

VI. Were every thought an eye,

CANTUS.

John Dowland



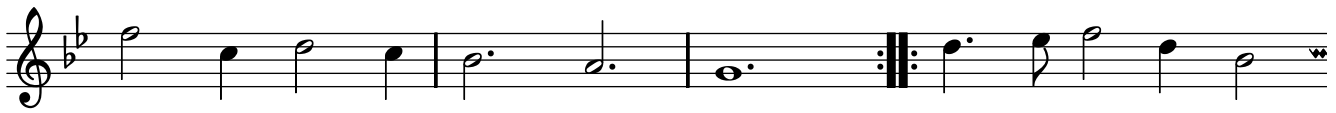
Were eve- y thought an eye, and all those eyes could see, Her sub- till
Her fires do in- ward burne, They make no out- ward show. And her de-



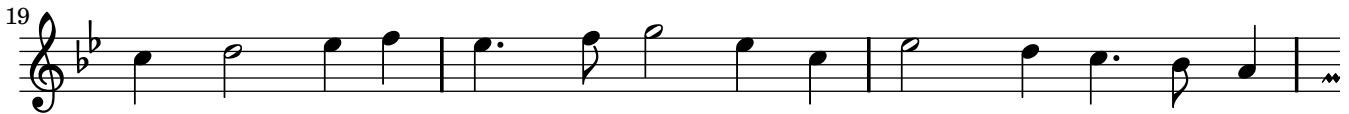
wiles their sights would be- guile, and mocke their je- lou- sie. De-
lights a- mid the dark shades, which none dis- co- ver, grow. The



sire lives in her heart, Di- a- na in her eyes, T'were vaine to wish wo- men
flowers growth is un- seene, yet e- very day it growes. So where her fan- cy is



true, t'is well, if they prove wise. Such a Love de- serves
set it thrives, but how none knowes.



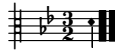
more grace, Then a tru- er heart that hath no con- ceit, To make



use both of time and place When a wit hath need of all his sleight.

¹ The original really does have the dotted whole followed by the pickup quarter note between two "barlines".

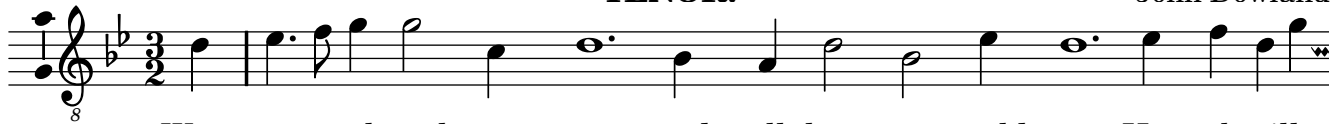
² original has dotted whole instead of whole and quarter rest.



VI. Were every thought an eye,

TENOR.

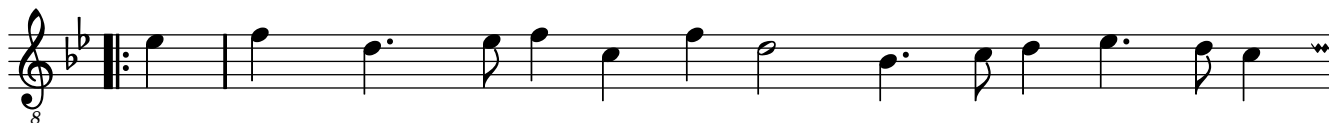
John Dowland



Were eve- ry thought an eye, and all those eyes could see, Her sub-till
Her fires do in- ward burne, They make no out- ward show. And her de-



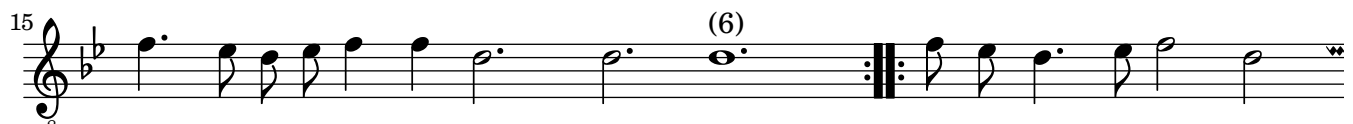
wiles their sights would be- guile, and mocke their je- lou- sie.
lights a- mid the dark shades, which none dis- co- ver, grow.



De- sire lives in her heart, her heart, Di- a-
The flowers growth is un- seene, un- seene, yet e-



na in her eyes, in her eyes. T'were vaine to wish wo- men true,
very day it growes, it growes. So where her fan- cy is set



t'is well, if they prove wise. Such a Love de- serves
it thrives, but how none knowes.



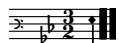
more grace, Then a tru- er heart that hath no con- ceit, To make use



both of time and place When a wit hath need of all his sleight.

³ original has a quarter note.

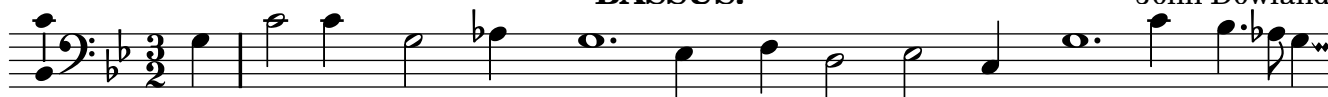
⁶ Original is a whole note



VI. Were every thought an eye,

BASSUS.

John Dowland



Were eve- ry thought an eye, and all those eyes could see, Her sub- till
Her fires do in- ward burne, They make no out- ward show. And her de-



wiles their sight would be- guile, and mocke their je- lou- sie.
lights a- mid the dark shades, which none dis- co- ver, grow.



De- sire lives in her heart, in her heart, Di- a- na in her eyes,
The flowers growth is un- seene, is un- seene, yet e- very day it growes.



in her eyes. T^hwere vaine to wish wo- men true, t^h'is well, if they prove wise.
it growes. So where her fan- cy is set it thrives, but how none knowes.



Such a Love de- serves more grace, Then a tru- er heart that hath no



con- ceit, To make use both of time and place, and place, When a wit



hath need of all his sleight.

⁴ Original has a quarter note.