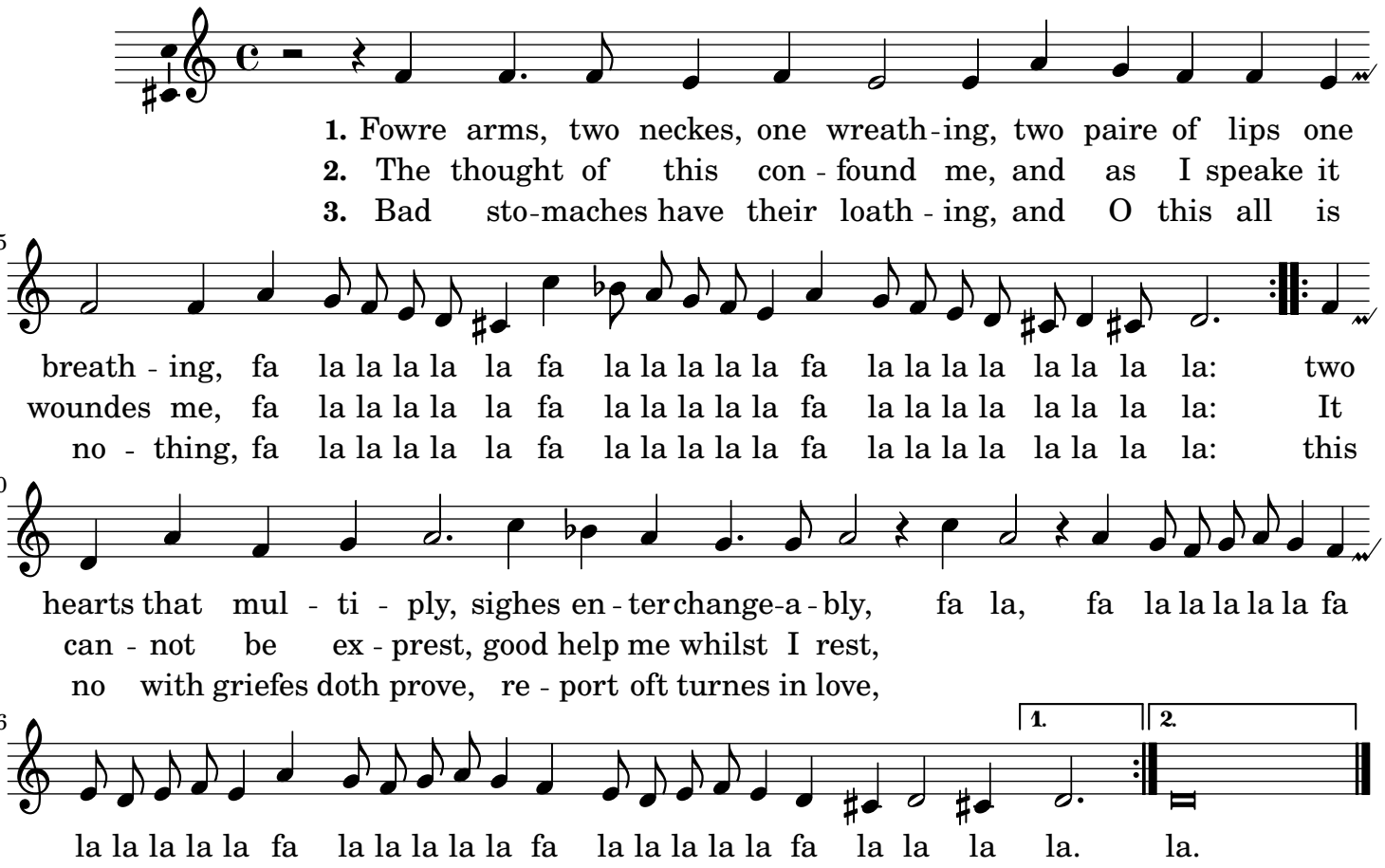
TENOR.


1. Fowre arms, two neckes, one wreath-ing, two paire of lips one
2. The thought of this con-found me, and as I speake it
3. Bad sto-maches have their loath-ing, and O this all is
breath-ing, fa la la la la la fa la la la la la fa la la la la la la la: two
wounde s me, fa la la la la la fa la la la la la fa la la la la la la la: It
no-thing, fa la la la la la fa la la la la la fa la la la la la la la: this
hearts that mul-ti-ply, sighes en-ter change-a-bly, fa la, fa la la la la la fa
can-not be ex-prest, good help me whilst I rest,
no with griefes doth prove, re-port oft turnes in love,
1.
2.
la la la la la fa la la la la la fa la la la la la fa la la la la. la.