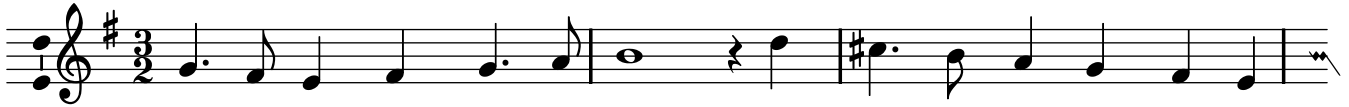


V. Shall I strive with wordes to move,

CANTUS.

John Dowland



Shall I strive with wordes to move, when deedes re- ceive not due re-
Griefe a- las though all in vaine, her rest- lesse an- guish must re-



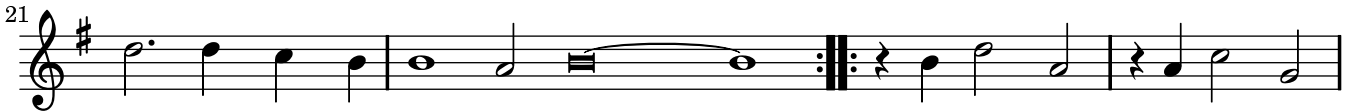
gard? Shall I speake, and ney- ther please, nor be free- ly heard?
veale: Shee a- lone my wound shall know, Though she will not heale.



All woes have end, though a while de- laid, our pa- tience pro-
Stormes calme at last, and why may not shee leave off her frow-



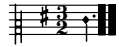
ving. O that times strange ef- fects could but
ning? O sweet Love, help her hands my af-



make, but make her lo- ving. I woo'd her, I lov'd her,
fe- cti- on crown- ing.



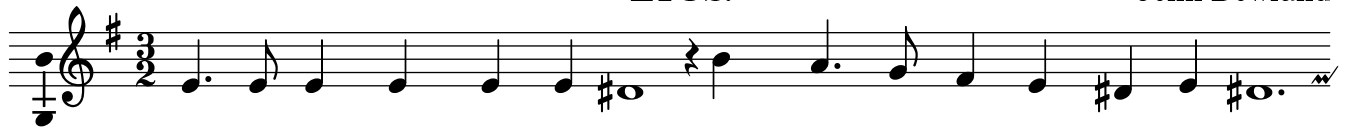
and non but her ad- mire. O come deare joy, and an- swere my de- sire.



V. Shall I strive with wordes to move,

ALTUS.

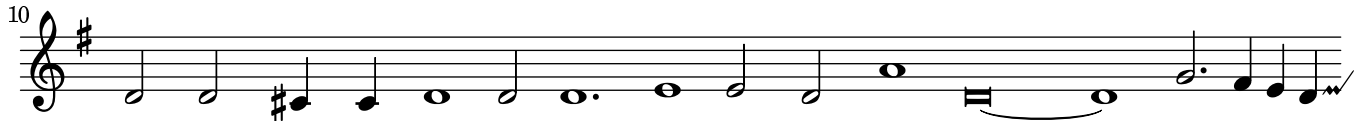
John Dowland



Shall I strive with wordes to move, when deedes re- ceive not due re- gard?
Griefe a- las though all in vaine, her rest-lesse an- guish must re- veale:



Shall I speake, and ney- ther please, nor be free- ly heard? All woes
Shee a- lone my wound shall know, Though she will not heale. Stormes calme



have end, though a while de- laid, our pa- tience pro- ving. O that
at last, and why may not shee leave off her frow- ning? O sweet



times, strange times, strange ef- fects, ef- fects could but make, her lo-
Love, help Love, help her hands, her hands my af- fe- ction crown-



ving. I woo'd her, I lov'd her, and none but her ad- mire.
ing.



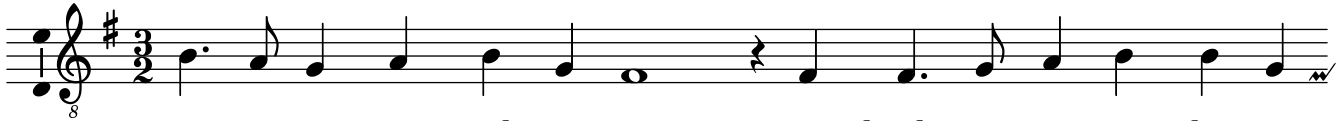
O come deare joy, and an- swere, an- swere my de- sire.



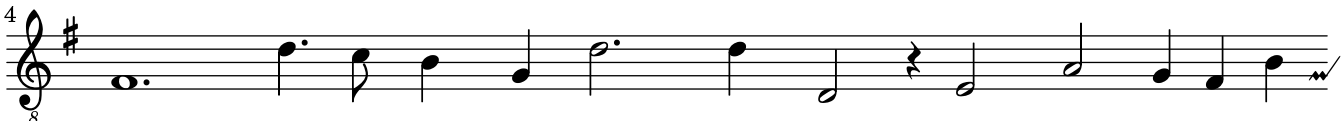
V. Shall I strive with wordes to move,

TENOR.

John Dowland



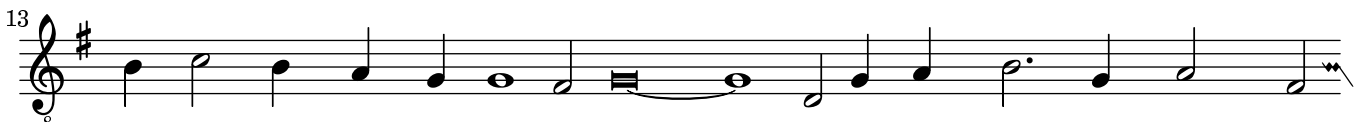
Shall I strive with wordes to move, when deedes re- ceive not due re-
Griefe a- las though all in vaine, her rest-lesse an- guish must re-



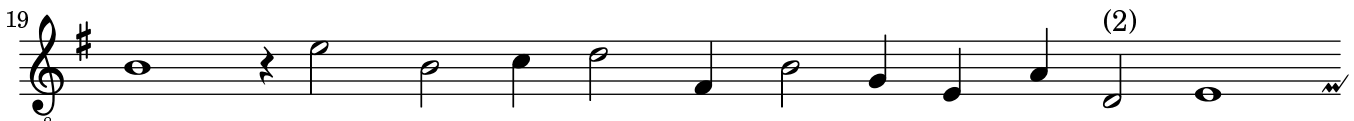
gard? Shall I speake, and ney- ther please, nor be free- ly
veale: Shee a- lone my wound shall know, Though she will not



heard? All woes have end, though a while, a while de- laid,
heale. Stormes calme at last, and why may, why may not shee



our pa- tience, pa- tience pro- ving. O, O that times, that times strange,
leave off, leave off her frow- ning? O, O sweet Love, sweet Love help,



strange times, strange ef- fects could make her, could make her lo-
help Love, help her hands my, my af- fe- cti- on crown-

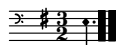


ving. I, I woo'd her, I lov'd her, and none but her ad-
ing.



mire. O come deare joy, and an- swere, and an- swere my de- sire.

² Original is a quarter note.



V. Shall I strive with wordes to move,

BASSUS.

John Dowland



Shall I strive with wordes to move, when deedes re- ceive not due re- gard?
Griefe a- las though all in vaine, her rest-lesse an- guish must re- veale:



Shall I speake, and ney- ther please, nor be free- ly heard? All woes
Shee a- lone my wound shall know, Though she will not heale. Stormes calme



have end, though a while de- laid, our pa- ti- ence pro- ving.
at last, and why may not shee leave off her frow- ning?



O that times strange ef- fects could but make her, make her lo-
O sweet Love, help her hands my af- fe- ction crown- ing, crown-



ving. I, I woo'd her, I lov'd her, and none but her ad-
ing.



mire. O come deare joy, and an- swere my de- sire.

² Original is a quarter note.