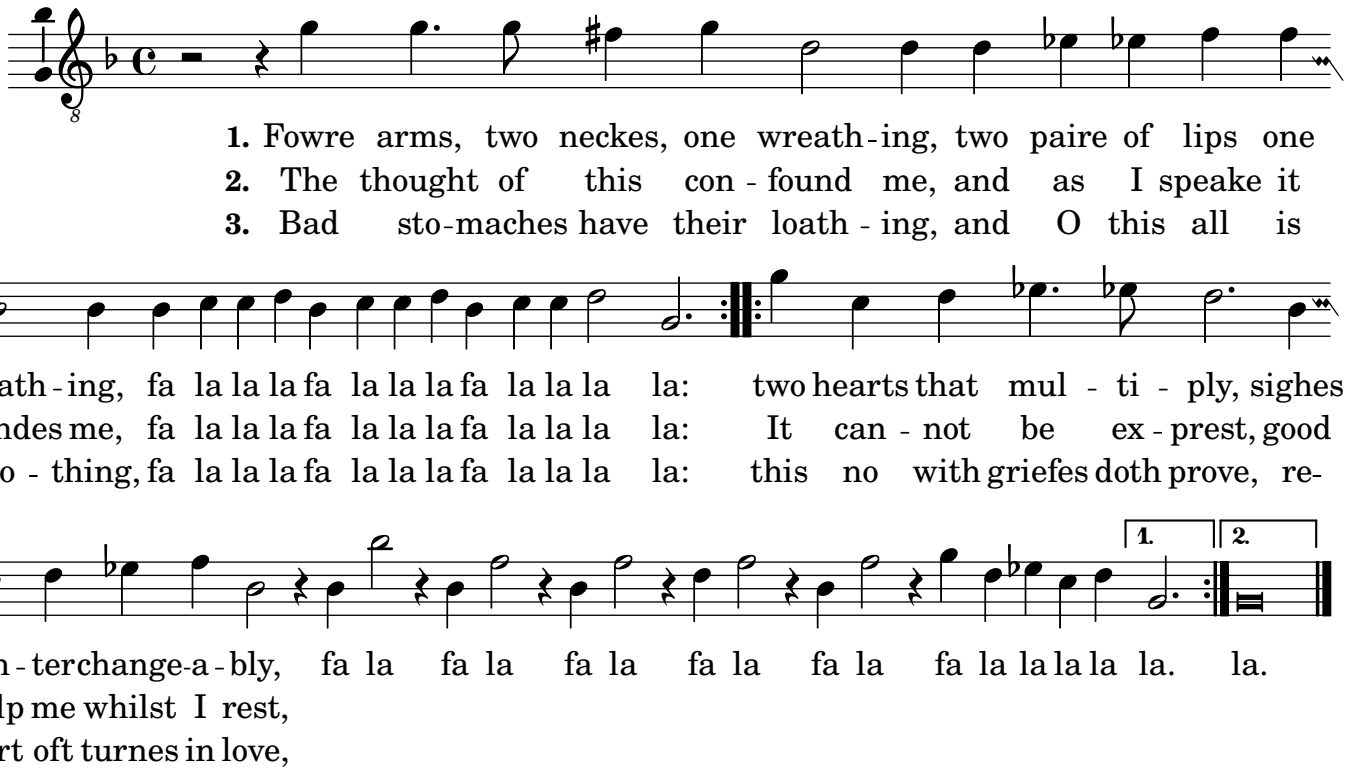
BASSVS.


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 fa la la la fa la la la la: two hearts that mul-ti-ply, sighes
woundes me, fa la la la fa la la la fa la la la la: It can-not be ex-prest, good
no-thing, fa la la la fa la la la fa la la la la: this no with griefes doth prove, re-
en-terchange-a-bly, fa la fa la fa la fa la fa la fa la la la la la. la.
help me whilst I rest,
port oft turnes in love,
1.
2.