

Tenor



1. Cleare or cloud- ie sweet as A- prill showr- ing, Smoth or
2. Hir grace like June, when earth and trees bee trimde, In best
3. Sweet som- mer spring that breath- eth life and grow- ing, In weedes



frown- ing so is hir face to mee, Pleasd or smil- ing like milde
at- tire of com- pleat beaut- ies height, Hir love a- gaine like som-
as in- to hearbs and flow- ers And sees of ser- vice di- vers



May all flowr- ing, When skies blew silke, blew silke, and me- dows car-
mers daies bee dimde, With lit- tle cloudes of doubt- full, of doubt- ful, con-
sorts in sow- ing, Some hap- ly seem- ing, seem- ing, and some be-



pets bee, Hir speech- es notes of that night bird that sing- eth, Who
stant faith, Hir trust hir doubt, like raine and heat in Skies, Gen-
ing yours, Raine on your hearbs and flow- ers that true- ly serve, And



thought all sweet yet Jar- ring notes out- ring- eth. Hir speech- es eth.
tly thundr- ing, she light- ning to mine eies. Hir trust hir eies.
let your weedslack dew and due- ly sterve. Raine on your sterve.