

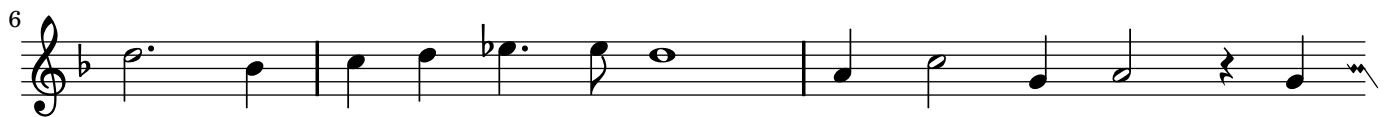
XVIII. It was a time when silly Bees could speake,

Cantus.

John Dowland



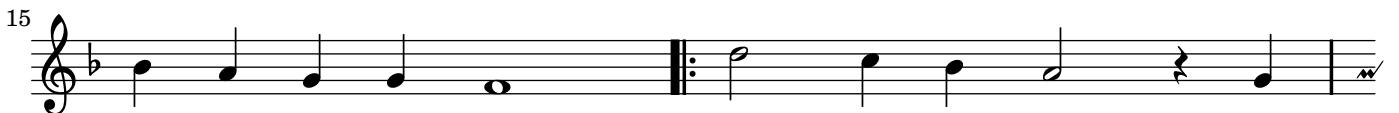
1. It was a time when sil- ly Bees could speake, And in that
2. Then thus I buzd, when time no sap would give, Why should this
3. My liege, Gods graunt thy time may ne- ver end, And yet vouch-



time I was a sil- lie Bee, Who fed on Time un-
bless- ed time to me be drie, Sith by this Time the
safe to heare my plaint of Time, Which fruit- lesse Flies have



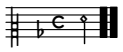
til my heart gan break, Yet ne- ver found the
la- zie drone doth live, The waspe, the worme, the
found to have a friend, And I cast downe when



time would fa- vour mee. Of all the swarme I
gnat, the but- ter- flie, Mat- ed with grieve, I
A- to- mies do clime. The king re- plied but



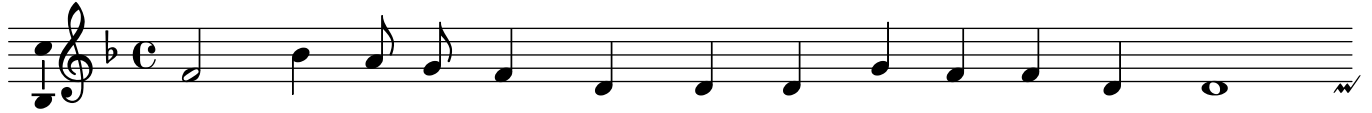
one- ly did not thrive, Yet brought I waxe and ho- ney to the hive.
kneel- ed on my knees, And thus com- plained un- to the king of Bees.
thus, Peace pee- vish Bee, Th'art bound to serve the time, the time not thee.



XVIII. It was a time when silly Bees could speake,

Altus.

John Dowland



1. It was a time, a time, when sil- ly Bees could speake,
 2. Then thus I buzd, I buzd, when time no sap would give,
 3. My liege, Gods graunt, Gods graunt, thy time may ne- ver end,



And in that time I was, I was a sil- lie Bee,
 Why should this blessed time, this time to me be drie,
 And yet vouch- safe to heare, to heare my plaint of Time,



Who fed on Time un- til my heart, my heart gan break, Yet ne- ver
 Sith by this Time the la- zie drone, the drone doth live, The waspe, the
 Which fruit- lesse Flies have found to have, to have a friend, And I cast



found the time would fa- vour mee. Of all the swarme I one- ly, I one- ly
 worme, the gnat, the but- ter- flie, Mat- ed with grieve, I kneel- ed, I kneel- ed
 downe when A- to- mies do clime. The king re- plied but thus, Peace pee- vish,



did not thrive, Yet brought I waxe and ho- ny, ho- ny to the hive.
 on my knees, And thus com- plained un- to the king, the king of Bees.
 pee- vish Bee, Th'art bound to serve the time, the time, the time not thee.



XVIII. It was a time when silly Bees could speake,

Tenor.

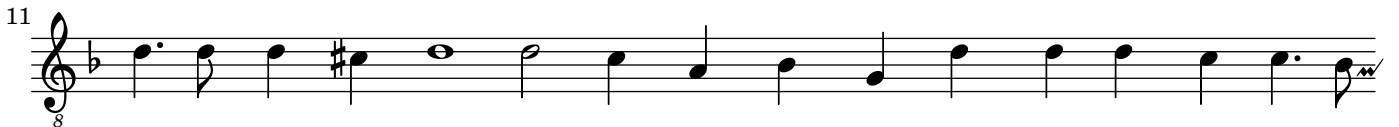
John Dowland



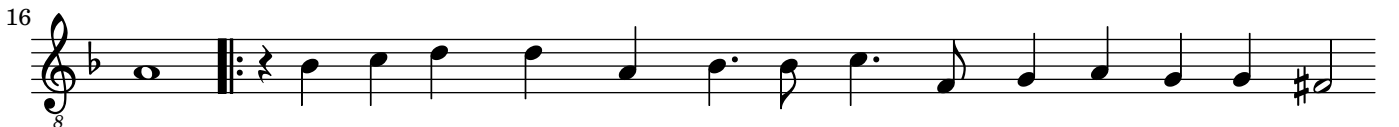
1. It was a time, a time when sil- ly Bees could speake,
 2. Then thus I buzd, I buzd, when time no sap would give,
 3. My liege, Gods graunt, Gods graunt thy time may ne- ver end,



And in that time I was a sil- lie Bee, Who fed on Time un-
 Why should this bless- ed time to me be drie, Sith by this Time the
 And yet vouch- safe to heare my plaint of Time, Which fruit- lesse Flies have



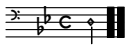
til my heart gan break, Yet ne- ver found the time, the time would fa- vour
 la- zie drone doth live, The waspe, the worme, the gnat, the gnat, the but- ter-
 found to have a friend, And I cast downe, cast downe when A- to- mies do



mee. Of all the swarme, the swarme I one- ly, one- ly did not thrive,
 flie, Mat- ed with griefe, with griefe, I kneel- ed, kneel- ed on my knees,
 clime. The king re- plied, re- plied but thus, Peace pee- vish, pee- vish Bee,



Yet brought I waxe and ho- ney to the hive.
 And thus com- plained un- to the king of Bees.
 Th'art bound to serve the time, the time not thee.



XVIII. It was a time when silly Bees could speake,

Bassus.

John Dowland



1. It was a time, a time when sil- ly Bees could speake,
2. Then thus I buzd, I buzd, when time no sap would give,
3. My liege, Gods graunt, Gods graunt thy time may ne- ver end,



And in that time I was a sil- lie Bee, Who fed on Time un-
Why should this bless- ed time to me be drie, Sith by this Time the
And yet vouch- safe to heare my plaint of Time, Which fruit- lesse Flies have



til my heart gan break, Yet ne- ver found the time would fa- vour
la- zie drone doth live, The waspe, the worme, the gnat, the but- ter-
found to have a friend, And I cast downe when A- to- mies do



mee. Of all the swarme, the swarme I one- ly, I one- ly
flie, Mat- ed with grieve, with grieve, I kneel- ed, I kneel- ed
clime. The king re- plied, re- plied but thus, Peace pee- vish,



did not thrive, Yet brought I waxe and ho- ney to the hive.
on my knees, And thus com- plained un- to the king of Bees.
pee- vish Bee, Th'art bound to serve the time, the time not thee.

¹The bass part is written with two flats in the key signature, where the others have only 1.

²The facsimile has dotted quarter quarter here.