



XIII. Farewell unkind farewell

CANTUS.

John Dowland



1. Fare- well un- kind fare- well, to mee no more a
2. Tis not the vaine de- sire of hu- man fleet- ing



fa- ther, since my heart my heart holdes my love most
beau- tie, Makes my mind to live though my meanes do



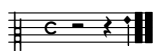
deare: The wealth which thou doest reape, A- no- thers hand must ga- ther,
die, Nor do I Na- ture wrong, though I for- get my du- tie:



Though thy heart thy heart still lies bur- ied there, Then fare-well, then
Love, not in the bloud, but in the spirit doth lie.



fare-well, O fare-well, wel- come my love, wel- come my joy for- e- ver.



XIII. Farewell unkind farewell

ALTUS.

John Dowland



1. Fare- well un- kind fare- well, to mee no more a fa- ther,
2. Tis not the vaine de- sire of hu- mane fleet- ing beau- tie,



since my heart, since my heart, my heart holdes my love most deare: The
Makes my mind, makes my mind, to live though my meanes do die, Nor



wealth which thou doest reape, A- no- thers hand must ga- ther,
do I Na- ture wrong, though I for- get my du- tie:



Though thy heart, though thy heart thy heart still lies bur- ied there, Then fare- well,
Love, not in the bloud, but in the spi- rit doth lie.



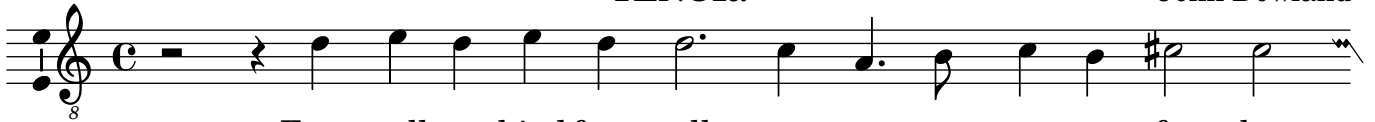
then fare- well, then fare- well, O fare- well, wel- come my joy, my joy for- e- ver.



XIII. Farewell unkind farewell

TENOR.

John Dowland



1. Fare-well un-kind fare-well, to mee no more a fa-ther,

2. Tis not the vaine de-sire of hu-mane fleet-ing beau-tie,



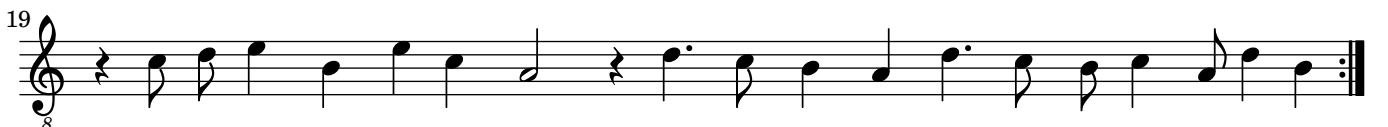
since my heart, my heart, my heart holdes my love most deare: The
Makes my mind, my mind to live though my meanes do die, Nor



wealth which thou doest reape, A-no-thers hand must ga-ther, Though thy heart, thy
do I Na-ture wrong, though I for-get my du-tie: Love, not in, not



heart, thy heart, thy heart lies bur-ied there, Then fare-well, then fare-well,
in the bloud, but in the spi-rit lies.



then fare-well, O fare-well, wel-come my love, wel-come my joy for-e-ver.



XIII. Farewell unkind farewell

BASSUS.

John Dowland



1. Fare-well un-kind fare-well, to mee no more a fa-ther,
2. Tis not the vaine de-sire of hu-mane fleet-ing beau-tie,



since my heart, my heart, my heart holdes my love most deare: The
Makes my mind, my mind to live though my meanes do die, Nor



wealth which thou doest reape, A- no-thers hand must ga-ther, Though thy heart thy
do I Na- ture wrong, though I for- get my du- tie: Love, not in, not



heart thy heart still lies bur-ied there, Then fare-well, then fare-well,
in the bloud, but in the spi-rit lies.



O fare-well, wel-come my love, wel-come, wel-come my joy for- e- ver.