when I hope, thou makst thou makst me hope in vaine.
paire, yet for re-dresse, thou letst thou letst me still com-plaine.
faith, That you that of my fall may hear-ers be
faith, I was more true to love than love to me.
First-III-If my complaints

III. If my complaints

Tenor

John Dowland

1. If my complaints could passions move, could passions move, or
   My passions were enough to prove, enough to prove, that

2. Can love be rich, and yet I want? and yet I want, Thou
   Is love my Judge, and yet I am condemnd? condemned? Thou

make love see wherein I suffer wrong: O love, I
my despaires had governd mee too long. Thy wounds doe

plenty hast, yet me dost scant: That I do
made a God, and yet thy power containd. That I de-

live and die, I live and die in thee, thy griefe in my deepe sighes
freshly bleed do freshly bleed in mee, my hart for thy unkind
live, it is, I live it is thy power: If love doth make mens lives,
sire it is, I desire it, thy worth: Let me not love, not live,

deepe sighes still speakes: Yet thou dost hope when I de-
unkindnesse breaks: thou saist thou canst my harms re-
mens lives, too sowre, Die shall my hopes, but not my
not live, henceforth. May heere despaire, which truly

spaire, and when I hope, thou makst me hope in vaine.
paire, yet for redresse, thou letst me still complaine.
faith, That you that of my fall may hearers be
faith, I was more true to love than love to me.

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III. If my complaints

Bassus

John Dowland

1. If my complaints could passions move, or make love
   My passions were enough to prove, that my de-
2. Can love be rich, and yet I want? Thou plenty
   Is love my Judge, and yet I am condemn'd? Thou made a
   see wherein I suffer wrong: O love, I live and
   spaires had governed mee too long. Thy wounds doe fresh-
   hast, yet me dost scant: That I do live, it
   God, and yet thy power contemnd. That I desire it
   die in thee, thy griefe thy griefe in my deepe sighes still speakes:
   bleed in mee, my heart my heart for thy unkindnesse breakes:
   is thy power: If love, if love, doth make mens lives too sower,
   is thy worth: Let me, let me, not love, not live henceforth.
   and when I hope, thou makst, thou makst, me hope in vaine.
   yet for re-dresse, thou letst, thou letst, me still com-
   That you that of my fall, my fall may hearers be
   I was more true to love, to love, than love to me.

1 This rest is editorial.
V. Can she excuse my wrongs

John Dowland

1. Can she excuse my wrongs with vertues cloak? shall I call her
   Are those clear fires which vanish into smoke? must I praise the
   good when she proves unkind? No no: where shadows do for
2. Was I so base, that I might not aspire Unto those high
   As they are high, so high is my desire: If she this de-
   leaves where no fruit I find? Cold love is like to words writ-
   bodies stand, thou maist be abused if thy sight be dim.
   ten on sand, or to bubbles which on the water swim.
   reason is, It is reasons will that love should be just.
   grant this, Or cut off delayes if that I die must.

Wilt thou be thus abused still, seeing that she will right thee never
Better a thousand times to die, Then for to live thus still torment-ed:
if thou canst not overcome her will, thy love will be thus fruitless ever.
Deare but remem-ber it was I Who for thy sake did die content-ed.

The words to this song may have been written by the Earl of Essex, about his stormy relationship with Queen Elizabeth. [Pou82, page 226ff] This would explain why Dowland calls the instrumental version of the tune (Page L-32)(Page L-32), published after both Elizabeth and Essex were dead, The Earl of Essex Galliard.

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Can she excuse my wrongs

V. Can she excuse my wrongs

Altus

John Dowland

1. Can she excuse my wrongs with virtues cloak? shall I call her good when she proves unkind? No no: where leaves where no fruit I find? Cold love is joyes which she holds from me? If she will nie, what can granted be? Deare make me shadows do where shadows do for bodies stand, thou maist be alike to words writ like to words written on sand, or to bubbles yeeld to that which reason is, reason is, It is reasons happy still by granting this, granting this, Or cut off buses abused if thy sight be dim. 1. Wilt thou be thus a which on the water water swim. will that love, that love, should be just. Better a thousand layes if that I die, I die, must. bused still, seeing that she will right thee never times to die, Then for to live, thus still torment ed:

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First-V-Can she excuse

if thou canst not ore-com her wil, thy love wil be thus fruit-les e-ver.
Deare but re-mem-ber it was I Who for thy sake did die con-tent-ed.

Figure 0.1: Queen Elizabeth, 1588. Watercolor drawing by Isaac Oliver.

---

1 Original is whole note.
2 Original has A whole note.

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V. Can she excuse my wrongs

Tenor

John Dowland

1. Can she excuse my wrongs with virtues cloak? shall I call her
Are those clear fires which vanish into smoak? must I praise the

good when she proves un-kind? No no no: where shadowes do for
leaves where no fruit I find? Cold love love is like to words to
joyes which she holds from me? If she will yeeld to that which
nie, what can granted be? Deare make me happy still by

bodies for bodies stand, thou maist bee abusde if thy
words written on sand, or to bubbles which on the
reason, which reason, is, It is reasons will that love, that
granting, by granting, this, Or cut off de layes if that, if

sight thy sight be dim. Wilt thou be thus abused
water water swim. love, should be just. Better a thousand times to
that, I die must.

still, seeing that she will right thee never if thou canst not oregdie, Then for to live thus still torment-ed: Deare but remember
can she excuse

it was I Who for thy sake did die contented.

Figure 0.2: Robert Devereux, 3rd Earl of Essex.

3 Facsimile has D#, but this conflicts with D in the Altus part.
V. Can she excuse my wrongs

Bassus

I.22 First-V-Can she excuse my wrongs with virtues cloak? Are those clear fires clear fires which vanish into smoak?

2. Was I so base, that I might not, might not, aspire
As they are high, so high is my desire, desire:

shall I call her good when she proves unkind? No no: where
must I praise the leaves where no fruit I find? Cold love is
Unto those high joyes which she holds from me? If she will
If she this denying, what can granted be? Deare make me

shadows do for bodies stand, thou maist be abused if thy sight be
like to words written on sand, or to bubbles which on the water
yield to that which reason is, It is reasons will that love should be
happy still by granting this, Or cut off delaying if that I die

dim. Wilt thou be thus abused still, seeing that she will right thee never?
just. Better a thousand times to die, Then for to live thus still torment:

must.

if thou canst not overcome her will, thy love will be thus fruitless ever.
Deare but remember it was I Who for thy sake did die contented.
VI. Now, O now, I needs must part,

John Dowland

Cantus

1. Now O now, I needs must part, parting though I absent
While I live I needs must love, love lives not when hope is

2. Deare when I from thee am gone, Gone are all my joyes at
And although your sight I leave, Sight where in my joyes doe

3. Deare if I do not returne, Love and I shall die to-
Part we must though now I die, Die I do to part with

mourn. Absence can no joy impart: joy once fled cannot re-
gone. Now at last despair doth prove, love divided lov-eth

once. I loved thee and thee alone, In whose love I joyed
lie, Till that death doth sense be-leave, Never shall af-
gather. For my absence never mourne, Whom you might have joyed

you. Him despair doth cause to lie, Who both lived and dieth

turne. none. once. Sad despair doth drive me hence, this despair un-kind-nes
die. ever:
true.

23 sends. If that parting bee of-fence, it is shee which then of-fends.

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VI. Now, O now, I needs must part,

Altus

John Dowland

1. Now, O now, I needs must part, part-ing though I ab-sent
   While I live I needs must love, love lives not when hope is

2. Deare, when I from thee am gone, Gone are all my joyes at
   And al-though your sight I leave, Sight where in my joyes doe

3. Deare, If I do not re-turne, Love and I shall die to-
   Part we must though now I die, Die I do to part with

mourn. Ab-sence can no joy im-part: joy once fled can-not re-
gone. Now at last des-paire doth prove, love di-vi-ded lov-eth
once. I loved thee and thee a-lone, In whose love I joy-ed
lie, Till that death doth sence be-reave, Ne-ver shall af-fec-tion
gether. For my ab-sence ne-ver mourne, Whom you might have joy-ed
you. Him de-spaire doth cause to lie, Who both lived and di-

turne. Sad de-spair doth drive me hence, this des-paire un-kind-nes
none. once. die. ever:
true.

sends. If that part-ing bee of-fence, it is shee which then of-fends.
VI. Now, O now, I needs must part,  
John Dowland

Tenor

1. Now, O now, I needs must part, part-ing though I ab-sent mourn.
While I live I needs must love, love lives not when hope is gone.

2. Deare, when I from thee am gone, Gone are all my joyes at once.
And al-though your sight I leave, Sight where in my joyes doe lie,

3. Deare, If I do not re-turne, Love and I shall die to-gether.
Part we must though now I die, Die I do to part with you.

Ab-sence can no joy im-part: joy once fled can-not re-turne.
Now at last de-spaire doth prove, love di-vi ded lov-eth none.

I loved thee and thee a-lone, In whose love I joy-ed once.
Till that death doth sence be-reave, Ne-ver shall af-fec-tion die.

For my ab-sence ne-ver mourn, Whom you might have joy-ed ever.
Him des-paire doth cause to lie, Who both lived and di-eth true.

Sad de-spair doth drive me hence, this des-paire des-paire un-kind-nes sends.

If that part-ing bee of-fence, it is shee which then of-fends.
VI. Now, O now, I needs must part,

Bassus

John Dowland

1. Now, O now, I needs must part, parting though I absent
   While I live I needs must love, love lives not when hope is

2. Deare, when I from thee am gone, Gone are all my joyes at
   And although your sight I leave, Sight where in my joyes doe

3. Deare, If I do not returne, Love and I shall die to-
   Part we must though now I die, Die I do to part with

mourn. Absence can no joy impart: joy once fled cannot re-

gone. Now at last despair doth prove, love divided love

once. I loved thee and thee alone, In whose love I joyed

lie, Till that death doth sence bereave, Never shall affection

together. For my absence never mourn, Whom you might have joyed

you. Him despair doth cause to lie, Who both lived and died

turne. Sad despair doth drive me hence, me hence; this despair unkindness

none. Once. Die. Ever:

ture. If that parting bee of fence, it is shee which then offends.

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Deare, if you change, ile never chuse again. Sweet, if you
Earth with her flowers shall sooner heaven adorn,
Heaven her bright shrink, ile never think of love. Faire, if you faile, ile
starres through earths dim globe shall move, Fire heate shall lose, and
judge all beauty vaine. Wise, if too weake, moe wits Ile
frosts of flames be borne, Ayre made to shine as black as
never prove. Deare, sweet, faire, wise, change, shrink, nor be not
hell shall prove: Earth, heaven, fire, ayre, the world transform'd shall
weake: and, on my faith, my faith shall never breake, breake.
view, Ere I prove false to faith, or strange to you. you.

---

*I have moved the spot that the B section repeats to to make the text underlay easier.*
Deare, if you change, ile never chuse againe. Sweet, if you
earth with her flowers shall sooner heaven a-
dorne, Heaven her bright
shrinke, you shrinke, ile never think of love. Faire, if you
starres, bright starres, through earths dim globe shall move, Fire heate shall
faile, you faile, ile judge all beauty vaine. Wise, if too weake, too
lose, shall lose, and frosts of flames be borne, Ayre made to shine, to
weake, moe wits, moe wits, ile never prove. Deare, sweet,
shine, as blacke, as blacke, as hell shall prove: Earth, heaven,
deare, sweet, faire, wise, change, shrinke nor be not weake: and on my
earth, heaven fire, ayre, the world transform’d shall view, ere I prove
faith, and on my faith, my faith shall never breake. Deare, breake.
false to faith, to faith, or strange, or strange, to you. Earth, you.

Yes, the altus and bassus really do have Common Time instead of Cut Time.
Deare, if you change, I never choose again. Sweet, if you
Earth with her flowers shall sooner heaven adorn. Heaven her bright
shrink, you shrink, I never think of love. Faire, if you
starres, bright starres, through earths dim globe shall move, Fire heate shall
faile, Ile judge all beauty vaine. Wise, if too weake, moe wits Ile
lose, and frosts of flames be borne, Ayre made to shine as black as
never prove, moe wits Ile never prove. Deare, sweet, faire, hell shall prove, as black as
wise, Deare, sweet, faire, wise, change, shrink nor bee not weake:
ayre, Earth, heaven fire ayre, the world transformd shall view,
and, on my faith, my faith shall never brake. Deare, breake.
Ere I prove false to faith, or strange to you. Earth, you.
Deare, if you change,  ile  ne-  ver  chuse  a-gaine. Sweet, if you
Earth with her flowers shall soon-  er  heaven  a-dorne. Heaven her bright
shrinke, you shrink, ile ne-ver think of love. Faire, if you faile, ile
starres, bright starres, through earths dim globe shall move, Fire heate shall lose, and
judge all beau-tie vaine. Wise, if too weake, moe wits ile ne-ver prove. Deare,
frosts of flames be borne, Ayre made to shine as blacke as hell shall prove: Earth,
sweet, faire, wise, deare, sweet, faire, wise, change, shrink nor be not weak:
heaven, fire, ayre, earth, heaven fire, ayre, the world trans-form'd shall view,
and, on my faith, my faith shall ne-ver breake. Deare, breake.
Ere I prove false to faith, or strange to you. Earth, you.
VIII. Burst forth my tears

1. Burst, burst, forth my tears, assist my forward griefe,
   And shew what pain imperious love provokes.

2. Sad, sad, pinning care, that never may have peace,
   At beauties gate in hope of pitie knocks beene.

3. Like, like, to the winds my sighs have winged
   Yet are my sighes and sutes repaid with mocks:

   Kinde tender lambs, lament loves scant reliefe,
   And But mercy sleepes while deep disdain increase,

   I pleade, yet she repineth at my teene, O pine, since pensive care my freedome yokes.
   O pine, to beauntie hope in her faire bosome yokes.

   That both the see me pine, O pine, to see me pine my tender flockes.
   heare my griefe, O grieve to heare my griefe, my tender flockes.

   shepheard kills, That both the shepheard kills, and his poore flockes.

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VIII. Burst forth my tears

Altus. John Dowland

1. Burst, burst, forth my tears, assist my forward grievance, And shew what pain, and shew what pain, imperious peace, At beauties gate, at beauties gate, in hope of pi-beene Yet are my sighs, yet are my sighs, and sutes repaid love provokes, imperious love provokes. Kindred lambs, latie knocks in hope of pi-tie knocks But mercy sleepe's while with mocks: and sutes repaid with mocks: I pleade, yet she, yet

2. Sad, sad, pinning care, that never may have

3. Like, like to the winds my sighs have winged

moment, lament loves scant relieve, And pine, since pensive care my free-deep, while deep disdaine increase, And beautie hope in her faire bo-
she repineth at my teene, O ruthlesse rigour harder then

dome yokes. my free-dome yokes. O pine, to see me pine, some yokes. faire bo-some yokes. O grieve to heare my grieve, the rocks, har-der then the rocks, That both the she-pheard kills,

O pine, to see me pine, to see me pine, my tender flockes. O grieve to heare my grieve, to heare my grieve, my tender flockes. That both the she-pheard kills, the she-pheard kills, and his poore flockes.
VIII. Burst forth my tears

Tenor.

1. Burst, burst forth my tears, assist, assist my forward
2. Sad, sad pin-ing care, that never, never may have
3. Like, like to the winds my sighs, my sighs have wing-ed

griefe, And shew what pain, pain imperious love provokes, im-
peace, At beauties gate, gate in hope of pie-tie knocks in
beene Yet are my sighes, sighes and sutes re-paid with mocks: and

per-iou-s love provokes. Kinde tender lambes, la-
ment lament loves
hope of pie-tie knocks But mercy sleepe while deep dis-daine, dis-
sutes re-paid with mocks: I pleade,yet she, yet she re-

pi-neth

scant reliefe, reliefe, And pine, since pensive care, since pensive
daine in-crease, in-crease, And beau-tie hope in her faire, in her
at my teene, my teene, O ruth-lese ri-gour har-
der, ri-gour

care my free-
dome yokes. O pine, to see me pine, to see me

faire bo-
some yokes. O grieve to heare my grieve, to heare my

har-der then the rocks, That both the she-pheard kills, the she-pheard

pine, O pine, to see me pine, my tender flockes.
grieve, O grieve to heare my grieve, my tender flockes.

kills, That both the she-pheard kills, and his poore flocks.
VIII. Burst forth my tears
Bassus.

1. And
2. At
3. Yet

shew what pain imperious love, imperious love provokes.
beauties gate in hope of pitie, hope of pitie knocks
are my sighes and sutes repaid, and sutes repaid with mocks:

Kinde tender lambes, lament loves scant reliefe, And pine, since
But mercy sleepe while deep disdain increase, And beautie
I pleade, yet she repineth at my teene, O ruthlesse

pensive care my freedome, my freedome yokes.
hope in her faire bosome, faire bosome yokes.
O pine, O grieve

ri-gour harder then harder then the rocks,

That both
to see me, pine, to see me pine my tender, my tender flockes.
to heare my griefe, to heare my griefe, my tender, my tender flockes.
the shepheard, both the shepheard kills, shepheard kills, and his poore flockes.
IX. Go crystall teares,

Cantus

John Dowland

1. Go crystall tears, like to the morning showrs, And

sweet-ly weep into thy Ladies breast. And as the

solve the ice of her indurate heart, Whose frozen

dewes revive the drooping flowers, so let your drops of pitie

rigour like forget- full death, Feeles never any touch of

be ad-drest, to quick-en up the thoughts of my de-sert,

my de-sert: Yet sighes and teares to her I sacri-fice,

which sleeps too sound, whilst I from her de-part. To part.

both from a spot-less heart and patient eyes. Yet eyes.

0Modern conventions for notating the repeats are very different from what Dowland used. In this piece, I had to move the begin repeat to a much later point than Dowlands “go back to here” squiggle, with a correspondingly longer first alternative ending. LEC

1 Original has a barline between the note and the dot.
I. Go crystall tears, like to the morning showrs, And

sweet-ly weep into thy Ladies breast. And as the
dewes revive the drooping flowers, so let your drops of pi- tie be
rigour like for-get-full death, Feeles ne-ver any touch of my
ad-drest, to quick-en up the thoghts of my de-sert, which sleeps too
de-sert: Yet sighes and teares to her I sa-cri-fice, both from a
sound, whilst I from her, from her de-part: from her de-part. part.
spot-less heart and pa-tient eyes, and pa-tient eyes.

1 Original is a quarter note.
2 Original is a quarter note.
IX. Go crystall teares,
Tenor.
John Dowland

1. Go crystall tears, like to the morning showrs,
   And sweetly weep into thy Ladies breast.

2. Haste, restlesse sighes, and let your burning breath
   And as the dewes revive the drooping flowers,

And dissolve the ice of her indurate heart,
   Whose frozen rigour like forgetful death,

so let your drops of piety be adrest,
   Feeles never any touch of my desert:

   to quicken
up the thoughtts, the thoughtts of my desert, which sleeps too sound, whilst
   Yet sighes and

   I sa - cri - fice, both from a spotless
I from her from her, de - part, from her de - part from her de - part.

   heart and pa - tient eyes, and eyes, and pa - tient eyes, and pa - tient eyes.

\(^2\) Original is a quarter note.
\(^5\) these rests added by editor
I-38 First-IX-Go, crystall teares,

IX. Go crystall teares,
Bassus.  

1. And sweet-ly weep,
2. Dissolve the ice

into thy Ladies breast. And as the dewes revive the
of her indurate heart, Whose frozen rigour like for-
drooping flowers, so let your drops of pity be ad-
dgett full death, Feeles never any touch of my des-
drest, to quicken up the thoughts of my des-
tert: Yet sighes and teares to her I sacri-

sound, whilst I from her depart, from her depart. To part.
spotless heart and patient eyes, and patient eyes. Yet eyes.

---

2 Original is a quarter note.
X. Thinkst thou then by thy fayning

John Dowland

1. Thinkst thou then by thy fayning sleepe with a proud dis-dayning,
   To drive me from thy sight, when sleepe yeelds
   more de-light, such harm-less beautie gracing.

2. O that thy sleepe dissembled, were to a trance reseembling,
   And while sleepe fayned is, may not I
   steale a kisse, Thy quiet armes embracing.

3. Should then my love aspiring, Forbid-den joyes desiring,
   So farre exceed the duty That vertue owes to beauteous
   kind de-spite,While fury triumphant boldly

1. Or with thy craf-ty clos-ing Thy cru-el eyes responning,
   Then should my love require Thy loves unying: In beauties sweet dis-grace: And livd in
   sweet embrace Of her that lov'd so coldly.

2. Thy cru-el eyes deceiving, Of live-ly sense reav-
   No, Love seeke not thy blisse, Beyond a
   simple kisse: For such deceits are harme-

1. When love-ly sleep is armelle.

2. Yet kisse a thou-sand fold. For kis-

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X. Thinkst thou then by thy fayning

Altus. John Dowland

1. Thinkst thou then by thy fayning sleepe with a proud
   Or with thy crafty closing Thy cruel eyes

2. O that my sleepe dispensed, were to a trance
   Thy cruel eyes deceiving, Of lively sense

3. Should then my love aspiring, Forbid den joyes
   So farre exceed the duty That vertue owes

4. Slumbering, To drive me from thy sight, when
   Reposing, And while sleepe fayned is, may
   Resembled, Then should my love require Thy
   Be reaving: In beauties sweet disgrace: And
   Desiring, No, Love seeke not thy blisse, Be-
   To beauty? Yet kisse a thousand fold. For

5. Sleepe yeelds more delight, such harmles beautiye gra-
   Not I steale a kisse, Thy quiet armes embracing.
   Loves unkind despite, While fury triumpht boldly
   Livd in sweete embrace Of her that lovd so coldly.
   Yond a simple kisse: For such deceits are harme
   Kisses may be bold When love.

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X. Thinkst thou then by thy fayning

Tenor.

John Dowland

1. Thinkst thou then by thy fayning sleepe with a proud dis-dayning,
   Or with thy craf-ty closing Thy cruel eyes re-pos-ning,

2. O that my sleepe dis-sembled, were to a trance re-sem-bled,
   Thy cruel eyes de-ceiving, Of live-ly sense be-reav-ning,

3. Should then my love as-piring, For-bid-den joyes de-siring,
   So farre ex-ceed the due-ty That ver-tue owes to beau-

To drive me from thy sight, when sleepe yeelds more de-light,
   And while sleepe fayned is, may not I steale a kisse,

Then should my love re-quire Thy loves un-kind de-spite,
   In beau-ties sweet dis-grace: And livd in sweet em-brace-
ing,

In beau-ties sweet dis-grace: And livd in sweet em-brace-ning,
   No, Love seeke not thy blisse, Be-yond a sim-ple kisse:

Yet kisse a thou-sand fold. For kis-ses may be bold
   such harm-less beau-tie gra-cing.

Thy qui-et armes em-bracing.
While fu-ry tri-umph bold-ly
Of her that lov’d so cold-ly.
For such de-ceits are harme-

When love-ly sleep is arme-

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X. Thinkst thou then by thy fayning

**Bassus.**

John Dowland

1. Thinkst thou then by thy fayning sleepe with a proud dismay
Or with thy crafte closyng Thy cruel eyes re-

2. O that my sleepe dissembed, were to a trance re-
Thy cruel eyes deceiving, Of lively sense be-

3. Should then my love aspiring, Forbidden joyes de-
So farre exceed the duty That vertue owes to
dayning, To drive me from thy sight, when pos-
ing, And while sleepe fayned is, may sembled, Then should my love require Thy reaving: In beauties sweet disgrace: And siring, No, Love seeke not thy blisse, Be-
beautie? Yet kisse a thousand fold. For sleepe yeelds more delight, such harmless beautie gras-
not I steale a kisse, Thy quiet arms embrac-
loves unkind despiet, While fury triumph bold-
livd in sweet embrace Of her that lov'd so cold-
yond a simple kisse: For such deceits are harm-
kisses may be bold When lovely sleep is arm-

---

1 Original looks like a dotted eighth quarter, but it has to be a dotted quarter eighth
XI. Come away, come sweet love

Cantus

John Dowland

1. Come a-way, come sweet love, The golden morn-ing breaks.
   All the earth, all the ayre, of love and plea-sure speaks.

2. Come a-way, come sweet love, The gol-den morn-ing wastes,
   While the Sunne from his sphere, His fier-y ar-rowes casts:

3. Come a-way, come sweet love, Doe not in vaine a-dorne
   Beau-ties grace that should rise, Like to the na-ked morne:

Teach thine armes then to em-brace, And sweet ro-
Eyes were made for beau-ties grace, View-ing ru-
Mak-ing all the shadowes flie, Play-ing, stay-
Thi-ther sweet love let us hie, Fly-ing, dy-
Lil-lies on the ri-vers side, And faire Cy-
Or-na-ment is nurse of pride, Plea-
sie lips to kisse, and mix our soules in mu-tuall blisse.
ing loves long pains, Pro-cur'd by beau-
ing in the grove, To en-
taine the stealth of love.
ing in de-sire, Wingd with sweet hopes and hea\'n-ly fire.
prian flowres new blowne, De-
sure loves de-light: Haste then sweet love our wish-ed flight.
XI. Come away, come sweet love

Altus.

John Dowland

1. Come a-way, come sweet love, The golden morning breakes.
   All the earth, all the ayre, of love and pleasure speakes.

2. Come a-way, come sweet love, The golden morning wastes,
   While the Sunne from his sphere, His fier-y arrowes casts:

3. Come a-way, come sweet love, Doe not in vaine adorne
   Beauties grace that should rise, Like to the naked mornes:

Teach thine armes then to embrace, And sweet rosie lips to kisse, and
Eyes were made for beauties grace, View-ing ru-ing loves long pains, Pro-
Making all the shadowes flye, Playing, stay-ing in the grove, To
This other sweet love let us hie, Flying, dy-ing in desire, Wingd
Lilies on the rivers side, And faire Cyprian flowres new blowne, De-
Ornament is nurse of pride, Pleasure measure loves delight: Haste

mix our soules in mutuall blisse.
cur'd by beauties rude disdain.
entertain the stealth of love.
with sweet hopes and heav'n-ly fire.
sire no beauties but their owne.
then sweet love our wished flight.

2 Original is a quarter note.
XI. Come away, come sweet love

Tenor.

John Dowland

1. Come away, come sweet love, The golden morning breaks.
   All the earth, all the ayre, of love and pleasure speaks.
2. Come away, come sweet love, The golden morning wastes,
   While the Sunne from his sphere, His fiery arrows casts:
3. Come away, come sweet love, Doe not in vaine adorne
   Beauties grace that should rise, Like to the naked morn:

Teach thine armes then to embrace, And sweet rosy lips to kisse, and
Eyes were made for beauties grace, View-ing ruling loves long pains, Pro-
Mak-ing all the shadowes flye, Playing, staying in the grove, To
Thither sweet love let us hie, Fly-ing, dy-ing in desire, Wingd
Lillies on the rivers side, And faire Cy-prians flowres new blowne, De-
Orna-ment is nurse of pride, Plea-sure mea-sure loves de-light: Haste

mix our soules in mutuall blisse.
cur’d by beauties rude dis-daine.
en-ter-taine the stealth of love.
with sweet hopes and heav’n-ly fire.
sire no beauties but their owne.
them sweet love our wish-ed flight.
XI. Come away, come sweet love

Bassus.  

John Dowland

1. Come away, come sweet love, The golden morning breakes.
   All the earth, all the ayre, of love and pleasure speakes.

2. Come away, come sweet love, The golden morning wastes,
   While the Sunne from his sphere, His fery arrowes casts:

3. Come away, come sweet love, Doe not in vaine adornne
   Beauties grace that should rise, Like to the naked morn:

   Teach thine armes then to embrace, And sweet rosie
   Eyes were made for beauties grace, Viewing ruing
   Making all the shadowes flie, Playing, stayning
   Thither sweet love let us hie, Flying, dyning
   Lilies on the rivers side, And faire Cyprian
   Ornament is nurse of pride, Pleasure measure

4. Lips to kisse, and mix our soules in mutual blisse.
   Loves long pains, Procured by beauties rude disdaine.
   In the grove, To entertaine the stealth of love.
   In desire, Winged with sweet hopes and heavn'ly fire.
   Flowres new blowne, Desire no beauties but their owne.
   Loves delight: Haste then sweet love our wish ed flight.

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1 Original is missing the dot.
4 Original has a dot.
XII. Rest a while, you cruel cares

John Dowland

1. Rest a while you cruel cares, Be not more severe then
2. If I speake, my words want wait, Am I mute, my heart doth
3. Never hour of pleasing rest Shall revive my dy- ing

love.

Beau-tie kils and beau-tie spares And sweet smiles sad sighes re-breake,
If I sigh, she fears deceit, Sor-row then for me must
ghost, Till my soul has re-pos-sest, The sweet hope which love hath

move:

Laura, faire queene of my de-light, Come grant me

speake:

Cru-ell, un-kind, with fa-vour view The wound that

lost:

Laura redeeme the soule that dies, By fur-rie

love in loves de-spite, And if I e-ver fail to ho-nor thee:

first was made by you: And if my tor-ments fay-ned be,
of thy mur-dering eyes: And if it prove un-kinde to thee,

1-3. Let this heav-en-ly light I see, Bee as darke as hell to me.

1Rest is editorial
XII. Rest a while, you cruell cares

1. Rest a while you cruell cares,
   Be not more se vere then
2. If I speake, my words want wait,
   Am I mute, my heart doth
3. Ne ver houre of pleas ing rest
   Shall re vive my dy ing

love. Beau tie kils and beau tie spares And sweet smiles sad sighes re breake,
If I sigh, she fears de ceit, Sor row then for me must ghost,
Till my soule has re pos sest, The sweet hope which love hath

move: Lau ra, faire queene of my de light, Com e grant me speake:
Cru ell, un kind, with fa vor view The wound that lost:
Lau ra re deeme the soule that dies, By fu rie

love in loves de spite, And if I e ver faile to ho nor thee:
first was made by you: And if my tor ments fay ned be,
of thy mur der ing eyes: And if it prove un kinde to thee,

1-3. Let this hea ven ly light I see, Bee as darke as hell to me.

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XII. Rest a while, you cruel cares

Tenor.

John Dowland

1. Rest a while you cruel cares, Be not more severe then

2. If I speake, my words want wait, Am I mute, my heart doth

3. Never hour of pleasing rest Shall revive my dying love. Beau-tie kills and beau-tie spares And sweet smiles sad sighs re-breake,

Till my soule has re-possed, The sweet hope which love hath move:

Lau-ra, faire queene of my de-light, Come grant me speake:

Cruell, un-kind, with favour view The wound that lost:

Lau-ra redeeme the soule that dies, By fur-rie love in loves de-spit, And if I e-verfaile to ho-nor thee:

first was made by you: And if my tor-ments fay-ned be,

of thy mur-dering eyes: And if it prove un-kinde to thee,

1-3. Let this heav'nly light I see, Bee as darke as hell to me.
XII. Rest a while, you cruell cares

Bassus. John Dowland

1. Rest a while you cruell cares, Be not more severe then
2. If I speake, my words want wait, Am I mute, my heart doth
3. Never hour of pleasing rest Shall revive my dying

love. Beau-tie kils and beau-tie spares And sweet smiles sad sighes re-breake,
If I sigh, she feares de-ceit, Sor-row then for me must ghost,
Till my soule has re-pos-sest, The sweet hope which love hath

move: Laura, faire queene of my de-light, Come grant me speake:
Cru-ell, un-kind, with fa-vour view The wound that lost:
Laura redeeme the soule that dies, By fur-rie

love in loves de-spite, And if I e- ver faile to ho-nor thee:
first was made by you: And if my tor-ments fay- ned be,
of thy mur-dering eyes: And if it prove un-kinde to thee,

1-3. Let this hea-v'nly light I see, Bee as darke as hell to me.
XIII. Sleep, waiward thoughts

John Dowland

1. Sleep waiward thoughts, and rest you with my love: Let not my
Touch not proud hands, lest you her an-ger move: But pine you

2. But O the fu-ry of my rest-lesse feare The hid-den
The glo-ries and the beau-ties that ap-peare, Be-tweene her

3. My love doth rage, and yet my love doth rest: Feare in my
Peace in my love, and yet my love op-prest: Im-patient,

love bee with my love dis-easd. Thus, while she sleeps, I sor-
with my long-ings long dis-pleasd.

anguish of my flesh de-sires Thus while she sleeps, moves sigh-
browes, neere Cu-pids clo- sed fires,

love, and yet my love se-cure: Slepe, dain-ty love, while I
yet of perfect tem-pera-ture.

row for her sake: So sleeps my love, and yet my love doth wake.
ing for her sake: So sleeps my love, and yet my love doth wake.
sigh for thy sake: So sleeps my love, and yet my love doth wake.
XIII. Sleep, waiward thoughts

Altus.

John Dowland

1. Sleep waiward thoughts, and rest you with my love:
   Touch not proud hands, lest you her anger move:
2. But O the fury of my restlesse feare
   The glories and the beauties that appeare,
3. My love doth rage, and yet my love doth rest:
   Peace in my love, and yet my love oprest:

Let not my love bee with my love dis eased.
But pine you with my longings long displeased.
The hidden anguish of my flesh desires
Be tweenee her browes, neere Cupids closed fires,
Feare in my love, and yet my love secure:
Impatient, yet of perfect temperature.

Thus, while she sleeps, I sorrow for her sake: So sleeps my
Thus while she sleeps, moves sighing for her sake: So sleeps my
Sleepe, dainty love, while I sigh for thy sake: So sleeps my

love, So sleeps my love, and yet, and yet my love doth wake.
love, So sleeps my love, and yet, and yet my love doth wake.
love, So sleeps my love, and yet, and yet my love doth wake.

---

2 Dot is missing in original

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XIII. Sleep, waiward thoughts

John Dowland

1. Sleep waiward thoughts, and rest you with my love:
   Touch not proud hands, lest you her an-ger move:
2. But O the fu-ry of my rest-lesse feare
   The glo-ries and the beau-ties that ap-pear,
3. My love doth rage, and yet my love doth rest:
   Peace in my love, and yet my love op-prest:

   Let not my love bee with my love dis-easd.
   But pine you with my long-ings long dis-pleasd.
   The hid-den an-guish of my flesh de-sires
   Be-tweene her browes, neere Cu-pids clo-sed fires,
   Feare in my love, and yet my love se-cure:
   Im-pa-tient, yet of per-fect tem-pe-ra-ture.

   Thus, while she sleeps, I sor-row for her sake: So sleeps my
   Thus while she sleeps, moves sigh-ing for her sake: So sleeps my
   Sleepe, dain-ty love, while I sigh for thy sake: So sleeps my

   love, So sleeps my love, and yet and yet my love doth wake.
   love, So sleeps my love, and yet and yet my love doth wake.
   love, So sleeps my love, and yet, and yet my love doth wake.
XIII. Sleep, waiward thoughts

Bassus.  John Dowland

1. Sleep wai-ward thoughts, and rest you with my love:  Let not my
   Touch not proud hands, lest you her an-ger move:  But pine you
2. But O the fu-ry of my rest-lesse feare  The hid-den
   The glo ries and the beau-ties that ap-peare,  Be-tweene her
3. My love doth rage, and yet my love doth rest:  Feare in my
   Peace in my love, and yet my love op-pret:  Im-pa-tient,

love bee with my love dis-easd.  Thus, while she sleeps, I sor-
with my long-ings long dis-pleasd.
an-guish of my flesh de-sires  Thus while she sleeps, moves sigh-
browes, neere Cu-pids clo-sed fires,
love, and yet my love se-cure:  Sleepe, dain-ty love, while I
yet of per-fect tem-pera-ture.

row for her sake:  So sleeps my love, So sleeps my love, and yet my love doth wake.
ing for her sake:  So sleeps my love, So sleeps my love, and yet my love doth wake.
sigh for thy sake:  So sleeps my love, So sleeps my love, and yet my love doth wake.
XIII. All ye, whom love or fortune hath betrayed

Cantus.

1. All ye, whom love or fortune hath betrayed
   All ye, that

2. Care that consumes the heart with inward paine,
   Paine that

dream of bliss but live in griefe
   All ye, whose hopes are ever-

sent sad care in outward view,
   Both tyrant-like enforce me

more delayed
   All ye, whose sighes, whose sighes, or sickness

to complain
   But still in vaine, in vaine: for none my

wants reliefe
   Lend eares and teares to mee most

plaints will rue.
   Teares sighes and ceaselesse cries a-

haplesse man,
   That sings my sorrowes, That sings my sorrowes,

lone I spend:
   My woe wants comfort, My woe wants comfort,

like the dying Swanne.
   Lend Swanne.

and my sorrow end.
   Teares end.

---

0 This is actually numbered IX in the original

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XIII. All ye, whom love or fortune hath betraid

John Dowland

1. Al ye, whom love or fortune hath be-traid, be-traid All

2. Care that consumes the heart with paine, with in-ward paine, Paine

ye, that dream of blisse but live in griefe are e-ver-more de-
that presents sad care in out-ward view, en-force me to com-
laid All ye, whose sighes, All ye, whose sighes or sickness wants re-
plaine But still in vaine, But still in vaine: for none my plaints will

liefe Lend eares and teares, Lend eares and teares to mee most
rue. Teares sighes and cries Teares sighes and cease-lesse cries a-
hap-lesse man, That sings my sor-rowes, sor-
lone I spend: My woe wants com-fort, com-

rowes, my sor-rowes, like the dy-
ing Swanne. Lend eares and teares Swanne.
fort wants com-fort, and my sor-
row end. Teares sighes and cries end.

1 This had the dot on the other side of the bar line, so I've left out the barline
XIII. All ye, whom love or fortune hath betrayed

John Dowland

Tenor.

1. All ye, whom love or fortune hath betrayed All ye, that dream of bliss but live in grief, with inward paine, Pain that prevents sad care in outward view, Both tyrant-like enforce me.

2. Care that consumes the heart with inward paine, Pain that prevents sad care in outward view, Both tyrant-like enforce me more evermore delayed delayed All ye, whose sighes or enforce me to complain.

But still in vain: for none

sickness wants relief; Lend eares and teares to mee most haplesse my plaints will relieve. Teare sighes and ceaseless cries alone I

man, most haplesse man, That sings my sorowes, sorowes, my spend: alone I spend: My woe wants comfort, comfort, wants

sorowes, like the dy- ing Swanne. Lend eares and teares to mee most Swanne. comfort, and my sorrow end. Teares sighes and ceaseless cries end.
XIII. All ye, whom love or fortune hath betrayed

Bassus.

1. Al ye, whom love or fortune hath betrayed, but
   live in griefe. All ye, whose hopes are ever-more de-
   plaine. But still in vaine, in vaine: for none my plaints will
   liefe Lend eares and teares, Lend eares and teares, Lend eares and teares to
   mee, to mee, most hap-lesse man, That sings my sorrowes, my sor-
   rowes like the dy-
   ing Swanne. Lend eares and teares, Lend Swanne.

2. Care that consumes the heart with inward paine, in
   out-ward view, Both tyrant-like enforce me to com-
   care. Teares sighes and cries, Teares sighes and cries, Teares sighes and cease-
   cries, and cries alone I spend: My woe wants comfort, wants com-
   fort, and my sorrow end. Teares sighes and cries, Teares end.
XV. Wilt thou unkind thus reave me of my heart,

1. Wilt thou unkind thus reave me of my heart, of my heart,
2. Hope by disdaine growes cheere-lesse, cheere-lesse, Feare doth love
3. If no de layes can move thee, move thee, Life shall die
4. Yet be thou mind- full e-ver, e-ver, Heat from fire
5. True love can not be chang ed, chang ed, Though de-light

And so leave me? And so leave me? me? 1.-5. Fare-
Love doth feare, beauty peere-lesse. lesse.
Death shall live Still to love thee. thee.
Fire from heat None can se- ver. ver.
From de- sert Be es- tran- ged. ged.

well: Fare- well: but yet or ere I part (O cru- ell) kisse me, 
sweet, kiss me sweet, my Jew- ell. Fare- Jew- ell.
XV. Wilt thou unkind thus reave me of my heart,

Altus.  

John Dowland

1. Wilt thou unkind, unkind thus reave me of my heart, of my
2. Hope by dis-daine, dis-daine grows cheere-lesse, cheere-lesse, Feare doth
3. If no de-layes, de-layes can move thee, move thee, Life shall
4. Yet be thou mind-full, mind-full e- ver, e- ver, Heat from
5. True love can-not, can-not be chang-ed, chang-ed, Though de-

heart, And so leave me? me? 1.-5. Fare-well:
love Love doth feare, feare,
die Death shall live live
fire Fire from heat heat
light From de-sert sert

Fare-well: but yet or ere I part (O cru-ell) kisse me,
sweet, kisse me, sweet, my Jew-ell. Fare-well, ell.
XV. Wilt thou unkind thus reave me of my heart,

Tenor. John Dowland

1. Wilt thou unkind thus reave me of my heart,
of my heart, of my heart, And so leave me? And so leave
2. Hope by daine growes cheere-lesse, cheere-lesse,
3. If no delayes can move thee, move thee,
4. Yet be thou mind- full e-ver, e-ver,
5. True love cannot be change-ed, changed,

of my heart, and so leave Feare doth love, Feare doth love Love doth feare, beauty peere-
Life shall die, Life shall die Death shall live Still to love
Heat from fire, Heat from fire Fire from heat, None can se-
Though de-light, Though de-light From de-sert Be es-tran-

me? me? 1.-5. Fare-well: Fare-well: but yet or ere I part (O
lesse. lesse.
thee. thee.
ver. ver.
ged. ged.
cru-ell) kisse me, kisse me sweet, my Jew-

ell. Fare-well: ell.
XV. Wilt thou unkind thus reave me of my heart,
Bassus.  John Dowland

1. Wilt thou unkind thus reave me of my heart, of my heart,
2. Hope by disdaine growes cheerelesse, cheerelesse, Feare doth love
3. If no delayes can move thee, move thee, Life shall die
4. Yet be thou mindfull ever, ever, Heat from fire
5. True love cannot be changed, changed, Though delight

And so leave me? me? 1.-5. Farewell: Farewell: but yet or ere I part (O
Love doth feare, feare,
Death shall live live
Fire from heat heat
From desert desert

12 cruell) kisse me, sweet, kisse me, sweet, kisse me my Jewell. Farewell: ell.
XVI. Would my conceit, that first enforst my woe,

1. Would my conceit, that first enforst my woe,
2. Each houre amidst the deepe of hell I frie,
3. To all save mee is free to live or die,

Or els mine eyes which still the same increase,

Each houre I waft and wiither where I sit:

To all save mee remaineth hap or hope:

be extinct, to end my sorrowes so,

Which now are such as that sweet houre where-in I wish to die,

My hope alas may all perforce I must abandon, I,

Sith Fortune still di-

nothing can release:

Whose life is death, whose sweet each change

not in joy it yet,

Whose hope is such, bereaved of

rects my hap as hope,

Wherefore to neither hap nor hope

of sowre, And eke whose hel reneweth ev

the blisse, Which unto all save mee allotted is.

I trust, But to my thralles yeeld, for so I must.

1 Original has a bar between the note and the dot

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XVI. Would my conceit, that first enforst my woe,

1. Would my conceit, that first enforst my woe, Or els mine eyes which still the same in-crease, still the same in-crease, Might be ex-waft and wi-ther where I sit: wi-ther where I sit: But that sweet mee re-main-eth hap or hope: main-eth hap or hope: But all per-
tinct, to end my sor-rowes so, Which now are such, are such as houre where-in I wish to die, My hope a-las, a-las may force I must a-ban-don, I, Sith For-tune still, tune still di-
no-thing can re-lease: Whose life is death, whose sweet each change of not in-joy it yet, Whose hope is such, be-reav-ed of the rects my hap as hope, Where-fore to nei-ther hap nor hope I sowre, And eke whose hel re-new-eth e-veryhoure. blisse, Which un-to all save mee al-lo-ted is. trust, But to my thralles I yeeld, for so I must.
XVI. Would my conceit, that first enforst my woe,

Tenor.  

John Dowland

1. Would my conceit, that first en-forst my woe, Or els mine eyes which

2. Each houre a-midst the deepe of hell I fre, Each houre I waft, I

3. To all save mee is free to live or die, To all save mee, save

still, which still, the same in-crease, the same in-crease, Might be ex-tinct, ex-
waft, and wi-ther where I sit: ther where I sit: But that sweet houre, sweet
mee, re-main-eth hap or hope: eth hap or hope: But all per-force, per-
tinct, to end my sor-rowes so, Which now are such as no-thing can re-
houre, where-in I wish to die, My hope a-las may not in-joy it yet,
force, I must a-ban-don, I, Sith For-tune still di-rects my hap as hope,

Whose life is death, Whose life is death, whose sweet each change, each
Whose hope is such, Whose hope is such, be-reav-ed of, ved
Where-fore to nei- Where-fore to nei-
ther hap nor hope, nor

change, of sowre, And eke whose hel, whose hel, re-new-eth e-
ver-y houre. of, the blisse, Which un-to all, to all, save mee al-lot-

hope, I trust, But to my thralles, my thralles, I yeeld, for so I must.

1 Original has a breve.

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XVI. Would my conceit, that first enforst my woe,
Bassus. John Dowland

1. Would my conceit, that first enforst my woe, Or els mine
   eyes which still the same increase,
   such as nothing, nothing can release: Whose life is death,
   And eke whose hel, whose hel reneweth every hour.

2. Each hour amidst the deep of hell I trie, Each hour I
   waft and wither where I sit:
   las may not, may not, enjoy it yet, Whose hope is such,
   Which unto all save mee, save mee allotted is.

3. To all save mee is free to live or die, To all save
   mee remaineth hap or hope: Sith Fortune
   still directs, directs my hap as hope, Wherefore to neither
   But to my thralles I yeeld, I yeeld, for so I must.
XVII. Come again:

Cantus

John Dowland

1. Come again: sweet love doth now invite, Thy graces
2. Come again, that I may cease to mourn, Through thy un-
3. All the day the sun that lends me shine, By frownes doth
4. All the night my sleepe is full of dreams, My eyes are
5. Out alas, my faith is ever true, Yet will she
6. Gentle love draw forth thy wounding dart, Thou canst not

that refrain, To do me due delight, to see, to heare, to touch,
kind disdain: For now left and forlorn, I sit, I sigh, I weep,
cause me pine, And feeds mee with delay: Her smiles, my springs, that makes
full of streames. My heart takes no delight, To see the fruits and joyes
never rue, Nor yeeld me any grace: Her eyes of fire, her heart
peerce her heart, For I that doe approve, By sighs and teares more hot

to kisse, to die, with thee again in sweetest sympathy.
I faint, I die, In deadly paine and endless misery.
my joyes to grow, Her frownese the winters of my woe:
that some do find, And marke the stormes are me as signde.
of flint is made, Whom teares, not truth may once indade.
then are thy shaftes, Did tempt while she for triumph laughs.

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XVII. Come again:

Altus.

John Dowland

1. Come a-gain: sweet love doth now in-vite, Thy gra-ces that re-
fraine, To do me due de-light, to see, to heare, to touch, to
frain, To do me due de-light, to see, to heare, to touch, to

2. Come a-gaine, that I may cease to mourn, Through thy un-kind dis-
daine: For now left and for-lorne, I sit, I sigh, I weep, I
pine, And feeds mee with de-lay: Her smiles, my springs, that makes my
pine, And feeds mee with de-lay: Her smiles, my springs, that makes my

3. All the day the sun that lends me shine, By frownes doth cause me
rue, Nor yeeld me a-ny grace: Her eyes of fire, her heart of
rue, Nor yeeld me any grace: Her eyes of fire, her heart of

4. All the night my sleepe are full of dreams, My eyes are full of
heart, For I that doe ap-prove, By sighs and teares more hot then
heart, For I that doe approve, By sighs and tears more hot then

5. Out a-las, my faith is ever true, Yet will she ne-ver

6. Gen-tle love draw forth thy wound-ing dart, Thou canst not peerce her

kisse, to die, to die, with the a-gaine in sweet-est sym-pa-thy.
faint, I die, I die, In dead-ly paine and end-less mis-er-ie.

joyes to grow, to grow, Her frownes the win- ters of my woe:
some do find, do find, And marke the stormes are mee as-

flint is made, is made, Whom teares, not truth may once in-
are thy shafts, thy shafts, Did tempt while she for tri-umph

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XVII. Come again:

Tenor.  
John Dowland

1. Come a-gain: sweet love doth now in-vite, Thy
   graces that re-fraine, To do me due de-light,
   To see, to heare, to touch, to kisse, to die, to die, With
   thee a-gaine with thee a-gaine in sweet-est sym-pa-thy.

2. Come a-gaine, that I may cea-se to mourne, Through
   thy un-kind dis-daine: For now left and for-lorne,
   I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die, I die, In
   deadly paine, In deadly paine and end-lesse mis-er-ie.

3. All the day the sun that lends me shine, By
   frownes doth cause me pine, And feeds mee with de-lay:
   Her smiles, my springs, that makes my joyes to grow, to grow, Her
   frownes the win-

4. All the night my sleepe is full of dreams, My
   eyes are full of streames. My heart takes no de-light,
   To see the fruits and joyes that some do find, do find, And
   marke the stormes, And marke the stormes are mee as-signe.

5. Out a-las, my faith is e-ver true, Yet
   will she ne-ver rue, Nor yeeld me a-ny grace:
   Her eyes of fire, her heart of flint is made, is made, Whom
   teares, not truth, Whom teares, not truth may once in-vade.

6. Gen-tle love draw forth thy wound-ing dart, Thou
   canst not peerce her heart, For I that doe ap-prove,
   By sighs and teares more hot then are thy shafts, thy shafts, Did
   tempt while she Did tempt while she for tri-umph laughs.

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XVII. Come again:

Bassus.  

John Dowland

1. Come again:  sweet love doth now in-vite,  Thy gra-ces
2. Come again,  that I may cease to mourne,  Through thy un-
3. All the day  the sun that lends me shine,  By frownes doth
4. All the night  my sleepes are full of dreames,  My eyes are
5. Out alas,  my faith is ever true,  Yet will she
6. Gentle love  draw forth thy wound-ing dart,  Thou canst not

that re-fraine,  To do me due de-light, to see, to
kind dis-daine:  For now left and for-lorne, I sit, I
cause me pine,  And feeds mee with de-lay:  Her smiles, my
full of streams.  My heart takes no de-light, To see the
never rue,  Nor yeeld me any grace:  Her eyes of
peerce her heart,  For I that doe ap-prove, By sighs and

heare, to touch, to kisse, to die, to die, with thee a-gaine
sigh, I weepe, I faint, I die, I die, In dead-
ly paine
springs, that makes my joyes to grow, to grow, Her frownes the win-
fruits and joyes that some do find, do find, And marke the stormes
fire, her heart of flint is made, is made, Whom teares, not truth
teares more hot then are thy shafts, thy shafts, Did tempt while she

in sweet-est sym-pa-thy.
and end-lesse mis-er-ie.
ters of
are mee
may once
for tri-

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XVIII. His golden locks time hath to silver turnde

Cantus.  John Dowland

1. His gold- en locks time hath to sil- ver turnde.  O time too
2. His hel- met now shall make a hive for Bees,  And lo- vers
3. And when he sad- dest sits in home- ly Cell,  Hee'l teach his

swift, O swift- nesse ne- ver ceas- ing!  His youth gainst time and age
So- nets turne to ho- ly Psalmes:  A man at armes must now
swaines this Ca- roll for a song,  Blest be the hearts that wish

hath e- ver spurnd, But spurnd in vain, youth wa- neth by in-
serve on his knees,  And feed on Pray- ers which are ag- es
my So- veraigne well,  Curst be the soule that thinks him an-

creas- ing.  Beau- tie, strength,youth are flowers but fading
almes:  But though from Court to co- tage he de-
wrong.  Yee gods al- low this a- ged man his

seene:  Du- tie, Faith, Love are roots and e- ver greene.
part,  His Saint is sure of his un- spotted heart.
right, To be your Beads- man now that was your Knight.

1 Original is a G.

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XVIII. His golden locks time hath to silver turnde

1. His golden locks time hath to silver, to silver turnde.
2. His helmet now shall make a hive for, a hive for Bees,
3. And when he saddest sits in holy, in holy Cell,

O time too swift, O swiftnesse never ceasing! His youth against
And lovers Sonetsturne to holy Psalmes: A man at
Heel teach his swaines this Carol for a song, Blest be the

time and age hath ever spurnd, But spurnd in vain, youth waneth,
arms must now serve on his knees, And feed on Prayers which are,
hearts that wish my Sovereigne well, Curst be the soule that thinks him,

waneth by increas-ing. Beau-tie, strength, youth are flowers but
which are ages almes: But though from Court to cottage
thinks him an-y wrong. Yee gods allow this a-ged

fading seene: Dutie, Dutie, Faith, Love are roots and ever greene.
he depart, His Saint, his Saint is sure of his unspotted heart.
man his right, To be, to be your Beadsman now that was your Knight.
XVIII. His golden locks time hath to silver turnde

Tenor. John Dowland

1. His golden locks time hath to silver turnde. O, O time too swift, O time too swift, O swift-nesse never ceasing! His youth gainst swaines, Hee'l teach his swaines this Carol for a song, Blest be the time and age hath ever spurnd, But spurnd in vain, youth waneth armses must now serve on his knees, And feed on Prayers which are hearts that wish my Sovereigne well, Curst be the soule that thinks him by increasing. Beautie, strength, youth are flowers but fading ages almes: But though from Court to cottage he de-aney wrong. Yee gods allow this aged man his seene: Dutie, Faith, Love are roots and ever greene. part, His Saint is sure of his unspotted heart. right, To be your Beadsman now that was your Knight.
XVIII. His golden locks time hath to silver turnde

Bassus. John Dowland

1. His golden locks time hath to silver turnde. O time too
2. His hel-met now shall make a hive for Bees, And lovers
3. And when he saddest sits in home-ly Cell, Heel teach his
   swift, O swiftnesse never ceasing! His youth against time and age
   So nets turne to ho-ly Psalms: A man at armes must now
   swaines this Car roll for a song, Blest be the hearts that wish
   hath e ver spurnd, But spurnd in vain, youth wa neth by in
   serve on his knees, And feed on Pray ers which are ages
   my So veraigne well, Curst be the soule that thinks him an y
   creasing. Beau tie, strength, youth are flowers but fading
   almes: But though from Court to co tag e he de
   wrong. Yee gods al low this a ged man his
   seene: Du tie, Faith, Love are roots and e ver greene.
   part, His Saint is sure of his un spot ted heart.
   right, To be your Beads man now that was your Knight.

1 Original is half note

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XIX. Awake, sweet love, thou art returnd:

Can'tus.  

John Dowland

1. Awake sweet love, thou art return'd: My hart, which long in
   Let love, which never absent dies, Now live for ever
2. If she esteeme thee now aught worth, She will not grieve thy
   De-spaire hath prov'd now in mee, That love will not un-

ab-sence mourn'd, Lives now in perfect joy. Only her-
in her eyes, Whence came my first annoy. De-spaire did
love hence-forth, Which so des-paire hath proved. If shee at
con-stant be, Though long in vaine I loved. And if that

selfe hath seem'd faire: She on-ly I could love,
make me wish to die That I my joyes might end:
last reeward thy love, And all thy harmes re-paire,
now thou wel-com be, When thou with her doest meet,

She on-ly drave me to de-spaire, When she un-kind did prove.
She on-ly, which did make me flie, My state may now a-mend.
Thy hap-pi-ness will sweet-er prove, Raisd up from deep de-spaire.
She all this while but playde with thee, To make thy joyes more sweete.
XIX. Awake, sweet love, thou art return'd:

Altus. John Dowland

1. Awake sweet love, thou art return'd: My hart, which
   Let love, which never absent dies, Now live for-
2. If she esteeme thee now aught worth, She will not
   De-spaire hath prov'd now in mee, That love will

long in absence mourn'd, Lives now, lives now, in perfect
ever in her eyes, Whence came, whence came, my first an-
grieve thy love henceforth, Which so, which so, des-
not unconstant be, Though long, though long, in vaine I

joy. Only herselfe, herselfe, hath seemed
noy. De-spaire did make, did make, me wish to
proved. If shee at last, at last, re-

loved. And if that now, that now, thou wel-

 faire: She only I could love, I could love, She only drave
die That I my joyes might end: joyes might end: She only, which
love, And all thy harmes re-paire, harmes re-paire, Thy hap-

be, When thou with her doest meet, her doest meet, She all this while

me to despaire, When she unkind did prove.
did make me flie, My state may now a-mend.
will sweeter prove, Raisd up from deep despaire.
but playde with thee, To make thy joyes more sweete.
XIX. Awake, sweet love, thou art return'd:

Tenor.

John Dowland

1. Awake sweet love, thou art return'd: My hart, which long in
    Let love, which never absent dies, Now live forever

2. If she esteem thee now aught worth, She will not grieve thy
    Despair hath proved now in mee, That love will not un-

ab-sence mourn'd, Lives now in perfect joy. Only her-
in her eyes, Whence came my first annoy. Despair did
love hence-forth, Which so despair hath proved. If shee at
constant be, Though long in vaine I loved. And if that

selfe, her-selfe, hath seemed faire: She only I could
make, did make, me wish to die last, at last, reward thy love,
That I my joyes might now, that now, thou welcom be,
And all thy harmes return, When thou with her dost

love, She only drave me to despair, When she un-kind did prove.
end: She only, which did make me flye, My state may now a-
paire, Thy happiness will sweet-er prove, Raisd up from deep des-
meet, She all this while but playde with thee, To make thy joyes more sweete.

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XIX. Awake, sweet love, thou art return'd:

Bassus.

John Dowland

1. Awake sweet love, thou art return'd: My hart, which long in absence mournd, Lives now in perfect joy. Only here-in her eyes, Whence came my first annoy. Despaire did lose hence-forth, Which so despaire hath proved. If she at constant be, Though long in vaine I loved. And if that selfe hath seem'd faire: She only I could love, She make me wish to die That I my joyes might end: She last reward thy love, And all thy harmes repair, Thy now thou welcom be, When thou with her doest meet, She only drave me to despaire, When she unkind did prove. only, which did make me fli, My state may now amend. happiness will sweeter prove, Raisd up from deep despaire. all this while but playde with thee, To make thy joyes more sweete.

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XX. Come heavy sleepe the image of true death

Cantus.

John Dowland

1. Come heavy sleepe the image of true death And close
   up these my weary weeping eies: Whose spring of
to death, child to his blacke-fact night: Come thou and

tears doth stop my vital breath, And tears my hart with sorrows sigh swoln
charme these rebels in my breast, Whose waking fancies doe my mind af-
cries: Com and posses my tir-ed thoughts wound soule, That living
fright. O come sweet sleepe come, or I die for e-
der: Come ere my
dies, that living dies, that living dies till thou on me be stoule.
last, come ere my last, come ere my last sleeps comes, or come ne-

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XX. Come heavy sleepe the image of true death

Altus

John Dowland

1. Come heavy sleepe the image of true death
And close up these my weary, weary weeping eyes:
Whose spring of tears doth stop my vital breath,
And tears my heart with sorrow's sigh swoln

2. Come shadow of my end, and shape of rest, 
Alarmed to death, child to his, to his blacke-fact night:
Come thou and cries: Come and possess my tired thoughts worn soul,
That living fright. O come sweet sleepe come, or I die for ever: Come ere my

dies, That living dies till thou on me, on me be stoule.
last, Come ere my last sleeps comes, or come, or come never.
XX. Come heavy sleepe the image of true death

Tenor.  

John Dowland

1. Com heavy sleepe, heavy sleepe the image of true death And close up

2. Come shadow of, shadow of my end, and shape of rest, Allied to

these my weary, my weary weeping eies: Whose spring of tears doth death, child to his, child to his blacke-fact night: Come thou and charme these

stop my vital breath, And tears my hart with rows sigh swoln cries: rebels in my breast, Whose waking fancies doe my mind af fright.

Com and posses my tired thoughts worn soule, That living

O come sweet sleepe come, or I die for ever: Come ere my

dies, that living dies till thou on me, on me be stoule.

last, Come ere my last sleeps comes, or come, or come ne- ver.
XX. Come heavy sleepe the image of true death

Bassus.

John Dowland

1. Come hea-vy sleepe the i-mage of true death And close up
to these my wear-y weeping eies: Whose spring of tears doth stop my vi-tall
doth, child to his blacke-fact night: Come thou and charme these rebels in my
breath, And tears, and tears my hart with sor-rows sigh swoln cries: Com and po-
breast, Whose wak-whose wak-ing fan-cies doe my mind af-
fright. O come sweet

2. Come sha-dow of my end, and shape of rest, Al-
lied to sses my tir-ed thoughts worn soule, That liv-ing dies, that liv-ing
sleepe come, or I die for ever: Come ere my last, come ere my
dies, that liv-ing dies till thou, till thou on me, on me be stoule.
last, come ere my last sleeps comes, sleeps comes, or come, or come ne-
ver.
XXI. Away with these selfe loving lads

John Dowland

1. Away with these selfe loving lads, Whom Cupids arrow never glads.
   Away poore soules that sigh and weep, In ward up on his foot doth goe.

2. God Cupids shaft, like destiny, Doth eyther good or ill decree:
   Desert is borne out of his bow, Return without thing once a yeare:

3. My songs they be of Chn-this praise, I weare her rings on every day I reade the same:
   Where honor, Cupids rivall is, There miracles are seene of his.

4. If Cynthia crave her ring of mee, I blot her name out of the tree
   If doubt do darken things held deare, Then one must win, Fools one ly hedge the Cuckoe in.

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XXI. Away with these selfe loving lads

John Dowland

1. Away with these selfe loving lads, Whom Cupids arrow never glads. Away poore soules that sigh and weep, In ill decree: Desert is borne out of his bow, Re-

2. God Cupids shaft, like destinee, Doth eyther good or holy dayes, On every tree I write her name, And of the tree If doubt do darken things held deare, Then love of those that lie and sleepe. For Cupid is a ward up on his foot doth goe. What fools are they that every day I reade the same: Where ho-

3. My songs they be of Chn-this praise, I weare her rings on welfare nothing once a yeare: For many run, but meadow God, And forth none to kisse the rod. have not known That love likes no lawes but his own? rivall is, There miracles are seene of his. one must win, Fools only hedge the Cuckoe in.
XXI. Away with these selfe loving lads

Tenor. John Dowland

1. Away with these selfe loving lads, Whom Cupids arrow ne- ver glads.
2. God Cupids shaft, like de- cayly decree: Desert is borne out of his bow, Re- ward up-
3. My songs they be of Chns this praise, I weare her rings on love of them that lie and sleepe. For Cupid is a meadow God, And forceth none to kisse the rod.
4. If Cynthia crave her ring of mee, I blot her name out e- very day I reade the same: Where hon- or, Cupids have not known That love likes no lawes but his own? rivall is, There mira- cles are seene of his. one must win, Fools one-
yrrow meadow. For Cupid is a meadow. God, And forceth none to kisse the rod.

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XXI. Away with these selfe loving lads

Bassus.

John Dowland

1. Away with these selfe loving lads, Whom Cupids arrow
   ne- ver glads. A- way poore soules that sigh and weep, In

2. God Cupids shaft, like de- sti- nie, Doth ey- ther good or
   ill de- cree: De- sert is borne out of his bow, Re- ho-
   ly dayes, On e- very tree I write her name, And

3. My songs they be of Chn-this praise, I weare her rings on
   of the tree If doubt do dar- ken things held deare, Then

4. If Cynthia crave her ring of mee, I blot her name out
   love of them that lie and sleepe. For Cupid is a
   ward up- on his foot doth goe. What fools are they that
   e- very day I reade the same: Where ho- nor, Cupids
   wel- fare no- thing once a yeare: For ma- ny run, but

5. me- dow God, And for- ceth none to kisse the rod.
   have not known That love likes no lawes but his own?
   ri- vall is, There mi- ra- cles are seene of his.
   one must win, Fools one- ly hedge the Cu- ckeoe in.
Bibliography

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His own hand

Sf: olandor de Lhtrimu

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